

M. E. Hatcher
1895

THE MISSION MESSENGER.

"Speak unto the Children of Israel, that They Go Forward."

VOLUME I.

ATLANTA, GA., SEPTEMBER, 1895.

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One Step at a Time.

There's a mine of comfort for you and me
 In a homely bit of truth
 We were tenderly taught at the mother's knee,
 In the happy days of youth.
 It is, what if the road be long and steep,
 And we too weak to climb;
 Or, what though the darkness gather deep,
 We take one step at a time.

A single step, and again a step,
 Until, by safe degrees,
 The milestone's passed, we win at last
 Home, when the King shall please.
 And the strangest thing is often this,
 That the briery, tangled spots
 Which cumber our feet should be thick
 and sweet
 With our Lord's forget-me-nots.

It matters little the pace we take,
 If we journey sturdily on,
 With the burden-bearer's steady gait,
 Till the day's last hour is gone;
 Or if, with the dancing foot of the child,
 Or the halting step of age,
 We keep the goal in the eye of the soul,
 Through the years of our pilgrimage.

And yet, in the tramp of appointed days,
 This thing must sometimes be,
 That we falter and pause, and bewildered gaze;
 For the road has led to the sea,
 And the foeman's tread is on our track
 As once on the booming coast
 Where the children of Israel, looking back,
 Saw Pharaoh's threatening host.

Then clear from the skies our Leader's voice,
 "Go forward!" bids us dare
 Whatever we meet, with fearless feet,
 And the might of trustful prayer.

So, ever advancing day by day,
 In the Master's strength sublime,
 Even the lame shall take the prey,
 Marching one step at a time.

And what of the hours when hand and foot
 We are bound and laid aside;
 With the fevered vein and the throbbing pain
 And the world at its low ebb tide?
 And what of our day of the broken heart,
 When all that our eyes can see
 Is the vacant space where the vanished face
 Of our darling used to be?

Then, waiting and watching, almost spent,
 Comes peace from the Lord's own hand,
 In his blessed will, if we rest content,
 Though we cannot understand;
 And we gather anew our courage and hope,
 For the road so rough to climb,
 With trial and peril we well may cope,
 One single step at a time.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Congregationalist*.

Review of the Work of the Central Committee.

ARTICLE 9.

Well, like the tiresome visitor who says good-bye, yet still lingers, I am going to add a few more words, but in justification to myself will say that I have been requested to do so. April 21st, 1889, the Central Committee met in the Second Baptist Church. Meeting opened as usual with religious exercises. After the regular business had been transacted, Mrs. Wilson stated that the Central Committee had been organized in this room eleven years ago, and it was the last meeting we would hold in that room, as the church would soon be torn down, and as there were three charter members present, she desired two of them to lead in returning thanks to our Heavenly Father for His mercies vouchsafed to us, and also ask a continuance of the same. Sisters J. Norcross and A. C. Kiddoo responded. Mrs. Wilson then said the first year of our existence \$183.00 was raised by us for

missions. The report of last year showed \$18,048 raised from 281 societies, 65 of which were organized this year. Mrs. Wilson asked the committee to assist in preparing a box to be carried to Fort Worth as a gift to Brother and Sister Lancaster, who were working among the wild tribes in Indian Territory. The request was granted, and the box was sent on its way, to cheer the hearts of those, of whom Christ said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto these, ye did it unto me."

Another meeting I feel like recording, hoping that the leader of that meeting, like Abel, "being dead, yet speaketh." Our Sister Abbott opened the meeting by reading Amos, 8th chapter, commenting freely on the 11th verse, the threat of famine on account of Israel's disobedience; not of bread, not of thirst, but of hearing the words of the Lord. I fear it is applicable to us. We have the word of God. Some of us read it; hear it preached, but are we profited thereby? Are our souls feasted on it? And do we grow strong in the work of our Master by feeding on His word, by obeying His commands, and by rendering to Him the sacrifice of praise, which is "the fruit of our lips; giving thanks to His name"? (Hebrews 13:15.) These words have often puzzled me. Why should praise offered to our Heavenly Father be deemed a sacrifice? Should it not be a joyful privilege? And yet how slow we are to return thanks for favors received. We are commanded about one hundred and fifty times in God's word to praise him, and because we fail to do so, the springs of gratitude in our hearts dry up, and our souls are famished. We ask for more blessings day after day, and yet fail to acknowledge favors already received. Let us try like the Psalmist to number our mercies, and we will begin to realize in a measure how great they are. Then gratitude will be kindled in our hearts, and we will say, like David, "what shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits." Then will we glorify Him by telling to others around what a dear Savior we have found. L. H. K.

A Short Sketch of Mrs. Kate Taylor's Life in Brazil.

Written for us by Bro. Taylor, of Bahia, Brazil, at our request.

