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REPUTATION AND CHARACTER.

IRAN PAUL.

Reputation is what the people believe us to be character is what we are. Not a few whose character is base enjoy an excellent reputation. At the same time I have known parties whose character was without blemish or taint sighing beneath a cloud of bad reputation.

When the hard of Avon compares the world to a stage and men and women to actors, we are constrained, though with a sense of intense humiliation, to acknowledge the aptness of the portraiture. Behold the impetuous actor in the role of a rich "shylock." The actress, a faded flower, divorced from three husbands, in the role of "Juliet." In every-day-life we can discover similar disparities between the being and the seeming. Well says the author of "Evangeline": Things—and I add, men, too, frequently—are not what they seem.

Hypocritical, knowing the great value of a good reputation, many men make its acquisition and preservation the chief end of all their efforts. What of good character? Readily they lay it down at the shrine of a good reputation. In their demeanor, conduct, undertakings, their eager inquiry is: Will the people praise or blame, approve or condemn—will it add to, or detract from, good reputation?

Though we ought not to be entirely indifferent as to our reputation, it is dangerous, unmanly, to surrender to its care the control of our actions. Not what the people, but what God and conscience say, should actuate us. Conscientious performance of duty often entails fierce denunciation. But what of the lash of opprobrium? We are blessed when conscience indorses our course. St Paul speaks of a spiritual body. This is our character. This body has shape, is symmetrical or deformed. This body has features. They are expressive of divine benignity or of hellish ugliness. God and the angels see our character as distinctly as we see the physical man. Wonder if they discover true nobility, true beauty in our character? When our good reputation is more than the echo of good character, our life is but a masquerade. You know Esop's fable of the "Ass in the Lion's Skin." Master Long-ear was soon discovered.

The reputation of Jesus was not good. The masses were against him. When, apparently, these masses adhered to him, it was, as he himself declared, on account of loaves and fishes. He was believed to be an impostor; a wizard, driving out devils by Beelzebub; the embodiment of profanity, desecrating the Sabbath, etc., etc. But with all this he could bravely challenge all his opponents with: "Who of you convinceth me of sin?" His character was as pure as the dew-drop. On the other hand, Mohammed's reputation was not excelled by any mortal. He was the idol of the oriental world. Millions of enthusiastic followers flocked to his cross—ready, yea, eager—to lay down their lives for him. But with all this, Mohammed was a base deceiver—his character composed of the quintessence of all villainy; lying until he believed his own lies.

I believe it is true that a good character can be injured by a co-existent bad reputation—the result of calumny. Mortification, chagrin and hatred may assert themselves and blur some of the lovely traits of the good character. It is worse than assassination wantonly to defame our fellow-men! On the other hand, I know of a case where the good reputation of a man whose character was bad led to the removal of some of its ugly traits, the ambition having asserted itself to become what he was believed to be.

The building up of our character should enlist our constant and energetic attention. The prescribed plan and necessary material are at hand. Christ has left us an example. The fruits of the Spirit—the Holy Spirit, so freely given—afford ample material. I know builders whose edifices are faultless; artists who paint true to life; authors, whose intellectual children are possessed of rarest charms; farmers, who cultivate the soil satisfactorily—men, excelling in their several avocations, but give no serious thought to character-building. We know what we ought to be. What are we? To see ourselves as others see us does not suffice. They may see the whitewash, but not the sepulchre beneath. Oh! for a true portraiture of our character, in order to abolish deformity and ugliness of feature! Man, know thyself! Reputation the shell, character the kernel. Are not some shells devoid of a kernel? Are all kernels sound and palatable?

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

BISHOP MCTEYRE'S REMINISCENCE.

REV. ANGELO DOWLING.

About thirty years ago I read a large pamphlet publication from the pen of Bishop McTeyre entitled, "Reminiscence of Cokesbury Manual Laboring School" to which school he was sent while yet a boy; and at which he was converted and joined the Methodist E. Church. In this Reminiscence he gives glimpses of childhood impressions in regard to becoming religious. While under eight years old his mother was very sick, and thought to be dying. She called the dear ones to her bed, and gave them a tender, religious talk. Standing at the head of the bed and hearing his mother's sweet talk, he covered his face in the folds of the curtain

of the bed and began to think, while weeping, "Am I old enough to be converted?" The loving mother, however, recovered, and Holland was sent to Cokesbury School in a few years after. During his stay at Cokesbury a great revival of religion began in the school among the boys, conducted mainly by the "class-leader." At first Holland did not pay much attention to the meeting. He was mostly concerned about his books. The services were held of nights. Finally he attended. The scene was wonderful and impressive. Boys were being converted and rejoicing. Some of his room-mates were rising from their knees, shining in the light of salvation, as he entered the room. Again the question rose, "Am I old enough to be converted?" Profoundly solemn he walked to where the leader was standing conducting the meeting. The leader presented him a chair and asked him to kneel. Upon his knees at prayer, while the hand of the leader was upon his head, then and there the question was answered, and Holland N. McTeyre was soundly converted.

A few weeks after the "great meeting among the boys" had closed, the "circuit rider" came on his regular round and held service; after which he opened the door of the church, and five-four boys "fairly warmed the hand of the preacher" by joining the church by probation. At once some turned prophets, and said: "They will not hold out six months." Of those boys, however, more than two dozen became preachers of the gospel, and one became a bishop of great renown.

While McTeyre was editor of the New Orleans Advocate he was one afternoon requested to attend the "funeral of a stranger" in the city. At the appointed hour he entered the room where lay the stranger, "cold and stiff in death." Before opening the service he uncovered the face of the "stranger," and saw the face of the class-leader of Cokesbury, "serene in death." Then Dr. McTeyre took the "cold hand" in his hand and wept so freely that he saw proper to explain to the small company the reason of his emotion. It was a time of tears.

Out of a heart of tender love, now sad by grief, because of the death of him whom I so highly esteemed, the above reminiscence is penned. When shall I see his like again?
OZARK, ALA., March 8, 1889.

FORT WORTH DISTRICT.

For reasons satisfactory to all concerned, the place for holding the quarterly conference for Fort Worth circuit on the second Sunday in January, was changed from Wheatland to Benbrook. A fair congregation greeted us on Saturday, at 11 a. m. Dinner was on the ground, and a sumptuous one, too. How I wished for our "big editor" to supplement my feeble ability!

