

THE MISSION MESSENGER.

"Speak unto the Children of Israel that they Go Forward."

Entered at the Post Office as second class matter.

VOLUME 8.

AUGUSTA, GA., SEPTEMBER, 1904.

NUMBER 9

A PRAYER.

Heavenly Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Trough the desert where I stray,
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

Lord, uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way.
Guide me through preplexing snares,
Care for me, in all my cares.

All I ask for is enough,
Only when the way is rough.
Let Thy rod and staff impart,
Strength and courage to my heart.

Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree,
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify Thy name.

Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near,
In the course my Savior trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

The crosses of the present always bring their own special grace and consequently comfort with them. We see the hand of God in them when it is laid upon us. But the crosses of anxious foreboding are seen out of the dispensation of God; we see them without grace to bar them; we see them indeed through a faithless spirit which banishes grace, so everything in them is bitter and unendurable; all seems dark and helpless. Let us throw self aside, no more self-interest, and then God's will unfolding every moment in everything, will console us also every moment, for all that He shall do around us, or within us, for our discipline.

— Finelove.

Be of good faith, my dear friends, look not out at anything; fear none of those things you may be exposed to suffer, either outwardly or inwardly; but trust the Lord over all, and your life will spring and grow, and refresh you, and you will learn obedience and faithfulness daily more and more, even by your exercises and sufferings; yea, the Lord will teach you the very mystery of faith and obedience, the wisdom, power, love and goodness of the Lord, ordering every thing for you, and ordering your heart in everything.

I. Penington.

FROM MR. GEIL.

Mountains of the Moon, Kabarole, Kingdom of Toro.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1903.

To Special American and Australian Friends:

Most cordial greeting:—This letter, the last which I shall be able to write until after I have passed through the dense woodlands of the Pigmies, is being written by the *Mountains of the Moon*. A thousand miles into the heart of Africa I have safely come, and on Monday next, the Lord willing, my course shall lie along the East side of the Ruwenzori, or as referred to by the ancients, the Mountains of the Moon; thence around the North end of Albert Edward Nyanza, across the deceptive Semliki to Fort Mbeni in the Congo Free State and on the edge of Dwarf-land. There are three routes from the Capital of Toro into the Pigmy Forest. The Southern, which I have mentioned; the Northern by Mbogo and Fort Bodo; and a third due West from Kabarole through a pass of the Ruwenzori over eight thousand feet above the sea. This latter is said to be now almost impassable, and in the North there have been some recent troubles with savage tribesmen. There is another reason, however, for my selecting the Southern route. It will enable me to get considerable information concerning Protestant Missions on the Mountains of the Moon.

Organda missions. The story of Christian Missions in Uganda is one of the most encouraging and thrilling in the whole history of efforts to Christianize heathen and savage races. Thirteen years ago there were but a few hundred Christians, if that many, while now there are over a hundred thousand; and superstition, mutilation of human bodies, and a multitude of other evils have been displaced by Christian customs and environment. In the Protectorate of Uganda at the present time the four great native kings are professing Christians, as are their prime ministers. The native church is self-supporting, but during recent months a very serious and disconcerting element has appeared. It is that of the dreaded and dreadful Sleeping Sickness. An expert, Col. Bruce, has finally discovered that Sleeping Sickness is due to a germ called Trypanasoma inserted into blood by the tsetse fly. The best statistics available indicate that already over sixty thousand persons have died of the disease. When the victim has been bitten, the Trypanasoma may be in the blood for

some months without expressing itself on the feelings of the person. Then there comes a slight swelling of the lymphatic glands and a tremor of the body with a listlessness and a desire to sleep. As the patient passes through the various stages he becomes mentally affected and dies. There is no cure for the disease; if a person gets Sleeping Sickness, it invariably ends in death. Several white people have been found with this Trypanasoma in the blood. In the Sesse Islands, an archipelago in Victoria Nyanza, whole villages have been wiped out, and in some instances whole islands depopulated. The spread of the disease has been exceedingly rapid and fatal during the last three months. Native pastors have died; their congregations have died and the sleeping sickness is seriously interfering with the missionary work along the lake shore.

It is quite impossible for me to give any very extended account in this letter of the great work of the Church of England in Uganda, but later it shall be brought very clearly to your attention. I spent a week at Mengo, the capital, entertained at Bishop's Court by Bishop Tucker. A wonderful week was that. On Sunday by his invitation I spoke in the great Cathedral occupying a lofty situation on the Hill of Peace. The attendance was over two thousand, the service was assisted by an American organ, and almost the entire congregation was dressed in American cloth from South Carolina.

From Mengo I started with my caravan overland to Kabarole, the capital of Toro, visiting mission stations en route and obtaining most interesting and encouraging items. And now we are about to dive into the great forest, and when safely through it, down the rapid Aruwimi to the Congo. Of all this great journey around the world most persons would consider this the most dangerous part. I expect to pass safely through. For journeying mercies thus far received from the King of Glory I am profoundly thankful. Will you continue to pray that this trip may be even a still greater success in the future than in the past? I am accumulating information of vast importance, and with the blessing of God shall use it by pen and lip in the years to come.

And now with great confidence that the Lord will continue His blessing I mail this last letter until I have crossed the woodlands of the Pigmies.

Most sincerely yours on the King's business.
WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL.

THIRTEEN HUNDRED MILES ON THE
MIGHTY CONGO.

*Mr. Geil Sends Cordial Greeting to His
Australian and American Friends.*

The Congo river with its four thousand islands and its five thousand miles of waterways, including tributaries, makes a great artery for travel and commerce. It has also been very serviceable for the establishment of Missions. Here again I find much to say with little opportunity because of space to tell it in. At Stanleyville, I found an R. C. church and the priest doing good work. Here a railway is in course of construction, the other terminus of which will be Ponthierville, a hundred and forty kilometres distant. This line of iron is being laid to expedite transportation past the cataracts. I went out on the road as far as the rails were laid and learned that twenty-three hundred black workmen were employed and thirty whites. This is a very remarkable performance in the heart of Darkest Africa.

