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PERSEVERANCE.

Perseverance! Can you spell it?
And its meaning, can you tell it?
If you stick to what you're doing,
Study, work, or play pursuing,
Every failure bravely meeting,
Bravely each attempt repeating,
Trying twice and thrice and four times,
Yes, a hundred, even more times,
You can spell it! You can spell it!
And its meaning you can tell it!

Youth's Temperance Banner.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

William Dean Howells, the acknowledged leader of American literary criticism of to-day, declares that Paul Laurence Dunbar has made the strongest claim for the Negro in English literature that the Negro has yet made; that his brilliant and unique achievement was to have studied the American Negro objectively, and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humor, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be entire truthfulness, that he has felt Negro life aesthetically and expressed it lyrically.

Paul Laurence Dunbar is still a young man. His parents suffered "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune", as many of our parents suffered. His father escaped some of the miseries of slavery by going to Canada, but his mother endured them until freed by the civil war; afterwards his parents were reunited at Dayton, Ohio, where their son, Paul, was born.

He had only such chances for mental training as are usually given to the children of the poor.

His father taught himself to read and was very fond of history, but it was from his mother that he inherited his literary passion and love for poetry.

He has recently married Miss Alice Ruth Moore, who is also a writer.

He is at present holding a position in the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C., but when he be-



MISS CORNELIA J. SMITH,
TEACHER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,
SPELMAN SEMINARY.

gan to write, his occupation was one of the humblest.

It is said that a gentleman who had been touched with the beauty of his poems that had appeared in *The Century* and other leading magazines, and who had no idea who Paul Lawrence Dunbar was, thought as he was passing through Dayton, Ohio, he would call upon the rising poet. After reaching a certain imposing building corresponding to Mr. Dunbar's address in the directory, he asked where he would find the rooms of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the poet. "I am Paul Lawrence Dunbar," replied the black-faced elevator boy.

Mr. Dunbar is no pessimist; in all of his dialect poems, which are songs of lowly life, we see that "Every cloud has a silver lining."

He paints vivid word pictures showing the bright side of Negro life even in the dark days of slavery.

Let me carry your minds back to the time when some of you had finished that hard day's work of hoeing corn.

Can you remember those beautiful sunsets, and how, when you had everything ready to go home from the field, some one in the crowd would begin a song, perhaps of his own composition, and when the chorus was reached, the leader had only to sing it through once, then all would join in and sing as you would wend your way to your little log cabin? You would sing merrily as though you had not toiled the whole day through, and as if all of life were a pleasure to you. Perchance the leader of your song had been severely punished by the overseer that very day, but forgetting all this we hear these words:—

"Oh, we hoe de co'n
Since de ehly mo'n;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done.
O'er the fields with heavy tread,
Light of heart and high of head,
Though the halting steps be labored, slow, and
weary:
Still the spirits brave and strong
Find a comforter in song,
And their corn song rises ever loud and cheery."

And as you neared what you sometimes called the "Big House," you would see your master seated somewhere in a cool place listening to your song, seeming to be in sympathy with you:

"And a tear is in the eye
Of the master sitting by,
As he listens to the echoes low-replying
To the music's fading calls
As it faints away and fall's
Into silence, deep within the cabin dying.
Oh, we hoe de co'n
Since de ehly mo'n;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done."

For a long time our people seemed to have a dim presentiment of coming freedom. They did not know just how this would be brought about, but from their knowledge of the Bible, and how the children of Israel were led by Moses, they lived in hopes of some day seeing their Moses and would sing, talk, and preach about him, but always in such a shrewd way that, if it should reach the master's

ears, the preacher would not get into trouble. In Dunbar's poem entitled, "An Ante-Bellum Sermon," we have the following:

"We is gathahed hyeah, my brothahs,
In dis howlin' wildness,
Fu' to speak some words of comfo't
To each othah in distress.
An' we chooses fu' ouah sub'jec'
Dis—we'll 'splain it by an' by:
'An' de Lawd said, "Moses, Moses,"
An' de man said, "Hyeaham I."

Now ole Pher'oh, down in Egypt,
Was de wuss man evah bo'n,
An' he had de Hebrew chillun
Down dah workin' in his co'n,
'Twel de Lawd got tiahed o' his foolin',
An' sez he: 'I'll let him know—
Look hyeah, Moses, go tell Pher'oh
Fu' to let dem chillun go.'

