

# SPELMAN MESSENGER

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No. 3.

## Christmas



### THE RADIANT CHRIST.

Arise, O Master artist of the age,  
And paint the picture which at once shall be  
Immortal art and blessed prophecy.  
The bruised vision of the world assuage;  
To earth's dark book add one illumined page  
So scintillant with truth that all who see  
Shall break from superstition, and stand free.  
Now let this wondrous work thy hand engage.  
The mortal sorrow of the Nazarene  
Too long has been faith's symbol and its sign;  
Too long a dying Savior has sufficed.  
Give us the glowing emblems which shall mean  
Mankind awakened to the self divine—  
The living presence of the radiant Christ.  
Too long the crucifix on Calvary's height  
Has cast its shadow on the human heart.  
Let now Religion's great co-worker, Art,  
Limn on the background of departing night  
The shining face, all palpitant with light,  
And God's true message to the world impart.  
Go tell each toiler in the home and mart,  
"Lo, Christ is with ye, if ye seek aright!"  
The world forgets the vital word Christ taught.  
The only word the world has need to know,  
The answer to creation's problem—love.  
The world remembers what the Christ forgot—  
His cross of anguish and the death of woe.  
Release the martyr, and the cross remove.  
For, "Now the former things have passed away;  
And man, forgetting that which lies behind,  
And ever pressing forward, seeks to find,  
The prize of his high calling." Send a ray  
From art's bright sun to fortify the day  
And blaze the trail to every mortal mind;  
The new religion lies in being kind;  
Faith works for men where once it knelt to pray.  
Faith knows but hope where once it knew despair.  
Faith counts its gain where once it reckoned loss.  
Ascending paths its patient feet have trod  
Man looks within, and finds salvation there.  
Release the suffering Savior from the cross  
And give the waiting world its radiant God!

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in The Delineator.*



ANGEL WITH TAMBOURINE—FRA ANGELICO.

### THE CHRIST CHILD.

For nineteen hundred years a faint, far melody, born on the far Judean plains, has echoed through the souls of men; across the centuries the beautiful Life, touched with deathless charm and grace, still sheds its fragrance through the world; and still, as to a cool, green spot amid the sun-parched, dusty ways, men's thoughts turn wistfully to the hamlet in the hollow of the hills, where the little lad of Nazareth dwelt in the long ago.

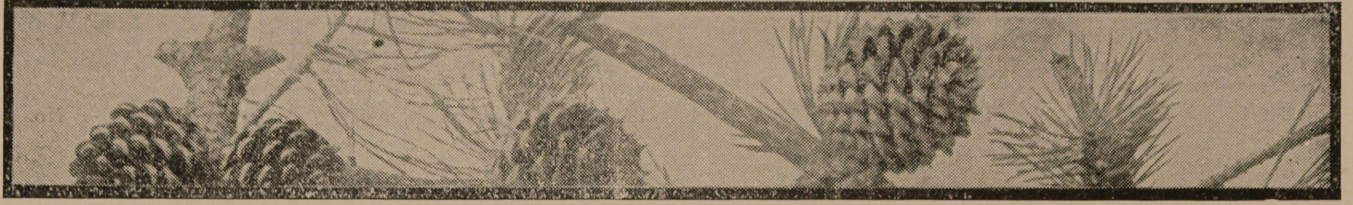
Very little is told us of Christ's boyhood, and that little is veiled in finest reticence; yet we know that it was sheltered and sweet, unfolding as normally hour by hour as the growing things he loved. In the laborer's cabin, furnished with a few coarse mats and earthen vessels, and, may be, a painted chest, the boy awoke to the wonder of each new dawn, and in the small dark chamber that served at once for living room and workshop, watched Joseph at his bench where the sweet-smelling



ANGEL WITH CITHERN—FRA ANGELICO.

shavings curled and foamed about the swift-flying plane. At evening, when the twilight folded all the hills in mystery, the little lad, with his hand upon his mother's gown, must often have joined the line of chattering women waiting with their water-jars about the village fountain. In the narrow, crooked streets, Mary's son must have played with his small neighbors, and have gathered with them about the reader of the synagogue, in the village school, repeating, in concert with his





restless mates, bits of Hebrew scripture--burning words that thrilled the lad like organ chords. What intuitions were stirred during the reticent child years we know not, but at the age of twelve we know there came a quickening touch that wakened the shy soul to consciousness.

In that year he went up to Jerusalem for the passover, to the sacred city about which his boyish dreams had so long centered; and in the pleasant, leisurely journeying to the capital, as pilgrims from other provinces joined the party from Nazareth, the village lad came more fully into touch with his people, and was stirred by their passionate hopes as he had been of old by the prophets and poets.

When Jerusalem itself shone on him above its rocky slope, --when he entered the great temple, all radiant in white and gold, and came face to face with the reverend doctors in the crowded courts, the boy forgot himself, forgot all shyness and awkwardness, and in breathless question and answer gave utterance to thoughts he had long pondered in silence.