At Yakusa, which is only a few hours down the river from Stanley Falls, the English Baptists have a successful Missionary work. Their property fortunately contains many monster ant-hills, three of which furnish the clay for building the Ant Hill Church, capable of seating about five thousand savages. It is a beautiful building, with open cloisters on either side, where day-school classes are held as well as in the building. I here attended a mammoth Young People's Meeting. Hundreds packed the building, sat in the windows, and stood in the doors. It was the largest naked congregation I have ever seen in a church building. They sang with volume and melody and the speakers, some young women, and others young men, spoke to the point and held the audience spellbound.

I am convinced that at Yakusa spiritual matters are converging towards a great awakening at no far distant time.

Here the secretary had some fever, and I had two attacks. Through the kindness of the Missionaries the fever germs were destroyed and the continuation of this great African trans-continental journey made possible. I wish that all of my friends might visit Yakusa, and see the beautiful brick fabrics erected by ex-cannibals and other converted and unconverted savages, attend the proper day schools, the crowded church services, the packed young people's meetings, and some of the frequent brick-bat fights between the different tribes. The Spirit of God is certainly convincing of sin and endorsing the preaching and teaching of the word.

Further down the river I stopped where a number of natives had recently been shot by black soldiers in command of a white officer of the Government. So barbarous was the behavior of the cannibal soldiery, and this with the consent of the white officer, that bodies were hacked in pieces and the

more suitable and dainty morsels carried off by the ferocious soldiers and eaten. I am glad to say that the white men who perpetrated this foul and inhuman deed have been arrested and will be submitted for trial.

Having continued the journey down the river, I saw a beautiful baptism service being conducted by the Disciples Mission. The Disciples have wisely made a specialty of the medical work and have sent Missionary Surgeons. A remarkable awakening occurred recently, the natives crowded the preaching places, and a large number professed conversion. I think some three score, possibly four score, have already been immersed into the membership of the Congo Disciples Church. This mission has certainly been a great success which it is hoped will lead that denomination to widely extend its work in the Great Congo Basin.

Then there is to be mentioned the work of the American Presbyterian Church South. They have had occasion far up the Kasai River, which is an important tributary of the Congo, to erect a place of worship seating

considerable attention on the part of a traveler observing missions. The last to be mentioned is the group of mission stations, supported by the American Baptists. The story of the great Richards and his faithful collaborators at Banza Manteke is worth re-telling a thousand times. The influence of that marvelously successful and encouraging spiritual revival has been permanent and wide spread, even leading to a somewhat corresponding movement in Portuguese Territory, under the able guidance of Phillips and others. We may safely assert that thousands of savages were converted to Christianity then and since as the result of the faithful preaching of the Gospel by American and English Baptists.

The woman's work and the work by women at Banza Manteke under Miss Mabie, M. D. and others has resulted in remarkable statistics, and a profound influence on the native races; the work of the Christian woman, whether on the Lower or Upper Congo, is beyond all praise. One marvels that they get on so well in the pernicious climate, and one greatly rejoices that they are at least as suc-



SHINTO SHRINE, KUMAMOTO, JAPAN.

fifteen hundred people. The recent disaster to their steamer was a very sad affair. I am convinced that the Missionary Captain did his very best to avoid the capsizing of his ship, but the ship was caught in a strong and very treacherous current, and before anything could be done, the passengers and others were submerged. More than a score of lives were lost, among them a missionary who was just coming to his field of labor. I know something about the uncertainty of navigation on the Congo and can sympathize with the Christian skipper of the "Lapsley."

I would like to say much about the Balola Mission located on three tributaries of the Congo and at Leopoldville-on-the-Pool, but will have to content myself with a very full report of this marvelous journey when my book on across Africa is published. Then there is the excellent work of the Swedish Mission on the lower Congo, to be mentioned, and also that of the American Christian Alliance with headquarters at Boma and fifteen branches. All of the work deserves

successful in their special missionary work as are the male members of the staff. I am profoundly thankful for the great privilege of crossing Tropical Africa and of seeing the splendid self-sacrifice and high devotion of the Christian Missionaries, the commendable behavior of native converts, and witnessing the result of the mighty and transforming power of the Holy Spirit.

And it is my earnest prayer that any reputation that may attach to me as the result of these extensive travels may be used to the glory of God.

Prayfully yours,

WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL.

David Brainer is known as the "Missionary of the Wilderness." He labored among the Indians of New York and New Jersey, spent much time in the woods alone with God, interceding for his work: He died at 29, but his beautiful young life was a powerful incentive to others.

RECEIPTS OF W. M. U. FROM JUNE

15th TO JULY 15th, 1904.

Foreign Missions.—Monroe, \$5.40; New Hope, North, \$1.17; New Hope, North, Y. P. Band, 69c.; Friendship, \$1.00; Madison, (Mrs. McCollum,) \$4.00; Monticello, (Japan, \$8.55; Lyleryly \$1.50; Trion, \$3.70; Summerville, \$3.70; Summerville, Y. P. Band, \$2.14; Pleasant Grove, \$4.00; 1st Gainesville, \$5.80; Rome, \$25.00; Cedar Creek, \$1.00; Warrenton, Baby Roll, 75c.; Maxeys \$2.65; Woodlawn Sunbeams, (Mrs. Sears Bible Women,) \$6.12; Louisville, \$1.25; Duharts (Native helper,) \$4.25; Midville, \$5.40; Jackson, \$13.00; Ocilla, \$3.15; Sylvester, (Miss Kennon,) \$12.00; Guyton, \$3.75; Turkey Branch, \$1.00; Sylvania, \$1.00; Cartersville, \$11.60; Classville, \$1.20; West End, \$12.15; West End, L. D. C., (Work in Japan,) \$5.00; Thomaston, \$1.25; Cental, \$4.05; Central Fruits Sunbeams, \$1.00; Capital ave., \$4.92; Antioch, \$3.00; Seond Atlanta, \$5.75; Adrian, \$4.20; Friendship, \$1.80; Tennille Sunbeams, 19c; Personal, \$6.00; Mrs. W. W. Ashburn, (Chapcl in Pingtu,) \$55.00. Total, \$239.08.

