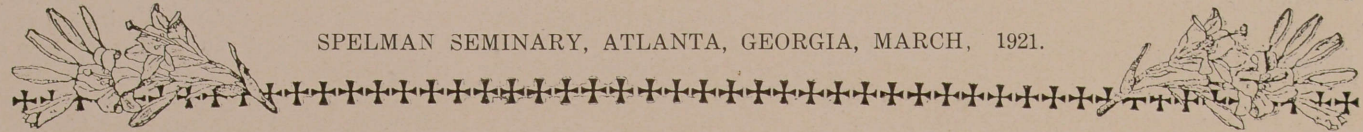


Spelman Messenger

Vol. 37.

No. 61

SPELMAN SEMINARY, ATLANTA, GEORGIA, MARCH, 1921.



"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance." Ps. 2:8.



TO MISS E. B. DE LANY.

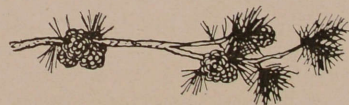
Few have been born like unto her;
Few with the spirit and will;
Among us we've found none to her
Ready to face death or ill.
Ready to shut out life's beauty,
Earth love, and its joy and home;
Heeding the call of grim duty,
Far across the turbulent foam.

Loneliness, darkness and sorrow,
Nothing her courage could dim;
Peril of life glad to borrow—
If she might labor for HIM.
Far in the gloomy interior—
Civilization unknown;
Could there be found a spot drearier
To plant the seed which she's sown.

Seven long years she has tended,
Watered with tears while her prayers
O'er tops of palm trees ascended,
Reaching Heaven's bright golden stairs.



MISS E. B. DE LANY, M. T. 1894.



Up to the White Throne, in Heaven,
Borne on a sweet angel's breath,
To Christ her effort was given;
Through HIM she conquereth.

Stubble to shrubbery has yielded—
And at her marvelous command
Corrugate structures were wielded
And in the jungles now stand.
Souls once benighted are praising
God through the message she took
Hymns of rejoicing they're raising,
To Christ of succor they look.

In all our labor God sees us;
Hers more than conquerors in strife,
That Africa's sons might know Jesus,
Thus did she offer her life.
For all she gave and is giving
May we our gratitude prove,
By rearing to her now living
Some lasting tribute of love?

By Amorel E. O'Kelly Cooke.



HISTORY OF SUENH INDUSTRIAL MISSION, LIBERIA.

Easter Greetings to the dear readers of the MESSENGER:

I have been asked to tell you the history of Suenh Industrial Mission.

First, I must tell you about the picture you see before you.

When I went to this place, it was nothing but a jungle of trees, bushes, saw grass, and the home of the native animals. God permitted me, a lone woman, with my own hands and native helpers (but in his strength) to clear twenty-five acres of this jungle and plant this little human garden spot for God and Africa. The entire Mission consists of 225 acres of land. The main building at the head of the road is for girls. At the left of it is the dining hall. At the left of the dining hall is the boys' building. The enclosed plot in front of the dining hall is a little flower garden. The little building in front of the plot is a country kitchen, a kind of pavilion used for a school and church in dry weather. At the right of the girls' building is another country kitchen with a tea-room; this was used for a dining room during the dedication.

On either side of the main road are little flower gardens; below the flower gardens are five lovely palm trees with fern beds and bamboo seats painted red. Lower down is the church. (We shall tell you all about the church when we describe the other buildings.) To the left of the church, up the hill, is the Mission Park. We have a wire fence around the park. In it are palm trees, a tree from which we get the best of crimson dye, (I do not know the name of it,) a variety of beautiful gay shrubbery, lilies, century plants, and other wild flowers.

We have here benches; it may interest you to know how these are made. Four strong forks, hewn by the boys, are put into the ground, two long ones for the back of the bench and two short ones for the seat. Then the bamboo slats are tied on with rattan. (Nails are twenty-five cents per pound. So we substitute the rattan, as it's cheaper and just as strong.) Clara and I painted the benches red. Can you see how pretty they are under the trees when the park is kept *clean*?

The beautiful birds and butterflies admired it, for they took up their abode there.

I cannot write in detail about everything, but I must tell you about the grass that forms the hedges on the Mission. It grows three feet tall, but before it ever reached this height, when I was there, it was cut off, leaving the hedge about six inches from the ground. The top of this grass was dried and used for filling bed ticks.

Across from the little park is a rubber nursery that I planted with my own hands. Aside from these, four hundred rubber trees were planted, forming a rubber row around the Mission. I am not sure just

how the trees prospered that were at the extreme end of the Mission, for the goats were so destructive, although a boy was placed to mind them. If he thought for a moment that I wasn't mindful of him with a rattan, the boy took himself off to play while the goats feasted on the rubber trees.

These rubber trees are very valuable; they are not the wild rubber so commonly found in the African forest. They were given to me by an Englishman who was manager of an English rubber plantation. This rubber was imported from India. If proper care is taken of the trees, they will be a source of revenue to the Mission. A hundred of these trees are supposed to yield daily about twenty-five dollars' worth of rubber. So you see they are well worth being cared for. They can be tapped every day in the year but one month.

We planted such trees as palms, oranges, plums, plantains, coffee, limes, sweet and sour, breadfruit, sour sop, and cocoanuts, and such flowers as red and pink roses, old maids of various colors, bachelor buttons, lilies, and a variety of beautiful leaf shrubbery. All of these require care.

On either side of the steps of the main building are rock beds where lilies bloom almost the year round. As the house is high from the ground and I was not able to have a rubbish house built, I planted ferns all around the house. The dewdrops, fog, and rain kept these well watered. They not only served as a screen to prevent one seeing the woodboxes, wheel-barrow, etc., that were kept under there, but beautified the place as well. And, by the way, I had a storeroom under the house. I closed in a square with wire fencing, made wire baskets, in which to keep tomatoes, eggs, etc., and on the ground in this enclosure I kept pumpkins, potatoes, eddoes, cassadas, and egg plants. This place was nice and cool and things lasted twice as long as they otherwise would have done.

Now, to tell you the history of Suenh Industrial Mission, I will have to give you a few of the events of its founding.