It is but natural that we, who have her children, Tarleton and Mabel, in our own Georgia Baptist Orphans' Home, can but feel a deep interest in their history, and our missionary societies, who have and are always interested in all that pertains to our missionaries, must feel doubly more so in her history, because of this relationship to our mission and Orphans' Home work. But he says:

We were married at Salado, Texas, 1881. January 12th, 1882, we sailed from Baltimore, in one of Levering Bros' coffee vessels, arriving at Rio de Janeiro five weeks later. We went thence to Campenos, in the State of Las Paulo, where we studied the Portuguese language, I preaching in S. Bardoce at times, to the American colony. Bro. Bagby and I traveled over several States to find a location for our mission. After much travel, study and prayer, we resolved to make Bahia our headquarters, a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, on the coast, and almost without any evangelistic advantages. Bro. Bagby's family and my own were accompanied by an ex-priest and his family. Arriving in Bahia, we rented, temporarily, a small home, studied the language and organized the first Baptist church, October, 1889, composed of five members. The first year, we had twenty-five converts, the first being Mrs. Taylor's cook. The first man converted became a preacher. Mrs. Taylor taught a day-school, visited, translated, and often accompanied me in my voyages. She had poor health for four years. Tarleton was then born. Mrs. Taylor continued visiting alone, and a great deal with me, as men cannot enter families alone. Bro. Bagby, in two years, went to Rio, to establish the work there. The ex-priest was invited to Maceio, his native city, three hundred miles north, where he did good work and raised up a large church, and died two years later. My health gave way, and we returned to the States, and Mabel was born in Louisville, Ky., February 2d, 1888. We returned to Brazil in April of the same year. We soon bought the old Inquisition building of the archbishop, and this still serves as our house of wor-

ship. We have rooms for boys and girls, school rooms for students, and for a family or two. A paper, *The Echoes of Truth*, was founded in 1886, and shortly after, I bought (by offerings of the *Baptist Basket*) a small press for \$200. A few thousand tracts were published each year, and the monthly paper. One of the native pastors established a church in the neighboring city, fifty miles south, and a school fifty miles north in the interior. Eschol was now born, and shortly afterward, appeared a lump under her left knee. This continued to grow, causing pain and nervousness. We moved to the seaside; later, went to Rio, to consult physicians, but with no good results. We returned to Bahia. A surgeon (now vice-president of Brazil) advised amputation of the limb. By the advice of our English physicians, we went immediately to Philadelphia, where the board, through Dr. Tupper, had made arrangements for the operation. The amputation was made at hip-joint, by the celebrated Dr. W. W. Keen (surgeon and Baptist deacon), in the Jefferson Hospital. Mrs. Taylor's life was in the balance for a few days, but she rallied, so that in three months, she made the trip in three days and nights to her father's home in Belton, Texas. Then, on the 8th of May, when the convention was in session in Atlanta, she gave birth to Marquis. She then had an attack of erysipelas and a severe fall, but she overcame all. The wound healed, and she returned to Brazil in August, bringing with her \$329.45 (\$100 of this was given by an Atlanta Presbyterian lady), to buy a horse and buggy. After consideration, we bought a sea-side home, instead, when, by economy, we soon had a nice residence. She delighted with her garden, flowers and fruit. The board, in the meantime, gave us \$1,000, and a large press was bought; 25,000 tracts were published. We now have another \$1,000 on hand, which will buy all the machinery and type we need, to publish a million tracts a year. While in our seaside home, in the suburbs, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Johnson commenced a school, Mrs. Johnson retiring on account of her health. Mrs. Taylor took direction of the girls' school, a native lady doing the teaching. One severe spell followed another, and weakened her, till on the 19th of August, 1894, her light

went out, her work was done, and she was called up higher. Alone with four children, in a pagan land, I sold our home for more than we paid for it, and sent Tarleton and Mabel, with our neighbor, to the States for education and a mother's care. 'The two younger children live with me, and are cared for by a Brazilian woman. We have organized in Bahia mission, five churches and had some five hundred baptisms. Our press is the basis of our industrial school for boys and young ministers who work part of the day and study the rest. Many girls fold tracts, and thus pay expenses.

We are now hoping to give Brazil good Baptist literature. Pray for us, even that the work Mrs. Taylor did, may go on increasing, and may the Lord bless all your efforts to advance His kingdom.

The following is an extract from a private letter:

It is almost strange that your sisters of Georgia should have taken up my little ones as your legacy. It was a great pleasure to their mother and myself to give them a home training, to inspire them with a love for only good things and people. May the dear Lord bless their coming to you, and you be a blessing to them, is the prayer of their father,

Z. C. TAYLOR.

Concerning Mercer University.

I have something to say to the sisters which ought to interest them, and I say it with confidence, that it will be heeded. In twenty-five years of public life in the denomination, the sisters have never failed to respond to any call I ever made, and they will not fail now.