Bro. J. D. Odum, preacher in charge, is at his post, and has made a fair start. A good attendance of official members argues interest in the cause of Christ. The new parsonage built by Bro. C. S. Field and his co-laborers last year furnishes a home for the preacher. The stewards made a fair estimate for the support of the preacher in charge, and seemed determined to bring up the character of the circuit. The church enterprise at Wheatland begun by Bro. Field is being pushed by his successor, and will soon be built, and when completed will be an honor to the good people of the circuit. The Lord help and bless them. The quarterly conference for Marystown circuit was held at the pleasant town, Joshua, on the Santa Fe. W. A. Derrick, preacher in charge, was delayed several weeks, and only reached the circuit some two weeks prior to the sitting of the conference. Nevertheless, the church is moving and determined on success. On Friday evening one of the stewards, Bro. Riley, drove into the parsonage yard with a load of corn and a large, fat hog, dressed, and proceeded to unload. The next morning two others did similar thing. Others had previously sent in the necessities of life, and when we came to question eighth, the answer revealed an advance of 300 per cent. over the same period of last year, and nobody wanted to charge the preacher more than the market value of articles furnished. It was a time of rejoicing, and you may calculate on a good report at the end of the year. Mansfield, the next in order, was reached Friday evening before the fourth Sunday in January. It was pleasant to be greeted by Bro. Kizziar, preacher in charge, and Bro. Tins, a local elder. After the usual salutations, I was conducted by the latter to his hospitable home where, in the company of his afflicted but patient Christian wife and children, the hours passed pleasantly. Here is "Jerome," named for a former pastor, (Jerome Annis, and "Bishop," for a former presiding elder (Horace Bishop). These dear brethren will, I am sure, join in prayer for the well being of their namesakes. Saturday morning brought us the only snow of the winter, and falling all the forenoon, hindered the brethren, and so at 3 p. m., with the two brethren above named, the quarterly conference was held. Reports were meagre, of course. The pastor was somewhat discouraged, but we hope the prospect will brighten, just as the following Sabbath dawned bright and clear, and gave us two pleasing services in the house of prayer.

Grandview was reached on Friday at noon. I walked over to the comfortable parsonage—purchased at a cost of \$600 since conference. Bro. W. W. Hender-

son and his good wife, who, by the way, is the daughter and sister of two members of our conference, have already found their way to the confidence and affection of the brethren on the circuit. The services were deeply interesting, and everything gave promise of a happy and successful year for Grandview circuit. Finances were well up, one place paying nearly half of its apportionment for the support of the ministry this year. The tide is rolling on here toward a gracious end; and in the language of the immortal and now glorified McFerrin, before the Ecumenical in the City Roads Chapel, London, in 1884, we say, "Let her roll!"

Having spent a few days with "the loved ones" at home, we took the train at Aquila, on the Texas Central, and soon reached Morgan, where we changed cars for the Noland River circuit. Here we enjoyed meeting our old friend, Capt. Em. Hawkins, formerly of Ellis county. He looked well and was cheerful. His wife, however, was not able to be up, and so we failed to meet her; but one of his charming daughters displayed skill in the preparation of the noon meal and grace in serving it. We talked over old times—war times and later times, but a "local freight" came and I bade the captain good-bye, stepped on board and was soon at Rio Vista. A walk of one and a half miles brought me to the house of Bro. J. J. Rude. Bro. W. O. Menefee, long a resident of this community, has left a felt vacancy by moving to Joshua; but he is on hand, clinging to his first love. Here my heart was deeply moved at meeting my old army friend, Will Kizziar, in great grief on account of the loss of his wife only a few hours before. At his request I held burial services on Saturday evening, her pastor, the Baptist minister, being absent.

The quarterly meeting is at "Grange Hall," in the beautiful valley of the clear gravel-bedded Noland river. A fair attendance of official members, an interesting and pleasant session of conference, the business all attended to agreeably, made the occasion prophetic of future success. Bro. J. G. Miller, the young pastor, stands approved by the brethren, and hopes to do a faithful and successful year's work. I want to mention just here for the encouragement of others, that this is the fifth quarterly conference I have attended on this circuit, and the steward for Robinson's Branch has brought his entire amount for the quarter every time. I am told he has done so for several years. This is the country, too!

On Monday Cleburne is visited; meet Bro. Collard and a number of the brethren; dine with Dr. Tom Wadley and wife, and in the afternoon and evening attend religious service at the Congregational Church. The revival begun by Collard and Mulkey at our church is continued by Bro. Calton. A strange thing occurred here—strange to me at least: Meeting Bro. Clower, the treasurer of the board of stewards, he greeted me cordially and said he was glad I came round; "for," continued he, "there is some presiding elder money in the treasury." It took me so much by surprise that I think I actually told him, "I didn't need any money." Still, upon reflection, I concluded I could not well afford to be stubborn on a point like that, and the amount was paid over, with the additional statement that they were square up with the preacher in charge.

On Tuesday it was my pleasure to unite in holy wedlock Robert, the baby boy of my old friends, Bro. and Sister Mueckleroy, formerly of Bell county, and the sweet-spirited Christian daughter of Bro. and Sister Baugh, of Robinson's Branch. May they live long and happily together, and prove a blessing to the world and the church. A pleasant evening and night were spent in Alvarado at the hospitable home of our popular pastor, and I drop down to Itasca on Thursday.

Bro. and Sister S. B. Ellis grow in the esteem of their people. This is their third year on the circuit. I spend the night with our recording steward, Bro. T. J. Gilliam, and on Friday run down to Hillsboro. I go to the jail—of course I do—and dine with the sheriff; nothing particular about that, only he is my mother's only other son, and one of the stewards for Hillsboro station. In the afternoon a short walk brings me to the parsonage, where Sister Rogers, the pastor's wife, gives me a welcome—that is, after she finds out who I am—and informs me Bro. R. is out. You know these Methodist pastors are out from home now and then, as they must "visit from house to house." Presently he appears, and we enjoy a delightful few moments in talking over the condition and prospects of the work. By the way, Sister R. was quite lame from a fall a few days prior; hope she is entirely well long ago. The station is hopeful, and the efficient stewards will see, I trust, that the pastor has his salary promptly. I return to Itasca in the evening and preach to a fair congregation Saturday at 11 a. m., and at 2 p. m. we meet the quarterly conference—a pretty full attendance. The regular order of business revealed the status of the circuit, and showed it to be in a healthy condition. Here is a force able to capture this section for Christ. Besides the preacher in charge there is Cansler, local elder; Gilliam and Lane, local deacons; Holder, Ballard and Cannon, local preachers, and Ansley an exhorter. The workers embrace some of the best elements of society—Stanford, Davis, Mayfield, Gathings, Berry, (I expect he is kinsman of Dr. McFerrin), Young, Ben-

son, Johnson, and others too numerous to mention.

The trial and expulsion of one of our local preachers gave a sad finale to our session. An actual survey of the field and the forces in the bounds of the Fort Worth district, leads me to the conclusion that we may have large success this year in the work of our Lord. There ought to be two thousand conversions and additions, salaries of preachers ought to be paid in full, collections ought to be square up, the circulation of our CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE ought to be doubled, and all the members happy in the Lord.
J. FRED COX.
ABBOTT, TEXAS.

NORTHWESTERN NOTES.

Many people seem to be thinking of the northwest quarter of the Lone Star division of these Columbian States of late, judging from letters of inquiry and tide of immigration and visitors who want to ascertain the basis of so much stir.

And after going the rounds of the first quarterly conference visitations, it may not be out of place that I furnish you with a few notes. In church parlance all this section is called Vernon district, Northwest Texas Conference of the M. E. Church, South. In geography, the Panhandle, with a big piece of the pan attached for good measure—reaching southward to the Brazos river. Vernon is the center—the hub.

