

SPELMAN MESSENGER

"OUR WHOLE SCHOOL FOR CHRIST."

Vol. 3.

SPELMAN SEMINARY, ATLANTA, GA., APRIL, 1887.

No. 6.

IMMORTAL.

Banish all random thoughts that are not
white;
Let dreams and fancies be so clean and
pure,
That, leaving the mind's shade, they can
endure
The test of instantaneous searching light.
Mend thou thy broken speech, and make
it whole;
Let thy words be so worthy that if death
Come suddenly, shall be thy latest breath
A benediction to some listening soul.
Before thy task is finished thou mayest
tire;
Let thy plans be so noble and so high,
That deeds undone shall be thy legacy,
To toilers whom thy life has helped
inspire.
Hold cheerful views! Rest ever in
content!
But think, speak, act, and live as if to die
This moment were thy body's destiny,—
Immortal thou in life's accomplishment.

ELLA A. GILES.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Not one of us can look back upon the days spent in the Cradle of Spelman, and prevent a smile of appreciation coming to our faces nor a deep inward sigh from coming forth, for the "leeks and onions." How can it be otherwise? For it was there that the foundation was laid, upon which some are so eagerly building.

In those olden times, Geography, Grammar, and the, so called, complicated Intellectual Arithmetic were called the theoretical studies; now, to our great surprise, they have become practical. Instead of nice blackboards on which to figure, our teachers supplemented their instruction in addition by laying sticks on the floor or counted the holes about their feet. We complimented ourselves on having a variegated floor. It was made up of boards, dirt, and coal, and, in the

Spring months, a little grass, here and there sprang up to greet us.

We had two school rooms, including the coal room. In the larger room, some times three recitations were going on at the same time, making a noise equal to a flock of black birds in a field of grain.

The coal room being used for recitation room, the backs of the seats which ran around three sides of the room, were supported by the coal heaped against them. I suppose you think we were very dusty; if we were, we did not notice it.

Our Principals, who now have the opportunity of teaching Bible History, Astronomy, etc., then taught First Grammar, First Arithmetic and Fifth Reader; these were the studies of the advanced classes. Some of us thought Grammar was next to Greek.

In the "Good old times" we were never reprimanded for not dusting the lamps and shades, for we had none to dust. Some of us would have been startled at the name, chapel. The scholar then studying the alphabet now studies Universal History. Then we had no poets, elocutionists, and no professional singers. A few may have known of such.

All of our days seemed foggy. When the sun was pouring forth its light without, the smoke would be pouring forth within. Often it proved too much for us; and we were seen early in the day, with books and satchels, going home, but willing to try again the ensuing day.

But these were not our worst things. While in the Basement several names were given us. The most disgusting was, "The school in the ant hole." We said nothing when we were first called this, but when school children, passing, would look in at the window and cry, "Look at the people in the ant hole," we resolved to have it stopped, and it did stop.

Our next name was the "Packer school." The one we now have was not given till we came upon this beautiful hill. We were then three years old and without a name.

In the "Good old times," our entertainments consisted of one song, with a verse of Scripture after each stanza, and if we did not have the Scripture then two or three hours would be spent in singing. We called that a grand entertainment.

At teacher's meeting on Friday nights, the lights being scarce, we would sit quite close, some occupying the bench on the platform with the Principal. We could sleep then and not be detected.

I want to tell you something of the catalogue. It was just large enough for three hundred names; whether we were seniors, juniors or in the preparatory class I cannot tell.

In 1882 Misses Champney and Grover came. One of them not being used to Georgia mud would often be caught in it, having lost her overshoes; and this being a progressive world we could hardly stop to pull people out of the mud.

Our singing teacher then, was just as good as now. We sang, "fa la mi," adding *r* to *fa* we wished such foolishness was far away. These were good old times, but better came. The Lord gave us a new home. But a home and nothing to put in it was sad indeed. By borrowing, provision was made for the first night. So Mrs. D—, and Mrs. H—, with a few younger ladies were the first boarders. Mrs. D—, has since then called those few young ladies her adopted daughters. With all their disadvantages these were happy days in Spelman, then known as the Fe-Seminary.—V. W. Maddox, Student.