So you see de Lawd's intention
Evah since de worl' began,
Was dat Hisalmighty freedom
Should belong to evah man."

Then, realizing that he had gone a little too far, he stops to give them a word of warning:

"Now don't run an' tell yo' mastahs
Dat I's preachin' discontent.
'Cause I isn't; I'se a-judgin'
Bible people by deir ac's;
I'se a-givin' you de Scriptuah,
I'se a-handin' you de fac's.
I'm still a-preachin' ancient,
I ain't talkin' 'bout to-day;
I'm talkin' 'bout ouah freedom
In a Bibleistic way."

"The tendency of much of the modern philosophy and some of the modern theology is to make the good old-fashioned line between right and wrong exceedingly obscure." So the old Negro in "Accountability," who has stolen his master's chicken, is not alone in trying to philosophize in order to hide sin.

"Folks an't got no right to censuah othah folks
about dey habits;
Him dat give de squirls de bush tails made de
bob tails fu' de rabbits;
But we fits into places dat no othah ones could
fill,
An' we does de things we has to, big er little,
good er ill.
When you come to think about it, how it's all
planned out, it's splendid.
Nuthin's done er evah happens, doubt hit's
somefin' dat's intended;
Don't keer whut you does, you has to, an hit
sholy beats de dickens,—
Viney, go put on de kittle, I got one o' mastah's
chickens."

It is granted by both friend and foe that the Negro has a natural gift for music, and Paul Laurence Dunbar pictures the untutored Negro delighting in his banjo:

"Oh, dere's lots o' keer an' trouble
In dis world to swaller down;
An' ol' Sorrow's purty lively
In her way o' gettin' 'roun.
Yet dere's times when I furgit 'em,—
Aches an' pains an' troubles all,—
An' it's when I tek at ebenin'
My ol' banjo f'om de wall.

Den my fam'ly gadders roun' me
In de fadin' o' de light,
Ez I strike de strings to try 'em
Ef dey all is tuned er-right,
An' it seems we're so nigh heaben
We kin hyeah de angels sing
When de music o' dat banjo
Sets my cabin all er-ring.

Den we all th'ow in our voices
Fu' to he'p de chune out too,
Lak big camp-meetin' choir,
Tryin' to sing a mou'nah th'oo.
An' our th'oahts let out de music,
Sweet an' solemn, loud an' free,
'Twel de raftahs o' my cabin
Echo wif de melody.

Now de blessed little angels
Up in heaben we are told
Don't do nothin' all dere life time
Cepin' play on ha'ps o' gold.
Now I think heaben'd be mo' homelike
Ef we'd hyeah some music fall

F'om a real ol'-fashioned banjo,
Like dat one upon de wall."

But there is one thing that the Negro is almost as fond of as music, and that is—good things to eat.

"When you set down at de table,
Kin' o' weary like and sad,
An' you're jes' a little tiahed
An' purhaps a little mad;
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
How yo' joy drives out de doubt
When de oven do' is opened,
An' de smell comes po'in out;
Why, de 'lectric light o' Heaven
Seems to settle on de spot,
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot."

Not only do we find a great deal of beauty in his dialect poems, but we find that many of his poems in literary English are real gems.

In the following lines he pictures the road to success as one that is not always filled with pleasure and happiness:

"There are no beaten paths to Glory's height;
There are no rules to compass greatness known;
Each for himself must cleave a path alone,
And press his own way forward in the fight.
What though the burden bear him sorely down
And crush to dust the mountain or his pride,
Oh, then, with strong heart let him still abide;
For rugged is the roadway to renown,
Nor may he hope to gain the envied crown
Till he hath thrust the looming rocks aside."

Paul Laurence Dunbar, like all other poets, is a lover of nature.

He goes forth under the open sky and lists to Nature's teachings and finds "sermons in stones, books in running brooks." He says:

"By the stream I dream in calm delight, and
watch as in a glass
How the clouds like crowds of snowy-hued and
white-robed maidens pass,
And the water into ripples breaks and sparkles as
it spreads,
Like a host of armored knights with silver hel-
mets on their heads.
And I deem the stream an emblem fit of human
life may go,
For I find a mind may sparkle much and yet but
shadows show,
And a soul may glow with myriad lights and
wondrous mysteries,
When it only lies a dormant thing and mirrors
what it sees."