Twelve chosen men with one junior were given pastoral oversight, under another man as presiding elder, at the last session of the conference. All got to their places in good time and order, and entered into the work willingly.

There were already three parsonages, and these have been repaired and something like beautified.

Then the genius and shiftiness of the other appointees, except the two old bachelors, have secured four new ones. Bro. Mills and Stonewall (Hosmer) live in their own houses, and the presiding elder, or the junior presiding elder, occupies the premises called home, a few miles in the country from Vernon. So much for locality.

Bro. A. P. Smith and his people have just about completed their beautiful church at Vernon, and it will be furnished, and a good bell will be put in, in a few weeks at farthest.

Bro. Henson has added to the parsonage at Seymour some touches—papering and paint, and a well. He serves a good people.

And Bro. Vaughan (Jimmie) moves off with the Farmer people on the up grade, improving the parsonage on the start.

Charlie Irvin has stirred the folks on the Throckmorton work religiously, and a parsonage comes of it; and other good things will follow. The tribes at Benjamin have been aroused exceedingly by our David—Bennett. His sling and stone are reliable, and the Philistines soon learn the secret of power, and recognizing it, yield to him. Even the Campbellites surrender without a word. He has enjoyed a glorious revival following the first quarterly meeting two weeks ago. And he is a genius otherwise—boot and shoe maker, harness maker, can make a buggy, and a good carpenter, so that while he is carrying on a protracted meeting he works on the parsonage also. He is building it himself, the people furnishing the money for the lumber. Then comes our young Hardy, on his first legs in this service; brave and business-like, lifted a good cash collection, and driving one of the teams, was off in a few days after his arrival for lumber to construct a neat parsonage at Margaret. He soon had it finished in neat order, and now he and his devoted aunt, Sister Sutherland, have everything in finished and elegant style. He has just closed a most gracious revival at Margaret. Sister Sutherland is a first class itinerant and worker.

Reaching Childress, I found Robert Morris as happy as he could be. After surveying the top of ground room, was invited to step down, and it would have done you good to have seen that face as it lighted up in extraordinary brightness—even for Morris—as he explained the features of his prairie-dog imitation, in having a hole in the ground. He called it a half dugout—one room all on top of the ground, a half way like—and then a large room half way sunken in the ground, altogether making a very comfortable establishment, mostly of his own labor. Morris is a genius, too, and turns it all to good account in the divine service.

Had a delightful meeting with Isaac Mills at Clarendon, on the verge of the plains, in the middle of the Panhandle. He knows the people and the way of the Lord. He has a heart in the work, and is building a church at Claude, and is on the way for another one or two.

Bro. Bates has his office in Canadian City, and commands all around in the north-east corner of the Panhandle. He is a general, and thinks he can command the forces to victory. But the northerners cool him so often and thoroughly that he finds a friendly dugout a pleasant retreat quite often.

Hosmer is the bishop of Greer county, you know, with M. K. Irvin his junior. They are rounding up the sheep all the time, and doing a good business at it.

Greer enjoys a wondrous growth, and Hosmer understands the roping business, and is always ready and on hand. Many are gathered in.

Brother Hawkins sends happy greetings from his lofty heights on the plains. The prospect pleases him, and he is building a church at Plain View in Hale county, he says. Bee is a rustler, and

will gather in the fragments in those parts.

Now, come home with me, and find our bachelor, Trimble, (A. B.) the pastor of the junior presiding elder, and see how he delights to ride over these lovely roads, visiting daily from house to house, seeking the scattered fold as they are swarming into all this section. He says he has no time to seek a help-mate now. He is busy, having conversions in the homes of the people as he goes. A good harvest is his constant expectation.

All over the district our church is alive and enjoying a healthy growth by professions and letters. We are planning for a number of churches. The country is filling up rapidly, and with a good people. Vernon and the country surrounding it are on a genuine boom. The flood of people is fully justified by the quality of a very large area of country. It is indeed a fine grain country—extraordinarily so. Let our people come.
J. HARALSON.

THE PANHANDLE.

They have just finished a neat little church at Claude, Armstrong county, making one more church in the Panhandle. Indeed the towns without a church are now the exception rather than the rule, though there is some wild country here yet. Brother Mills has just returned from his appointment at Tascosa; says that he went out on Terra Blanco while there and held services for them, and preached to some young men who had not heard a sermon for nine years. Bro. Mills is the favorite preacher among the young men in this country. He preaches to them, not about them; seems to find his way to their hearts and leaves no sting but that of conscience after his talk. That he will preach is sufficient to insure a full house, and he is doing much for the Panhandle country. The people here, as in all new countries, are not hostile to the good influences which must come with the churches and schools, but a great many have learned to live without them, and a careless indifference is the result. They need something to interest and awaken them to the value of these things.

Clarendon has a splendid school building and a neat church, and her people are moral, refined, and prosperous, numbering many ministers of the gospel among them.

Amarrillo now claims 547 population, and is growing rapidly. This little town is the rival of Texline, which is also a thriving little town on the State line, and both places will have churches ere long.

The Panhandle country welcomes the advent of Bishop Key to Fort Worth, as his proximity to them must necessarily cause him to be more interested in their development. There is talk of much activity in railroad building, and altogether the Panhandle prospects are very bright, both morally and temporally. There are many chances in the Panhandle country for young men to build up character and fortunes, and there are many, very many, for them to lose both. I think the man with most patience and integrity, regardless of money, stands the best show here, as he does everywhere. It takes patience and courage to be true men anywhere, but out on the plains away from all connection with restraining influences of the past or inclinations of the present, these qualities are more to be encouraged and cultivated than elsewhere. They are more rare, therefore more valuable, and if practiced persistently they will bring their reward both here and hereafter. I sometimes think if boys or young men could see with older eyes how much these virtues count in the real success of life, that there would be no more failures, no more heartaches over misspent youth, no more prison bars or ruined lives, but every one would live his own life so true and pure that the need for reform would not be there. There are thousands of young men today whose only ambition it is to succeed well in the world. The way to succeed is to lay a firm foundation of honesty, integrity and industry, never flinching from it in the least particle, but going bravely on with a keen eye to the main chance. Build up character day by day that all time cannot soil or destroy, and your reward will be one of trust, and honor by everybody. Fame is gained this way, the love and respect of your fellow-men, wealth, happiness and everything we value most.

This does not look hard for a boy to do when we think of the great results. No boy cares to steal, or lie, or be idle—all wish to be honest, truthful and industrious, but they have not patience enough to work quietly along every day with nothing to show for their labor. They have not learned to "labor and to wait." This last is quite as essential as the first, and will prove a lesson as valuable; for there is nothing great done in a hurry. Miss Alcott, the greatest loving little children ever had, save the friend Jesus, said: "People do not grow great in a hurry, and it takes a deal of hard work to earn bread and butter." So it does, too, and while the young men and boys are earning bread and butter, they may be building every day, every hour, on this pyramid of greatness until they wake up some day and find that they are great already. IRENE.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

SOUTHWESTERN TEXAS.