Mercer opens September 18th. There is now every indication that we will have a good attendance. The number of preachers will be much above an average. This is needful. There are 1,800 white Baptist churches in Georgia. They need trained pastors. One hundred preachers a year in Mercer would not be too many to supply our actual wants.

To care for these who are called of God, nearly all of whom are poor, will require much help.

The sisters can render excellent service by sending boxes of provisions, and making regular contributions. Not

one dollar will be given, except to a hard-working, earnest man. We mean to deal candidly with the young brethren, and with the denomination in the matter of ministerial education.

The schedule of work adopted by the Convention calls for a collection for Mercer University during the year, and also a collection for ministerial education. Both of these collections will be urgently needed. I count on the sisters of the societies to help, not only by giving, but by inducing the churches to give.

While we are working and planning for an advance in Georgia, let us remember that there can be no advance in the churches unless the leaders really lead. And to lead, our pastors need training. Mercer was founded, and is conducted primarily to give to the churches trained leaders. Money given to Mercer is given to every good thing.

J. B. GAMBRELL.

Mercer University.

Notes From Mexico.

The normal method has been adopted recently in Madero Institute, at Saltillo. They have enrolled ninety-nine students during the present session, which closes in November.

Mrs. J. D. Chastain spent the month of July with friends at Saltillo, taking some needed rest. Miss McDavid, one of the teachers there, returned home with her to Doctor Arroyo, for the same purpose.

Dr. W. D. Powell is sick in bed from overwork.

The annual business meeting of our Mexican mission will be held (D. V.) at Saltillo, in September. As business of great importance is to be disposed of, we are much pleased to hope for the presence of Dr. Willingham with us.

Mission work in Mexico seems to be taking on new life. Reports from almost all parts of the field are highly encouraging. The general bearing of the great mass of the people toward the gospel is undergoing a change; fanaticism is abating; the dark pall of ignorance and superstition is being lifted; congregations are growing, and baptisms are frequent. In many districts, more people were baptized, during the first quarter of this year, than during the entire year of '94, or any other previous year. Besides the great conference held at Tohica, in April,

for the discussion of the Holy Spirit, and prayer for His presence and power, and other similar meetings held this year for the same purpose, missionaries all over the republic have preached to their congregations on the subject. As a result of this great movement, we believe the Lord is making bare His arm for the deliverance of many deluded and lost sons and daughters of Mexico. Missionaries are working and praying and longing for a great uprising and mighty turning unto God in these dark ends of the earth. So mote it be, amen!

J. G. CHASTAIN.

Doctor Arroyo, Mexico, Aug. 15, 1895.

Notes From The Corresponding Secretary.

Sister Hudson reports a good woman's meeting in connection with the meeting of the Noonday association—a society organized in Lost Mountain church. Will not every other associational vice-president look diligently after woman's work in connection with the associational meetings.

Brother J. E. Chiles reports a new society organized in the Central Association—Hopewell church—Mrs. Mary Blackwell, President; Mrs. J. C. Coile, Secretary; P. O., Maxwell, Ga.

The church at Rutledge has a Woman's Mission Society, President, Mrs. J. S. Latimer, Rutledge, Ga.

Among the new societies we gladly record the Willing Workers, of Eaton. Miss Sara Lizzie Reid is their secretary.

Some one in proof of the failure of missions, has pointed out the brutality of the war between China and Japan and called attention to the gifts of Christians to missions in those countries with the question of Judas: "Why this waste?" for answer read this:

"Three centuries ago when the Japanese had won a victory in Corea they sent home the ears of 3,600 victims of the war as a trophy of their success. Now the best steamers of the Japanese Government are put at the service of the Red Cross Society, and as much care is taken of the Chinese sick and wounded as of the Japanese."

The old wornout preachers and their dependent loved ones! Let them not be forgotten by the societies. They have borne the heat and burden of the day, and spent with toil, are waiting the summons to the home of many mansions. One of their number with unfaltering faith said:

"I shall not want; whate'er is good
Of daily bread or angels' food
Shall to my father's child be sure,
So long as earth and Heaven endure."

But, when the Master said "The poor ye have always with you," he laid the cause of His needy servants upon his true followers. Send something for these who have given the dew of their youth and manhood's prime to preaching the gospel.

"What can I do? what can I give?," asks a sister away off in the country. One similarly situated tells this experience: "I had no money and I thought I had no way to make any, but I resolved to give God part of what I had. I laid aside one pound of butter out of every ten pounds; one egg out of every ten, and trusted God for an opportunity to use them for the spread of the gospel and the care of His suffering poor. In one way or another, opportunities have come and I've always had something ready to give."

The Woman's Mission Society, of the Milledgeville church, and others have given this past month a *practical* sermon from the text, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law." In the years to come when that distressed student lays sheaves at the Master's feet, the work of these faithful women will come to its fruitage. They can work and wait God's time in patience.