"Good Old Times" and "Basement Days" were read at the reception given the Principals, March 3.

BASEMENT DAYS.

It is not necessary to go back to Abraham's time to see how the Lord leads His people. Looking back about six years, we see our honored Principals pleasantly situated in their Northern home, surrounded by every thing conducive to their happiness. As we look, let us listen for a moment; we can almost hear the same voice which spoke to Abraham in the land of Ur, saying unto them, as to him, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land which I will show thee." They did not stop to question the Lord, nor did they wait for the approval of friends, but humbly and cheerfully obeyed the Master's call.

These two ladies came South, and stopped in this city for a few days, as they thought, but after reaching Atlanta, it was made known to them that this was the place in which to begin their work. Like Abraham, their first act was to erect an altar unto the Lord, and newly consecrate their lives to His service.

In the dark, damp basement of Friendship Church, eleven pupils, with these two teachers, met to teach and to be taught. For weeks and months school was carried on in the basement, during which time the number of pupils increased so rapidly that Misses Packard and Giles were compelled to send for more teachers. Our dear Miss Champney and, later on, Miss Grover came to aid in the uplifting of the women and girls of Georgia.

Words have not enough meaning, and the pen is powerless to express the trials, discouragements, and even persecutions, through which these teachers passed, in order to carry forward this work. Our Heavenly Father saw the trials of these, His children, who were bearing the precious seeds of truth to this, our ignorant race, and He only can reward them as they deserve.

Some may ask if we were happy in the basement. Yes, thrice yes, we can truthfully answer, for though in a temporal sense we were in a cold, dark den, yet spiritually we were in a palace. The Sun of Righteousness seemed always in mid-heaven, and its rays touched and melted the stoniest of hearts, and scores were born into the kingdom. With several others here to-night, I can speak from experience; in that basement I learned to love Jesus, and it was there I pledged my whole life to the cause of saving souls, either here or in Africa.

Thus you see, the Lord directs us to follow the example of our noble, Christian teachers. As they lead us, we are to lead others.

It is needless to attempt to number the blessings the Lord has bestowed upon this school. Our present condition and surroundings tell the story.

We can realize to some extent what it costs to do so much in such a little time, if we notice the change in our dear Principals. These deep furrows of care and anxiety were not seen six years ago. None *did*, or ever *will do* more, or *even as much*, for the Negro women and girls as have our beloved Principals.

The ties of affection which bind the basement teachers and scholars together, are not like the spider's web, but are chains of gold which even death cannot sever.

Just here, we are reminded that one of the basement teachers and several of the scholars have crossed the river, and are reaping their reward.

As we review those early days,

We see the guiding hand
Of God, who sent these teachers dear,
An earnest Christian band.

You came to us in those dark days,
Supplying deepest needs;
Accept our thanks to-night
For all your loving deeds.

The voice of Spelman will be heard
In lands both far and near;
And many precious souls she'll teach,
Our loving Lord to fear.

And when you've laid your armour by,
And ceased your works of love,
May angels bear each one of you
To that bright world above.

Nora A. Gordon, Student.

—Thus soliloquized Edward the IV (of March) under the shadow of murmuring pines in the land of sun and sand. There is a school located in the Gate City of the South known by all the inhabitants who can *Spelman*, the "faculties" of whose faculty need not be very much tried, should they, among themselves, undertake an ocean excursion. Let us consider for a moment. In the first place there need be no fear financially, for, where *Gould* is interested, funds are not wanting. Then simply make application to the *Mallorys* for a steamer. Embarking thereon, there need be no fear, for, have they not with them a *Mann*, honored as being once the room-mate and intimate friend of *Lincoln*? Speaking of presidents, calls to mind, that *Grover* is announced as one of the party. In addition, safety is assured by having on board the genial *Doctor Jones* who can give relief, even if the *Gray* clouds in