In my first I spoke of some of the reasons why this part of the State has been overlooked as a farming country. I will now say something of its produc-

tiveness and soil: I visited Pettus City a few days ago, and made some inquiries there. Wm. Roberts, now of that village, owns a farm on the San Domingo, a few miles distant. He has been farming some years, and has in a measure been successful. The drought, which has been the trouble in West Texas heretofore, has been in the way. Last year there was too much rain at times, yet he made nearly half a bale of cotton to the acre. He could not boast of his corn crop, but did very well. His neighbor, Mr. J. S. Hodges, who, by the way, has one of the most beautiful places I ever saw, gave me an account of his farming. He is satisfied that on the land he had the good fortune to plow three times, he gathered forty bushels of corn per acre. The excessive rains prevented that through fifth necessity to fall success; and that in all parts of the country. Mr. Hodges has been here many years, but like all others, has been engaged in stock-raising. But from what he has seen, is clearly of the opinion that of a fair year from twenty-five to forty bushels of corn, and from three-fourths to a bale of cotton, may be gathered to the acre. He has no land for sale in small bodies—indeed is not yet smitten with the immigration fever, nor do I see why he should sell so delightful a place. Like many others I have met in this country, he is a noble, generous man. Happy in his home, a model woman for a wife, honorable children, he is incapable of deceiving or misleading.

The land is especially adapted to the growth of Irish and sweet potatoes. Mr. Roberts, before mentioned, succeeded well with sweet potatoes this year, as also others in various parts of the country. They are hauled to the houses in Beville and sold now at fifty cents per bushel. Mr. Roberts told me that two or three years ago he planted one bucketful of Irish potatoes, and after eating on them till digging time, the yield was so extraordinary he thought he would measure the balance, and measured forty-eight buckets; and no one thinks of disputing Billy Roberts' word in this country.

The country of which I speak now, is in the upper part of the county. The land, however, is about the same every where. Much of it is light, sandy soil, easily plowed when first broken by a span of horses or yoke of oxen, and will produce the first year as well as any other. This sandy part, especially, is annoyingly infested with what a Floridian would call the salamander, but one farther north, a gopher. These ground rats get the gophers—peanuts—for which this country is famous, and trouble the potatoes pretty badly. A sandy land farmer, however, soon learns how to manage so as to get a good return for his labor.

The best land in the country is a black, sandy soil; and of this there is a great deal. This is the forty bushel land—a most delightful land to cultivate. The light sandy soil is in the main clear of timber—that is, underbrush. Large, low-spreading live oaks are scattered thinly over it, much of it not more than a tree to the acre, with here and there the most beautiful groves for building places; while the richer land is comparatively brushy—mesquite, live oak, post oak, and prickly pear intermingling.

There is also a black, stiffer soil, almost sticky. A man raised in Walton county, Florida, or Lee county, Georgia, would call it sticky, but a man from some parts of Hays or Collin counties, Texas, would say it was delightfully sandy. This land is a sort of prairie, covered in the main with very scrubby mesquite, and is thought by some to be the richest land in the country, but I am not so sure of it. Here the gopher does not thrive. I need not say that all garden vegetables are successfully grown. I never saw finer turnips than I have seen here. Fruit growing is in its infancy, but will be a success. Nothing but rain is needed here, and it is raining now, Feb. 28. W. J. JOYCE.

KEYS TO THE BIBLE.

Much is being printed which professes to furnish a key to the Bible or keywords to its separate books. The figure is a forcible one, suggesting both the riches that are contained in these Scriptures and the possibility of difficulty in appropriating them. But can one possessor pass his key on to another? No; every one must fashion his own. What may be suggested as two keys of which all may avail themselves? These—devout study and simple obedience.—[The Old Testament Student.

The storms of the sea touch but its surface. Beneath the waves that wreck the strongest ships there is a depth where the soft flowered mollusc palpiates, and the delicate shell and tinted sea-blossoms float in perfect repose. Time is the surface of the ocean, eternity the depth; and even now eternity may begin in the soul amid the tempests of time. Letting the anchor down into it gives a share in its calm.—[The Rev. J. Ker.

CHRIST in us, that we may never despair when we are beset by difficulties; in him, that when we have attained something we may reach forward to greater victories.—[Canon Westcott.

ONE earnest gaze upon Christ is worth a thousand scrutines of self. The man who beholds the cross, and beholding it weeps, cannot be really blind nor perulously self-ignorant.—[Dean Vaughan.

About the Lesson.

LESSON XI, SUNDAY, MARCH 17. CHRIST'S LOVE TO THE YOUNG.

Mark x:13-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." (Verse 14).

MEMORY-VERSES, 21, 22.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

- 1. Who was brought to Jesus? "They brought young children to him, that he should touch them."
2. Who rebuked those that brought them? The disciples.
3. How did Jesus feel about that? "When Jesus saw it, he was much displeased."
4. What did he say unto the disciples? "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."
5. What did he say about receiving God's kingdom? "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."
6. What did he then do? "He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."
7. When he was come forth who met him? A young man.
8. What did he ask Jesus? "Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"
9. What did Jesus say unto him? "Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God."
10. What commandments did he tell him to keep? "Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Defraud not, Honor thy father and mother."
11. What did the young man say? "All these have I observed from my youth."
12. How did Jesus feel toward him? He loved him.
13. How much did he lack? "One thing thou lackest."
14. What did Jesus tell him to do? "Go sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor."
15. What should he have then? "Thou shalt have treasure in heaven."
16. What did Jesus tell him to take up? "Take up the cross and follow me."
17. How did the young man feel about that? "He was sad at that saying, and went away grieved."
18. Why? "For he had great possessions."

LESSON SUMMARY.