How beautifully he describes the dawning of day.

"An Angel robed in spotless white,
Bent down and kissed the sleeping night.
Night woke to blush; the sprite was gone.
Men saw the blush and called it Dawn."

In the following he shows that he sees both the sunlight and the shadows of life:

"A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double;
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With the smile to warm and the tear to refresh us;
And joy seems sweeter when cares come after,
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter;
And this is life!"

The thought that love is the ruling power of the universe and the only force that will change the human heart is brought out in this poem:

"An old, worn harp that had been played,
Till all its strings were loose and frayed,
Joy, Hate, and Fear, each one essayed
To play. But each in turn had found
No sweet responsiveness of sound.
Then Love the Master-Player came
With heaving breast and eyes aflame:
The Harp he took all undismayed,
Smote on its strings, still strange to song,
And brought forth music, sweet and strong."

With Frederick Douglas as a statesman, Booker T. Washington as an educator, Maceo as a soldier, and

Paul Laurence Dunbar as a poet, may we not say in his own words?

"Be proud, my Race, in mind and soul;
Thy name is writ on Glory's scroll
In characters of fire.
High 'mid the clouds of Fame's bright sky
Thy banner's blazoned folds now fly,
And truth shall lift them higher."

Lillian T. Decatur, Class of '98.

HAMLET.

Hamlet, as we see him, has faults, but he is a rare character and a model young man in many ways. In his devotion to his parents, he is earnest, true, and affectionate. Even Claudius says of Hamlet's love for his dead father:

"Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father."

With that keen perceptiveness of his, he soon sees that there is something lacking in his uncle's affections for his mother. He feels the shame of his mother's hasty marriage and regrets that it ever was, for he says to Horatio:

"Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day."

He believes that his uncle is guilty of some crime, but his position and office will not allow him to speak of it. So when it is revealed to him by the ghost that Claudius murdered his father, he exclaims, "O my prophetic soul!" With this revelation Hamlet has the duty of bringing the guilty one to justice solemnly imposed upon him. To do this required tact, courage, and thought, because Claudius, by marriage, was king of Denmark. Hamlet finds by a scheme which was of his own planning that the king is really guilty.

This is enough to unbalance his power of reasoning. He says to his companions:

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

Hamlet does not shrink from his duty, for in the sea-fight, he is one of the first to defend the vessel from the pirate-ship and in speaking of the rashness of it he says:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

He has great self-possession and loses it only once: and that was at the burial of Ophelia. He is frank and acknowledges it to her brother.

Procrastination seems to be his greatest fault at first sight, but upon deeper study we find it to be deep thinking for some way to prove the guilt of Claudius in an honest way. This crime he has sworn to revenge, unless handled in the most delicate manner, can never be proven by anyone. For unless Claudius confesses his guilt, he will do worse crimes to hide it.

Hamlet tried to hide his sufferings, even from himself. He says of his actions in one of his soliloquies;

"But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal."

He accuses himself, because he is too conscientious to accuse any one with out some authority for so doing. He sacrifices all his hopes, his youthful love and plans, to duty. He, like any other prince, had hoped to rule Denmark, for he tells Horatio that Claudius had popped in between the election and his hope.

It is true that he slew Polonius; but it was upon the impulse of the moment without stopping to think. It would have been much easier for him to have killed the king than to endanger his own life by trying to conscientiously prove his guilt; but the consequences would have been great. He had to consider his mother, the people, and the crime as it would appear to public eyes. He had no real knowledge of it, only what the ghost had told him. The people could not be expected to believe the words of a ghost. To them it would apparently be murder to usurp the throne. All of these things make Hamlet consider, and they press upon his mind with powerful weight. If he is not insane, he has enough with which to contend to make him so. So when he found the king at prayer, although he gives other reasons to himself for not striking him, the truth is, his conscience was not justified in so doing. It requires great courage to face danger, but still greater courage to curb the passions and will, to hold and keep them under subjection as Hamlet did, until the proper time, and still go through the daily routine of duties regularly.

Although Hamlet is careless of death, he is sensible of a hereafter and the existence of a God; and because he knows there is a God, he dare not commit suicide, but face the world like a man ready to endure to the very end.