I sailed from New York, June 8, 1912, arriving at Monrovia, Liberia, July 12, 1912. For three days I was guest of Judge Clark while waiting for the little river boat which was under repairs. I was restless and anxious to be on the way. I can never forget the kindness shown me at this time by Dr. and Mrs. Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Simpson was pastoring the Methodist church in Monrovia, and, being Floridians, we felt like kindred spirits.

As before stated, I arrived in Monrovia in July, and the grant of land from the Liberian Government could not be obtained until in December when the Legislature convened.

No one knows, unless he has tried it, what it means to find and decide on a place to locate where you can reach the greatest number of needy people. The amount

of "Red Tape" with the siege of waiting through which one must pass before getting the grant is quite enough to discourage one, to say nothing of your desire to see all the places that you think need help with absolutely no conveniences for getting to them.

Rev. R. B. Wicker was very kind in looking after the surveying of the mission land. This required several days from his own work, but he gave the time gratis. I do not see how I could have gotten along with the natives' side of the work had it not been for Deacon S. M. Moore and his wife. His influence among the natives rendered his service invaluable in starting a work among them.

Dr. H. H. Jones of the Liberian Mission, who has been an unfailing friend to this work, assisted me in finding a good location.

After the grant is given by the Legislature, then comes the great "palaver" with the native kings and people, for without "breaking words", there is no working successfully in these villages. When the king gives his consent to a thing of this kind, it becomes an unwritten law.

This "breaking words" is a kind of a contract between you and the people; it is also very binding on the part of the king. It is entered into in this way. The person who goes to introduce you (Deacon Moore in my case) gives one shilling. I provided twelve yards of white cloth. It does not only introduce you to the king and his people, but shows that your heart is clean and pure towards them.

Deacon Moore told them that I came with God's Book and was going to sit in this Mission down there for them if they wanted it. The cloth was accepted and they shook hands. (This means, Thank you.) The cloth was passed around to every one present. The head man called all the influential men that were present to come and go out with him "that they may put heads together". (Confer with each other.)

The Mandingoes are Mohammedans and at that time were there in large numbers. While this section belongs to the Golahs, the Mandingoes had to have their head man speak for them. He said it gave him great pleasure in his heart to have the mission there because there were so many tribes and they were so far apart. "Each of us speaks a different language; we can start for the same place and the same thing, but when we get to the place, we are just as far apart as if we had gone to another place for something else. This mission school will teach us all to call the same thing by the same name and we can all talk together."

The twelve yards of white cloth, when accepted, serves as a very strong tie between you. In serious illness, in war, or should anything happen to the Mission property, the king and his head man are compelled to take this cloth to the man



who introduces you. This is especially helpful when things are in a state of unrest or during the war we had there.

Suenh is a very hard field. First, because Mohammedanism is very strong. Second, because the Golah king has his oracle on that high hill within a stone's throw of the Mission. All in front of the Mission is the Devil Bush. (The men's secret order.) To the left is the Greegree Bush. (The women's secret order.) The needs and opportunities are great.

We have set up the Altar in Suenh to the "Unknown God." The aim of this Mission was to declare Him to these by whom we were surrounded. They were ignorantly feeling for Him. This is the only foundation to Christianity in these parts. Prior to the establishing of this Mission no one had passed that way with an open Bible. Rum and gin have forced their way up here. The country for hundreds of miles is flooded with it. How far reaching is sin and how fast it has traveled! How slow Christians have been in trying to make inroads on sin!

Despite the many trials, though they seemed to be mounting high, regardless of the inconveniences and disadvantages, I vowed, God helping me, to do my bit.

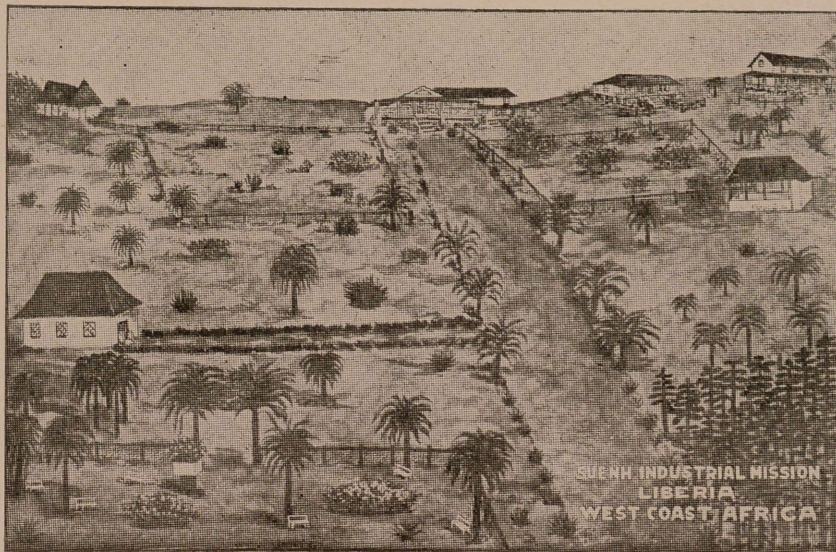
He did hold me, and I praise Him for what he accomplished through my efforts single-handed.

Now, you are at Suenh, and I shall have you see how we cleared the land and proceeded with the buildings.

Relying upon God for strength and guidance, I took up my abode at the Mission. I had been to the station before as stated, but could not remain for lack of shelter. Every effort was put forth to get things on the station in working order. However, this was impossible when I was twelve miles away, so, as soon as a floor was laid in the room, regardless to green plank, I moved in. The sight was everything but encouraging when I reached the place to turn from the main path to go up to the place. I expected to find a place clear of bushes, for I had paid a man to cut a little road, but every where you look bushes were over my head and stumps of trees, large and small, that had stood for ages. Even in the kitchen—the frame for the kitchen—there were stumps three feet in diameter waiting to be removed.

Myself, the girl that was with me, and a few laborers lost no time in cleaning around the place, cutting bushes, trees and saw grass. A visitor who came a few days after I had moved to the Mission repeated her visit three weeks later. She declared that the house could be seen even from a distance without getting on one's knees and looking over the top of the trees to locate it.

I saw the difficulties and responsibilities of this work before it was started, yet I made up my mind that in God's strength I could assume the one and surmount the



other. And when discouraging as well as encouraging features had to be dealt with, I simply took all as a proof of the fact that God was with me.