A new adaptation of the old caution, "Mind your p's and q's" is given thusly: "Some religionists are forever on their p's and q's. They must have the prominence and pre-eminence or they cry, '*persecution*.' They are full of questionings and querulous in their fault-findings of men and methods among the workers." Let us in the spirit of meekness, "mind our own p's and q's," and if we have any of the kind described, let us keep away from their use.

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

*Spent for
nothing useful*

THE MISSION MESSENGER.

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September.

MEXICO.—“I will bring the blind by a way they knew not.” Missionaries, 20; native assistants, 19; stations, 14; churches, 32; membership, 1,120; baptisms, 226; schools, 3; scholars, 102; Sunday-school scholars, 629. Contributions, \$1,817.38.

STUDY TOPICS.—Romanism fully developed. Sale of indulgences. The Black Christ of Toluca. Baptist beginnings. Baptist successes. Persecution of Rev. H. R. Moseley. Present condition of our work.

For want of space the Orphans' Home report for August was left out of the MESSENGER of that date. We hope this will not occur again.

Noonday Association.

The first Sunday in August the Noonday Association met with the Lost Mountain church. Dr. Gibson called the women together, at my request and gave an excellent talk on missions and what the women over the State were doing. After he left I tried to organize a missionary society. They promised they would meet the second Sunday in August. The pastor was very willing and anxious.

The Marietta Society does well. I think our church does very well on missions.

We have a Woman's building fund Society in our church. We have made and collected over twelve hundred dollars since they organized a few years ago. We have made over sixty-five since April.

Yours in the work,
JENNIE HUDSON.

News From the Field.

Rev. E. Torngrist, one of our former frontier missionaries, writes:

“Our work consists in teaching the Swedish people, in and around Austin, that Jesus wishes to be their personal Saviour, and that which we were taught from our childhood, viz.: that we were saved when we received infant baptism, and that we are Christians if we adhere to the Lutheran church, is not God's truth. Those who live and teach otherwise than the above, are considered by them to be delusive spirits, and any one who can do a Baptist harm of any kind is considered very God-fearing, and faithful to their religion.

“To give you an idea of the Swedish people in general, when unsaved, you can put them down, as near as possible, to the Catholics. What the priest says, is all that is of importance to them. The Bible is too hard for uneducated people to understand. You understand by this that there is much to do here on a field with from eight to ten thousand Swedish people, and I the only Baptist preacher.”

A Canadian missionary incidentally gives this glimpse of his home (?) life:

“My good wife and I have lived chiefly on fish, twenty-one times a week for six months. Fish and salt with a cup of tea; at times, no bread or vegetables at all. We live six months on fish and the other six months on reindeer and muskrats, gulls and owls—anything we can get—sometimes glad to get two meals a day. I have been in your penitentiaries, not unwillingly, and I have seen the food provided for the worst criminals. My wife and I would have been glad to had anything approaching what you give to your murderers and house-breakers. I have been three days without a mouthful.”

Speaking of the work of the Catholics among these Indians, the same missionary tells this incident:

“In one Indian village was a French priest, an earnest worker in his way, and very zealous for the ceremonies of the church, especially as regards Friday. The Indians were told never to eat meat on Friday; they were to eat fish only. That was all right for six months of the year, when they had any quantity of fish; but the other six months, when the ice was often ten

feet thick, it was rather difficult to get the required food. One Friday, this priest went into one of the wigwams, and found one of his best Indians, as he supposed, eating a piece of venison. The priest, with all the excitability of the Frenchman, flew around and said: ‘Didn't I tell you never to eat meat on Friday?’ The Indian carved off another piece, and said: ‘Him no meat; him fish.’ The priest said: ‘Can't I believe my eyes? You are eating venison.’ ‘Him no venison; him fish.’ ‘How do you know it?’ said the priest. The Indian replied: ‘You come to me awhile ago and said, “I want you to be one of my people.” I said, “What do you want to do?” “Why, to baptize you.” I said, “What is that you tell me? What will you pay me?” We talked about it, and you decided to give me a new shirt if I let you baptize me. I said, “Go ahead;” so you took water and went through your prayers, and baptized me, and you said, “I change you; you not Ookoosketoos any more—you Peter.” So I am Peter ever since. Friday come, and I have no fish, and I feel hungry, and I don't want to go all day without anything to eat; so thinks I, I fix him, and I get some water, and I take up that nice piece of venison, and I say, “You venison, are you? I fix you,” and I put water on him and baptize him, and make him fish, and I eat him.’”

Wire Grass Georgia.

Sister Wiggs, of Cochran—one of the Vice Presidents of the New Ebenezer Association—is a very busy woman, but she finds time to work among the churches and write for *The Watchman*, and to cheer up the Corresponding Secretary with a good, long letter. I am doubly in her debt for introducing me by letter to those workers in the Corinth and Old Midway churches. I want the name and post office address of at least one wide awake, energetic sister in each church in that section. So many new comers are entering Georgia we Baptist sisters must join hands from the mountains on the north and the hills and valleys of the central to the extreme southern borders and keep our work “for God and home and every land” abreast, aye, ahead o the tide of immigration. Sisters and brethren in Wire grass Georgia, help me to get these names.