In personal appearance, Ophelia says he is the rose and expectancy of the fair state, the glass of fashion, the mould of form, and the observed of all observers.

He is intelligent and apt. And his powerful intellectual ability becomes a ready tool in his skillful mind and had served him in conversation, in making and carrying into effect the plans he worked so well. He was witty and often said some things which showed his far-sightedness in more than one line. He was what now would be called a brilliant conversationalist. His letters were candid and

straight-forward, like the man. Hamlet's choice of Horatio for a friend shows us his true character. Their love for each other seems like that of brothers. He trusts Horatio with his heart's deepest secret and it is not betrayed.

Hamlet is sensitive and courteous, so much so, he tells his mother that he "must be cruel, only to be kind," in order to save her soul, if she will only heed his words. He asks her to forgive his rudeness, adding,—

"Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good."

He is frank and warm-hearted and "loved of the distracted multitude," to quote the words of Claudius.

Because of his perceptiveness I would not like to make the impression that he was the least suspicious. Claudius says, "he being remiss, most generous, and free from all contriving," which is enough proof.

Hamlet knew the value of a good reputation, he did not want the people to have the wrong impression concerning him, and in pleading with Horatio to give the people his cause aright, he said:—

"O Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!"

Yet all fear of death seemed to have left him and with good wishes on his lips for the succeeding king he died.
Georgia B. D. Humphrey, Acad. Dept.

OUR ENGLISH WORK.

The study of English at Spelman proceeds with merry solemnity; with solemnity, because we consider the mastery of the mother tongue part of the serious business of life; merrily, because the students enter into the game of "catching one another" in a mistake in English with the same good-natured zest that makes children delight in a game of tag.

To learn to speak, to read, to write! Surely these are simple accomplishments learned in the primary department, is the first thought. The primary department is, indeed, the starting point, but the work is not finished in the academic department, nor even in the college, for we can only give the student a start in a life task. We feel that our work has fallen far short of its aim unless we have taught the student to express her thought in words with such fluency and correctness that in after life her soul need never be imprisoned for lack of the power of expression. We are not at all satisfied unless the student has acquired such a decided taste for reading that she can never shake off the reading habit. We endeavor to

make the student realize that the acquisition of so large a vocabulary as to give her a ready grasp of the best thoughts in the best language is an accomplishment that must grow with the years and with her own breadth of thought; that this onward march in the realm of thought must be life-long; that the woman who cannot comprehend the best literature, or who, on account of a meager vocabulary, cannot read intelligently the events of the day and so keep in real live touch with the social, political, and religious movements of the great throbbing world cannot be other than narrow, and that in order to avoid this she must acquire the reading habit and form a correct taste while in school.

By what means do we endeavor to bring about these desirable results? They are many and varied; among them are the study of a brief outline of English and American Literature, a critical study of master-pieces from the best authors, the memorizing of choice portions of literature, and the study of current topics from the leading papers and magazines in the library. In some of the classes each pupil is required to subscribe for some paper and it is used as a text-book in grammar and composition. We try to arouse in a student the same enthusiasm in passing from the *Youth's Companion* to the *Path-finder* and from the *Path-finder* to the *Century* that a child has in passing from the first reader to the second and from the second to the third.

The Indian mother throws her papoose into the water and it learns the art of swimming in the only way it can be learned—by swimming. On the same principle we set our children in the primary department to writing little letters, reproductions of stories, and so on through the composition and essay of the intermediate and academic departments to the themes and orations of the college course. Our pupils are trained, too, by constant practice to gain confidence in public speaking by being required at first to step out before the class and tell some simple incident, then give a talk on some easy topic, then take part in a debate, until speaking before an audience becomes natural.

A good knowledge of English is essential to success in nearly all other studies. If the student fails in composition, she is handicapped in examinations in all other branches; if she has a small vocabulary and does not like to read, the geography, history, and science she learns in school are but rusty keys that will unlock no

Continued on page 5.

SPELMAN MESSENGER.