The main teachings of this lesson are much the same as those of last week. There would be no gain in seeking to find a very different treatment of the two lessons. There may be a decided gain in recognizing the one as, in a sense, the repetition of the other. Our Lord's estimate of child-likeness is the common thought of the two lessons. Each lesson exhibits and illustrates that thought. Each shows that Jesus loves children, and that he would have his disciples love them and be like-minded with them. Each gives an illustration of the difficulty of being child-like, and of the evil of not being so. So far the two are one; and the truth which they present is worth considering two weeks in succession. But this lesson emphasizes the rights of children in view of what they are, as the last lesson emphasized the duty of receiving children because of the Savior's love for them. "Suffer the little children to come unto me," says Jesus; and he says it of those who come by being "brought." "Forbid them not," he adds; "for of such is the kingdom of God." It is not merely the child-like, but the "little children," whom Jesus welcomes because they are his. He will allow no older person, not even a chosen disciple of his, to stand between him and the children, or between the children and him. He takes the little children in his arms and blesses them, laying his hands upon them, in proof of the fact that it is not only those who are like them, but themselves, whom he blesses. Then he declares plainly that a little child is not only of his kingdom, but is a pattern to all others who would be there. This was a staggering doctrine to the twelve apostles. It is not easy for all the present disciples of Jesus to comprehend it in its full scope and importance. But there it stands, and it cannot be gainsaid. If a little child wants some good thing, it expects to receive it as a gift from its parent, and it trustfully asks for it accordingly. But as one grows away from childhood, he comes to depend more and more on his own exertions, rather than on his parents' bounty, to supply his greatest wants; and here comes the danger of growing away from the child-spirit toward God. Eternal life cannot be purchased by money or by personal service. It is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ. He who has great possessions, in material wealth, in mental powers, or in moral qualities, is inclined to feel that he ought to be able to do something, or to give something, that shall secure him permanent favor with God. But salvation is not on sale. It is a gift to those who surrender themselves and their possessions to the Savior. A child can make this surrender a great deal more easily than a grown person; a poor man more easily than a rich man; an humble-minded sinner more easily than a proud-spirited well-doer. No one can do it except in the spirit of a trustful child. A man can be saved, but only as he submits himself to the Savior like a child. He who has great possessions is not thereby shut out from hope—if he be ready to yield all his possessions at the call of Christ. Trying to keep the commandments as a proof of grateful love to him who gave those commandments, is indeed a most commendable course. But trying to keep the commandments as a means of getting into heaven after one has lived for his own

enjoyment here on earth, can never be a success on the part of him who lacks that measure of love to God which would make him willing to give up everything else, if need be, in order to follow Christ. But Jesus loves those who do not love him. His love for the young ruler was not because of the ruler's loyableness, but because of the Savior's loyableness. Jesus wants every one to be like a loving child toward him. But Jesus loves those who are not like loving children—even those who refuse to follow him, and who turn away from his counsel and entreaties. If anything can touch the heart of the sinner, young or old, it ought to be the fact that the heart of Jesus goes out in ceaseless longing to save even him who will not be saved.

ADDED POINTS.

One may be doing just right, and yet come under the censure of Christians. It never will do to accept the opinion of even the best men as a sure guide to duty. The real test is, What does Jesus say is right? Let us have a care that we do not come under the censure of Jesus by hindering those who would get nearer to him. Children have rights which must be respected. Children have a claim to respect because of what Christ thinks of them. It is not whether we are entitled to think much of ourselves, but whether we are ready to think little enough of ourselves, that decides our fitness to begin the Christian life. It is well to look squarely at the cost of being a Christian before we enter the life of a Christian. There is only One who can lay down the conditions of salvation. Most men know the commandments, whether they keep them or not. And many a man who does not keep all the commandments he knows, is ready to say: "I do as well as I know how." Whether we love Jesus or not, we may be sure that he loves us. In order to get, we must give. In order to have, we must let go. Only he who is ready to give up everything can be sure of retaining anything. The larger a man's present possessions, the harder it is for him to surrender them all as a preliminary to gaining something that he can depend on. —[Sunday School Times.

Old and Young.

SELFBISHNESS REWARDED.

Little Tommie and Peter and Archy and Bob. Were walking one day, when they found An apple; 'twas mellow and rosy and red, And lying alone on the ground. Said Tommie: "I'll have it." Said Peter, "It's mine." Said Archy: "I've got it; so there!" Said Bob: "Now, let us divide in four, And each of us boys have a share." "No, no!" shouted Tommie, "I'll have it myself." Said Peter: "I want it, I say." Said Archy: "I've got it, and I'll have it all; I won't give a morsel away." Then Tommiehe snatched it, and Peter he sought; "Tis sad and distressing to tell! And Archy held on with his might and main, Till out from his fingers it fell. Away from the quarrelsome urchins it fell, And then, down a green little hill That apple it rolled, and it rolled, and it rolled, As if it would never be still. A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass, And switching her tail at the flies, When all of a sudden the apple rolled down, And stopped just in front of her eyes. She gave but a bite and a swallow or two, That apple was seen never more! "I wish," whimpered Archy and Peter and Tom, "We'd a kept it and cut it in four."

COMPANY MANNERS.

"You are the brothers of little Miss Kate Winters, are you not?" asked a lady on the street of two boys who were passing. "Yes, ma'am," said Tom, as the two boys took off their hats. "I thought so. Please ask her to come and spend the afternoon at our house." "Thank you, I'll tell her," said Tom. "She is the best-mannered little girl I ever saw," said the lady to the friend with whom she was walking, as they went on. "I always like to have her play with my children. Children are such quick observers, and so easily influenced by example." "The brothers seem well-mannered, also," remarked the other. If the ladies had chanced to look back at the boys just at that moment, they might have seen fit to change their opinion of them. Tom and Fred were by no means ill-behaved boys, but they were now casting shy glances behind them, Tom holding his hand over his mouth in burlesque attempt to keep in a laugh, while Fred mimed and bridled in exaggerated imitation of what he called Katie's company manners. "Best mannered little girl—hel' ho!" laughed Tom. "Katie's manners are all right," said Fred, "only they won't wash." "The're the thinnest kind of veneer," said Tom. "They're put on for company and laid off again very quickly," added Fred. What did the boys mean? Katie was working in her garden the next afternoon. "Katie," said her mother, speaking to her from the back door, "some one is coming up the walk to the front door, and I wish you to go to it." "Oh, dear," whined Katie, "I am so busy out here planting my seeds, and I get so little time for my garden. Where's Maria?" "This is her afternoon out, and she is gone." "I believe it is only old Mrs. Drew coming for one of her long visits. I saw

her coming around the corner. What a bother she is." "Katie," said her mother, more sternly, "the bell is ringing; go to the door at once." With a very disagreeable scowl on her face, Katie made her way to the door. Poor old Mrs. Drew surely stood a small chance of a pleasant greeting. But a wonderful change came over the little girl's face. The scowl with its ugly wrinkles vanished as by magic, a smile with its dimples taking its place, making up what Tom called Katie's "company face," as the opening of the door revealed the two ladies who had spoken to the boys on the street. "Good afternoon, dear. Is your mother at home?" "Yes ma'am. Please to come in and I'll tell her you are here." Katie drew the easiest chairs forward, handed fans to the visitors and then ran upstairs to her mother, returning to say: "Mamma begs you will excuse her for keeping you waiting a few moments, and then she will be down." "Certainly, my dear, we are in no hurry," said Mrs. Merrill, smiling pleasantly at her. Katie knew very well that she was observing her closely, and felt quite sure that she was thinking that she was extremely well-mannered, for Tom had told her (laughing in a way which she thought very disagreeable) of what had been said in the street. Mrs. Merrill had a beautiful cottage in the country, to which she was in the habit of inviting little girls to visit her own children. Katie had heard wonderful stories of the pony rides and the picnics, and felt most anxious to be among Mrs. Merrill's guests.

