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MARK TWAIN

His hands fall from the wheel; he looks no more
To see what reef or shoal may be ahead,
What narrow channel there may be to tread,
What jagged rocks may jut out from the shore.

What message is it that the leadsmen send?
"Mark Twain!" The troubled engines cease to
throb,
The song the breezes sang ends in a sob;
The trip is done—the world has lost a friend.

On lips he taught to smile the laughter dies;
The sun shines with a lesser, fainter glow;
Along the shores where mirth was spread a low,
Sad murmur passes, and with tear-dimmed eyes

Men look out on the stream; yet while they gaze
In silence share the comforting belief
That, safe in port, beyond the last dread reef,
His soul is gladdened by a Captain's praise.

S. E. Kiser. in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE MEXICAN CENTENNIAL.

BY REV. H. B. PRATT.

Our matter-of-fact and steady-going American people will find it quite impossible to take in the rising tide of enthusiasm which is sweeping over our neighboring republic with reference to the approaching centennial of Mexican independence, occurring the 16th of next September. It would seem that, after sleeping over the matter for three-quarters of a century, interrupted by more or less frequent revolutions and outbreaks of political disorder and one long and memorable struggle to overthrow and end the French intervention—a papal conspiracy, no doubt, instigated by the Mexican clergy, which, under favor of Napoleon III., undertook to establish the supreme authority of the Romish Church, under the guise of a Roman Catholic empire, administered by an Austrian archduke—they are just now waking up to believe and know themselves to be a free people, and the newly awakened feeling is rising almost to a frenzy. The Roman Catholics, too, held down for forty years by the "laws of reform" adopted by the Juarez government after the downfall of Maximilian and his short-lived Roman Catholic empire, are putting forth every effort to recover their lost ecclesiastical ascendancy, some clamoring even for a restored Inquisition, as they are doing in Spain; while the Protestants, after the successes that have attended their work during forty years of missionary effort, are enthused with the idea (which I do not wholly like; souls cannot be gathered like blackberries) of signaling their first centennial year with *one million souls gained for Christ*, and the slogan of "Mexico for Christ" is seen and heard everywhere and on all occasions.

Whatever the outcome of it all, we may be sure that Mexico is waking up, and that effects of no small importance and of far-reaching consequence are sure to follow its awakening. The friends of the gospel, therefore, and of gospel liberty and progress may well labor and pray that the Spirit will make it the time of favor for that long priest-ridden and downtrodden but beautiful land. The American Bible Society has undertaken to print an edition of 100,000 Gospels (the four in one volume) to sell at a nominal price, stamped with the Mexican colors, as its contribution to the centennial, and also 10,000 copies, similarly ornamented, of a pocket edition of the Proverbs of Solomon—of the Modern Version—to sell at two cents each, of which I have prepared revised "copy" for the printer, in consonance with that memorable saying of Horace Greeley that "if he could place a copy of the book of Proverbs in the

breast pocket of every young man in the United States, he would account it as a work of the greatest possible service done to the country at large," or words to that effect.

It is to be hoped that the publication of this pocket edition of a new and most readable version of the inimitable Proverbs of Solomon at this juncture (which is almost a general centenary of the Spanish-American republics), as well as the accompanying four-Gospel volume, may prove a most timely offering to the proverb-loving Spanish-speaking peoples of the Old and the New World, equally acceptable to Roman Catholics, skeptics, and Protestants, and may at the same time serve as an entering wedge for the other living oracles of God in lands where for 220 years—seven successive generations—the Word of God "in the vulgar tongue" was absolutely prohibited to priest and people under all the pains and penalties which the Spanish Inquisition knew only too well how to impose and inflict. Let no one, therefore, be surprised at the social, civil, moral, and religious condition of the Spanish-speaking peoples of the Old and the New World in view of the easily proven fact that seven successive generations of the Spanish-speaking world were born and lived and died while as yet the possession and use of "the Bible in the vulgar tongue" was regarded and treated as a more heinous crime than horse-stealing or murder—seven successive generations! The reader will please point out this fact to any Roman Catholic who may complain of it as *an insult and a wrong* that Protestants send missionaries to Roman Catholic lands in this twentieth century of grace.

After this long preliminary statement, I beg leave, Mr. Editor, to ask the publication of the following translation of a letter just received from Rev. Dr. Arcadio Morales, President of the Centenary Commission, the Nestor of our Mexican Missions, often called the "Mexican Moody," and who is readily accorded the foremost place among Mexican evangelists. His letter will speak for itself:

"Dear Brother: Of you who have lived among us and know by personal experience how pernicious is the idolatry of Catholic countries, I believe it will be sufficient to ask the simple reading of the newspaper I send herewith in order to form an approximate idea of what the Catholics are wishing to do here, with the pretext of celebrating our approaching centennial. It is proposed to resuscitate, but with unaccustomed splendor, the old worship of 'Our Lady of Guadalupe;' and with this end in view, Roman Catholic millionaires are holding daily meetings to form a program



A Mother's Love

wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial medicine, and only when actually needed. The well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get the beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

of 'fast days' which shall last all the month of September. We, few, poor, and insignificant, do not tremble before the power of Romanism. On the contrary, we are preparing to flood our metropolitan city and its surroundings with passages of the Word of God which treat of his true worship and condemn the worship of images.

"For this purpose the pastors of the Churches of the City of Mexico have agreed to observe a 'self-denying day' every month in the manner of the [Sabbath army] for the purpose of raising funds to print as many hundred leaflets, cards, pamphlets, etc., as we may be able, with a view to prevent this enthronement of error in our country.

"Well, then, this is the purpose of my letter—to beg that you help us among your friends and for this especial purpose and for us literature suitable for an important campaign. If it be possible to obtain literature, we get for us money, and we print it.

"In addition to this, we earnestly plead that 'circles of prayer' be formed to pray daily to God, and he will help this poor little people to conquer this Goliath of Romanism.

"Trusting that God will use your hearts to help us, I remain
Your friend and brother.

ARCADIO MORALES.

Prayer and sympathy, of course, what is most desired, but pecuniary help will be most gladly received if sent to Señor Arcadio Morales, 5ta. Calle Ancha, Mexico City, Mexico. No money in any form will be accepted there as here.