E. O. Werden, *Editor and Publisher.*

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Our readers may have noted that each month special emphasis is being given in the SPELMAN MESSENGER to some particular department of the school. This month we take up English. We hear much these days of industrial education. It is certainly needed, and it is amply provided for at Spelman Seminary. But it is not all that is needed. To quote from Holy Writ, "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." As a man thinketh, so is he; is sound Bible doctrine, and so evidently true as to become a popular adage. As words are the means of expressing thought, how shall a man be better known than by his words? And yet how many people cannot give proper expression to their thought in words! If a man is to be judged by his words, what more necessary than that he be taught their correct use? Again it is needful that he be a master of words that he may understand others aright. All avenues of learning are entered upon through word-gates. For the advanced student there is both pleasure and profit in the study of other languages than his own; but the average student in our schools will spend his time most wisely by making a thorough, practical, and critical study of English language and literature. Industrial education will make possi-

ble an answer to What can he do? A thorough English education is needed for a fair answer to What is he? To be is greater than to do. A man is more than a machine.

To give an idea of how English is studied here, we publish in this issue, Paul Lawrence Dunbar—a graduating essay—senior academic—May, 1898; a character sketch of Hamlet—a class lesson carefully prepared after a study of Shakespeare during senior year academic—April, 1898; two uncorrected examination papers—The Study of English—class in rhetoric—second year academic—subject and outline given to class, with two hours to work—Jan. 20, 1899; extracts from other papers handed in at same examination; and a short article—Our English Work—by the teacher.

—Through the efforts of our brothers at the college, we were favored on Dec. 29 with an exhibition by the Williamson family.

—On Dec. 30, Dr. Thirkield, dean of Gammon Theological Seminary, delivered a lecture in our chapel on "The Black Samson." It goes without saying that it was fraught with good things and greatly enjoyed.

—Our New Year's sermon was preached by Rev. A. T. Sowerby, Ph. D., the newly appointed president of Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn. His text was "A man in Christ," and his words were very impressive.

—Dr. Sowerby's visit to our school gave us great pleasure. He spent a week in Atlanta on his way to Nashville.

—Jan. 3, Memorial Day, was appropriately kept. The whole school met in Howe Memorial Chapel. Miss Upton read the scripture used by Dr. Lorimer in preaching Miss Packard's funeral sermon, and gave us selections from his words at that time descriptive of Miss Packard's life and work. Then Mrs. Gardner, one of the first pupils of Spelman, gave interesting reminiscences of Miss Packard. Prayer was offered by Mrs. Barrett.

—Among our many needs, there is one that is imperative. We must have sheets and pillow-cases if we are to sleep the sleep of the civilized. All things grow old, and this is now the fate of our bed-linen. Who will come to the rescue? Any quantity

from one pillow-case up will be thankfully received. Narrow sheets for cots are required as well as wider ones for beds. Remember that we need to provide for over three hundred sleepers. May there be a spirited cotton campaign among our friends, North, South, East and West! Should a stray quilt get in your box, it will also be welcome; but spring is coming, and quilts can be sent in the fall, whereas sheets are *needed now*.

—The exercises of Emancipation Day for Atlanta Baptist College and Spelman Seminary were held in the evening of Jan. 2, in the Spelman chapel. There was good singing; the proclamation was finely read by B. G. Brawley of Atlanta Baptist College; Miss A. M. Paxton, Spelman Seminary, played a well rendered piano solo; Miss E. E. Smith of Spelman gave a thoughtful essay on "What is demanded of and by the Negro"; Mr. Z. T. Hubert of the College delivered a well-prepared oration on "The Negro—His Final Hope in His Talented Tenth;" and Mr. J. A. Mason, Atlanta Baptist College, eloquently introduced the speaker of the evening, Hon. H. L. Johnson, LL. B., of Atlanta, who made a masterly address on "The Nation's Estimate of Lincoln".

—Miss Lillian T. Decatur, Class of '98, writes from Cuthbert, Ga., where she is teaching. Among other things she says:

"I find the religious atmosphere out in the world so different from that of my school life. Many a time do I wish to be in just one of Spelman's warm prayer-meetings or Christian Endeavor meetings. I also find myself wishing that I might spend the whole of my life at Spelman, but that is a vain wish. The Lord needs me to work in his vineyard. Tell the girls to make good use of every golden opportunity, because the world needs them, and when they grow tired, worried over hard studies, that one writer says, 'It is the full ear of corn that hangs its head at harvest-time and is beautiful in the sight of the reapers.'"