*Harriet Joor.*

#### THE HOME OF THE BOY JESUS.

The house, like the oriental houses of to-day, was square, of brick, stone, or concrete, covered with clay, and white-washed. The flat roof is surrounded by a balustrade, and reached by a ladder or fixed staircase. The house has one or two rooms. In front is a narrow court. In one of the angles is the oven. The furniture consists of a few stools, a table, cushions strewed along the walls, mattresses and mats, a chandelier, an oil lamp in a corner of the wall, a large coffer for linen, clothes, and books, a meat tub, a few jars, and a stone mortar.—*Dillon.*

The village of Nazareth was enclosed by a wall. Travellers tell us that the place where Jesus grew up is one of the most beautiful on the face of the earth. Nazareth is situated in a secluded, cup-like valley, amid the mountains of Zebulun. Its white houses, with vines clinging to their walls, are embowered amidst gardens and groves of olive, fig, orange, and pomegranate trees. Behind the village rises a hill five hundred feet in height, from whose summit there is seen one of the most beautiful views in the world.—*Stalker.*

Nazareth rests in a basin among the hills, but the moment you climb to the edge of this basin, which is everywhere within the village boy's playground, what a view you have! You can see thirty miles in three directions. It is a map of old testament history.—*George Adam Smith.*

"Not far from Nazareth, within sight of the ridge that surrounded the village,

were great roads thronged with travel, the road to Jerusalem thronged annually with pilgrims, the road from Egypt with its merchant caravans, the highway between Acre and Damascus along which legions marched, and princes swept with their retinues. All the rumor of the empire entered Palestine close to Nazareth."

#### THE BOY CHRIST'S DRESS.

His attire was simple: on his head a white handkerchief, held in place by a cord, one corner turned under at the forehead, the other corners loose. A tunic, also white, covered him from neck to knees, girt at the waist. His arms and legs were bare; on his feet were sandals of the most primitive kind, being soles of ox-hide attached to the ankles by leathern straps.

*Lew Wallace, in Ben Hur.*



THE CHRIST-CHILD—HOFMANN.

#### A POOR PEASANT TEACHER.

In the heart of the degraded poor there rankles ever a sullen bitterness against the rich; but in this peasant teacher, who knew that satiety, more surely even than exhausting toil, dulled a man's vision to the real meaning of life, we find none of this unreasoning hatred; instead, there is a boundless pity for beautiful souls that have been impoverished through wealth.

Yet it is over the people, over the degraded multitude that has ever formed the great majority, that the Son of Man most tenderly yearned. And the poor could listen to the carpenter of Nazareth without suspicion or resentment, for was he not one of themselves? Thus that which turned his townsfolk against him was the key which has unlocked hearts to him through the centuries. His hand, too, had been calloused by toil; his shoulders had been bruised by the same yoke of

poverty that chafed their own; he, too, in his peasant home had seen his mother toil, had worn garments poor and patched; he, too, had winced even as they under the petty shifts and humiliations that wear away the courage of the poor. Only one who had himself known the pinch of poverty could have estimated the preciousness of the widow's mite; only one who had himself labored until his muscles ached and every nerve was a-quiver, could so pitifully have called unto the "heavy-laden."

All the homely details of their daily existence he knew. Year after year he had watched the shepherds leading their flocks to pasture, and had seen the fishermen mending their nets upon the shore, or rocking in their heavy boats upon the inland sea.

He had talked with the farmers sowing seed in the springtime, and paused beside the vine-dresser at work on the green hill-slope; and all the weather signs of the country folk, all the tokens of changing seasons were familiar from earliest boyhood to the lad of Nazareth.

Living thus close to the heart of earth's toilers, Christ drew his most beautiful parables from humble sources, familiar to the poorest: the grain of mustard seed, the salt that lost its savor, the rush-light, the leaven in the measure of meal, the dragnet, the plow, from the simplest surroundings of daily life he drew his images. Thus it is that the words of the Galilean are written for us to-day upon the homely page of daily existence; the fields of grain rippling beneath the wind, the little children at play in our city streets, the hen gathering her chickens under her wing, the sparrow gossiping about our eaves, the wild mustard that brightens our roadsides in mid-summer, upon each is stamped the thought of Him who loves living things, and touches the lowliest with beauty. —*The Craftsman.*

#### DESCRIPTION OF JESUS.

There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular virtue whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem as a prophet, but his fellows love and adore him as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from their graves and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or a touch. He is a tall man and well-shaped; of an amiable and reverend aspect; his hair, of a color that can hardly be matched, falling into graceful curls, waving about, and very agreeably touching upon his shoulders, parted on the crown of the head, running as a stream to the front, after the fashion of the Nazarenes; his forehead, high, large, and imposing; his cheeks, without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a lovely red; his nose and





mouth, formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard, thick and of a color suitable to his hair, and parted in the middle like a fork; his eyes, bright blue, clear, and serene; look, innocent, dignified, manly, and mature; in proportion of body, most perfect and captivating; his hands and arms most delectable to behold. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, his whole address, whether in word or deed, being eloquent and grave. No man has seen him laugh; yet his manners are exceedingly pleasant, but he has wept frequently in the presence of men. He is temperate, modest, and wise; a man, for his extraordinary beauty and divine perfections, surpassing the children of men in every sense.