sight, should rough up the water and *Rockefeller* so that mention, either of beautiful isles or dutiful *Giles* would be alike uninteresting at that particular time. Those who could *Barrett* might assemble in the cabin and *Converse* with one another and instruct themselves by reading *Barnes' Notes* or *Johnson's Compendium*, or amuse themselves by games, as surely there would be *Pack(c)ards* on board (very instructive and educational,) after tiring of such amusements then call on the *Pfeifer* and let sweet sounds awake the lethargy; and, at stroke of bell, cause all to *Dodge* to the toilet rooms, re-appearing *Kemp(t)* and clean, ready for dinner, only remembering, if they are to *Peckham* they had better order fried eggs also. During the afternoon all could roam about deck and at sunset watch the Flag of our *Union Hall(ed)* down. A *Child* can easily see that the steam engine would be *De La Motor* power of the vessel—But the "Boy," Oh! where is he? Very likely the family of *Thomas*es would run the machinery.

—On the night of March 14, the music class of Spelman gave a delightful entertainment in the chapel. The program consisted of vocal and instrumental music interspersed with readings, and its rendering reflected much credit upon the young ladies who so admirably executed their work. The Peak Family, with their odd costumes and funny songs added very much to the pleasure of the evening. The whole entertainment was a decided success and was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

—April 3, about one hundred and twenty-five persons were received into the First Methodist Church.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER.

Mrs. Abby Kelley Foster, the last survivor of the pre-eminently distinguished women of the pioneer anti-slavery movement, has passed away. William Loyd Garrison said of her in 1867, "If there was one in the world who remembered those in bonds, as bound with them, it was Abby Kelley." At her funeral it was said, "Her path lay through the untrodden wilderness, and with aching shoulders she bore the burden of a downcast race and sex. But the glory of emancipated millions, whose fetters she had done so much to loosen, added a radiance to the sunset of her life."

"Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong."

EASTER OFFERINGS.

MINNIE C. BERRY, (*Student.*)

It was a beautiful Sabbath day; the sun tinged the eastern hills with golden light, and as it rose higher, smiled lovingly upon the town of Easton nestled so quietly among the hills. Easton is a thriving little town in New England; and on this bright Easter morning it presented quite an attractive picture, with its broad streets, lined on either side with grand old trees, that had stood the storms and blasts of centuries perhaps; the neat dwellings with their prettily kept flower gardens, the fresh spring flowers, as they unfolded their beautiful colors, and filled the air with fragrance, seemed in perfect keeping with the peacefulness of that calm Easter morning.

Early as it was the inmates of Rose Cottage were astir, and Ethel Gordon, as she threw open her blinds, exclaimed, "How beautiful!" She stood a few moments, as if bewildered at the scene, then moved slowly from the window, loth to leave so much beauty, saying softly, "And this is Easter." Going to the table she took, what to her was the most precious of all her possessions, her Bible, and turning to the last chapter of Mark, read of those loving women, as with sorrowing hearts they brought spices and perfumes, to anoint the body of their blessed crucified Lord. As Ethel read on and finished the chapter, her blue eyes filled with tears, for she thought of the eighteen years of her life spent in serving self. Then she knelt down, and very earnest and sincere was the prayer that ascended to her Heavenly Father, for guidance, and strength. To-day she was to be buried with her Lord in baptism, but, ah, blessed thought! to arise to newness of life in Him. He was not to her a dead Christ, but "one who ever liveth and maketh intercession for us."

As she arose from her knees, a holy calm stole into her heart, and away in the distance she heard the chimes of Trinity peal forth in joyous tones,

"I'm glad salvation's free."

Ethel caught the strain and finished the grand old hymn, singing softly as she moved about the room,

"Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free."

She carefully completed her toilet, then stepped lightly to the bed and awakened her cousin Grace, saying, "Come, Grace, the birds are singing their sweetest songs as if to call you from your dreams, saying as best they can, 'Come, Miss Grace, 'tis Easter'.

Have you no offering to bring to the King of Kings to-day? Not to the empty tomb nor sad Gethsemane, but to the throne of the great King, even the Lord of glory. He asks of you no costly gifts of pearls and gold, no jewels or precious stones, but simply your heart." And she bent lovingly over the fair face, and kissed the cheek of her cousin, and quietly went away.

We will follow Ethel as she noiselessly entered the dining room, which also served for sitting room. Her father sat beside the table with bowed head, seemingly in deep thought; so quietly did she enter, that he was unconscious of her presence till her arms were about his neck. "Good morning, dear father. Are you sick?" But he only pushed her from him and left the room.