Home Missions.—Lyleryly, \$1.50; New Hope North Y. P. Band, 70c.; Chelsea, \$1.00; Snimerville, \$4.66; Summerville Y. P. Band, \$2.90; Warrenton Baby Roll, 75c.; County Line Church, (Church Building in Cuba,) \$1.20; Greensboro, \$5.30; Waynesboro, (Cuba,) \$11.95; Hepzibah, G. M. S. (Cuba,) 50c. Hepzibah Sunbeams, 50c.; Cordele, (Cuba,) \$1.75; Turkey Branch, \$1.00; Sylvania, \$1.00; Cassville, \$1.00; Marietta, \$5.00; South Side, \$4.00; Hamilton Busy Bees, \$5.00; Thomaston, \$1.25; Social Circle, \$5.90; Stone Mountain, \$2.00; Second Atlanta, \$2.50; Tennille, \$10.00; Jewels, (Cuba,) \$5.50. Total, \$76.86.

Stote Missions.—Climax, \$3.00; New Hope North, \$4.00; Statesboro, Kings Helpers, \$5.00; Eatonton, \$9.70; Trion, \$3.70; Chelsers, \$1.00; First Gainesville, \$8.15; Rose Hill, \$5.00; First Carrollton, 55c.; Jennings, \$2.20; Waynesboro, \$4.90; Mill Creek, \$1.90; Norman Park, W. W. Band, \$3.00; Turkey Branch, \$1.00; Sylvania, \$1.45; Corrinth, 90c.; Cairo, \$5.00; Dexter, \$1.35; Rockman, \$7.00; Rockmart Sunbeams, \$1.15; Thomaston, \$1.25; Mt. Zion, \$5.27; Jackson Hill, Atlanta, \$5.00; Crawford Juvenils, \$1.26; Long Cane, \$5.00; Tennille \$10.00; Friendship, \$1.50; Long Creek, \$2.55; Jewells Sunbeams, \$1.92. Total \$103.70.

Orphans' Homes. — Higgston Sunbeams, \$10.70; Cedar Creek, \$1.00; Cordele, \$1.55; Norman Park, W. W. Band, \$2.00; Quitman, Sunbeams, (Belle Howell,) \$12.00; Tennille, \$10.00; Hamilton Busy Bees, \$3.00; Lagrange \$5.00; Mrs. A. L. Mason, 15c. Total \$45.40.

Ministerial Relief. — Lyberty, \$1.55; New Hope North, \$1.00; Rome, \$2.00; Perry, \$5.00; Central \$1.95. Lavonia, \$3.90. Total \$15.40.

Medical Missionary. —Wotkinsville, \$1.00; Statesboro, \$3.45; Madison, 60c.; Waynesboro, \$10.00; Ocilla, \$3.50; Acworth, \$10.00; Jackson Hill, Atlanta, \$2.00; First Athens, \$5.65; Adrian, \$1.00. Total, \$37.20.

Monroe College. — Statesboro (Dormitory,) \$14.00; Antioch, \$3.95; Antioch Sunbeams, 24c.; New Home North, \$1.00; Trion, \$3.80; Chelsea, \$1.00; Mrs. A. H. Strickland, \$1.00; Frindship \$2.20; Hawkinsville, \$13.20; Hainassee, \$1.10; Jackson Hill, Atlanta, (Dormitory,) \$1.00; 1st Athens, \$2.10; Long Canc \$2.00. Total, \$46.59.

Mercer University.—Vineville, \$9.00.

Lady Frontier.—Watkinsville, \$1.00; Madison, \$2.00; Trion, \$3.70; Mrs. A. H. Strickland, \$1.00; Decatur, \$10.50; Temple, \$2.50; Temple, Y. L. S. \$4.00. Total, \$24.70.

Self Denial.—Lyleryly, \$1.25.

Tichenor Memorial.—Ola Evans, \$1.25.

Total for Missions, \$600.43.

Boxes to Orphans' Home, First Church Valdosta, \$14.40.

Grand Total, \$614.83.

RECEIPTS OF W. M. U. FROM JULY 15,
AUG. 15.

Mrs. J. C. Howard, Treas.

Foreign Missions. — Long Creek, \$1.95; Crawford, \$4.50; First Athens, (Bible Woman,) \$30.00; West End, L. D. C. S. (Mrs. Clark,) \$5.00; Social Circle, \$5.65; Forsyth, \$5.00; First Cartersville, \$7.00; Sparks, 50c.; Fitzgerald, (Native Helper,) \$12.50; Hartwell, \$4.60; Waynesboro, \$3.10; Wadley, \$7.00; Augusta, \$29.00; White Plains, \$1.80; Harlem, \$1.50; First Rome, \$25.00; Cedar Creek, \$1.00; Midway, \$5.05; Bainbridge, \$25.00. Total, 175.15.

Home Missions. — Powers, \$3.00, Ten Mile Creek, \$8.00; Crawford, \$4.50, Bark Camp, \$3.00; Sparks, 50c.; Fitzgerald Sunbeams, \$4.26; Hartwell, (Cuba,) \$3.00; Louisville, \$1.20; Harlem, \$1.00; Griffin, G. M. S. \$2.95; Hepzibah, \$2.64; Winder, \$1.50; Barnesville, \$11.10; Penbroke, \$2.00. Total \$48.65.