Ascribed to *Publius Lentulus*, *President of Judea in the reign of Tiberius Caesar*.

#### THE MASTER.

If there ever was a man of tact or rare common sense, it was the Master. He saw the fish, he saw his chance, and he knew what bait to use.

He won Zaccheus by letting him show him a favor, by receiving rather than giving. He broke my heart by a look; a word would have brought an answer, I guess, for I was in a swearing mood just then.

He never took any one at a disadvantage.

He never saved Himself, never preached only once on Sunday for fear He might die fifteen minutes before His time if He preached twice. He gave, gave, gave all the time. Paul meant right when he said, He pleased not Himself, but overlooked the word of Christ, "It's more blessed to give than to receive." If that is true--and I know 'tis--He wasn't the Man of Sorrows only, but the Man of Holy Happiness.

He had a high forehead, high enough to hold a crown of thorns. He had a clear eye—for one look from it broke my heart; a Jewish face, for the Samaritan woman knew him for a Jew immediately; and grace and glory and a gleam of truth, for John once said so.

*"Simon Peter, Fisherman."*

#### THE MUSTER CALL.

In the olden days the call for a Scottish clan to assemble for battle was sent by swift runners who bore a blood-dipped cross. O'er peak and fell, by mountain streams and through peaceful hamlets, sped the messenger till he could speed no farther. Then he thrust the cross into the nearest hand, with the cry, as voiced by the poet of the Highlands,

"The muster place is Lanrick Mead,

Instant the time! Speed, clansman, speed!"

And he who received the weird symbol dropped plow in furrow, left stag at bay,

or bride at the altar, and hastened on with Clan-Alpine's fiery cross.

In the hands of His church militant, God has placed a blood-stained cross. From man to man He bids us speed the message. Shall we be less ready, or less faithful, than they who bore Clan-Alpine's message and signal! — *Under our Flag*.

#### THE SCORN OF JOB.

JOB XXXI 17.

"If I have eaten my morsel alone!"

The patriarch spoke in scorn:

What would he think of the Church were he shown  
Heathendom, huge, forlorn,  
Godless, Christless, with soul unied,  
While the Church's ailment is fullness of bread,  
Eating her morsel alone?

"I am debtor alike to the Jew and the Greek,"

The mighty Apostle cried:

Traversing continents, souls to seek,  
For the love of the Crucified.  
Centuries, centuries since have sped,  
Millions are famishing; we have bread,  
But we eat our morsel alone.

Ever of them who have largest dower  
Shall heaven require the more.

Ours is affluence, knowledge, power,  
Ocean from shore to shore;

And East and West in our ears have said,

"Give us, give us your living Bread."

Yet we eat our morsel alone.

"Freely ye have received, so give,"

He bade, who hath given us all,

How shall the soul in us longer live,  
Deaf to their starving call,

For whom the blood of the Lord was shed,

And His body broken to give them Bread,

If we eat our morsel alone?

*Bishop of Derry and Raphoe.*

#### AMERICA FOR CHRIST.

America for Christ! Doesn't that slogan stir your soul, make your heart beat quickly? It does that for me.

America for Christ! Again I sound the stimulating slogan. "America has become the wardrobe of the earth, the wheat-bin of the hemispheres, the corn-crib of all nations, the purveyor of meats to all markets, the successful competitor in the commercial trade of the globe, and the head banker of the world." Now let's make this same America thoroughly and truly Christian, that she may the more certainly adequately fill the large place in the history of the world that God desires her to fill.—*John Willis Baer*.

"Save America and you save the world." Through immigration the United States is in a unique sense the most foreign country and the greatest mission field on the globe. "All peoples that on earth do dwell" have here their representatives, gathered by a divine ordering within easy reach of the gospel. Through them the world may be reached in turn. Every foreigner converted in America becomes directly or indirectly a missionary agent abroad, spreading

knowledge of the truth among his kindred and tribe. The greatness of the opportunity is the measure of obligation. God's message to this people has been thus interpreted: "Here are all these people; I have taken them from the over-crowded countries where they were living and sent them to you, that you may mass your forces and lend a hand to save them." No such opportunity ever came to a nation before. The Christian church must seize it or sink into deserved decadence and decay. Only a missionary church can save the world or justify its own existence. The manner in which American Christianity deals with the religious problems of immigration will decide what part America is to play in the evangelization of the nations abroad.—*Howard B. Grose, D. D.*

#### THE HOME MISSION OPPORTUNITY.

The Christian churches in America stand face to face with a tremendous task. It is a challenge to their faith, their devotion, their zeal. The accomplishment of it will mean not only the ascendancy of Christianity in the homeland, but also the gaining of a position of vantage for world-wide evangelization. —*E. E. Chivers, D. D.*

The future success of missions will be largely affected by the success of the church in dealing with problems that lie at her very door. The connection between home and foreign missionary work is living. The conversion of the world is bound up with the national character of professedly Christian lands.