"Ethel Gordon, you will kill your father by your conduct." This was the greeting of her mother. "You know your father's views of Christians; and I don't see why you will make such a show of your religion. I rue the day that you ever went to those Moody and Sankey meetings, for you are not the same girl that you were before you attended them."

Ethel replied very gently, "No, mother, I have no desire to go back to my old way of living. I have consecrated myself to God, and I hope to serve Him as faithfully as I have served myself and the world."

As Ethel continued setting the table, she thought of the talk she had with her teacher a few days before, when she told her, that all the trials and disappointments that come to us, are only chariots sent by God, which if we joyfully enter, will bear us far above all earth-born clouds. "This is my chariot," she said, with a smile, and went cheerfully on with her work.

Soon a bell, in welcome tones, announced to all that breakfast was ready. It was a very quiet meal, each seemed occupied with his or her thoughts. Breakfast over, the work was quickly done, and the house put in perfect order.

Mr. Gordon was not a rich man, so they kept no servants. Ethel and her two sisters, Bertha and Florence, aged twelve and fourteen, assisted their mother with the work. Ethel shared her room with her cousin Grace, who was making them a visit. Grace was the only child of wealthy and fashionable parents, who resided in Boston. She had been sent to her relatives in the country, her friends thinking she was becoming too religious. Since coming, she had attended a series of meetings conducted by Messrs.

Moody and Sankey, the same meetings in which Ethel received the first impression that she was a sinner, exposed to the wrath of God. They went first out of curiosity to see and to hear, but God sent the truth home to Ethel's heart, and she yielded herself to Him.

All her relatives bitterly opposed her, but she stood firm amid all her trials, for the Lord in whom she trusted, was able to keep her from falling.

Grace was almost persuaded to be a Christian; she seemed to have a dislike for all her former pleasures, the ball-room, and theatre did not satisfy longings, as they had once done. Her parents thought a visit to the country might in some way benefit her, so she was spending the Easter holidays with Ethel. The cousins were very fond of each other, though they were so differently situated, and so unlike in looks and disposition.

Ethel was a blonde, with soft blue eyes, and gentle disposition, while Grace was a brunette, full of animation, and was always ready for a good time, as she said.

The girls completed their preparations for church, and as they stepped into the hall, they met Mr. Gordon, and Ethel asked timidly, "Are you going to church to-day, Father?" But a smile from him was her only answer.

The walk to church was a quiet one. Grace had never witnessed a baptism. The spacious hall was soon filled; Grace was so occupied with what was going on around her, that she was much surprised on turning, to find her Uncle and Aunt beside her. The choir sang one of their sweetest Easter anthems, after a short, earnest prayer by the pastor. He then announced his text, "Who will roll us away the stone?" He went on to say that many times in our lives, we meet with great boulders; perhaps are grieving over the loss of some dear friend, and the world seems dark, and dreary, and we cry out as did those sorrowing ones of old, "Who will roll us away the stone?" He concluded by saying, "Is there not one here to-day who will let Jesus roll away the stone of unbelief and sin from the heart? Who will not this bright Easter day arise from the cold grave of doubt, and unbelief, and come into newness of life with Him; into the light and liberty of the gospel?"

After the sermon, came the baptism. It was indeed, an impressive scene; and three persons at least in the audience, were asking themselves the question, "Who will roll us away

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The wonderful religious interest prevailing in this and other countries finds its prophetic announcement in the promise,—“I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.”— We hear of scores, hundreds, and even thousands who are converted. Atlanta is stirred as never before; Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational churches are open for religious services, morning and evening. Stores and banks have been closed between the hours of 10 and 11 A. M. and 4 and 5 P. M. to allow the employees to attend the religious meetings. Evangelists are aiding the pastors in the work. A detachment of the Salvation Army is also in the city; while their methods are not according to any ritual, they *are* doing the Lord's work and reaching those who have never been reached by any of the recognized methods of evangelization.