Her mother came down and she got up to give her her chair, taking a less conspicuous one as she listened to the conversation. "It is a very warm day," said her mother, presently. "Katie, do you think you could make some lemonade and bring it to us?" "Of course I could, mamma," said the little girl. "It's easy enough to do." Did she forget how unwillingly she had made lemonade for her brothers and two or three of their friends, the day before, declaring almost audibly that boys were a great nuisance? Perhaps, so, for surely no such unpleasant memory could blend with the smile with which she carried in first the tray of tiny glasses and then the pitcher of lemonade, which she served with a grace which she thought did not escape Mrs. Merrill's observant eye. Katie was hoping that she might hear something about the summer cottage, but nothing was said: "Here is some lemonade left in the pitcher," said mamma, after the ladies had taken leave. "You may carry it out to the children." "Lemonade! Give me some, give me some," cried little Henry, running rather roughly toward her as she went back to the garden. "Get away, Harry; you are as rude as you can be. Go into the house and get some glasses. I'm not going to do all the waiting on you."

Katie set the pitcher down on the grass, while she looked to see what her sister had been doing in her absence. "Amv," she cried angrily, "those are my seeds you've been planting." "Oh, no; I'm sure they're not," said Amy. "See, those are yours." "Yes, but you've got hold of my pansy seeds—I know it by the mark on the paper." "Well, I'm sorry," said Amy. "I made a mistake, you see. Don't be angry, Katie, I'm sorry." "I shall tell mamma of you. I have a great mind not to give you a bit of lemonade. Why doesn't Harry bring those glasses? I'm as thirsty as I can be running around to wait on those folks. Well, I'll take a drink out of the pitcher." This she was proceeding to do in a manner very far from graceful when Amy said: "Who are those ladies looking up at the apple-blossoms? See, they want to speak to you, Katie." Next to the garden was a vacant lot where the boys sometimes played ball, but where very few other people ever came. Now, to her great dismay, Katie saw there the two ladies who had just left the house. Very much confused, and brushing away the drops of lemonade which she spilled upon her white apron, she went toward them. "Can you give us a few apple-blossoms?" Mrs. Merrill was saying. "They looked so beautiful from the street that we came in to see them. Why, it is you, Miss Katie, isn't it?" No wonder she had not recognized the sweet-voiced, gentle-mannered little girl she had seen in the parlor. Katie tormented herself for a long time afterward with wondering as to whether Mrs. Merrill could have overheard her talking to her little brother and sister. But she never knew—and she was never invited to visit at the lady's summer cottage.

Dear boys and girls, have you two sets of manners which you put on and off as you think the occasion requires? If you do, you may be very sure that those for whom you put on the false ones will very soon see through it—will see that it is not your own. They will wash, that is, that it is a cheaply gotten-up fabric which will not endure every-day wear; or that, as Fred suggested, it is "a very thin veneer," a tawdry finish that can be detected at a glance as being a cheat. It is your best manner which you put on for company, is it not? But why? Your own dear ones at home love you best, do the most for you, care most for your welfare? Is it not to them, instead of to strangers, that you owe your best and your sweetest? Good manners are the direct outgrowth of goodness of heart. If your heart is full of loving kindness to those around you, you need not give much study to your manners, for every word and act will be dictated by the spirit within.—[Interior.

MR. JOE SMITH ESCAPES FROM THE INDIANS, BUT CARRIES AN ARROW-HEAD IN HIS LEG TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

For some years before and after the late war of the secession, the Comanche Indians in Northwest Texas held the country under a reign of terror; depre-dating on the stock, and massacring indiscriminately men, women and children who fell in their power. They seldom attacked dwellings, and usually managed to evade the scouts sent out in quest of them, knowing that an encounter with either of these involved them in personal danger. They chose rather to lay in ambush, and allow their victims no chance of defense. No one thought of leaving home then for a short distance without being well armed and mounted; for when the odds were too much against him to think of fighting, the speed of his horse brought off many a frontiersman from the scalping-knife of merciless savages. Yet, despite the utmost precaution, many who were compelled to ride but a short distance, never returned, discovered by the wary Comanche, and taken at a disadvantage, their lives paid the forfeit, and their scalps dangled from the belts of those bloodthirsty marauders. On the 16th of December, 1860, Mr. Joe Smith, then a young man of twenty-one years, engaged in the stock business, and living at Flanagan's ranch, seven miles east of the present site of Eastland City, in company with a son of Mr. Flanagan, started from the ranch in a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, to Desdemona, at which place the people were "forted up."

As no late deprecation had been committed by the Indians, it was thought the trip might be made in safety, though evidently somewhat risky, from the slowness of the team, and the impossibility of escape by flight, if forced to that necessity. A mile and a half were safely passed, and the fear of danger measurably subsided, when at a turn of the road, Smith and his companion were startled by the fearful Indian war-whoop, and the apparition within a few paces a band of Comanches, who from the adjoining hill had witnessed the departure of the wagon, and at this point had quietly waylaid its occupants. So sure were the Indians of their victims that with domineering glee, and to make the effect the more tragic, they announced their presence before beginning the work of slaughter. Their sudden appearance, and shrill cries, so alarmed the oxen that wild from fright they shied to the right and dashed at full speed through the woods, the Indians at the same time opening fire, with both guns, and arrows. Smith was unhurt at the first fire, and drawing his six-shooter, called on his companion to prepare for fight. Receiving no answer, and afterwards recalling the fact not noticed in the excitement of the moment, that he said and did nothing throughout the scene, concluded he had met his death from the first volley. The Indians at once gave pursuit, and their leader approaching to within a short distance of the wagon, drew an arrow on Smith, who falling backwards to protect his body, received a wound in the leg, unavoidably exposed, the arrow entering at the knee joint. All this happened in a brief space, and by the time he recovered himself, the wagon was wrecked against a tree, and the oxen released, kept on their course. Clambering out of the wagon, Smith prepared for defense, or for flight, which latter, under the circumstances, seemed hopeless. To his surprise the wagon had gained on the pursuers, and seeing that escape was possible, as the Indians had not yet come in sight, he extracted the arrow, and made, with what speed he could through the intervening trees and bushes, a safe retreat to the ranch.

For more than six months he suffered with his wound, confined to the bed, most of the time in great pain. After this it gradually healed, but the knee joint remained stiff and useless. Once in attempting to use the leg, the knee gave way with intense pain, and a loud noise; the pain subsequently subsiding, the joint gradually again became useful. In November, 1885, Smith became conscious for the first time that there was another arrow-head in his leg, at the same point from which he had extracted the one when wounded. Gradually it changed its position. The point came to the surface beneath the skin, on the inside of the knee. It soon protruded, though not through the skin, and the writer was called on to witness the fact. In a few weeks afterwards, the arrow-head had so far come out that by a little cutting it was easily withdrawn on February 21st, 1888, having been imbedded in the leg more than twenty-five years.

The question now arises as to how the second arrow-head entered his leg. He was wounded by but one arrow, which, with its head, he extracted at the time; acting on the impression that if withdrawn before the sinews binding the head relaxed by getting wet from the blood, it would remain on the arrow when drawn out. The result justifies his expectations, and the arrow and head were both taken out together.