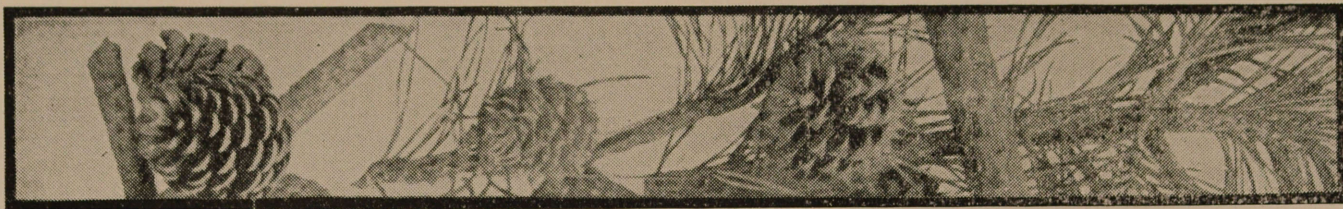
*Rev. Herbert Anderson, Eng. Miss'y in India.*

#### HOME-FOREIGN MISSION WORK.

"Home mission work of a distinctive character should and does begin at the point of landing in the New World. At Ellis Island, for example, there are now some thirty missionaries, representing the leading Christian denominations. This gives proof of the partial awakening of the churches to the importance of this work. It is only of late years that any special attention has been paid to the welfare of the incomers, either by state or church. Now both are seeking to throw safeguards around the immigrants and secure them a fair start. A large room is set apart for missionaries in the receiving building at Ellis Island, and they perform services of great good both to the alien and to the country. First impressions count tremendously, and happy it is for the immigrant who gets this initial impression from contact with a Christian missionary instead of a street sharper. Once put the touch of human kindness upon the

*Continued on page 5.*





## SPELMAN MESSENGER.

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

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There will be a new voice in the Christmas choir of heaven. On the morning of Dec. 2, Rev. E. E. Chivers, D. D., Field Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, was taken from earthly work to a heavenly crown. Of a sweet and gentle spirit, he was greatly beloved by his fellow-workers, who mourn their inconsolable loss.

Dr. Daisy E. Brown, Coll. 1903, who graduated from the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, last May, has passed the state medical examination in Mississippi, being the second Negro woman to receive a state license, and is now practising her profession at her father's home in Greenville, Miss., with encouraging prospects and enthusiastic hopes of usefulness.

Some leading Baptist papers of the United States are: *The Examiner*, New York City; *The Journal and Messenger*, Cincinnati, O.; *The Standard*, Chicago, Ill.; *The Watchman*, Boston, Mass.; *The Commonwealth*, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Michigan Christian Herald*, Detroit, Mich.; *The Pacific Baptist*, McMinnville, Oregon; and *The Christian Index*, Atlanta, Ga.

## GLAD CHRISTMAS DAY.

Christmas,—the Day of days because of the Birth of births;  
May its return bring you joy!

Echoing down through the ages,  
I hear the sweet music of bells,  
A-chiming the theme whose glad message—  
The same that the prophet foretells—  
Brings joy all the way,  
Makes gladsome the day,—  
The day that the prophet foretells.

Its story is old in the telling,  
Its harmony ne'er dies away;  
Its message made all the world over,  
Because it was glad Christmas day!  
Its love-light was true,  
May it mean much to you!  
Because—it is glad Christmas day!

Selected.

## NLAKAZI.

He was homeless and friendless, nobody's boy, only seven years old; he slept in the bush and wandered from village to village begging or stealing food. At last a chief punished him for his depredations by rubbing pepper in his eyes. In agony he came to the mission station at Lukunga. After his pain was relieved, he besought the missionary to let him stay. "If you stay here you must wash your skin every day," said she. "Yes." "You must get the lice out of your head." "Yes." "You must go to God's house every day, and learn to read God's book." "Yes." "You mustn't steal any more." "What shall I do when my stomach is biting with hunger?" "Come to me." "But you may be gone away." "Go to my sister." (The other missionary.) "But she may be away." "Go to the cook." This was satisfactory, and Nlakazi was enrolled as a pupil of the mission school, his clothing, consisting of a string and a narrow strip of cloth about ten inches long, was rolled into a bundle to be given back in case he left the station, and he received a calico suit, a shirt, and trousers.

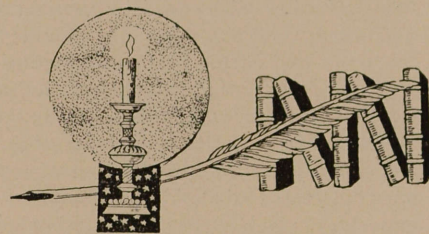
Now, however, a difficulty arose. The school boys would not associate with a branded thief and were unwilling that he should be in their home. They held a palaver and complained to the authorities that he was unfit to be their companion.