State Missions.—Crawford Juvenils, 97c; Mrs. T. N. Sanford, \$3.00; Kirkwood, \$4.00; Hamilton, \$5.00; Lime Stone, \$1.20; Valdosta, \$10.00; Goloid, \$12.04; Sparks, 50c.; Waynesboro, \$3.35; First Carrollton, 90c.; Harlem, \$1.50; First Gainesville, \$3.66; Greensboro, \$4.80; Cuthbert, \$4.00. Total, \$54.92.

Orphans' Home—Valdosta, \$10.00; Sparks, 50c.; Vienna, (Charlie Sockwell,) \$5.00; Cedar Creek, \$1.00; Mrs. A. H. Strickland, \$1.00; Total, \$17.50.

Medical Missionary.—Lavonia, \$15.00; 1st Athens \$12.17; 1st Athens, Y. L. S. \$6.40; Jackson Hill, Atlanta, \$1.00; Hartwell, \$5.00; Winder, \$1.25. Total, \$40.82.

Tichenor Memorial. — Sandersville, \$5.00; Jewell Sunbeams, \$11.77; LaGrange, \$5.00; First Macon, \$13.00; Bairds, \$8.00; Antioch, \$4.55. Total, \$47.32.

Ministerial Relief. — McRae, \$3.80; First Rome, \$2.00; West End, \$4.35. Total, \$10.15.

Monroe.—First Athens Y. L. S. \$100.00; First Athens, \$2.95; Jackson Hill, Atlanta, \$5.25. Total, \$108.20.

Self Denial.—Valdosta, \$10.00.

Mercer.—Jackson Hill, Atlanta, \$1.25.

Mission Messenger, \$6.85.

Grand Total, \$520.81.

A LESSON OF COURAGE.

Robert Moffatt.

Born Dec. 21, 1795; Died Aug. 9, 1883.

A placard on the wall announcing a missionary meeting attracted Moffatt into a hall, and he that same night offered himself to God for the foreign field. He went to South Africa and as soon as he could secure permission started inland for the kingdom governed by Africaner, a cruel king whose desperate atrocities had marked him as an outlaw, and whose death was sought. When Moffatt reached the Mission Station at Warm Springs, he was plead with to proceed no further. The native Christian women threatened to block the wheels of his cart with their own bodies before they would allow him to go. He went, and found the dreaded Africaner had accepted Christianity, and become mild, gentle, an earnest follower of Christ. He abode for a long time in a hut exposed to the sun, rain, dogs, snakes and cattle. The dangers, privations, and special providences incident to his life enter into the indescribable. He induced the former bloody chief to go to Cape Town under his personal pledge of security from arrest. And there, that chief, by the beauty of his spirit, astonished and captivated all who saw him, as he revealed the power of redemption through Christ.

John Eliot's first sermon to the Indians was preached October 1646, and continued for three hours, the Indians asking so many questions. He has the honor of translating the first Bible printed in America.

THE MISSION MESSENGER.

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TO THE BAPTIST WOMEN OF THE
SOUTH.

RICHMOND, VA. 1904.

Dear Sisters

Those of you who were at the glorious Convention in Nashville have doubtless been joining with me in praise to God ever since for the blessed manifestation of His presence in our midst, as we were praying and planning together for the advancement of His Kingdom. While we thought gratefully of the contributions which had come up from the churches, the largest in our history, (247,629.69,) we rejoiced even more when we heard of the 2,076 baptisms on the foreign field during the past year. As we waited together in Nashville, laying out our plans for the new year, who can forget that glorious sight of twenty missionaries facing us, who were to go out soon to the foreign fields, and then all over the audience numbers of young people rising up and signifying that they were ready to go in obedience to God's call; while strong men and women praised and prayed, wept and rejoiced, and God manifested Himself mightily among us. We wish to send out this year fifty new missionaries—fourteen of these were already appointed when we met in Nashville, and since then a number of others have been appointed. Let us pray God to move upon our very best, even tho we have to give up some of our pastors, and tho we have to give up loved children from our homes. The influence that woman has in training and influencing souls for God, only eternity will be able to reveal.

The gifts of the Sisters last year showed a noble advance, going up to nearly \$50,000, and we are depending on you to make much larger contributions this year. Your Christmas Offering, amounting last year to nearly \$11,000, was a great help in the work.

Perhaps the Sisters are in no way doing more good than by giving information and awakening interest in our churches and homes.

Your circulation of the Foreign Mission Journal has helped very much. We ask you to continue this good work. We will gladly furnish Mission tracts and sample Journals, free, to anyone who wishes to use them.

May the Spirit of God rest upon our mother—MisMes

ers, wives, sisters and daughters, and may they form a band of consecrated workers, earnest and active, each one of whom will be worthy of the Master's loving approval. "She hath done what she could."

Thanking you for your helpful co-operation.

Yours fraternally,

R. J. WILLINGHAM,

Corresponding Secretary.

ASSOCIATION MEETING.

MARIETTA, GA., AUG. 9, 1904.

Dear Miss Wright:

The Woman's Missionary Union of the Noonday Association met with the First Baptist Church of this city, August the Fifth, at four o'clock. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. C. E. W. Dobbs, Vice-President of the Union of the Association.