We can account for the second arrow-head only on the assumption that the arrow had two heads; the smaller one adhering to the arrow, easily came out with it; the other, remaining in the leg, worked its way through to the opposite side from where the wound was received.

The writer has seen and handled the latter extracted arrow-head. It is over an inch in length, and five-eighths of an inch wide. Mr. Smith is still living, a respected citizen of Erath county, Texas.—[Oscar M. Addison, in Southwest-ern Methodist.

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STUDY AND TEACHING.

As the fountain does not throw out water except as it is fed from its sources of supply neither does the mind give out thought except as it receives from its sources of research. The mind however, should be more like the mechanic's shop than the fountain. In the one case that which is received is sent forth without change, while in the other the material received is sent forth in more beautiful and useful forms. The mechanic takes the rough materials and works them into beautiful designs and polished furniture, or other implements either for ornament or use. So there are two orders of mind. One is simply a fountain sending forth whatever it receives, whether foul or clean, brackish or pure, little or much, and frequently going dry. The other is a workshop where everything is worked over, put into new combinations and various designs, according as the articles are desired for use or ornament, or both. But the most skilled workman can do nothing without tools and material. The articles of furniture he can make when the material is supplied, but the material he cannot make, and that he must have or close shop. The mind, in order to give forth living, vigorous and effective thought, must have the material out of which to make it. There must be resources of supply from which the material is gathered. Many preachers fail at this point. When research stops, vigorous thinking must also stop. When there is no supply of material there will be no effective labor. Some men's minds are nothing more than repair shops. They only patch up the old wares that others have made and worn out in the using. In most instances the articles are in worse condition when they leave these repair shops than when they enter them. No man can be a teacher who does not study. Much study, not cramming, but a careful selection of the best material, is the indispensable condition of good teaching. Therefore, "give attendance to reading;" "meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them."

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS INDEED!

The child was taken ill with a throat trouble and the father prayed for it according to custom, but death took place. The undertaker called in Dr. Waldorf, the district physician, who said the little one's death was caused by criminal neglect. The district attorney will be notified. A recent convert was the mother of another victim, a Franklin street young woman who recently married and had perperal convulsions. The mother thought she was a healer, and prayed hard while the young wife suffered untold agony. She was aided by Miss Gilette, who mumbled repeatedly that "there is no such thing as pain; the faithful are a part of God, and God can have no pain." Finally, Dr. Ingraham, a regular practitioner, was summoned. It was found necessary to administer anæsthetics to quiet the patient, but that "Christian scientists" had gone so far that medical science could not save the victim, whose husband is heartbroken. Physicians' constant of the two cases say they amount to manslaughter, and an effort will be made to indict the guilty persons.

Every now and then cases like the above are reported to the world through the papers. All such instances of superstitious are caricatures upon an intelligent Christian faith and dishonoring to God. David said the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. All intelligent faith accepts God as the author of the universe, and sees the wisdom of the divine mind in the order of the worlds as well as in the book of revelation. Indeed, revelation is the telescope and microscope that enables us to make discoveries in creation in which we could not see with the natural eye of reason. All that the great God has made is good, and very good, and there is no defect in anything except that made by the sin of his creatures. There

is nothing more certain in the order of creation as we know it than the fact there are specific remedies in medicines for diseases of the body. These remedies were not created by men. They were created by God, and only discovered by men. They have been discovered, too, in the use of God-given faculties, and in the prosecution of that research authorized by the creator in the constitution of the mental faculties and the order of nature. Now, to ask God to ignore these remedies is to ask him to ignore his own work. It is to ask him to acknowledge that he made a mistake in creating them, and that the faculties of research which he gave men to make these discoveries are only the evidences of a divine failure. It is the same old temptation of the devil in the wilderness asking God to make bread of stones, and the Son of man to cast himself from the pinnacle of the temple. "Faith," indeed! It is nothing more than the old Pharisaical clamor of unbelief for a sign. It is that species of unbelief that presumes to say that God is not in the sunshine, the rain, the dew, and the natural remedies for healing diseases as efficiently as he is in the working of miracles. If the life and miracles of Christ have not led us into that broad faith which comprehends God as the ruler in the material world as well as in the spiritual, they have failed to have the effect upon us that the divine Author intended.

However, let us not be misunderstood. The use of natural remedies must not preclude faith in the divine providence; in fact they must not be separated from it. They must be used as providential means of healing, and must not preclude faithful prayer for the sick. The man who fails to use the natural means for making bread is a fool, but he who does not accept the natural means as God-given and providential is an infidel. The Christ taught us to pray for daily bread, and St. Paul says if a man will not work neither should he eat. King Asa was sick of a disease in his feet, and King Asa trusted not in the Lord, but in the physician, and King Asa died. King Hezekiah was sick unto death, and he prayed unto the Lord, and the Lord gave him fifteen years more of life; but even in that case the prophet directed that a cake of figs should be laid on the boil. We are promised that the prayer of faith shall save the sick, but at the same time we are directed to anoint the body with oil. God does not propose to be ignored in the material any more than in the spiritual world. Let the physician with his remedies come to the sick, put in faithful prayer for the guidance of the great Physician of physicians, let these be acknowledged as the creatures and servants of God. "Christian scientists" and "faith healers" indeed! Superstitious and, in many instances diabolical, deceivers would be nearer the truth.

LIGHT AND VENTILATION.

1. That all the bishops exercise steadily and constantly their charter rights as members of the Board of Trust, directing and controlling. This they have not done heretofore.—Bishop McTeire's Will.

At the meeting of the College of Bishops in Nashville on Monday, * * * they also advised the Executive Committee of the Board of Trust of Vanderbilt to call a meeting of the board at that time to provide for the vacancy of President of the Board. In the meantime Judge East, First Vice-President, will exercise the functions. It was thought by many that Bishop McTeire had the authority to name his successor. This was not the case, but not only is his successor to be chosen by the board, but the duties, prerogatives and salary are entirely dependent upon his action. The names of Bishop Hendrix, Bishop Harzrore, Dr. Young and others have been mentioned. The office is one which requires the greatest variety of faculties, and the bishops have acted wisely in taking time to consider before filling it. Judge East has, during Bishop McTeire's sickness, exercised the duties cautiously and wisely, and he is spoken of for the position.—Raleigh Advocate.

Light and air are among the most universal blessings our heavenly Father has bestowed upon us in our earthly state, and they are no less important to us than universal. Plenty of light and air are essential to bodily, mental and spiritual health. Many a poor mortal suffers more ways than one for the want of light and ventilation. If all only knew and realized how necessary it is to throw open the shutters and lower the windows, there would be more happiness and less suffering in this world. More light and better ventilation in many churches would very much add to the delight and profit of worship. But no less important is it to the health and life of the body ecclesiastic that all departments of its domicile should have now and then a thorough airing and lighting.