At evening devotions the missionary read the passage, "I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat. I was a stranger, and ye took me not in." Then she asked one boy after another, "Have you seen Jesus today?" "No! Has he been here?" was the astonished answer. She pointed to poor little Nlakazi. "We will take him. He shall have my bed, and I will sleep on the porch", was the quick response.

Two years after, Nlakazi had received the gospel in his heart and showed its fruit in his character so plainly as to convince the missionaries that he was indeed a Christian, and he was baptized.

All this was a dozen years ago. A recent letter speaks of Nlakazi as faithful to his profession, a strong pillar in the church, a zealous worker in spreading the word of God through the heathen villages.

Clara A. Howard.



For the preservation of peace between the colonists and the natives one missionary is worth a battalion of soldiers.

Sir Charles Warren.

The missionary has been Japan's instructor, an influence wholly for enlightenment and good.

Japan Gazette.

"The needle of a missionary's wife opened the zenanas of India to Christian missions."

"The open sore of the world still exists on the Congo."

The lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand.

—Charles Darwin.

I know of no nobler life than that of a true missionary.

—Max Muller.

American missionaries have done more to advance the welfare of my country and people than any other foreign influence.

King of Siam.

Haller of the Basel African Mission changed a Pagan liability into a Christian asset.

—Dennis.

Learning Chinese is "work for men with bodies of brass, lungs of steel, heads of oak, hands of spring steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of apostles, memories of angels, and lives of Methuselah."

—Milne.

The gospel and the mission schools are at present the most truly civilizing influences which work upon the natives, and upon these influences, more than on any other agency, does the progress of the colored race depend.

—James Bryce.

It took Judson twenty-seven years to translate the Bible into Burmese. The missionary appears to me to be the highest type of excellence in the nineteenth century, and his profession to be the noblest.

Dr. Cust.

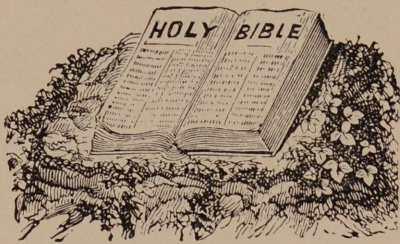
Probably no source of knowledge in this department has been so vast, varied, and prolific as the investigations and contributions of missionaries. They have patiently collected and truthfully transmitted much exact and valuable geographical knowledge, and all without money and without price, though it would have cost millions to secure it in any other way.

G. M. Powell.

Believe nobody when he sneers at the missionaries. The man is simply not posted on the work.

—Minister Denby.





SERMON BY REV. J. E. WHITE, D. D.

Given in Spelman chapel, Nov. 3, 1907.

REPORTED BY MISS LUCY H. UPTON.

Texts: John 8: 29 l. c., 2 Cor. 5: 20 l. c.

Introduction. To make the most of one's self is the desire of all.

A. All lives that accomplish anything follow some aim. That of the Russian girl novelist, Marie Bachkersteiff, was fame; Byron's, pleasure; Napoleon's, power; Washington's, and Hancock's, patriotism.

B. Jesus's life was a success from the stand-point of his aim, to do his Father's will; his joyful cry was, "It is finished."

C. To do God's will is the only way to success. In agriculture success comes from finding out God's will and so working. Cecil Rhodes decided that God's will in Africa was Anglo-Saxon supremacy and bent his life to promoting it, and gave his fortune of \$10,000,000 to bring about Anglo-Saxon unity. Kepler tried in vain fifteen formulæ to find God's will in the movements of the planets; the sixteenth key turned the lock, he had found God's will, and said reverently, "I think the thoughts of God after him."

D. God's will is above all power, of incomprehensible power. Compare it with a Corliss engine that runs a great Exposition,—with the Lusitania. Only a small bit of his power is seen in our greatest known physical forces, as in forming mountains and hollowing out the sea, or in a great California earthquake.

E. God's will has made a plan for every man's life. Our new post-office is already set forth in the architect's detailed plan.

F. It is our joy to find and live God's will daily. Confusion follows not finding and working out his plan. Failures come from choosing what one would like to be instead of asking, What would God like me to be? It is said of Lincoln that when some one said to him in a moment of discouragement during the Civil War, "God is on our side," he replied, "What I am concerned about is whether we are on God's side."

G. To resist God's will is puerile and futile. A passenger on a steamer bound for England may declare that he will not go to Liverpool, may even run back from the bow to the stern as fast as he can, but nevertheless the boat carries him to

Liverpool. The beloved Crown Prince Frederick, son of the aged William, emperor of Germany, became affected with a cancerous growth in the throat. His physician was told that this must not be, since the law debarred one who had an incurable disease from wearing the crown. Accordingly a public statement was made that the ailment which made necessary a surgical operation was not malignant. William I. soon died, and his son succeeded, but in a few short months Frederick died from cancer. No matter how stoutly we resist God's will, we must go where it carries us.