A delightful programme had been arranged us follows: Piano Solo by Mrs. Leila Hall, after which Mrs. J. D. Easterlin read the Third Chapter of Malachi, and gave us some helpful words and ideas, and 'twas indeed a pleasure to have her conduct the Devotional Exercises of the meeting. After the Scripture reading a chain of prayer was offered. The song "The Whole Wide World for Jesus" was sung by all the women of the Union. Miss Maud Foster, then read a beautiful poem entitled "The Night Cometh," which will appear in the Messenger. The Mission Band of "Cheerful Workers" with Miss Annie Dobbs, (the daughter of our beloved Pastor,) as leader, then sang two beautiful songs, "We Have Found There's Room for Children" and "Over the Ocean Waves." This little Band is doing a good work, which is dear to their little hearts. One of this band, little Adalene Dobbs, recited beautifully "What Have We Done To-day?" Letters were read from Dr. Gray, Miss Perry, Miss Ferber and Dr. Willingham, giving accounts of their respective work. Reports from the different Societies were called. Acworth Society was represented by Mrs. Dr. Baily, who reported a growing Society. A letter from Canton Society was also read, and gave an encouraging report, both of W. M. S. and the Sun Beam. Other Churches reported Mission Work, and one Sunday School which is doing a good work at New Salem, with Mrs. Easterlin as Superintendent. A beautiful duet by Misses Mamie Dobbs and Katie Leon Brewer was sung, "If

the Savior Journey With Me." These young ladies who took part in the programme are useful workers in our B. Y. P. U. and our young people are growing up in this work. Mrs. Isabella Hillyer Reynolds, (the granddaughter of one of our great preachers Dr. Hillyer,) then rendered a beautiful piano solo. The meeting was delightful and helpful in every respect, and a large crowd was gathered. The Marietta Society has a large membership and this Band of faithful women is striving to get the spirit of Missions more into the hearts of those who are indifferent, and we hope to have a report from every Church in the Noonday Association, ere the close of another year. We pray that every Pastor will encourage the Women of his Church to help send the Gospel to those who do not have this privilege. Just think what the Baptist Women of Georgia did last year, \$36,648.34, for Foreign Missions. I wish every one could read the article in the Messenger of August, by Rev. James Grant, of Watertown, Mass., in which he says, "Every one who has, is debtor to every one who has not. We must give our strength to the weak, our loving sympathies to those for whom nobody cares, our knowledge to those who are in darkness."

We pray that God will touch the heart of every woman in the Noonday Association, that she may fully realize the glorious privilege offered, and obey the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Yours in Christian love,

ANNIE B. WARREN, Secy.

MARIETTA, GA., AUG. 12, 1904.

My Dear Miss Wright:

Since Mrs. Warren, Secretary of the Marietta Missionary Society, has given so complete and comprehensive a report of our Associational Women's meeting, it is unnecessary for me to add anything to it. But I should very much like to say a few words to my sister Vice-Presidents over the State. I feel that our hope is in the children and young people, since they are to be the men and women of the future. Let us train them intelligently along all lines of Missionary work, that they may work and give in all departments of the great cause of Missions. Besides the Women's Society and the "Cheerful Workers" (Mission Band), Missions are emphasized in our B. Y. P. U., in which we use the lessons laid down in the Southern B. Y. P. U. Quartely and "Kind Words."

By next November when our State Convention shall meet I hope to stip up our ladies of Noonday Association to better things.

Hoping the Lord may keep an strengthen you in your work for the Messenger and for the State work generally, I am, most cordially,

Yours for service,

FLORENCE H. DOBBS.

Vice-President Noonday Association.

PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1904.

Subject: Heralds of the Cross in Home Lands.

"Whom shall I send?" "Here am I; send me." Missionaries, 616; baptisms, 7,526; total additions, 16,797; churches constituted, 157; Sunday schools organized, 714.

Study Topics.—Location of Missionaries, map study; trials and triumphs; comparison between lives of home and foreign missionaries; importance of being first on the field; the pioneer preachers a national force for righteousness.

1. Hymn: "I Love Thy King, Lord."
2. Bible Reading: "Fellowship in the Gospel," 2 Tim. 1; 1-9; Phil. 1; 3-7; Col. 1: 9-14; Phil. 4: 6.

3. Item: In S. B. C. territory are 616 Heralds of the Cross, known as Home Missionaries. Dr. B. D. Gray says of many of these: "Nowhere on the globe are missionaries enduring greater hardships. The story of self-denial of the missionaries and their devoted wives, if fully told, would enroll them on the list of worthies.

4. Petition for our Home Heralds and that the privilege of helping through prayer may be more appreciated.

5. Leaflet: "John Eliot, The Apostle to the Indians," by M. Katherine Bennett.

of Home Missionaries: "Prayer and pains through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything." John Eliot's motto. God enabled me so to agonize in prayer that I was quite wet with perspiration, though in the shade and in the cool wind."—Brainerd's Journal.

7. Call for incidents illustrating the power of prayer.

8. Leaflet: "A Tenth and a Tramp," a story from life, by Ada Melville Shaw."

9. Messages from our substitutes in the Home Land. See September Home Field.

10. Questions: What have missionaries a right to expect from those whom they represent?

11. Business, etc.: Has the Society sent for letter of a missionary needing the help of a box? If not, why delay?

12. Parting Thoughts: What place has prayer had in my life; What place should it have? Am I giving as I should?

THE MISSIONARY'S PRAYER.

O teach me Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O use me Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see.
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

HERALDS OF THE CROSS IN HOME LANDS.

A Bird's Eye View of Their Work.

The Home Mission Board aided last year in the support of 616 missionaries; 7,526 baptisms were reported; 16,796 total additions; 157 churches constituted.

A Testimony to Devotion.

"Heralds of the Cross in Home Lands teach us by example many lessons in self sacrifice and cross bearing. Many give up good homes and congenial friends to live in huts and dugouts and among people of dangerous habits and wicked lives. Some preach on half pay and are denied many of the necessities and comforts of life. Others have large families, who are scantily fed and clothed, and are deprived of day schools and regular religious services. Their duty requires many of those on the frontier to be absent from home most of the time amid dangers, toils and cares that their fellow men may hear the gospel. This picture of toil and self denial would be incomplete and untrue without mentioning the suffering and hardships endured by Christian wives at home who are indeed heroes of faith. Let the example of these children of the great King stir our own hearts to greater sacrifice and devotion to the cause which we all profess to love."