The death of Henry Ward Beecher removes a leader and Christian minister of world-wide reputation. Fearless in what he believed to be right, every form of oppression and wrong had the powerful condemnation of his voice and pen. During the late Civil war, he rendered notable service by brave, unswerving devotion to the Union. He possessed brilliant intellectual qualities and an impulsive

character. He will be missed by the humble as well as the exalted.

—Spelman Teachers have enjoyed a rich feast in the course of lectures given at the Second Baptist Church by Prof. W. C. Richards, A. M., Ph. D., of Chicago, on the evenings of March 24th, 25th, and 26th. “The Matter King” was the title of the first lecture, which treated of Oxygen. The second evening, Hydrogen was discussed, under the title of the “Matter Queen.” The third lecture was upon Electricity. Each lecture was illustrated by many difficult experiments, conducted with marvelous skill. Mr. Richards visited the school while here and expressed the most cordial sympathy in the work.

—Sunday, March 20, we were honored by the presence of Mr. B. F. Jacobs and family, of Chicago. After the Sabbath school Mr. Jacobs gave us a short but forcible Bible lesson on three words, Bethel, (God's House,) Mahanaim, (God's Hosts,) and Peniel, (God's Face.) We were further helped by encouraging words from Dr. McDonald.

—On the morning of March 22, we were favored with the presence, and helped by the words of Rev. Charles H. Yatman, on the “lost and found” chapter in Matthew. Mr. Yatman, of Newark, N. J., is a very earnest laborer in the Y. M. C. A., and has done a grand work in this city.

—On Thursday, March 31, we of Spelman were honored with a morning call from Prof. Scott of Knoxville, Tenn. After a few words of kindly greeting he delightfully surprised us with the promise of a concert to be given in the evening by the “Southern Concert Company,” of which he is “Musical Director.” Words would fail to justly describe the evening's entertainment; seldom have we had the privilege of listening to so fine and so varied a program. The entire company are musically gifted, and plainly show cultivation. Special mention should be made of the instrumental music, especially the exquisite playing on the harmonica by Mr. Jackson. Nearly every piece throughout the evening received a well deserved encore, and heartily do we thank Prof. Scott for his generosity in giving us this musical treat. The company, we understand, are traveling through the chief cities of the South, and the proceeds of their concerts will be in part appropriated to the building of a church. Thus far they have met with the success which they certainly merit. We trust

all who have an opportunity to hear them will surely avail themselves of it.

—We esteem it a great privilege to have with us for a short time, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Cole and their daughter, Miss Ella Cole, of Southbridge, Mass. They have been warm friends of the school from its beginning, as is shown by the many tangible proofs of their loving thoughtfulness scattered about on every hand, adding so much to the comfort and happiness of both teachers and pupils.

—The Principals have just received a letter from Misses Sarah M. Love and Ella M. Daniels, in which they say, “Our daily thoughts are of Spelman; we sometimes wonder if we shall ever enjoy another three months as we did those spent there. We are studying hard that we may be able to go on with our classes next year. We cannot tell you how we miss the Bible readings, Sabbath school, and the instruction received from Spelman, but we believe and pray that God will open a way for us to come again.” With the letter came a box of beautiful roses and hyacinths,—their fragrance reminding us of the constant, loving appreciation, which these students have shown.

—Having been a member of this school from its beginning, I feel that expressions of deep gratitude are due to those who, though far away, are laboring for its interests and the uplifting of my people. Those only who have been engaged in this work a long time can fully understand its need and importance. This is indeed a school for all girls who desire to make themselves useful in life, and a blessing to their race. No one can remain long under the influence of this institution and go away without being greatly benefited. It has indeed been a “Bethel” to many of our girls; and here many have vowed before God that their lives shall be spent in the actual service of the Lord; not only at home but in foreign lands.

Most of us realize more and more every day that, as our faithful teachers have come and freely opened to us the fountain of knowledge, so we must freely give to others who are still groping in darkness. Not only do we feel grateful to the beloved Principals and dear teachers for their labor of love, but to those also of whom they so often speak—we refer to the women of the American Baptist Home Mission Board—under whose auspices they came. How much we are indebted to them for all they have done! We know these consecrated women who have so liberally given to this institu-

tion in various ways will be amply rewarded for their generous acts, when the recipients of their gifts have gone out into the broad fields in Christ's name and are faithfully laboring for Him. C. A. H.—*Student.*

GIVING AND TAKING.