H. In George MacDonald's great novel, *Robert Falconer*, Robert, in doubt and despair, goes into the woods with his New Testament and studies it six weeks. At the end of that time he comes out with these four points settled in his mind:

Jesus taught: First,—That a man's business is to do the will of God.

Second,—That God takes upon himself the care of the man;

Third,—Therefore, that a man must never be afraid of anything; and so,

Fourth,—be left free to love God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself.

The only peace for any of us is to say from the heart, Not my will, but thine be done. A man sick unto death, one who had lived a sinful life, found peace through those words repeated by him all the night long.

Conclusion. The only way to begin the life of doing always those things that please the Father, is to accept Christ's atonement for sin, to be reconciled to God.

*Continued from page 3.*

immigrant and he is not likely to forget it. The hour of homesickness, of strangeness in a strange land, of perplexity and trouble, is the hour of hours when sympathy and help come most gratefully. The missionaries are on hand at this critical juncture. Thousands of immigrants are saved from falling into bad hands and evil associations through their zealous efforts. Thousands are supplied with copies of the Testament, the sick and sorrowful are comforted, the rejected are tenderly ministered to in their distress, and the gospel is preached in the practical way that makes it a living remembrance. This is one way in which a true and enduring assimilation is begun."

One of the women missionaries (at Ellis Island) was very kind to a Bohemian family, helping the father find his destination and get settled. At parting, the missionary gave him a Testament and asked him to read it when in trouble. He thanked her for all her kindness to him and his

family, and said he would keep the book for her sake. He put it away and forgot all about it. One day his little girl got the book and tore a leaf out. When he learned what she had done he was very angry, and punished her for tearing the book, saying that the kind lady at Ellis Island had given it to him, and he had promised to keep it. He threatened the child with severe punishment if she touched it again. "What is the book, papa?" she asked. He said he did not know what it was, but the lady gave it to him, and that was enough.

The little girl kept asking about it until at length his curiosity was aroused, and he took the Testament to find out for himself. As he began to read the story of Jesus he became interested, and presently had his wife reading it also. Such wonderful things he had never heard of before, and he thought he would tell the priest about it, for if the priest knew about it he would surely tell the people. The priest forbade him to look into the book again, saying that it was a bad book and would cost him his soul if he read it. This only ended the influence of the priest, for the immigrant said such a good person as Jesus could not do any body any harm, he was sure of that. He decided to go back to Ellis Island and ask the kind lady about it. The light came, and he and his family are earnest members of a Christian church, showing their gratitude by trying with true missionary spirit to bring others of their race to the Master.—*Aliens or Americans.*

I have a strong realization of the value of missionary labors to science. The American Oriental Society has been much dependent on them for its usefulness. There would hardly be occasion for the Society at all, but for them.—*Prof. Whitney.*

Professor James of Harvard has pointed out that what we need to-day in the social realm is the moral equivalent of war; that is, something heroic which will appeal to men as universally as war does, and yet which will be as compatible with their spiritual selves as war is obviously incompatible. That need is met in this great Christian propaganda to make Jesus Christ known and obeyed and loved through the non-Christian world. Here is something adequate to call out the best energies of the minds and hearts of the American and British people, something that will preserve a pure faith and a triumphant spirit, and really preserve our religion. Without it I see no hope.—*John R. Mott.*

Said a poor old Negro woman, "De Lawd don' hurry, but I reckon He's managin'."

"He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought."





## BAPTIST MISSION SOCIETIES.

The American Baptist Missionary Union is the general foreign missionary society of Northern Baptists. It has its headquarters at the Ford Building, Boston, Mass. The general officers are: Mr. S. W. Woodward, D. C., President; Mr. W. D. Chamberlin, Ohio, Recording Secretary; Dr. Henry C. Mabie, Rev. F. P. Haggard, and Dr. T. S. Barbour, Corresponding Secretaries; and Mr. Chas. W. Perkins, Treasurer. There are two auxiliary Societies: Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, Ford Building, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. M. G. Edmands, President; Mrs. H. G. Safford, Foreign Secretary; Miss Julia G. Shinn, Home Secretary; Miss Alice E. Stedman, Treasurer; and Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. E. Scott, President; Miss B. G. Loveridge, Foreign Secretary; Miss C. E. Perkins, Home Secretary; Mrs. M. E. Kline, Treasurer. The Union was organized in 1814. It has missionaries in India, China, Japan, Africa, the Philippines, and Europe. It publishes *The Missionary Magazine*. *The Helping Hand* is published by the auxiliary societies.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society has its office at 312 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It was organized in 1832. Its special aim is the evangelization of North America. It has three departments: missionary, educational, and church edifice. Its chief officers are: Hon. E. H. Haskell, President; Mr. Frank T. Moulton, Treasurer; Dr. Henry L. Morehouse, Corresponding Secretary; Dr. E. E. Chivers, Field Secretary; Dr. Howard B. Grose, Editorial Secretary; Dr. C. D. Case, Recording Secretary; and Mr. E. J. Brockett, Chairman of Executive Board. It publishes *The Baptist Home Mission Monthly*.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society has its headquarters at Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. Its President is Mrs. G. W. Coleman; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. C. Reynolds; Treasurer, Miss Gertrude L. Davis. It is represented by the *Home Mission Echoes*, of which Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is Editor. Its work is chiefly educational.