MESSAGES FROM HERALDS AT HOME

Trials and Triumphs.—"Our first field was about as discouraging a place as one could imagine. There were only sixteen of the church, four only being males, and two taking no interest. The deacon who was a poor man with fourteen children—twelve at home—wrote us that he was afraid we would starve to death if we came. There was no church or Sunday School, and they were at first unwilling to organize, said they had so often tried and failed. But one was started with an average attendance of fourteen for the first month, and it kept climbing until there was an average attendance of 115. When we left, at the close of three years, in addition to the flourishing Sunday school, there was a church house seating 400, a two-room parsonage, and over a hundred members. My! but some people laughed when we started the church building, thought it a rich joke, said we started the church a rich joke, said we would never get the foundation laid, and when that was accomplished, said the church would never be filled, but we saw many times when it would not hold all the people.

We had a hard struggle financially, but at the time we did not realize how hard it was. Once we bought a five-cent soup bone, made soup two or three times and then threw it away very regretfully. Having had to do without eggs, when a neighbor sent some during a time of sickness, they were so good.

At another time, a hog's head which was also a gift was considered the best meat we ever tasted, though when at home we would not have eaten it. These are only a few of many similar experiences, but as God was blessing the work, we were content to remain."

Fourteen Years of Service.—"This is the fourteenth year that I have been a frontier missionary in co-operation with our organized work. The Lord has upheld me and blessed by labors I have organized over 20 churches and have baptised over a thousand, some of whom were above eighty years of age. Pray for me that I may continue to be used of God. I feel that my life will be short, preaching out-of-doors, under arbors in the open air day and night, sleeping in all sorts of houses, and dugouts in the ground, but my Master said "Preach the Gospel to every Creature," and I hope to be able to labor on until the end. Before the country was settled as thickly as it is now, in going from one settlement to another, I have often slept with my saddle for a pillow and the heavens for a covering."

Opportunities. (a).—"I cannot half supply the calls for preachng. Have just returned from a new neighborhood where I held a meeting of several nights. The people were very busy and hard pressed for something to live upon till a crop could be made, but with eager hearts, they came at night to the services. There had been no regular preaching and no church organized in the neighborhood. A Baptist church was constituted with eleven members to which eight others were at once added by baptism. One man who has a large family was converted at home and came to the water requesting baptism. His son, daughter and two step sons were also baptised. As we said good-bye to a large crowd, several came to me in tears and said "Pray daily till we are saved."

Tell the good sisters that there are many communities in Western Texas just like this one, ripe for gathering.

(b).—The amount of ignorance and wickedness is appalling. In the interior of Indian Territory it is common to find numbers of homes without the Bible and entirely destitute of Christian influence. It is not uncommon to find people who have not heard the gospel in five and ten years, also children ten and twelve years of age who have not seen a Bible. All this in a civilized country.

Discomforts and Comforts.—Very often no church to preach in, a small dirty school house or sometimes a brush harbor—I speak of the country work and that in new towns where the missionary is generally located—very poor houses for his family to live in, very small salary and plenty of hard work, all kinds of people to deal with and preach to, with a transient membership and many other

things discouraging in their nature go to make up the discomforts of your "substitutes." But after all, beneath all the sacrifice, and self denial, there is joy in this fellowship with Christ, while the kind, warm sympathy of the Christian women in more comfortable circumstances gladdens the hearts of the poor toiling missionary and his needy family."

Bright Promises for the Future:—"I have just returned home after an absence of 34 days—part of the time having been occupied in travel on horse-back. I held a meeting, baptised 24, approved 3 for baptism, received 32 by letter and experience, so I left a good church with a pastor and 59 members. We also organized a Woman's Missionary Society. This church is in a mining town about 800 inhabitants, and this is the only church in the place."

JOHN ELIOT.

"The Apostle to the Indians."

M. Katherine Bennett.

It is not easy for us to look backward three hundred years and understand how the Indians felt toward the white people, who, a little more than a century before had come into the country which, until that time the Indians had enjoyed alone. The red men saw that the English colonists in New England were living in a way which was impossible to them with their roving habits. They saw the white people coming in ever-increasing numbers until in 1675 there were 50,000 white people, and only half the number of Indians. It was natural that the latter, seeing their land occupied by towns and farms, and being ever driven on to find new homes, should feel most hostile toward the new comers. But no one was so bitter as the chiefs, who realized that their tribes would not for long give to them the obedience always expected, if the ways of the white men were learned. And so the history of those days is one of wars and troubles. The English did not for many years make any effort to help the savages around them; Christianity and heathendom were living side by side.

But in 1604 there was born in Old England a baby who was in manhood to work a great change in the condition of the Indians of the New World. John Elliot was twenty-nine when he came to America and settled at Roxbury, Massachusetts, in charge of a church. He became most interested in the native Americans and at once began his preparations for work among them by learning their language. This he did with the aid of an Indian servant who had learned English, and in 1646 he preached his first sermon to a number of red men who were settled near his home.

They listened attentively, and were so interested that by their questions they continued the meeting for three hours. They

were most anxious to know whether God could understand prayers in the Indian language, and why, when God was their Father, they were not the same color as Eliot himself. How hard it must have been for him to make them understand all the answers.

The people asked him to speak to them again, and this so angered the chiefs and medicine men that they threatened to kill Eliot if he did so, but he answered: "I am about the work of the great God, and He is with me, so that I neither fear you nor all the sachems in the country. I will go on; do you touch me if you dare."

Eliot soon persuaded some Indians to make settled homes, and then a church was established among them. John Eliot was not only their pastor, but he was also their teacher in all the ways of civilized life, teaching the women to spin and the men to farm. He framed simple laws for them, and when, in 1675, the colonists of Massachusetts wished to kill them all, he prevented it. No wonder the Indians loved him as a father.