—During the month we have had sermons by Pres. Sale of Atlanta Baptist College, Pres. Sowerby of Roger Williams University, and Rev. C. C. Smith, D. D., professor of theology at Atlanta Baptist College.

—The King's Messengers held a public meeting Sunday evening, Jan. 22. South America was discussed from the missionary point of view, and it was shown that it is truly the neglected continent.

—We had a delightful visit from Mrs. Sowerby and her charming daughter while on their way to their new home in Nashville, Tenn. May they be very happy and useful there!

BIBLE READING.

Lucy H. Upton.

[Given in Spelman Seminary Chapel, Sunday morning, Jan. 15, 1899.]

THE CHRISTIAN'S ANCHOR.

Heb. 6: 11-20.

The anchor is an emblem of hope, as we see in the 19th verse of the passage we are studying. Let us think of the use of an anchor. We learn from Acts 27: 29 that anchors hold a ship from being dashed upon rocks in the strain and stress of storm. The anchor goes out of sight beneath the dark waves. So our hope goes to-day with Christ into the presence of God (Heb. 9: 24), entering into that within the veil, and finds there not yet the judgment seat of 2 Cor. 5: 10, but the mercy seat (Ex. 25: 22). When we think of ourselves as entering beyond this veil into the presence of God, what is our hope? It is that we may be among those in bright array (Rev. 7: 9-17), that we may be satisfied, awaking in His likeness (Ps. 17: 15). An old name for getting religion was having a hope. Now have we a right to cherish such a hope? If I were to go around rejoicing because I hoped that Queen Victoria would soon invite me to visit her, I should be pitied as the victim of an hallucination. Is the Christian's hope a delusion? No, it is not.

Our hope is in the exceeding great and precious promises of God, by which we are made partakers of the divine nature (2 Pet. 1: 4). They are the anchor of the soul. This anchor will stand a strain; there is no flaw in it (Heb. 6: 13-18). It will never drag, for the rock on which it fastens itself is Christ (1 Cor. 10: 4; Heb. 6: 20).

If our hope is weak, if our hope is lost, let us to-day lay hold of the sure promises of God (Heb. 6: 11, 12, 18).

Over one hundred and fifty years ago, a classified collection was made of over two thousand promises of God, entitled *The Christian's Anchor*. I hold in my hand a reprint. Its conclusion, under the head, That God will perform all his Promises, gives us the following references:—

Deut. 7: 9
Num. 23: 19
Josh. 23: 14
Ps. 18: 30
Ps. 89: 34
Ps. 105: 8
Ps. 119: 89, 90, 160
Is. 25: 1
Is. 46: 11

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Heb. 6: 18

Heb. 10: 23

"He is faithful that promised."

Hymns sung:—

"My hope is built on nothing less,"

"Who are these in bright array?"

"How firm a foundation."

Continued from page 3.

doors and are soon laid away and forgotten. But if, on the other hand, a thorough knowledge of English underlies the other studies, the brief survey of history in school will be followed by historical reading during a life time and a consequent breadth of thought; the glimpse into the realm of science will be eagerly followed by the reading of the latest achievements in the scientific world; and, though poverty may prevent travel, she will see the world through many eyes and in many different lights. Poverty in English means narrowness and lack of intelligence; wealth in the mother tongue, breadth and culture.

—The week of prayer was observed here by having a prayer-meeting in the chapel each evening. On the first evening of the new year, there were four conversions.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Beulah B. Wailes, Class of '96, is teaching in Talladega, Ala.

Mrs. Joseph Sloan (Queenie A. V. Bell, Class of '91) reports a six months' old son named James Mack Sloan. She is again teaching at Munnerlyn, Ga.

Mrs. W. F. Cozart (Mamie E. Johnson, Class of '92) is now living in Dayton, O.

Mrs. J. W. Holley (Rosa L. Matthews, Class of '92) writes an interesting letter. Her husband is principal of the High School at Palatka, Fla., and she is second assistant. She has a little daughter Rowena. All her many friends sympathize with her in the loss of her father. With house-keeping, teaching, care of her child, Sunday-school, and mission-work, hers is a busy and useful life.

Miss Cornelia Templeton is doing mission work in Chicago.

Miss Lillie L. Gibbs, Class of '94, is still teaching in Arkansas Baptist College, Little Rock, Ark.