Mrs. J. B. GAMBRELL,
Macon, Ga.

ORPHANS' HOME DEPARTMENT.

MRS. J. B. HAWTHORNE - - - PRESIDENT.
MRS. SAM LUMPKIN, COR. SEC. (Sup. Court).
MRS. A. J. MOORE, TREASURER, 114 Crew St.

"Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me."

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. 12:3.

Orphan's Home Department.

Mrs. L. H. Thomas, of Milledgeville, writes after reading letter in MESSENGER, "I spoke to the children and proposed to them to work for a bedstead. They were delighted and went right to work. Please find enclosed eight dollars from class; we hope shortly to send the remaining two." Thank you and your class, dear sister, may the Lord bless and prosper you.

M. E. H.

From the Orphanage.

The Father is continuing to bless us through His people, who kindly give us the necessaries of life. Our health is moderately good. Only one girl very sick. We trust that in course of a few weeks she will be strong and well. Our medical friends are so kind to us and cheerfully give their attention to our children whenever it is needed. We do so appreciate the kindness of Dr. Crenshaw. We have had dental work done this month and Dr. Crenshaw is so kind, courteous and sympathetic. His willing, cheerful attention to that work was all that a Christian could give. We thank him so much.

We have had visits from several from different parts of the State, and I believe it does them good as well as we who receive the visits. I wish more of our pastors and church workers would come to the Home while they are in the city. Come! see! and believe that we need your help.

Some two months ago there came to us Brother Smith, of Locust Grove, with several of his friends. They spent an hour or more with us. The results of that visit have been many and generous. "He told it to others" and such nice vegetables, fruits and groceries have been the happy results.

Brother J. B. W. Graham, of Unadilla, has made us a pleasant visit. We are thankful for Brother Graham. He was instrumental in sending us a supply to keep our table for a week.

Then when he came he brought from his people money for "one bed," and to help repaid others. "The half has not been told." I will tell it next time, and let you see what great workers we have at Locust Grove and Unadilla. The brass slab on bed will have engraved upon it the charming name of "Unadilla" and date. How pleasant to do the Master's work!

Rev. Bryant Collier, pastor of Decatur Baptist Church, visited us with Mrs. T. A. Collier, of Griffin, and Mrs. Mc. Andreson, of Macon. The writer had the pleasure of attending Brother Collier's Sunday-school and church services. It was enjoyed indeed. Then too, I trust, I made more friends for our Orphanage. Mrs. Park Harper, of the city, has given us the pleasure of a visit from her. She never comes empty handed. She clothes one of our little girls and brought her a fan and parasol. All for her very own and a happier owner of fan and parasol is not to be found. Mrs. Parker has also sent garments for the little girl's comfort.

Mrs. W. H. Strickland, of Decatur, sent us peaches. Mrs. J. H. James, watermelons.

The Woman's Missionary Society of Covington has sent such nice articles of clothing to one of our larger and best girls. Little Alfred Seals, of Inman Park, remembered one of our babies by sending him some pretty waists and a hat.

Our friends from Griffin, Ga., sent us a box weighing 550 pounds, containing three hams, all kind of vegetables, eggs, jelly and cloth. "We guess Santa Claus must live there, and told them what we needed," was remarked by one of the inmates of the Home. Dear old Santa is a knowing old fellow and I hope he will speak out in all of our Baptist churches and tell what is needed at the Orphanage.

Mrs. T. J. Collier, Griffin, Ga., 25 cents.

Mrs. J. D. Easterlin, city, clothing.

Mrs. Preston Westmoreland, clothing. Social Union, First Baptist Church, always responds cheerfully and generously to the needs of the girl they clothe.

Mission Workers, Second Church, clothing and shoes.

Mrs. Lumpkin still remembers the Home constantly by sending vegetables.

Miss Louise Phiffer, of Gainesville, Ga., visited the Home and fell in love with one of our babies. Last week a beautiful little white duck suit came from her to the little fellow. How happy he was, for they were his first trousers.

The Woman's Home Mission Society of Clarkston sent in a quilt this week.

Our appreciation for such gifts are deep and sincere. We don't need quilts so much as sheets and counterpanes. But from what I hear of Unadilla church we will be nearly supplied with sheets. So that leaves the privilege to you of sending counterpanes.

Our orphan children have such nice friends in the members of the prominent firm of Douglas, Thomas & Davison. This firm gave free tickets to our children to their soda fount. While this place cannot be excelled in popularity and every day attests the fact, still we doubt if there was ever a happier crowd gathered at this "pleasure-giving fount." The knowledge of the "sweet charity" of this firm, of which this is a small incident compared to many, makes us rejoice with new interest in the popularity and great success of this firm. We thank them so much for the pleasure they gave the little ones in our care.