"Other foundation had no man laid." Many sleepless nights as well as days of toil and discomfort were spent because of the unaccustomed toil that I found necessary in order to get the Mission in the condition it was when I left it.

I bought the last words of a soldier in the South African War as I passed through Natal on my way to British Central Africa some years ago. They meant little to me then, but after I took up work at Suenh, the last words of that soldier with my Bible became my daily strength and comfort. I shall pause here just long enough to give you these words.

"When life seems hard and friendships fail,
When doubts and fears thy faith assail,
If thou would'st know how to prevail,
Just praise and pray and peg away.

"Should threat'ning clouds obscure the sky
And cherished plans in failure die,
Fresh courage take! God reigns on high!
Just praise and pray and peg away.

"Should all thy labor seem in vain,
And those whom thou would'st serve disdain
Thy work and they heed not the pain,
Just praise and pray and peg away.

"When all around thee duties press,
And time seems short and strength grows less,
Let God's own peace thy soul possess—
Just praise and pray and peg away!"

INDUSTRIAL FEATURE.

The Industrial Department for the girls was one of the principal factors, and helped to feed and clothe many of the children. I had to care for the farm as best I could with no experience along this line. I remember one season planting seven dollars worth of seeds and did not receive seven cents worth of vegetables in return. Some tell me it was because the ground was new. I do not know. Some of the seeds were destroyed by white ants before they sprouted; others came above the surface but were soon destroyed by

grasshoppers, red bugs, and other pests. How I wished I could have had something out there to destroy insects! I am extremely anxious to get to know something of developing Mr. Burbank's method of making and bringing to pass so many wonders in the agricultural world. We made most of the potatoes, eddoes, cassada and other breadstuff that we used. That is, when the deer and porcupine did not destroy them. I grew ginger for awhile but found that it required too much time and gave too little in return.

We made our own palm-oil, most of the palm-nuts were grown on the Mission premises. From the by-product of the palm-oil we made all the soap we used. The starch we made from arrowroot and cassada. We would then dry the palm kernels, crack and sell them to the traders in exchange for kerosene and salt which we used. We planted scores of fruit trees, as well as rubber trees of which we have spoken. We raised our own chickens and goats.

There are customs in Africa which make everything so uncertain, especially with women and children. I remember one of the most responsible men I thought in the district, and he really was above the average, spoke to me of bringing his child to the Mission; time passed, he did not put in his appearance. After having waited for two months, I learned that the man bought an ox of his uncle some years prior to my opening the Mission. He failed to return the money. The uncle being in need of the money came to his nephew and demanded that the debt be paid at once. The nephew had no money, so the little girl who was to have been put in the Mission was given to the uncle in payment of the debt. The girl was never redeemed, hence she will be the property of her uncle all her life; even the husband of this girl will be virtually the property of the uncle, and so it goes.

Another will take his wife and child to

(Continued on page 5)



Spelman Messenger

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

Atlanta, Ga., March, 1921

Published monthly during the school year, by members of Spelman Seminary.

Terms: 35 cts. per year, in advance; single copies, 5 cts.

Club rates: Ten copies, one year, \$3.00.

To introduce the paper we will send it on trial to new subscribers two months.

Subscribers wishing to introduce the MESSENGER to their friends can have specimen copies sent free from this office to any address.

Subscribers asking to have the direction of a paper changed should be careful to name not only the post-office to which they wish it sent, but also the one to which it has been sent.

Letters concerning subscriptions should be addressed to

SPELMAN MESSENGER,
Atlanta, Ga.

Entered at the Post-Office at Atlanta, Ga., as second class matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917.

THE SPELMAN MESSENGER is owned and controlled by The Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

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OUR PREACHERS.

Jan. 30. Dr. J. Spole Lyons, City.

Feb. 6. Dr. S. P. Wiggins, "

" 13. Dr. J. W. Ham, "

" 20. Dr. Ernest Hall, "

" 27. Rev. Chas. Hubert, "

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF SPELMAN SEMINARY.

Wednesday, April 6, 1921

9.30 a. m. Greetings from Schools and Friends

2.00 p. m. Platform Meeting— The Reach of Spelman's Influence

7.45 p. m. Platform Meeting— Addresses

Thursday, April 7

8.15 a. m. Inspection of School in Regular Session

2.00 p. m. Educational Meeting

7.45 p. m. Pageant by Atlanta Spelman Graduates Club



MRS. D. R. HORTON (Ora Milner), a former Spelman student, and the "Bible and Industrial School", Grand Bassa, Liberia, where she and her husband are teaching.

Friday, April 8

9.30 a. m. Trustees' Meeting

1.00 p. m. Rally, followed by games on campus

Music by school at all sessions

We are expecting many graduates and friends from both North and South to be present at these exercises. Among these who have up to date positively promised to come are: Dr. Wallace Buttrick, President of the General Education Board; Dr. George Rice Hovey, Secretary for Education of the American Baptist Home Mission Society; Mr. D. G. Garabrant, President of the Spelman Board of Trustees; Mrs. Aiken, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Ford, and probably others of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society; Dr. James H. Dillard, Secretary of the Jeanes and Slater Funds; Mr. W. T. B. Williams, Agent of these Funds; Mr. Jackson Davis, Field Secretary of the General Education Board; Mr. Walter Hill, State Rural Supervisor of Georgia; and Hon. M. L. Brittain, State Superintendent of Education for Georgia; and our Miss Emma B. De Lany, late

missionary in Africa. Doubtless, others will come. The Spelman larchstring is out. We anticipate a good time.

As Lincoln's birthday fell on Saturday, Friday was observed as a holiday. On Thursday morning a literary program on Lincoln was rendered in the chapel. The weather was all that could be desired and the complete holiday was greatly enjoyed.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 10, we listened in chapel to an inspiring and practical address by Miss A. F. Ruffin, colored city secretary of the South Atlantic Field of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association.

On Sunday afternoon, Feb. 13, Rev. J. W. Ham of the Baptist Tabernacle told of his trip to the Tokio S. S. Convention and the places visited afterwards. We are much wiser for our journey with him and grateful for his guidance.

We have just received from Mrs. Rubie H. Troland of Norwich, Conn., a \$100 bond which she has sent in memory of her sister, Miss Carrie E. Hopkins, deceased. The income from this gift will be a perpetual reminder of the interest Miss Hopkins had in Spelman Seminary and of the thought on the part of Mrs. Troland in thus making possible this annual gift toward the expenses of the Seminary.