Mrs. Mattie J. Brookins Johnson, Class of '98, T. P. C., writes from her new home in Arkansas City, Ark.,

"I am now keeping house. I am in a large field of usefulness and am going to seize the opportunity at once. I addressed a mothers' meeting Sunday."

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

He that would dazzle must dig. When you look on a beautiful diamond glittering in the sunlight, do you ever think how some one had to dig and polish it to make it so desirable? So must one deal with the study of English before he can hold it out before the world clothed in its real beauty.

Our parents begin teaching us, when we are very young, not to use plural subjects with singular verbs and so on; and then, we go to school where we pursue it (English) further in the form of grammar, rhetoric, and literature. By the time we are able to study literature, we are old enough to see the beauties of the language. Seeing the beauty of the study of English makes us plunge deeper into the mine of the brain and we are like a miser, the more we get the more we want. Having a thorough knowledge of English creates a love for reading, which is as essential to the growth of a broad mind as milk is to the growth of an infant. When we have studied English, so that we can read with ease, we begin to travel in our minds. We first become well acquainted with the affairs of our own state and its prominent men and women, then we go to the adjacent states and next throughout the United States, and we go on traveling in our minds until we can describe foreign scenes to our friends with as much accuracy as we can describe the fight Sam had with Henry.

Thus studying English you may come out of your little village in which you live, leaving off the dress of narrow-mindedness and be a man of whom your country will be proud and be known by the suit of broad views which you invariably wear.

Lucy A. Mobley, Acad. Dept.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

This is a beautiful study, one that we all should like instead of others. English should be our first study. The man or woman who understands English well, finds the road easy in other studies. It has been said that the English language is the most complicated of all. It requires more thought and time to master it. The English by far is not the oldest nor among the oldest languages on the globe. It is made up of many different languages.

Why is it necessary to study the English language? That we may have a more complete knowledge of this our beautiful world. Learning simply how to read, diagram, and

parse a sentence is not all. We should study English that we may see the beauty of a single line, that we may understand the meaning of different sentences, and know where ourselves as well as others err in speech.

To study English, we must read much, visit lectures, and notice the language of the best speakers and writers. It is surprising to know how much can be learned by observing others' language. By associating with fine speakers, our own language is edified to a much higher degree. Constant reading with the use of a dictionary is one way of studying the English language. Attending to lectures is also another.

By attending lectures, we hear of things we knew not of. Our minds are set to thinking on new thoughts.

After a man has finished his day's work, he feels much more happy. After a woman has accomplished her labor of study, she is anxious to give her labor to others. She understands how to sympathize, she knows the beauty in her own language. The knowledge of English is a bright lamp that shows a way in a dark room. It enables you to see into the deepest sentence.

Mary A. Speer, Acad. Dept.

EXTRACTS FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS ON THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

Like the sunrise in the morning, which to us seems so beautiful, the beauty of English came into our minds.

When able to speak it correctly, then your English will be to your education as salt is to bread.

Forget not English. Those that sow frivolous things shall reap the same; but those that sow wise things shall reap the same. So it is with English; if you sow the thoughts of not caring for it, you will reap it.

If English were carefully looked at, there would be more such great poets as we have now and such ones as have gone before. For example, Whittier or Dunbar. There would be more broad-minded students and keen-witted politicians.

We must study it like we are fighting against wild fire, keeping at it until every inch is under full control. English is a wild pranky pony just let out of the stable, and if you do not keep an eye on him, he will dash into the forest and be completely lost to sight.

What is it that often causes teachers to be refused when applying for schools? "It's your English."

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

WHY AM I NOT NOURISHED, WHILE I HAVE A GOOD APPETITE?