But Eliot was not satisfied to care for the Indians who were near to him; he traveled much in order to form settlements of "praying Indians," as they were called, and to establish churches. Travel was not easy in those days; there were few roads, and the journeys were usually made on foot with much of danger and hardship.

At one time Eliot wrote home: "I have not been dry night or day from the third day of the week until the sixth, but so traveled; and at night pull off my boots and wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue; but God steps in and helps." Eliot's devotion must at first have won the red men as much as his words.

When Eliot was at home he lived most sparingly that he might have more to give away. His salary was fifty pounds (\$250) a year. One quarter when he was paid, the treasurer, knowing that Eliot needed the money for his own use, and knowing, too, how generous he was, put the money in a handkerchief and tied that in many hard knots that the money might not so easily be gotten out. On his way home the pastor went to visit a very poor family whom he found to be in great suffering. He tried to untie the knots that secured the money, but in vain, so he handed money and handkerchief both to the mother, saying, "Here, my dear, take it; I believe the Lord designs it all for you."

In addition to all his preaching and other work, John Eliot wrote a grammar in the Indian tongue, prepared a catechism for the use of his Indian converts, and translated the Bible into their language. This was a very great work, for it must be remembered that until this time the Indians had no written language. The longest single word in this translation is "WUTAPPESITTUKQUSSUNNOOHWEHTUNKQUOH," which means "kneeling down to him."

Eliot is usually called "The Apostle to the Indians."—*Selected.*

NUGGETS.

America is another name for Opportunity.

In the South, there are three times as many unconverted people now as there were fifty years ago.

In our great cities are multitudes, many times five thousand, who spiritually are starving in a desert place. Christ's command is "Give ye them to eat."

Roger Williams was the pioneer evangelical missionary to the Indians of North America. In England he advocated the colonization of the New World for "the propagation of the Gospel to the Indians." Soon after his arrival in 1631, he applied himself with ardor to the evangelization. He says: "God was pleased to give me a patient spirit to lodge with them in their filthy smoky holes even while I lived at Plymouth and Salem to gain their tongue." This was thirteen years before John Eliot, styled the "Apostle to the Indians," began his work.

A LESSON OF CONSECRATION.

Adoniram Judson.

(Born Aug. 9, 1788; Died April 12, 1850.)

While resting in a tavern Judson heard in the next room to him the outcry of a dying infidel, and discovered in the morning that the one going into the awful unknown without salvation was his classmate. This led to Judson's commission. He became the "Apostle to Burmah," and his life's record is a remarkable story. Nothing could turn him from his chosen work. Opposition was on every hand. No provision was at first made for his support. He and his heroic family were in a land ruled by a despot. Brutal murders and audacious robberies were of constant occurrence. The people knew nothing of Christ, and to renounce the faith of Buddha was punishable with death. Despite all this, with the fearful ravages of fever, the repeated visitation of death in his family, the outbreak of war, his imprisonment, the cruel treatment of his wife by the authorities, he fought unflinchingly the battle of the cross of Christ. He died alone, at sea, and was buried at night beneath the waves.

A TENTH AND A TRAMP.

A Story From Life.

ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

"Edward, do you know how much money there is in the house?"

The Rev. Edward McMasters thrust his hands into his pockets and brought up some silver, which he dropped into his wife's hands.

"And I have about two dollars—seven dollars and a little over, in all. No money com-

ing in for over a week—Edward, how can we spare a cent?"

"Can we not spare for the Lord's poor, my wife?"

It was a perplexing time to Mary McMasters. A year before she had given herself to the young preacher, about to enter his new charge. They had felt secure in their plans, for had not Uncle Edward given his nephew's bride a check for a generous sum "to begin on," with a promise of more to follow? The little parsonage was furnished largely by the wedding gifts of loving friends, and the small salary looked abundant for two.

But Uncle Edward died. Mary's father had a long illness, during which his business tottered and collapsed and the daughter's bank account had been generously turned over to the parents' need. The young people lived with careful frugality, but there were rent and coal, gas and food, books and papers, laundry bills and incidentals, all to come out of a small and sometimes uncertain salary.

"You know I want to do right, Edward, and if—"

"Come here, little wife," answered her husband, "let us talk it over again. Can we not trust our heavenly Father?"

"Yes."

"Has he not covered every need of yours and mine with his promises?"

"Yes—every one."

"And what is it he says about the tithes?"

"Bring ye all tithes into the storehouse?"

that there may be meat in my house. And prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the window of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Mrs. McMaster's voice was reverent and tremulous with emotion. "And you really think we ought to lay aside a tenth of all we have, Edward, especially for Him?"

"Yes, I fully believe so."

"Well, then, we will! One tenth of seven dollars is seventy cents. There! Where shall we keep it? Here—in this little bronze box on your writing table. But, Edward!"

"Yes?"

"There's that bill for those books of father's. We can never pay it now, and it kills me to be in debt!"

"That is a debt we could not help, dear, and the Provider who has met our need thus far will help us to meet that."

Thus it was that a "Lord's purse" was established at the parsonage. The more she thought of it the more satisfied was Mary McMasters that her husband was right, though her practical "forehandedness" could not "see" how they could make ends meet after subtracting a tenth.

"Please, ma'am, could you give me a cup of coffee?"

A poorly dressed man stood at the parsonage door, shivering. It was several weeks after the foregoing conversation.

"Coffee? Yes, come in," said Mrs. Mc-

Masters, who never turned anyone away hungry. She had emptied the coffee canister that morning, and there was only enough of the fragrant beverage for breakfast. However, she filled a large cup, to which she added bread, butter and a slice of bacon—the only fare the dainty little pantry afforded that morning.

"Have you any work I could do, ma'am?"

Mary thought of the empty purse in her pocket. "If I had," she said, "I could not pay—"

"I will take what you give, ma'am. It's in earnest I am. My wife hasn't had a bite to eat since yesterday, and—"

"The 'Lord's purse!'" Mrs. McMasters had entirely forgotten it, and there were four crisp dollars lying in it now. She could read an honest purpose in the face of the man before her.