Another friend, who wishes to have a share in the work of Spelman from year to year, has sent the sum of \$250 to be added to the endowment. In this way, Mrs. Frances M. Flood, of Waterville, Me., a friend of our Miss Brill, has provided for her annual gift to Spelman.

Dear Madam:—

I have the honor by direction of His Excellency, Secretary of State, to transmit you herewith under cover, a Diploma of the grade of Knight Official of the Humane Order of African Redemption, which His Excellency, the President of Liberia, has been pleased to confer upon you. Also the gold medal which accompanies it.

With sentiments of profound respect, I have the honor to be, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) Arthur Padmore.

Above is a copy of the text of the Diploma of Knighthood awarded to Miss De Lany by the President of Liberia. The parchment bears the Arms of the Republic and Insignia of the Order, the Official Seal of the Republic, and the Motto; "The Love of Liberty Brought Us Here."

On the Seal of Liberia is shown a ship under full sail toward the rising sun. On the shore at the right stands a stately palm tree. In the sky over the boat is a dove with a letter in its mouth, while in the near foreground are seen a plough and a spade resting on the untilled earth.

The Flag of Liberia is fashioned after that of the United States. It has six red bars and five white ones. On the blue is one lone white star.





(Continued from page 3)

pay his gambling debt just as quick as he will give his farm or his cattle. If his friend is in trouble, he will pawn his own wife or children to free the friend just as quick as a man in this country would go bonds for his friend.

So a woman and her children will be with her husband and father to-day in one village and to-morrow they will be owned by another man in a village miles away.

One can readily understand how they sold their children into slavery centuries ago.

One by one these heathenish customs and their heathen religion will pass away, and we will plant the standard of the Gospel on their graves.

RELIGIOUS FEATURES.

At first we had no place on the Mission in which to conduct services; I mean by this, a place large enough for the villagers. Certainly we had services twice daily for the students on the Mission. I used to go to different villages every Sunday during the dry season. I oft-times wondered if this was not a mistake. Instead of calling them to the Mission I had simply gotten them into the habit of sitting around and waiting for me to come to them. If it was a mistake, it grew out of an honest intention and the best I could do at the time. The school soon grew so large that I could not take them (the children) all with me and I had no one with whom to leave them. As long as the native worker was employed by the Women's Congress of Chicago, under the leadership of Mrs. E. T. Martin, I had him look after this part of the work. We have had some very excellent meetings. Many have heard God's word, even if they did not care to, as in the case of the man who was convicted against his own will in his village.

He refused to come out to the meeting when asked but remained stretched off on his mat in his hut. On the following Monday he came to me with another man to interpret for him and said, "Mammy, I would not come out to that God palaver you was talking about, but I hear it all. I tried to forget but it just laid down in my heart and turned over and over. Every time I remember, I couldn't forget. Something tell me to come to you yesterday but I wouldn't come. Last night I couldn't sleep. (His wife and the woman who lives in the hut next to his were witnesses to the fact that he spent a sleepless night.) And I prayed the best I knew how. And to-day my heart came up." (Their way of expressing their happiness.)

Many who were converted on the Mission did not unite with our Mission church, but preferred to join the churches in their settlements. This was especially true of the Americo-Liberians. And many of the natives joined the churches in the settlements nearer the villages in which they lived.

There is the perfect satisfaction that the seed has been sown and we know God's

word will not return to him void. He has promised the heathen to his Son for an inheritance; there is nothing to do but work and wait. We thank God for results, though small, we knew that God was working in the hearts, one here and another there. These who have started on the path of life eternal need your prayers. It is harder for them than for us who were not born in heathenism with all the tormenting fears of superstition to hold them back from salvation.

I shall never forget our first baptism. This section has been the seat of heathen wars. Only fourteen years ago one of the worst battles this country has ever witnessed was fought here. Human skeletons were everywhere to be seen between here and Bopora (about two days walk from the Mission.) Deacon Canidy, who assisted with the candidates at this baptism, said, "I stood on almost the same spot and saw the order carried out when scores were executed until human bodies dammed up the stream which was running blood instead of water. He had never even hoped to see the day when he should live to help candidates from the very same stream who had just put on the Prince of Peace by baptism.

Rev. Wicker said he was too overjoyed to preach although he was not at the battle front as Deacon Canidy had been. He was only twelve miles from it and many of the dreadful effects were felt even where he was.

As I listened to them tell this true and dreadful story, I was forced to ask the question, "What has God wrought?" "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."

The fight was long, the battle fierce, but never so hot that I wanted to retreat.

Disease, famine, and war all followed in rapid succession; we cannot stop here to comment on these, but I am sure that any one can imagine what it meant for a lone individual to have existed as teacher, preacher, mother, doctor, builder, nurse, and farmer, the bread winner as well as the one to direct the making of it, the extra effort to be everywhere present at almost the same time. The desire to stop every leak which possibly was occurring in every building at the same time; for indeed, when the dry season was over, every nail was drawn out of place by the heat; when the rainy season closed, everything had been water soaked so long that repairs had to be made. These repairs occurred twice a year in addition to the every day cares. (Yes, you might say hourly cares.)

I have known what it was to sit down with twenty-four cents in my hands with five objects claiming this one shilling.

I can assure you that there was no time to sit and rock or piece fancy quilts in the history of this work. Time will not permit me to speak of the days and anxious nights during the war, as I feared hourly the destruction of that for which I had labored.

Disease claiming almost every member of the Mission family at the same time, neither medicine nor nourishment to be had. And yet, how merciful God was! Not a death occurred in the Mission family from the day of its existence to the day I left.

I have been driven to my knees times without number by the realization that I had nowhere else to go. It never would have done to have given up in the face of danger, duty, nor discouragements. Christian work is an unfailing one. "For it is God who worketh in you both to will and to do."

I was not able to accomplish all that was in my heart to do for God and Africa, for we never realize the flight of time until we think of things undone. What a comforting thought "Man crowns successes, but God crowns faithfulness."