Take it away if it hinders me,
Hinders, dear Lord, from thee;
Nothing I'd have between us come,
I'd be all and only for thee.

Take it away, this impure heart,
Make it pure and free,
Pure in its every earthly love,
Free in its worship of thee.

Loving and losing, what e'er it be,
If all for Christ I win,
Give it to me, if I need it, Lord,—
Even life's stern discipline—.

Give it to me if I need it, Lord,
Sorrow and deep distress;
Yet sometimes I sigh for the sunshine so,
That the restful shades I miss.

Take it away if it hinders me,
Give it to me if I need it, Lord;
Taking or giving, what e'er it be—
Just as thou wilt, give unto me.

J.

—The writer of the following has our fullest sympathy:—

DEAR LADIES,
OR MISSES EDITORS,
OR EDITORIAL MISSES,
OR LADY EDITORS,
OR EDITORIAL LADIES,
OR LADY EDITRESSES:—What in the world shall I call you? You may take your choice, and consider yourselves addressed as the managing body or bodies of the S——. By the way, what should it be, body or bodies? Do you consider yourself—or yourselves, which?—one or twain? If one, how can you be twain?—And if in partnership, and so twain, each being included in the other, you must be *in twain*. But how then could you be one, to say nothing of two? Each of you then must be only one half, and which is the better half? But, there, that's an expression that ought not to be used in your presence. But if each of you is only one half, my address is wrong, and I ought to write it over again. But let it stand. You are then to take your choice as to either, or all if you like, I am willing to be generous you see, all but the one with the "tresses,"—that I take back. My purpose in addressing you, Lady Editors, or etc., etc. is to offer the accompanying "pome" for the columns of the S——, if acceptable to you. And, I wish to add, consider me a subscriber for your excellent paper, and dun me for the cash the next time you see me. Yours in a Quandary, M——.

—On the evening of March 3, the teachers of Spelman Seminary were very happily surprised by receiving an invitation to attend a Banquet and Reception given in honor of the Principals. The invitation was extended by a number of the present and former students, who in the days of Spelman's childhood learned and listened in the dear old basement. About eight

o'clock each teacher was provided with an escort who safely piloted her through the dimness of the evening to the brightness of the girls' dining-room at Union Hall, and bright indeed did it look to us as our eyes fell on that supper table. How shall I describe it!—memories awakened, with heart-felt words. Not one there but will forever carry in his or her heart the remembrance of that evening's joy.

REVIVAL NOTES.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The religious ball which was set in motion in Atlanta a few weeks ago has gained such momentum that it is sweeping before it all worldly things. The spiritual awakening is more general, more fervid, more practical than any religious revival ever known in Atlanta. The atmosphere seems to be surcharged with evangelical oxygen, spiritual hydrogen and soul-reviving nitrogen. The various evangelical churches in all parts of the city have joined in the movement against Satan.

About eighteen merchants complied with the committee's request and gave their employees an opportunity to attend the services, and it is safe to affirm that not one of them regretted his action. These old business men and their young mercantile friends joined in the services with a zest, and all showed how they enjoyed the meeting.

The meetings at the First Baptist church continue with increasing interest. One of the most interesting services ever witnessed in this city was the administration of the ordinance of baptism on Wednesday evening to thirteen young ladies and gentlemen, by Dr. Hawthorne; it was impressive beyond expression, and the large congregation that packed the building was deeply affected. Never has a better religious feeling prevailed this congregation.

The vigorous and persuasive Edgefield evangelist, Mr. J. L. Tilman, is doing his share to promote the work of the Lord. He is brim full of enthusiasm, and his fervor is infectious. Five or six preachers of the western section of the city are cordially co-operating with him. The pavilion holds nearly 2,000 people, and every seat is occupied. The services are peculiarly soul-stirring. Penitents stand up by the hundreds. Many young men who are known to be wild and dissipated have been gathered in. Old and hardened sinners who have spent their best years in the service of the devil, have turned from their wicked paths and given themselves to God.