"I will give you some bread and bacon and tea for your wife," she said, "and if you will come back in an hour I'll find some work for you to do. What is your name?"

"MacDonald, ma'am — Peter MacDonald, Thank you kindly, ma'am. I've been to seven houses this morning and you're the first one to speak a kind word to me or help me at all. O, I'll come back, and I'll work till all your chores is done—God bless you."

It was a smiling, tearful face that peered around the screen that shut Edward McMasters into a corner of the dining room, called "the study."

"What's the matter, little wife?"

"Nothing! Only tenths and tramps."

"Tenths and tramps! That sounds suggestive. Tell me your story."

When the story had been told the two knelt down and offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the privilege of helping one of God's poor. But the house-purse was still empty.

"Now, wife Mary, we have reached the place where we can prove our own faith in God and fully claim His promise. 'All your need is the measure of provision, you know. What do you need, little woman?'"

"This minute?"

"Yes."

"Just—nothing."

"What have we for dinner?"

"Potatoes, tea, biscuits, butter, jam."

"And supper?"

"Tea and jam!"

And then the young people laughed aloud in actual merriment. Love and trust had cast out fear.

There were special meetings being held at the church, but the hearts of the people were unresponsive. Again and again had the pastor given the altar invitation, but no one had stirred. He was on the eve of discouragement. So, also, were the official board.

"He gets a good salary," grumbled one whose income was written with five figures—the pastor's with three. "He ought to do good work."

"Can't complain of overwork," added

another. "I saw a man doing errands for him this morning. Should think these hard times he'd save instead of spending. I had that very man begging at my house, but I sent him packing. I never encourage vagrancy. If Brother and Sister McMasters were only more interested in members of the flock, we might have a revival. I see a good many strangers going in and out of the parsonage. We hired them to work for us!"

The dinner of biscuits and potatoes was eaten; the chores were all done; and a man and a woman on the verge of despair had been cheered by kind words and strengthened by good food.

It was near supper time. A ring at the bell and a subsequent exclamation of delight called Mr. MacMasters out of the study to see Mary welcoming one of her girl friends, who announced that she had come for supper. Mary remembered the "tea and jam" menu, and as soon as she could slipped away to confer with her husband.

"You've scraped the bottom of the flour barrel, wife, and it's an hour to supper time. Are you afraid?"

"I would have been six weeks ago. But now—"

They looked into each other's eyes. It was a hard test; but they were in God's hands.

"Are 'all tithes in,' Mary?"

"All in, Edward."

"And there has been meat in His house for his hungry ones, darling. I think if we trust Him the blessing will come—that boundless blessing of the promise. Run down to your guest, dear, and I will talk with Him a while."

With the still empty purse in her pocket, Mary returned smiling to the parlor.

"O Mary," said her friend, as she entered the room, "I owe you two dollars—do you remember?"

"No—how?"

"Don't you remember lending me two dollars? It is almost a year ago. I had forgotten about it. To-day I was looking over my old account book and there I read a note—'Pay Mary two dollars.'"

The caller wondered what it was, fifteen minutes later, that sent such a ringing "Amen!" through the house, and what it was that made the usually dignified pastor hurry out of the side gate jubilantly swinging a basket.

"Now, Edward, here's a new complication."

It was the day after Christmas and Mary McMasters was holding upside down the little bronze box where they kept their tenths.

"We've had so many calls that the Lord's purse is empty, and—O, I did so want to give Mrs. MacDoald a shawl and bonnet. She says she'll come to church, and her husband, too, if they can 'look decent.' And, besides, I had my heart set on beginning the new year clear of that old debt."

"Have we talked with the Lord about these things?"

"Shawl and bonnet and debt? I have not itemized!"

"Then, dear, let us 'itemize.'"

"Dear Lord," prayed the pastor, "not only is our purse empty, but thine also. All we have is thine, but we have said we would give a tenth of all thou lendest us back to thee. Thy purse is empty. Give to us, Father, that we may give to thy poor."

The following evening there was another caller at the parsonage—a young man whose coffers had been suddenly and unexpectedly filled with material wealth. He sat talking with his friends of certain dreams he had had in the past of doing good with money.

"Now that I have it," he said, "I shall do my utmost to keep my promise to God, made so long ago—to let Him direct me in the use of every dollar."

They chatted on, and when at last the good-nights were said something bright and hard was dropped into the pastor's outstretched hand, and their guest hurried away.

"One—two—three—O, husband, ten golden tens! One hundred dollars, and ten into one hundred goes once!"

With a common impulse they turned to the little bronze box, and the first disposition of the gift—its part of a tenth—was laid within.

"Edward, I don't believe I'll ever distrust again! There must be a sort of heavenly arithmetic about all this."

Watch-night service was being held in the little church, and Edward McMasters was pleading with the people. "I wish," he said, "I could give my Master an offering of souls for this new year. There are some here who have not yet crowned Jesus king. Come! Will you not kneel here with me and tell him you will lead a Christian life?"

Some one who sat in the back seat heard a low, gruff whisper: "Sure, and if to be a Christian is to be like them two, it's a Christian I'll be. Come on, Katie! Let's go up."

A thrill went through the congregation as two seekers walked down the aisle. Some one started a song of praise, some one else gathered courage to go to the altar of prayer, young "saint" and old thronged about them, and the ice of reserve was effectually broken. The preacher's prayer was answered, for as the new year was born six souls were offered to God in solemn dedication.

"Sure, ma'am, it's all on account of that elegant cup of coffee you gave me that cold morning," said Peter MacDonald, his face aglow with the joy of salvation.

But Mary McMasters' thought ran swiftly back to the day when she dropped seven dimes into a little bronze box for the Lord.—*Epsworth Herald.*

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