I am here reminded of an experience of a London missionary while making her visits in the slums. In this home the children had been motherless a long time, but an invalid father kept his little ones together. The day came when the father was called to meet his God. The missionary made her usual visit taking to them their daily bread. As she was in the act of leaving the house, one of the little girls called her aside and said, "See these flowers I have put on father's coffin: he loved flowers when alive but we were too poor to buy. I found these in the ditch this morning; I washed them off; I am going to put them on his coffin; he will be glad for them". As the little one held up the primroses crushed and faded, the missionary ventured to say, "Dear, these are no good; they are faded, dirty, and worthless. I would not put them on if I were you." The child between her sobs said, "That is because you are here looking at them; that's why they look so worthless and crushed, but my father is in heaven; when he looks down they will look all right to him and he will be glad for them and he will praise me, for he knows his child did her best for him." How true this is!

I say like the child, as you glance over these sentences, "it requires but little time and you think it's almost a trifle when you remember it covers nearly eight years, but that's because you are here reading the words; but my Father who looked down from heaven while this work was being done in Africa knows his child has done her best and will say to her, "Well done." With this thought to cheer, I close.

Yours in His service,—E. B. De Lany.

HELP RECEIVED FROM ALL SOURCES FOR SEVEN YEARS AND EIGHT MONTHS THAT I LABORED IN AFRICA.

Received from friends and organizations,	\$1053.41
Sale of goods in sewing school	310.50
Parents in cash	105.00
National Foreign Mission Board (in checks)	2530.66



Of this amount I returned to Rev. Jordan a check That the bank of British West Africa refused to cash. I also returned to him mission drafts to the amount of which was sent to me three months before I left Africa. This \$100.00 was sent for a well. Friends wrote me three years before that they had given money for a well. Had the money come then, I would have done my best to have had a well on the place. Since it did not reach me sooner, up to the time I left there was no well for use on the Mission. This makes the actual cash received from the Board (N. F. M. B.)

Total received from the New Jersey Foreign Mission Board for salary and traveling expenses, The New Jersey Board did not send checks that required me to wait six or eight months before receiving the money and then lose by having it discounted but dealt directly with a Branch Bank of British West Africa. The National Foreign Mission Board also sent two one-half bbl. of fish, one one-half bbls. beef, one one-half bbl. of sugar, one one-half bbl. of flour. The flour was not properly packed for shipping, hence it was no good when it reached there. I did not know this, however, until I had paid the expense of Road and River Dues. A small case of milk and baking powder, several pieces of printed goods, lamps, shells, hatchets, knives, etc. The Entry Papers valued the lot at, Nov., 1919, brought a stove, few pots belonging to it, rakes and hoes, this was the support received from the N. F. M. B. aside from a three-room iron frame. This three-room iron house was sent to Monrovia. The Mission was not in Monrovia but fifty miles in the interior. I do not know what this house cost the Board but this is what it cost me to get the house from Monrovia to Millsburgh. Storage on the house for one day

Paid to Dr. H. H. Jones for getting the house out of storage and up the river For unloading house at Millsburgh To David Peel for bringing the house from Millsburg to Arthington For packing the house under the house in which I was living For carrying the house up to Suenh Paid to Mr. Faulkner for putting up the house Wooden blocks, sills, and flooring Carpenter to put down the floor Broken panes of glass that had to be replaced

After I was in the house I thought I could "rest on my oars" for a while when it was discovered that the house was leaning to one side. This was because the weight of the iron house was too heavy for the wooden blocks.

\$400.00	Cement blocks had to be put under. The sides of the house, and especially the roof required painting as rust was causing it to leak. The cement for blocks	48.00
100.00	Paint	20.00
	Paid for putting under blocks and paint	68.00
	The piazza on the end of the house is screened. A storm struck and blew the screening out and lifted the ceiling, which was only fitted on iron rafters, and a part of the roofing was blown off. This called for a piazza on one end and on one side. The other end was opened and a kitchen built:—cost of zinc and planks for flooring and roofing	87.12
2030.66	Nails	16.00
	Total paid out for these expensive three rooms by me	763.44
5399.14	These three rooms did not afford dormitories. I had to build an annex 24x16 which supplied the need. You will notice the annex in the picture.	
	A building for boys 20x36—this was of corrugated iron, a dining hall 16x36 of corrugated iron. Six mud buildings, two of these were cook kitchens, two pavilions, one tea room and one used for a carpenter shop.	
	Concrete mud church 24x40. The walls were about eight inches thick. This church grew out of a gift of \$50.00 made by the Lott Carey Foreign Mission Board. They by some means heard of the needs of this work and were moved to send \$50.00 to help me supply the needs.	
103.29	I had never been able to get a church so I thought this the best appreciation I could show them. Other friends came to the rescue by helping me to complete the building and getting benches made. The church was covered with thatch and like all thatch roofs must be looked after each season. The remarkable thing about this building was that not a thing imported was used aside from nails. Even the window shutters that you can see in the picture are made of bamboo mats.	
43.09	Total expenses are as following:	
15.00	The total for buildings	\$4045.75
	For labor on the Mission including carriers	803.50
12.00	Boarding department including everything	3708.92
3.00	Total expenses (aside from one year, five months rent \$93.50)	8558.17
	Total Spent	8558.17
25.00	Total Received	3499.57
	Amount spent above that received from any body aside from myself	\$5058.60

SUENH INDUSTRIAL MISSION —AN IMPRESSION.

For a long time I wanted to visit Suenh to see the work which was being carried on there by Miss E. B. De Lany. I felt it was my duty to do so but was hindered by a press of work and that

"Mischief-making elfin, who is ever nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking, and his name is
By-and-By."

But so imperative was the request of Miss De Lany to visit the work and take part in the dedicational services of the Mission that I had to go to Suenh.

It was a long and tiresome walk of

about thirty miles and the African sun pouring its scorching rays upon us made the journey all the more so. We passed village after village, some flourishing, others decaying, and sites where large and populous villages once stood have become the habitat of deer and racoons. The roads are well kept; the coffee farms which we saw were clean, and the trees laden with golden berries. On the whole, I was favorably impressed by the scenes of that part of the country.

Mr. C. M. Bryant, who piloted me through the bush, suggested that less than fourteen years ago no civilized man would have felt safe to venture so far; and before that path was opened to civilized persons the Liberian government had to pay the price with the lives of many of its heroic sons.