The crowds which attend the meetings of the Salvation Army grow larger and larger. Last night the hall could not hold nearly all who were pressing for admittance. An effort is making to secure a more spacious building for the use of the army. The force of the Salvationists is swelling with recruits. This force of Christian workers reaches a class of sinners who never enter a church.

The services in the Colored churches are now attracting immense crowds. It is said that within the past week several hundred persons have united with two of the Methodist and Baptist churches.

—Sunday, April 3, about one hundred persons received the hand of fellowship at the First Baptist Church.

(Continued from page 3.)

the stone?" So tenderly, and lovingly, had the "Old Old Story" been presented, that Grace resolved to give her heart to God, and she yielded her will to his; this was the stone that had kept her from him; and it seemed very great. On their return home, her father and mother just let the Savior roll away the stone of pleasure and ambition; they too could now join in the sweet song with Ethel, and the glad refrain of the bells, and sing,

"I'm glad Salvation's free."

—The fifth lecture of the course was given on March 15, by Prof. Crogman, on Reading. He gave a short history of books, spoke of their value and gave some excellent advice as to their use. The lecture was very instructive and adorned with rich quotations from classical authors.

—On Tuesday evening, March 21, the students of Spelman enjoyed a pleasant surprise from the Principals. While quietly studying in their several Halls, the stillness was suddenly broken by the large bell, sounding a summons to the Chapel. Here an enjoyable entertainment, consisting of music, recitations, and pantomime, made the moments quickly fly, until nine. On returning to their Halls, a fresh surprise awaited them, in the form of refreshments. The entertainment, prepared at only a few hours' notice, reflected much credit on those who took part, and the whole was a fresh proof of the thoughtful kindness of our Principals, and the appreciative responsiveness of the pupils.

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Little folks: Send us your questions and ideas, and in exchange Cousin Carrie (a Spelman Student) will answer the questions and give items of interest from the field. Address—

Miss Carrie P. Walls,
Spelman Seminary,
Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR CHILDREN:—

I wonder if others of you will be interested in the answer to Lillie's question? Long long years ago, a printer, living in "Merrie England," went to Gloucester to attend to some business. While there he set out one Sunday for a walk. As he passed through the streets his attention was drawn to the large number of neglected children, spending their Sundays so carelessly, and wickedly, never once thinking of God and His holy day. The tender heart of Robert Raikes—for it was he—was moved with pity, and he began to think what he could do for these neglected ones. Within their dirty, ragged, little bodies he could see souls, sin-stained and defiled, which, if brought into the sunlight of God's truth, would, like slender sickly plants carried from the darkness to the sunlight, grow fresh and strong, making this beautiful, bright world more beautiful and bright. Like all good thoughts, his were not in vain; soon a house was hired and four ladies were engaged to teach, every Sunday afternoon, just as many children as would come. Gladly the little ones flocked to hear the truth, till very soon there were many schools instead of one. God's smile of approval must have rested on this noble man as he quietly set about and carried on this work of love. But does it not seem strange to us, in this land of Sunday schools that those who taught in Gloucester were paid for their service? Nor were those schools much like what we have. Before many years there were Sunday schools all over England; and hundreds of poor little children, who once were sad and neglected now rejoiced and were "Merrie" in the sunshine of Christain love and care.

So the grand work grew and grew till the little island of England could no longer hold it and it came across the water to bless the children and the homes of our own dear land. Our first school was started over ninety-six years ago, in Philadelphia. Do you wonder that good men love to talk of Robert Raikes and that when one hundred years had passed away, a grand celebration was held throughout this and other lands, in honor of the founder of Sabbath schools? Do

not my little friends all wish to become earnest Sunday school teachers when they are grown? You can be very helpful little workers now by your presence in the school and by paying close attention to all that is said and done, that you may tell it to others and interest them, then they too will want to be Sunday school scholars.

Lovingly,
COUSIN CARRIE.

Washington, D. C., March, 7, 1887

DEAR COUSIN CARRIE:—

I read the paper and I thought it very nice. I go to school. I am ten years old. I have a teacher from down South. I like her very much. I am in the Second Reader. Sister told me what a nice school you have. I am learning very fast. I am going to subscribe for the paper. Good bye.