It is possible to have such a ravenous appetite that more food is eaten than can be digested, the little that is digested failing to afford the usual strength, since the effort to digest it consumes so much of the strength. It is also possible to eat so much rich and indigestible food that but a small part of it affords the needed strength of the body. It is also true that by irregular eating and too rapid eating one may fail to secure the usual advantage obtained by taking food, since, in such a case, the usual and needed digestive juices are not appropriated, not used in aid of digestion. In most of such cases, the gourmand washes his food down with hot or cold drinks, the food reaching the stomach with but a slight supply of the very important saliva, the flow of which is promoted by the chewing. It is an important fact that, ordinarily, there is sufficient saliva, the natural solvent of the food, so that no drink should be taken with the meals as a means of aiding in swallowing, what thirst seems to demand being taken at the close of the meals, while no harm will result from taking a drink of warm water a short time before the meals. There is something wrong in your habits, I think, something unfavorable to good health. Your digestion is impaired, I feel very sure, while it must be improved by correct habits. I advise great regularity in taking very simple food, that easy of digestion, the last meal of the day (only three during the day—no lunches) being the lightest and simplest. To commence with, I advise the use of that new and excellent article called "grape nut", which I regard as among the very best in use, exceedingly nourishing, easy of digestion, simple and palatable. The proprietor claims that a fair meal may be made from four heaping teaspoonfuls of the dry "nut" properly cooked, at a cost of a little more than one cent. From what I have learned of the man, and from a little use of the food, I most heartily and confidently recommend it.

DYSPEPSIA.

You should remember that this fearful disease is caused by taking im-

proper food, taking it too fast, too much of it, eating too hastily, washing the food down before it is half chewed, eating irregularly and too often, taking too many kinds at once, and taking lunches. We do not need a great variety, if we may judge of the habits of the ox, the horse, and the herbivora in general, as the ox, in his natural state, takes but little save the grasses, leaves, and the like.

The grains and fruits will afford us our very best food. It is possible to live only on wheat and water, though not necessary. A new kind of food has been recently made from the grains, called "grape nuts," which I strongly recommend to you to use only, until your appetite becomes good and reasonable.

I know of nothing as nourishing and wholesome as this, in such a case, and I recommend its exclusive use, at least, till the appetite becomes reasonably good. The proprietor claims that "four heaping teaspoonfuls are enough for an ordinary meal."

He also says that "a fair meal costs only about one cent."

This being true, the time may come when it will be very extensively used.

OLD SAWS.

"Old saws are sometimes broken. A man convinced against his will is of his own opinion still." I have seen that badly smashed. A friend came in to see me some time ago while I was in bed with nervous prostration.

The physician had strictly forbidden me to use coffee, and I had tried a little Postum Cereal Food Coffee, but the way it was served, it tasted so flat that I broke the rules of the doctor and occasionally drank a cup of coffee, although each time I suffered for it. During her conversation, she asked me why I didn't try Postum. "Oh," I said, "I have tried that, but it's no use, I can't drink it." She laughed out loud and said, "Why, my dear, you have been imposed upon. If you once have Postum made right, you will be in love with it from that time on." I listened to her with little interest and much incredulity, but she kept on insisting.

Shortly after, when I recovered a little, I was visiting a friend's house, who asked me if I would have a cup of Postum, and when it was served, it tasted no better than mine had, so you see I had, apparently, a most thorough experience with the taste of Postum, and I knew its taste to be decidedly flat and insipid.

However, I found for the good of my health I must drink it, and so

when I got home and was a little stronger, I was determined to see if it could not be made to taste better. I looked at the package carefully and found that the directions were very plain, that the Postum must be allowed actual boiling of at least fifteen minutes. I put it on in cold water. It took about fifteen minutes before it commenced to boil, then I allowed it to bubble and boil fifteen minutes more and after it had settled, I poured a cup which certainly was as rich a dark brown cup of coffee as I ever saw in my life, and when cream and sugar were added, I was amazed at the taste.

"Eureka!" I had found what I had wanted. From that time on you can imagine I knew to certainty when it was served at the table, whether Postum had been boiled long enough or not. There is as much difference as between night and day. Postum underboiled is flat, and boiled as it should be is one of the most delicious beverages a woman ever tasted. It is strange that people try and try again, and make Postum in so slovenly a manner that they fail to get the delicious flavor from it. I, of course, have no temptation to go back to common coffee, for I have the finest coffee twice a day, and find it safe, pleasant, healthful and strengthening to the nerves.

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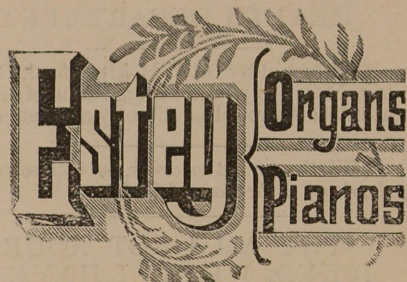
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