We reached the historic town of Suenh about an hour before sunset. Here, about fourteen years ago, a desperate battle was fought between the Liberian government and some of the native tribes, which resulted in victory for the government. Within a quarter of a mile of this town is Suenh Industrial Mission. Even at a distance the visitor is impressed with the picturesqueness of the scene presented by the buildings of the Mission sitting upon the cone of a high hill. The Mission is splendidly located; indeed, it is an ideal place for such a work. It seems to have been marked out by the Creator as a mission site. The visitor is charmed, not only with the natural beauty of the locality, but by the artistic improvement made by Miss De Lany, the founder of the Mission. In fact, the place and the work done there by this woman are object lessons demonstrating the possibilities of Liberia.

This work was started not more than six years ago, and when one thinks of the difficulties of transportation in this country, and how far removed is this Mission from Monrovia and from the River, what Miss De Lany has accomplished at Suenh seems all the more marvellous.

There is one word indelibly inscribed upon everything that I saw and upon every feature of the exercises during the time I spent there—the word "Work".

Miss De Lany's method of training the children is commendable. She trains the whole child—head, heart, and hand.

The best appreciation which I heard of the work and its founder was given by an old weather-beaten, keen-witted native chief, who, in commenting on the work of the Mission, exclaimed: Miss De Lany! Miss De Lany! Dat be two woman in one. "That the masculine element might not be entirely divorced from sharing the credit of so great an undertaking, I furtively said: "Yes, she is two women plus one man."


The Mission stands as a concrete example of what God, working with and through an individual soul consecrated to him, may accomplish. Rev. W. H. Thomas, M. A., B. D., Principal Lott Carey Mission, Brewerville, Liberia.

FOUR YEARS AGO.

On Wednesday, 28th, we walked twelve miles to Suenh Town, near which our Mission is located. On reaching the grounds we were overjoyed.

Coming suddenly from the dense forest, our eyes swept up an incline, say of five hundred yards, to a group of houses on the top of a hill, which is a beautiful one.

Here we saw one of the most beautiful sights we have ever seen. Our Mission station, on a tract of twenty-five acres has three nice clean country kitchens roofed with thatch. The walls are about twelve inches on posts about four feet high. A



laundry of corrugated iron; a nice play shed; a building for boys; a dining hall, with a central building mostly made of corrugated iron, consisting of seven rooms, over a part of which is a second story where girls sleep. The whole thing is tastily arranged and one of the cleanest places I ever saw.

Miss De Lany knew of our coming. Down the hill she came with forty-three children following. The sight overcame us, and we broke down as we clasped her hand. "Come right on, Dr. Jordan, and leave the crying for me to do." On and on, up the hill to the building we went, after shaking hands with the whole family. We will never be able to describe our feelings at that meeting.

The Mission is on the outer rim of all work in this republic, and is worth at least \$6,000, and is regarded as one of the most busy places in the country, and only three years old. There are Golahs, Pessys, Mandingoes, Bassas, Veys, and Americo-Liberians.

This is vacation period. School opens March 15. Those who are left are here for the whole year. While we were there a mother had walked twelve miles to get her daughter and son enrolled, but Miss De Lany just said, "No." I did my best to help her, but the principal said, "When all whom I have enrolled come in, we will be overcrowded, and I just can't take on another". O how I wish every friend of our work could see this Mission; they would agree with me that the age of miracles is not past. This good woman went to that place just three short years ago, miles from the nearest civilized family, cut away the bushes, and to-day has what is regarded "The liveliest, best kept mission" in the whole country.

They have goats, chickens, a dog, and cat on the station. All kinds of fruit trees have been planted, and our boys, led by Elias Morris, a Golah boy about fifteen years old, are cutting bush and burning it preparatory to planting foodstuffs before the rains begin—the last of March.

Nearly every township in Montserrado county is represented among the student body. This mission is worth every dollar we have spent in all Africa, and under God is destined to become a real Training School for leaders of various tribes hereabouts.

Some one must relieve Miss De Lany. A consecrated man with a good wife is the need. The wife should be able to play an organ and know something about sewing and millinery work.

Then we must have a building here, 28 by 36, for chapel and dormitory purposes. With the teachers, the building, and a good mill, this Mission will set a pace for Christian mission work which will tell for God for a hundred years to come.

Now, we ask that all pray that these three things come this year. The house is about one quarter of a mile from the creek from which water to drink, for bathing and laundry, must be carried. Of course, the natives, with all kind of sores, bathe in this creek, as in all others. When it is low and sluggish, the health of our whole mission is affected. We must have a well. It will take sixty dollars to dig it. It will take \$2,500 for the house. Now, what will you do, dear reader, to supply these needs? Needs you can help meet—needs which mean so much to the Kingdom of God.

Rev. L. G. Jordan, Cor. Sec'y N. F. M. Board, in *The Christian Banner*, Apr. 27, 1917.

Miss De Lany hopes to have a chain of mission stations around Liberia soon.

TO THE FOREIGN MISSION BOARD OF NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

Greeting from Liberia, Africa.

We, the recipients of your hospitality, and brotherly kindness in Christ Jesus, as well as our native brothers, take this method to show to you our appreciation and gratitude for having sent to us such an efficient woman as Miss E. B. De Lany. We shall try and give to you a brief sketch of her adventures and successes since she has been in our country.

According to her record, she left U. S. A. on June 8, 1912, and after a dreary journey and intermediate stops, she arrived in our capital, July 12. She made her appearance in Arthington, July 16. She remained in Arthington one and a half years, detained by sickness, and also waiting for a grant of land from the government and a suitable building in which to move. While in Arthington mind you do not glean the idea that she sat with folded hands waiting for something to turn up. We are persuaded to believe that she sat about turning up so many things that her constant activity possibly brought on some of her illness. The malaria went quite hard with her. Truly, she suffered enough to have caused her to throw up the sponge, but not so with our subject. She came with a purpose, and with that fortitude born from above, she said, "I will." We Liberians (Americo-Liberians) desired that she stop and establish a school permanently among us, but she answered, "Not here; 'midst the heathens will I plant the work." "What, a lame woman, and among raw heathens?" "Yes, I came especially to settle among heathens and to heathens I am going."

While in Arthington she maintained an industrial school and helped the poor, and kept busy along these lines. After one and a half years in Arthington, and under the most adverse circumstances, she succeeded in getting deeds to a grant of twenty-five acres of land from the Government.