The Women's Baptist Home Mission Society has its headquarters in Chicago, Ill. Its official organ is *Tidings*, of which the lately lamented Miss Mary G. Burdette was editor, as well as Corresponding Secretary of the Society. Mrs. J. N. Crouse is Honorary President; Mrs. R. MacArthur, Acting President; Mrs. Reuben Maplesden, Recording Secretary; and Mrs. A. H. Barbour, Treasurer. This Society includes in its work the Baptist Missionary Training School as well as the supporting of missionaries and teachers.

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The National Baptist Convention, Nashville, Tenn., includes the following Boards: Foreign Mission, L. G. Jordan, D. D., Secretary; Educational, Prof. John R. Wilson, Secretary; B. Y. P. U., F. W. D. Isaac, D. D., Secretary; Home Mission, R. H. Boyd, D. D., Secretary; National Baptist Benefit, W. A. Holmes, Corresponding Secretary. There is also a Woman's Auxiliary with Miss N. H. Burroughs, Secretary, at Louisville, Ky. These Boards show the lines of work of the Convention. The President is Dr. E. C. Morris, Helena, Ark.; the Secretary, Mr. R. B. Hudson, and the Treasurer, Rev. A. J. Stokes, D. D. *The National Baptist Union* is published by this Convention.

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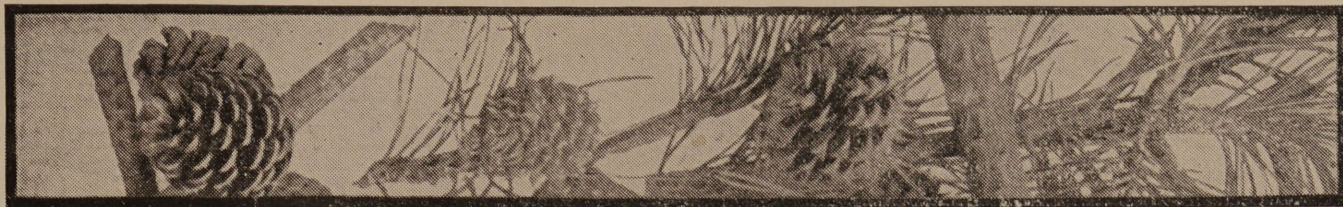
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Somehow I never feel like good things b'long to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else.—Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.





### CHRISTMAS ON THE CONGO.

We had been at Luebo, in the heart of Congo Free State, Africa, less than a year. We were ten thousand miles away from home, in the heart of heathendom; the people had not the slightest idea of God; they were dirty, degraded, wicked. Their only desire was for something to eat, a place to sleep, and a small piece of cloth to wear. They had no love for one another, they fought and killed, and ended their wars with a cannibal feast. The word "love" was unknown in their vocabulary. The children appealed to us more as animals than as human. What place then had Christmas in their minds?

However, the matter was talked over, all the objections met, and the decision reached that Santa Claus should be invited to come! Word was sent to him to leave his fur coat and big mittens, and to don, in place of them, a white duck suit and a white helmet.

We had on our station about two hundred natives, men, women, and children, who were working for us, and we confined our dinner to them, hoping it would prove an object-lesson to the hordes of untutored savages that swarmed in the surrounding woods.

Messengers were sent to the country in search of wild boars; others to buy cassava; still others for chickens, peanuts, bananas, palm-oil, sweet potatoes, and palm-nuts. These, of course, we paid for.

Early on the morning of Christmas Day, the preparations were begun. The boars were killed and cut up into pieces and placed in clay pots—of which there were any quantity made by the Baka Mbuya people near us—and boiled over open fires. The cassava was made into puddings, native fashion, each about the size of a man's head, and resembling in texture, unbaked bread or dough; in taste, putty mixed with oil. Each pudding was dipped in the golden-colored palm-oil before serving. There being no conveniences for roasting the chickens, they also were boiled and divided into portions. Ears of green corn, sweet and succulent, were roasted in their natural coverings; the peanuts were pounded fine in the big native mortars, and then mixed with palm-oil and plenty of wild red pepper, and moulded into cakes.

The people seated, pots of savory meat were placed in the centre of each group; around the pots in grand display were placed the corn, peanuts, sweet potatoes, and palm-oil. No tablecloth decked the ground, no knives nor forks nor spoons lent themselves to the decoration, but there was plenty of food, and restless, hungry people. We had told them that no one was to eat until all were served, and until a blessing was asked. At last the supreme moment came. With hands uplifted one of the missionaries, in broken African dialect, invoked the blessing, and then the signal was given. But the missionaries were not prepared for what was to follow. No sooner had the signal passed than, with a yell that would have put a Comanche Indian to shame, every native made a dive for a pot of meat—a pack of famished dogs let loose in a kennel with one bone could not have created more havoc. In a moment, clay pots were smashed, peanuts were scattered, potatoes were ground into the dirt, faces were scratched, hands were cut, clothing was

torn off, and the hearts of the missionaries were almost broken. Men and women and children fought for pieces of meat and pandemonium reigned. Never were peace and quiet and anticipated joy so suddenly destroyed. Words were useless; threats lost in the air. We were forced to gather ourselves together and leave the scene.