From your friend,
ELLEN A. HAWKINS.

Thomasville, Ga. Feb. 21, 1887.

DEAR COUSIN CARRIE:—

I have just received the "SPELMAN MESSENGER" and in it, I saw so many pretty letters from other little girls, I thought I would write one too. We have such a nice school here, and I will tell you something about it. Our school is called the "Connecticut Industrial School." We have four very dear teachers. Our principal's name is Mrs. Gordon; she is very kind and sweet. We have one hundred scholars, and many of them are girls. We have prayer meeting on Tuesday evening, and Bible reading on Thursday morning. I like them very much, they are so interesting. We have sewing and drawing lessons also in our school. I study Powell's English Grammar, Harper's Geography, Patterson's Common School Speller, Sandford's Second Arithmetic, and my reading book is called, "Book of Tales." We have a nice Sunday School also. I have a very good mama, she is very kind to me. I love her ever so much. I must close now. good bye.

Your friend,
KITTIE L. HAMILTON.

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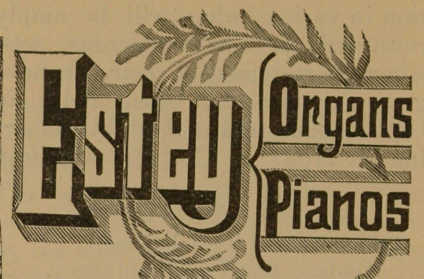
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(Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.)

STUDY, AND THE HEALTH.

It has often been supposed that student-life is unfavorable to the preservation of the health, which is a very great mistake. God has given us a body, mind, and soul, or, lent them to us, on condition that we shall properly care for them, adding to their strength, that we may be useful in the world. Like the "talents," we are to *improve* them, so that, when called for, we may return more than we received. It is natural that the mind shall improve from childhood to adult life, the same being true of the powers of the body, these powers being improved and strengthened by use, by our own efforts. And, why not improve the general health as we do the mind, by education, and otherwise, since the body is just as much under our control as the mind. Both can be educated, as prize-fighters and others of the same class have often proved to us, their trainers not allowing them to use any but very plain food, no whiskey, no tobacco, as they well know that these, with rich living, are unfavorable to the health. To improve the condition of the body, in a certain sense, improves the mind, if not the soul, as God made the body, mind, and soul to dwell together in harmony, each laboring for the general good. If the mind is improved by the best condition of the body, why should not the body be correspondingly improved by the use of the mind—its education? That this is true, is proved by the fact that brain-workers live to a greater age than farmers and mechanics. Yet, it is true that students often "break down," men in the professions—including ministers—leaving because of some supposed difficulty, all of which might be remedied by proper living.

The two more prominent causes are too little physical exercise—relatively—and too much food, particularly that difficult of digestion, the rich and complicated dishes. A good appetite and good digestion are produced by exercise of the body, having an abundance of pure air and sunlight. Study is all the more easily performed when there is a physical basis, in the form of generous exercise. Let no student be ashamed or afraid to work, even performing what some may regard as "menial labor," wash-

ing dishes, sweeping rooms, darning stockings, or sawing wood, (by the men,) better exercise than base-ball games!! With such exercise, the digestion will be improved, the mind clear and active, developing both the body and mind. It should be remembered that hard study and indolence both weaken digestion, while it is true that the plainest food is the most nourishing and the easiest of digestion. The student who lives mainly on the grains and fruits, will be the more successful one, while those who use the meats *largely*—especially pork—will be dull, stupid, with darkened intellect. Let them use oatmeal, or "wheat germ meal," or, "cerealine," and similar articles and they will improve in health, their standing in the classes being satisfactory. It would be an improvement in most schools if one of these articles should constitute the only dish at night, as light suppers are favorable to intellectual progress and health.

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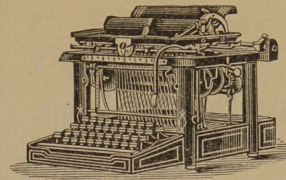
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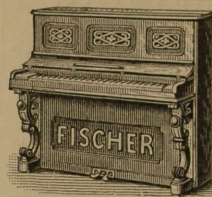
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