On December 3, she made her appearance at Suenh, which village is at least twelve miles from the settlement of Arthington. In this very town one of the most memorable battles was fought in the year 1900. The natives made an advance on this village about 2.30 a. m. on the 7th of November, 1900, and were it not for the braveness of Ex-president W. D. Coleman of Liberia, perhaps hundreds of lives would have been lost. The memory of this battle is upon the annals of Liberian history. Miss E. B. De Lany arrived at Suenh Industrial Mission with a number of children at a site possibly about three-quarters of a mile north of said village, and brought into existence an institution that will possibly be known as the Suenh Industrial Mission. Being settled did not end hardship and adversities. Here new obstacles confronted her; yea, on every side, but faith in God, plod and pluck, called up the offences known as success, and now she enjoys, or rather, she rejoices in a mission whose surroundings look beautiful and inviting. Under the roof of Suenh Industrial Mission over sixty boys and girls (Americo-Liberians and aborigines) find shelter, food, and education. Yea, and best of all, have found the Christ of God. Many from the settlement of Arthington have visited the S. I. M. and the efforts of the principal, Miss De Lany, have their hearty approbation.

On Dec. 21, 1914, the old veteran and sage of Arthington (in the person of Mr. Solomon Hill, Sr.) made a visit to the S.

I. M. in company with Pastor R. B. Wick-er of the St. Paul Baptist Church of Arthington. The old veteran was so pleased that God had answered his prayers in such a competent woman filled with push and go from the civilized world, so pleased that he has shown how grateful he is for the Mission, that he has cheerfully donated two hundred acres of land for the Mission at close proximity with the present site. This will give ample vent to the Mission, so most or all of its breadstuff can be raised by the students. Her object is to make it as near self-supporting as possible. Verily, her ideas are worthy of commendation. The Mission is raising some of her breadstuff already. The work is too much for one person, yet with bulldog tenacity she is forging ahead. Verily we are grateful for such a character in our midst; and we most earnestly pray that the Foreign Mission Board will give the most of your interest in Liberia for the training of our children and native brethren to the Suenh Industrial Mission, because it is the only school in Montserrado County (Liberia) that is planted among heathens. Our native brethren take delight in sending their children to school, which gives us courage to believe that heathenism is about to take its flight, and the place which was a seat of war fifteen years ago, a candlestick has been placed there, and the light of civilization is now bursting forth. We can't but give God praise for his loving kindness. Truly, we can say the Lord has answered our prayers that our colored brethren in America have sent such an efficient woman of our own kith and kin to assist us in fostering civilization among our heathen brethren in this benighted land.

Signed by some of the leading elders and members in the Baptist Convention in Liberia this thirtieth day of June, A. D. 1915.

(There are twenty names attached.)

REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting.

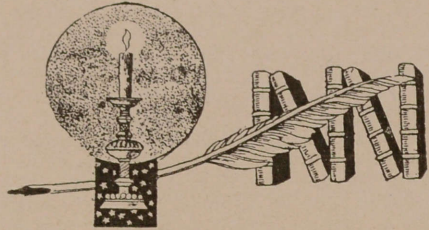
Know ye that I, Daniel Edward Howard, President of the Republic of Liberia, taking into consideration the sentiments of humanity which are displayed by you, Miss E. B. De Lany, and being aware of your sincere wishes to be a useful helper in the Christian work of civilizing our brethren inhabiting the territory neighboring to our Republic, desiring to give you a public testimony of our gratitude, using the faculties given us by the laws of our Republic, by these presents do ordain, constitute and appoint you Knight Official of the Liberian Humane Order of African Redemption, in virtue of which, from this day, you will be permitted to use and wear publicly the insignias of the order in the class named; and may the Omnipotent God ever guide you in your efforts for the good of our savage brothers. In testimony whereof I have caused the seal of the Republic to be affixed.

Given under my hand at the City of Monrovia, the fifteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen, and of the Republic the seventy-third.

(Signed) D. E. Howard.

Edwin Barclay,
Secretary of State.
(Seal)

Miss Eula Hawkins, H. S. '13, is at Massasas Industrial Institute teaching and assisting the matron.



GRADUATES' CORNER.

Mrs. Frances C. Walker, T. P. '03, writes from Delray, Fla. She has four children, one girl and three boys. All are quite well. She has taught fifteen years, and she is teaching still.

Miss Ethel Gates, H. S. '20, is teaching in the public schools, Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Addie E. Germany, H. S. '17, is teaching in Augusta, Ga.

Miss Osceola Harper, H. S. '17, writes: "I came to Philadelphia in June to take a business course at the Derrick Business School. After completing the course, I accepted a position as stenographer for the Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention. I like the work fine. I am developing the missionary spirit which I caught at Spelman."

Miss Lillian T. Dixon, H. S. '17, is supervisor of Hancock Co., having thirty schools under her supervision. Her address is Culverton, Ga.

Mrs. S. C. Mitchell (Lillie Gibbs, H. S. 1894) is still teaching at Vinegar Bend, Ala. But the session will be but four months, so she will soon be starting in a new school. She hopes to send her little daughter Adelyn to Spelman next fall.

Miss Parizada Jones, H. S. '19, is teaching at Ft. Smith, Ark., and taking work from the University of Arkansas, for which she will be given a certificate as from a summer school. Those taking this course will have a raise in salary next year.

Miss Wilhelmina Johnson, T. P. 1897, is still busy with her school in De Land, Fla. It will have its auditorium dedicated in February. Address Miss Johnson, Box 642.

Miss Aravia E. Benton, H. S. '19, is teaching in Sarasota, Fla. She hopes to return for the teachers training course.

Mrs. John C. Beatty (Blanche Armwood, H. S. '06) is now at home in Alexandria, La. She is traveling in the interest of the National Association of Colored Women. She hopes to be in Atlanta the latter part of March. Mrs. Beatty is prominent in many lines, even entering politics during the late campaign.

Miss Bettie Averytt, H. S. '19, is back at the same place, Centerville, Ala. She writes: "I delight in working here in this mission field among these dear little boys and girls who are thirsting after righteousness."

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Parker, (Miss Pauline Whitehurst, N. T. '19, announce the birth of a baby girl Jan. 12, 1921. Her name is Pauline Lenard.