In September our children will enter public school. All but the very small ones. How many books it will take to supply them!! What a demand on our treasury! Unless you who can will help us. Let us see how many that will be. We will need something of everything from First Grade up to Eighth Grade. Each one interested in our Home look through your books and see how many you can send to the Orphanage. I know we have so many friends among our little Baptist children who will find it such a pleasure to help our orphans. We will be so grateful for the help.

M. B. M.

The Theological School in Mercer University last winter was a great success. One student, an earnest country pastor, says: "The lectures of last term did me as much good as five years of study at home." The cost was \$25 for two months. It is hoped to have one hundred of our excellent pastors in this school next winter, beginning January 8th. This is the way to help all our interests.

Notes from the Corresponding Secretary.

Continued from Third Page.

W. S. Lancaster, Hawkinsville, Ga.: The student struggling to prepare himself to preach, returns thanks for your gift.

"He liveth long who liveth well,
All else in life but flung away;
He liveth long, who can tell,
Of true things, truly done, each day!"

Mrs. Emma Smith writes: "Our society is still at work and growing in numbers and interest. I am hopeful."

Francis de Sales said: "Great occasions of serving God present themselves seldom, but little ones frequently." Have you ever thought to thank God for giving you these *little* occasions for serving—and giving them every day, every hour? That is the true spirit—to serve gladly in *little* things. I believe it is Rose Terry Cook who says: "Daily, hourly, loving and giving, in the poorest life makes heavenly living."

A bereaved brother said: "Oh, if I had spoken to my friend of my love for him before he died, I could better bear his death. I loved him because he *fed my soul* and helped me to a higher, better life—but I never once told him so." Oh, the pity of saving all the precious sweetness to pour it out on the coffin and grave. Christ commended the anointing to His burial while yet His humanity could rejoice in the sweet odor. We all do well to remember and speak the tender word to living ears.

"Oh, how many hearts are breaking!
Oh how many hearts are aching
For a loving touch and token,
For the word you might have spoken!
Say not in the time of sorrow,
'I will soothe their grief to-morrow.'
Prove your friendship, lest they doubt it;
Go at once; be quick about it!"

Many of the societies sent in reports too late to be embodied in my quarterly report. This month closes the quarter. Blank forms will be mailed to each society and children's band. If there have been any changes in officers or post office address, please notify me at once. I want to reach by letter every society and receive a reply, and if I have the names or addresses incorrect on my books, I shall fail and besides waste my time, stationery and postage. So again I beg *please* notify me *at once* of any change.

Mrs. J. B. GAMBRELL,
Mercer University, Macon, Ga.

News from Missionaries.

"My field of labor is in the Southeast boundary of the Short Mountain Association, west of the Frisco Railroad, in the Choctaw nation. I am the first Baptist who ever preached here. I baptized seventy-two last season, and my work this year is very encouraging; the people all seem to be in fine spirits, but they are all very poor and cannot do much for a preacher, but the Lord has blessed us, although I often wonder how I shall be supplied with food and raiment; but God has opened the hearts of His children and they have sent me help. If it had not been for your kindness to me and family last winter in sending us some clothing, we would indeed have suffered.

I am in a bad condition at present. I have a large family and they look to me for support. It is even hard to get bread crops, and last year everybody had to buy bread and there is very little to buy. In all our poverty-stricken condition the Lord has never forsaken me, blessed be His name! Our food is bread and milk, and our raiment is just what we can get, but we have promise of better comfort in the future. You don't know the great good you sisters are doing unless you could come out here and see the condition of the people."

This from one of our substitutes on the frontier ought to help us to see our duty.

Here is another wherein one may read between the cheerful lines a story of privation bravely borne for Christ's sake: "As to the field, it is one of destitution. The people are very poor and homeless, and can never own land so long as this territory is under the present form of government. The people are therefore, transient, so you can see this is a hard field. They have poor houses in which to live, and no church house in a great many places. I have a large tent in which I hold meetings in the summer. The Lord has blessed my work. I baptized one hundred and nine persons last year. There were one hundred and eighty conversions and most of the converts joined the Baptist church."

DEAR MESSENGER.—Will you bear a message from me to the societies of our State?

Dr. P. H. Mell, Jr., of Auburn, Ala., has recently published a life of his re-

verend father, Dr. P. H. Mell, Sr. It is a neatly-bound, well-gotten-up book, and gives in a condensed form the chief points in the life of this distinguished Georgia Baptist. It is a book that will be of absorbing interest to thousands of those who have loved and honored Dr. Mell; it ought to be placed in wide circulation, for it is a history of a singularly useful and successful life. It will inspire a young man with new courage and hope to read such a biography, and every Christian will find pleasure and profit in its perusal. Dr. Mell makes a magnificent offer to the missionary and aid societies. He proposes not to make money himself, but to aid in mission and church work, so he proposes to give forty per cent of all sales of the book to those who sell it. The price is one dollar, and if you can sell a book for that sum, send him sixty cents, and keep the remaining forty cents to aid in your own society work. Is not this a splendid opportunity? I earnestly hope the sisters will take hold of it and accomplish a double good. Send for the book to Dr. P. H. Mell, A. and M. College, Auburn, Ala.