Now, as it appears from the foregoing extract that there has been some misunderstanding as to the exact status and relation of the Vanderbilt University to the church, a little light at that point would no doubt be very acceptable. Who is able and will turn on the light? The suggestion copied from Bishop McTeire's will speaks of the chartered rights of the bishops as members of the

Board of Trust, to direct and control. Does this indicate the relation of the University to the M. E. Church, South? Our bishops hold various ex-officio memberships in the different boards of the church, but said boards are regulated and controlled by the General Conference, from whence they derive their membership and authority. By what authority are they trustees of the University, by the authority of the General Conference, the episcopal office, or the State of Tennessee? Does the Vanderbilt University hold any different relation to the whole church from that of other church schools? If so, by what authority? Would not General Conference action be necessary to establish such relation? Have not our bishops about as much as they can well attend to in the discharge of their disciplinary duties without accepting any additional functions as the trustees of an institution not connectinal in its relations? Or can an institution be connectinal in its relations when not so made by the General Conference elects none of its officers?

We have seen in the Nashville Advocate, and have heard from other quarters, intimations that there existed in some parts jealousies towards the Vanderbilt. Is not this a mistake? Is not over-sensitiveness upon our part sometimes mistaken for the jealousy of others? Has not the V., in the absence of General Conference authority, assumed relations that can only be created by that authority, and has not over-sensitiveness on that account been mistaken for jealousies from other parts?

We hope these questions will not be considered impertinent. We desire light. This is no trifling matter. If the V. U. is a connectinal institution in a sense that other church schools are not, it should be known. The powers and prerogatives of the General Conference in reference to such matters ought to be known also. Other institutions of learning may some day be endowed with large sums of money and may wish to enjoy the privilege of being connectinal, and to have the College of Bishops for a board of trustees, and one of the number to be regent, and if all this may be done by State charter and without General Conference authority, they ought to know it. We have asked these questions to do our part of the ventilation and to get needed information. Let us have the light.

THE COLLECTION.

A BROTHER writes: I would like to know if, when you propose to allow agents commission on cash subscriptions, you intend the agent to give the subscriber the benefit of the commission, thus virtually reducing the price of the paper? I am frequently met with this objection: "Our preacher last year let us have the Advocate for \$8.—, and now you want \$2." You understand that not only confusion but actual hurt is thus brought about on our part as well as on the part of the subscriber. I have not met with this trouble before, so I hope you will take necessary steps to correct the evil before it goes further.

REV. W. H. CHAFFIN, of Lindale, Texas, always an active agent, says: "I will try to best last year's subscription list."

DR. PECK got no invitation at Paris either from negroes or whites. The man who is on both sides is generally repudiated by both.

DR. J. D. BARBER, of Nashville, Tenn., will present the commencement sermon of Belle Plaine College May 26.

DR. A. G. HAYGON of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is in the negro, and thinks separation and religion are his chief needs.—Western Methodist.

DR. HAYGON stands with his church generally on this subject.

BISHOP NEWMAN declares that the purest blood in America is in the South. This is true, and we cannot afford to mix it with the African race. We are willing to leave the mixing to Dr. Peck.

THERE seems to be fears that the missionary collections in the M. E. Church will fall behind. Perhaps Dr. Peck, one of the secretaries, has been devoting too much time to the social problem of the South.

H. S. T.: Department Report.—Quarantine: The report of F. R. Rutherford, M. D., State health officer, informs the public that during the past season quarantine stations were established on the coast of Texas at Brazos Santiago, Aransas Pass, Pass Cavallo, Velasco, Galveston and Sabine Pass; also at Orange, Logansport, Waskom, Texarkana, Denison, El Paso and Laredo. The yellow fever having become epidemic in Florida in July, quarantine was proclaimed against infected ports. The expense of maintaining quarantine approximates forty thousand dollars a year; a small amount compared to the danger averted in keeping out the death-dealing epidemic. It has been announced recently in the newspapers that instead of issuing, hereafter, proclamations for excluding all vessels from certain latitudes, only vessels would be excluded from infected ports. This will give greater satisfaction, as it would seem an unnecessary interruption of trade and travel to exclude from our ports vessels from healthy places, and with a clean bill of health.

THE Rev. Dr. Lee called upon me twice at my stopping place, and read me the address in his church. He has had Prof. Thrale, Dean of the famous school of Theology—a colored school—preach in his elegant and popular church.—Dr. J. O. Peck.

It is rather something remarkable in this to distinguish Dr. Lee from the rest of his Southern brethren, we are not able to discover it. While the editor of this ADVOCATE was pastor of the M. E. Church, South, at Marshall, he invited Dr. Whitaker, the president of Wiley University, more than

once to preach to his congregation. He also preached himself by invitation to the negroes of the M. E. Church, and it was not altogether uncommon to see a few negroes at the M. E. Church, South, listening to the gospel along with the white in their appointed place. But preaching to negroes and teaching them in order to elevate them intellectually, morally and spiritually is one thing, and to put yourself on social equality by eating and sleeping with them is quite another. It—the sleeping—was just a little more than even Gilbert Haven could stand.

WE sympathize with our brother, the editor of the Arkansas Methodist, in the loss of his brother, Dr. J. M. F. Bennett, who died March 2 at 11 a. m.

SENATOR POPE, of Marshall, said at Austin that he was from Georgia, and was proud of everything in that State except Sam Small and Sam Jones, etc. These gentlemen would be gratified to know that the senator is not proud of them. The praise of some men is a greater reproach than their curses.

THE following incident, illustrating the character of Dr. McFerrin, was told us by Dr. Morton, who is responsible for its truth: The old doctor was out West and at a missionary meeting it devolved upon him to make the collection. After getting the people considerably aroused together the importance of the great missionary cause, he commenced the collection. "Now," said the doctor, "we want a liberal collection, and we want to hear from you in quick succession. Who will give twenty dollars?" Brother Jones arose and said: "Put me down twenty dollars." "Thank you, brother," said the doctor. "Now let us have another." "Be it so," said the doctor, "I will put you down for twenty dollars." "That is good," said the doctor, "Come on with your twenty." We must raise two hundred dollars at least." Then a brother arose, and said: "Adam Odum twenty dollars." The doctor, evidently nonplussed, said: "Let us hear from Adam Odum twenty dollars." "I don't understand you," said the great warrior. "What did you say?" holding his hand to his ear. The gentleman arose again, and said: "I have heard of you, Adam Odum twenty dollars." "And who asked you how much Adam owed?" "How much do you owe?" that the question. "You cannot see how much Adam owed!" It is a shame! This is God's house! This is a solemn occasion, and you wish to give twenty dollars, and bring every thing into ridicule by telling us Adam owed twenty dollars." A good brother said: "Doctor, that is Brother Adam Odum, and he wishes to give twenty dollars." The venerable doctor saw his mistake and said: "I understand now, and I will put him down for twenty dollars." "I don't understand you," said the great warrior. "What did you say?" holding his hand to his ear. The gentleman arose again, and said: "I have heard of you, Adam Odum twenty dollars." "And who asked you how much Adam owed?" "How much do you owe?" that the question. "You cannot see how much Adam owed!" It is a shame! This is God's house! 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