Mrs. Josie B. Robinson, H. S. '12, writes from the Piney Woods School, Braxton, Miss., that about a week before Christmas the school sustained a great loss; two buildings were burned which with contents valued at \$50,000. It was a trying time for all, a "true test of patience and Christianity to keep up courage among the students, to keep them from going home."

Miss Mamie Harris, N. T. '10, is happy in her work. She writes from Plainfield, N. J.

Miss Lena Mae Wright, H. S. '20, is teaching in Forsyth, Ga. She intends to organize some societies there. Miss Nellie E. Martin, H. S. '17, is teaching in the same school.

Miss Annie Glenn, H. S. '20, was called home by her mother's illness from the T. P. C. at Spelman. She wrote, "Now that I shall be away on New Year's Day, will you give my testimony? For the New Year I shall try to carry the sunlight wherever I go. God has made it possible for me to have spent several New Year days on the campus; I shall be thankful for those." Her mother is doing well and Annie may complete the year's work. She is here.

Miss Josie B. Robinson, H. S. '12, is still at her post in the Piney Woods school, Braxton, Miss. They are building there to replace the buildings lost by fire. They have many good friends.

Mrs. Leila B. Adams Walton, H. S. '17, writes that she and her husband are now living at 63 Johnson Ave., Atlanta, and that he is a specialist in diseases of the eyes, ear, nose, and throat etc. He has his office in the Odd Fellows Auditorium Bldg., Room 201, Auburn Ave., where he will be glad to serve students at reduced prices.

Miss Savannah L. Chamblee, H. S. '15, has at last got her deeds to her land. After working to get money to settle this she is now teaching at her home, Curryville, Ga.

Miss Pearl Pilcher, H. S. '17, is found at 607 Blaine St., Dublin, Ga. Listen to her! "I am thankful for Spelman, for it helped me to stop up the pigeonholes in my character." She is teaching.

Miss Lillian C. Eubanks, T. P. '15, is teaching in Birmingham, Ala. She is active in church and Sunday School.

Miss Lillian Abbie Simpson, N. T. '18, is at the Dorsey Home, So. Clinton St., Rochester, N. Y., still.

Miss Susie H. Greene, T. P. '20, is teaching in the Waynesboro High and Industrial school. The new building is now in use as a County Training school. Miss Greene is secretary of the Teachers' Association and chairman of English. She is engaged in Sunday School, B. Y. P. U., and W. C. T. U. work.

Miss Kittie L. Hamilton, H. S. 1900, is still at her post of duty in the Thomasville Public school. This is her eighteenth year in this school, and she loves her work more than ever before. She reports that Frankie Quarles Young, H. S. '02, is still there, too, and one of their best. "She is a Spelman girl; that is the secret of our success."

Mrs. C. F. Battle (Leana Peters, H. S. 15) is enjoying life on a farm. Her address is R. No. 1, Box 44, Fallis, Oklahoma. Her letter is inspiring. She writes: "I had quite a pleasant visit last summer from Adelaide Fullmighter Forde and her two children and Inez Brockway. It was a real re-union of part of the class of 1915." Mrs. Battle has one little boy two years old. She is very happy and takes great pride in her orchard and the contents of her cellar.

Miss De Lany, on arriving at home on New Year's Eve, found both mother and sister seriously sick, her mother dangerously so. Forgetting her own weariness, she brought her nurse training into practice with the result that both are recovering.

Mrs. Minerva Stuckey (Mrs. Massengale, M. T. 1899) lives at 411 Auburn

Ave., Atlanta, where she is matron of the Atlanta Preparatory Institute. "I now, as usual, count myself happy when I am serving others. This, I know, is the Spelman spirit, God forbid that I should ever lose it. We are trying to model our school after Spelman and Morehouse."

Miss Lillie B. Wilson, Coll. '19, is teaching in Tuscumbia, Ala., and planning to take a professional course soon. Her mother's illness kept her from summer school, but she has read professional books which helped. She is teaching algebra, geometry, rhetoric, and Latin. With all her duties she finds time "to help bring about the Kingdom of Heaven on earth."

Miss Alice Webb, H. S. '06, is supervisor of schools of Anderson Co., S. C. She reports eight schools closed in her county for lack of teachers. There are seventy-five schools under her jurisdiction. She is a busy woman.

Miss Hattie O'Neal, H. S. '16, married last June. Her husband, Mr. J. H. M. Green, has been ill, so she had to be absent from her school. She was teaching with Dollie Thompson. She is now home with her husband in St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Tolula Dixon Bigby, H. S. '03, writes from Level Land, S. C. She says that they have not really suffered, but have had to endure many inconveniences because of the loss of their home by fire. She would be thankful for any good books, as her library was consumed.

Miss Frances A. Agnew, T. P. '13, is supervisor of the training work at Selma University. She writes that the State Board of Education of Alabama has promised to issue B Grade certificates to their graduates. This will be equivalent to Second Grade certificate issued by the State upon a written examination.

Miss Lelia M. Barlow is still teaching at Americus Institute. We sympathize with her as she has lost her mother as well as her father now. But she knows that Jesus Christ will be both to her.

Miss Geraldine Blackwell, H. S. '20, is employed as clerk in the office of the Atlanta Mutual Insurance Co., and likes her work, though she did hope to teach in the rural districts.

Mrs. Octavia Nixon Green, T. P. 1898, is teaching in Grady, Ark., and as busy as she can be.

Miss Virginia Brown, Coll. '16, of Jeruel Baptist Institute, is having much success in teaching English in the Athens High School. She also is giving lessons at night.

Mrs. Thos. Campbell (Minnie Holley, H. S. '19) was teaching in the Moultrie public school. With her were Miss Cora Ramsey, and Mrs. Louise Mason Blackman, and in the Adel school, near by, were Misses Beulah Jackson and Alice Frazier. We hear that Mr. Campbell has lately died.

Mrs. Ezella Mathis Carter, T. P. '07, is as busy as ever. Among the many activities set on foot by her is that of African Missions. The education of students, home and abroad, is a large feature of her work and of that of her workers. The Hair Culture work spreads and thrives. This is used as a means to other things. It provides means to further philanthropic effort.

Mrs. Rosa Turner Rozier, H. S. 1890, is teaching in Dublin, Ga. She is doing her best to bring her school up to what a school should be.

Mrs. M. P. Long (Mattie Griffie, C. W. '03) is doing well in Indianapolis, Ind.