Dr. Mell will send a copy of the book to any president or secretary of the society who will try to sell them in her community. This enterprise ought to be eminently successful in Georgia, for this was the native state, and field of labor of this distinguished minister, and peerless parliamentarian. No one loved, or labored more for the cause of Christ than did Dr. Mell, and it seems peculiarly fitting that this biography, the tribute of a devoted son, should be used to forward the progress of missions. I earnestly hope to see much good accomplished by the generous offer made by Prof. Mell.

And now dear sisters of the Fifth District please remember the time for preparation of boxes for missionaries is at hand. And also the season of annual associations is here; let us be diligent lest we fall short in our efforts for the Master.

Asking your prayers, I am yours in the work,

Mrs. D. B. FITZGERALD.

Should any of our subscribers fail to get their paper, they will please notify Mrs. John D. Easterlin, 480 Jackson street, Atlanta, and she will remedy the difficulty at once with pleasure.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The object of this department is to encourage the work for missions among children and young people.

I earnestly solicit communications from all who are interested in children's work.

Address MRS. S. E. SELKIRK,
92 South Pryor St.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Jesus' Seat.

Far, far away o'er the deep blue sea,
Lived a man who was kind as kind could be;
He loved little children and spread every day
A table from which none went empty away.
Poor children came in from alley and street,
With rags on their backs, and no shoes on their feet;
Girls and boys, large and small, some naughty and some rude,
But John Falk loved them all, and did them all good.
And while they were eating, he often would tell
Of the Lord Jesus Christ, who on earth did once dwell;
How He loved little children—each one of them there
He was watching from heaven with the tenderest care—
And how happy and blest would be the child's part
Who would let that dear Saviour come dwell in his heart.
Each day when the children assembled to eat,
He taught them to offer this grace for their meat:
"Bless, Jesus, the food thou hast given us to-day,
And come and sup with us, dear Jesus, we pray."
But once when the children had finished this prayer,
One poor little fellow stood still by his chair
For a moment, then ran to the closet where stood
The bright cups of tin and the platters of wood.
"Now what is the matter?" said Falk to the child.
The little one looked on his kind face and smiled:
"We asked the Lord Jesus, just now, in our grace,
To sup with us here; but we've given Him no place.

If He should come in, how sad it would be!
But I'll put Him a stool close here beside me."
Then the boy, quiet, contented, sat down to his food;
He was hungry and tired, and his supper was good!
But a few moments after he heard at the door
A knock, low and timid, one knock, and no more,
He started to open it, hoping to meet The Lord Jesus Christ come to look for His seat:
But when it was open he no more could see
But a poor child, much poorer than he; His face blue with hunger, his garments, so old
Were dripping with rain, and he shivered with cold;
"Come in," cried the boy, in a tone of delight,
"I suppose the Lord Jesus could not come here to-night,
Though we asked him to come and partake of our bread,
So He's just sent you down to us here in His stead.
The supper is good and we'll each give you some,
And tell the Lord Christ we are glad you have come."
From that time, when the children assembled to eat,
There was always one place called the "Lord Jesus' seat."
And the best that they had was placed there each day
For one who was poorer and hungrier than they.
And the Lord Jesus Christ, in reply to their grace,
Sent always some one to sit in His place;
And sweet was the food that the Lord did provide
For the stranger He sent them to eat at their side.
Dear friends who have read this short story, you know
The words that our Saviour once spake when below.
If we wish for His presence to hallow our bread,
We must welcome the stranger, He sends in His stead,
When we set out our feasts, this our motto must be,
"As ye do to my poor, ye have done unto me!" FRANCIS EASTWOOD.

If I Were.

If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I would do,
I'd seek the whitest lily
The sunny woodland through.
Stealing in among them,
The softest light I'd shed
Until each graceful lily
Raised its drooping head.
If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I would go;
Into the lonely hovels,
All dark with want and woe,
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I then would shine and shine,
Then they would think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

—Selected.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—Your vacation is over, and now with happy hearts and bright faces, many of you have begun a new school year.

I hope you have had a pleasant holiday, and are now ready to do much good work for yourselves, as well as for the pleasure of others.

I should be so pleased to have you write to me, telling me how and where you have spent the time.

I know some little Sunbeams have had a nice time, for they have sent their earnings saying, "We have not forgotten that we should try to do something for somebody every day, and we are trying to earn some missionary pennies."

Working for others, dear children, you will find to be the true secret of happiness.

Did you ever think of how little our blessed Saviour did for Himself?