We stayed. The years rolled on, ten of them, years filled with hopes and fears, trials and disappointments,—and hard work also. And now another Christmas day is drawing near. Not all of the first little band of missionaries are present; some have passed away to be forever with Christ in whose honor the feast is celebrated. The same sun is shining, the same perfumes scents the air. But how changed is all the rest! In the centre of the compound, on the very spot where the first Christmas was held, stands a church. The night before Christmas, after all the black eyes had closed in slumber, lights could have been seen inside the sacred walls, strange forms passing from house to church, as the missionaries helped old Santa Claus bring in his bundles.

Early Christmas morning, all was life again, but orderly, peaceful life. At ten o'clock, the church bell tolled out its joyous sound, and from the various paths leading from the homes of the people, came men, women, and children, dressed in gay calicoes and white muslins. Very orderly they enter the church; very quietly, with becoming decorum, they seat themselves on the rude, but serviceable, benches, politely reserving the first row for the visiting traders, who had been invited. The platform was still empty, save that place where the portable organ stood, and around this were gathered a few natives, while on the organ-stool sat a little native girl, only eight years old, her hands ready to touch the keys. The music you would have recognized, but the words were in the native tongue. Then a missionary offers prayer, while each head bends in true devotion. A program is then worked out—a chorus sung by the whole school opens the entertainment. Songs and recitations, with a well-executed drill by some boys dressed as soldiers, follow. The instrumental solo on the harmonium by the little girl of eight is particularly appreciated. But the most interesting part of the program to most of the audience is headed: "Good Things From Santa Claus." At a given signal, a big palm tree, laden with presents and decked with ornaments as beautiful as any in the home-land, is disclosed. Every one keeps his seat until his name is called, and what funny names.—Kapinga, Malindola, Kacunga, Katili, Mudimba, Ngoya, etc.,—and then each marches quietly up to the tree to get his present and with the same dignity resumes his seat. Toys and candies, dolls and gingerbread? Oh, no. Bags of peanuts, cowrie shells, beads, bells, brass wire, and mouth organs. Each also gets a big tin spoon and a small paper of salt, common table salt!

And yet this is prized as highly by each one as any gift. Think of unwrapping your gifts on Christmas day and finding a tablespoonful of salt as a present! Some of the more favored ones get a yard or two of bright calico, and all are happy. Prayer closes the entertainment, and all join reverently in the Lord's Prayer as follows:

Tatueta, udi kulu, muexa nengila! Bukilinge buebi bua kulua. Bualu buebi budi bu malabu

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buina budi mudulu. Utufi bidia bia lelu. Utufi lus, lua mabenzi etu buiaa tetu mutuditu fa lusa lua mabenzi a bantu bang. Katulexi nxila idi miteya. Tupandixa tetu kudi ndoka. Bualu bua bukilinge buebi ne ngula webi budi kudi wewe kua matuka monso eindilela, Amen.

When the exercises in the church are ended, races are run and the greased pole climbed. The people enter into this with just as much gusto as do the dear girls and boys at Mont-Lawn.

And how was this change wrought? you ask. Well, it means a tale of ten long years of weariness and trial. Then, too, sickness and death came to the little band. The deadly African fever lurked in every corner of each home. Soon the band of missionaries was reduced from six to two. For a time my wife and I were left alone in the heart of Africa. Insects swarmed in vast numbers; flying roaches, as large as humming-birds, held nightly carnival in the houses; the white ants entered our dwellings to eat up all the woodwork, as well as the clothing. Once in a while, a python ten to fifteen feet long would draw its mighty body, like a few lengths of animated stove-pipe, over our mission grounds.

Discouraged by the lack of interest on the part of the natives, wearied out by their fights with ignorance and superstition and filthiness, the missionaries were about to give up, and indeed the home committee thought seriously of withdrawing from the field, when one Sunday morning, six natives were baptized into the church.

\* \* \* \* \*

The church grew, and when the Christmas day came, there was a church of over two thousand members—earnest, true Christian men and women.

(Missionary) D. W. C. Snyder,  
in *The Christian Herald*.

"The hirelin frown,—O Shepherd,  
Dat sheep am brack an' bad,  
But de Shepherd, He smile like de lil brack sheep  
Wuz de onliest lamb he had."



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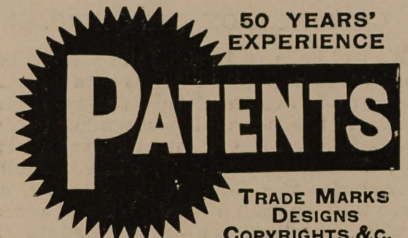
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