All through the sultry days of this summer, as well as the chilling winds of the past winter, there has been a little sad face going about the streets of Atlanta, giving us a lesson of patient endurance. She carries a little basket of matches, aprons, etc., trying to earn a scant living for the poor blind father (who she leads from door to door) and the mother and little sisters at home. She stops no one to tell of her sad lot, but thinking of her loved ones she plods the weary way. A look from the little wan face, is an appeal to a sympathetic heart. What a ray of sunshine when a kind word is spoken or some of her little wares taken.

Suppose all the little Sunbeams of Atlanta would deny themselves a street

car ride, or a glass of soda water now and then, and give their pennies to some of God's poor. How much sunshine they would make.

All over our land there are many of "God's little Jewels" longing for help and sympathy, therefore, let no member of any Sunbeam Band say, "There is nothing for me to do"—but Let the sixty minutes as they fly Record some good deed in God's book on high.

DEAR MRS. GAMBRELL:—Our society meets regularly, Monday after the 4th Sunday. We study the subjects for each month as prepared by Woman's Missionary Union. We subscribe for the literature prepared at mission rooms, Baltimore, MISSION MESSENGER, (sent up one club and getting up another) and our church is *thoroughly* supplied with *Foreign Mission Journal* and *Index*. There are forty-four *Journals* and as many or more copies of the *Index* coming regularly to our homes. We hope for much good through their channels. We have just purchased in our society a missionary map of the world, which will be a valuable aid in our studies of the various fields. We have pledged one year's tuition (\$10.00) for one of the boys in dear Sister Pruitt's class, Hoohang, Hein, China. These boys are of Christian parents and must be educated in Christian schools or else have their minds poisoned in their own schools and made to worship Confucius. Their parents are not able to pay their board and tuition. Are there not eleven other societies in Georgia willing to invest \$10.00 each this way? I hope so. Yours sincerely,

MRS. M. H. EDWARDS.

"Occasional" in the *Baptist Watchman* pays this tribute to the worth of the Vice President of woman's work in Baptist Union Association:

"Sister Duchess Williams is indeed a pearl of great price when considered as a Sunday-school teacher, or church worker in any other respect. She knows how to interest the boys and girls, and if one don't know his lesson when she is done with him, it is his own fault."

"Sisters, let us be alert and earnest in our work. There is no time to notice or answer adverse criticisms.

"This one thing I do" said the great apostle, let the *one thing* to us be to push the work for the Master, remembering—He cometh again, and we are to look for and love His appearing.

M. G.

The Reflex Influence of Mission Work.

"There was a man some called him mad,
The more he cast away the more he had."

"Give and it shall be given unto you," are the words of our Saviour. We like to take a retrospect of the mission field in which we have labored in the years past and see the fruits.

The Lord is very gracious. For our labor and our pains and our prayers he gives us reward sufficient to encourage us—or rather lead us on; something in sight, something we know and realize.

Three years ago I moved from the country to Canton, and organized a Woman's Missionary Society, and Sunbeam Society. Both are still alive and in a healthy condition. Many is the dollar and the penny that has gone out to help spread the gospel. That was cast upon the waters in faith; we know not where it landed nor how much good it did, but it is the reflex influence we would now consider; how much good has been left behind.

Judging the tree by its fruits our members are stronger spiritually. At first there was only one or two members in each society who would lead in prayer or take any active part in the exercises; now there are a number who will willingly do so. In consequence of their efforts to comply with any duty imposed, others are strengthened; the body is stronger; the work is upon a stronger foundation. We know from experience that those active members are stronger spiritually than they were.

In the Sunbeam Society there are three boys some fifteen or sixteen years old who conduct the devotional exercises without hesitation. The prayers of those boys, made not in eloquence of words, but in humility of spirit is an inspiration to their comrades, a beautiful lesson of faith and duty to older persons.

These are the fruits. This is the reflex influence. It is a good work done even if there was nothing sent to the mission fields abroad.

MRS. L. RICHARDS.

A Chinaman applied for the position of cook in a family which belonged to a fashionable church. The lady asked him:

"Do you drink whieky?"

"No, I elistian man."

"Do you play cards?"

"No, I elistian man."

He was engaged and, found honest and capable. By-and-by, the lady gave a progressive enchre party, with wine accompaniments, John did his part acceptably, but the next morning he appeared before his mistress.

"I want quit."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"I a clistian man, I told you so before. No heathen. No workee for 'Melican heathen!"—Selected.

LOW RATES FOR BOSTON.

\$25 Round Trip via Southern Railway.

Account of the Knights Templars conclave at Boston, the Southern railway announces very low round trip rates from Atlanta as follows:

For individual tickets, \$25 round trip; for party tickets for ten or more people traveling together, \$22 round trip. These tickets will be sold August 23d, 24th and 25th; good to return until September 10th, 1895. The route is via Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

For information and schedules apply to A. A. Vernoy, passenger agent; W. H. Tayloe, district passenger agent, Southern railway, Atlanta, Ga.

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