

L I G H T S A N D S H A D E S

I N T H E

B L A C K B E L T

Containing the story of The Southern Missionary Society,

The Oakwood School, and the

Hillcrest School

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CHAPTER I.

THE NATION'S PROBLEM.

The Civil War in America closed at Appomattox. That war had decided two things: first, that the union of the states was not to be dissolved; and, second, that within those states there was to be no more Negro slavery. But two things it had not decided: first, how rightly to relate the differing interests of the sections and to cement their affections, without which a mere outward union would be a farce; and second, what should be done with the liberated slave.

It may be that nothing but war could have decided the differences between the North and the South, the real basis of which was the status of the Negro; but such was not the opinion of the two noblest actors in the great struggle. Said Lincoln, in his first inaugural address, "In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence, and there shall be none unless it be forced upon the national authority. . . . We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection." And Lee, at the moment when he followed his native state into the Confederacy, wrote to his sister: "Though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question, whether I should take part against my native state."

War, though it had freed the slave, had not educated him for the responsibilities of freedom. It had flung him, with his grotesque ideas of liberty, upon an impoverished country that could ill support his weight; and it had given to the conquerors an ambition and an opportunity that were to crush the South for a decade under burdens and horrors greater than those of war. The passions of war had blinded the eyes of North

and South to the virtues of each other. The North could not believe that the former slave-holder had any but the most selfish interest in the black man; and the South, if she could have been willing to believe in the generosity and disinterestedness of the North, found for herself ample justification to repent of the idea, when she viewed the misdeeds of the Northern politician and the carpetbagger.

The Negro is the problem of the nation, of both North and South, just as a child is the problem of both father and mother. Upon the mother, left at home with the child, may be thrown, by the neglect of the father, the greater responsibility as well as the most perplexing care, but not because of his neglect or his absence is the father relieved from his real responsibilities nor justified in his condemnation of the mother's methods.

Negro slavery was introduced into the South under protest from its white citizens, at a time when good men, such as Whitefield, held that slavery was a blessing and in harmony with the teachings of the Bible. (fn. American Church History, (Scribner, Pub.) Vol. XI, p. 5; Suppression of the Slave Trade, Du Bois, Chap. II.) The slave-ships of New England thrived mightily in the traffic of blood, and brought the major portion of their human wares to Virginia and Carolina only when the Northern market failed. And when at last the Puritan conscience, in the absence of gain, awakened to the enormity of slavery, and began to enact emancipation laws, the Northern slave-owner discovered in the Southern market his happy refuge from pecuniary loss. It was, true, a very real moral power that inaugurated and pushed the movement for the freeing of the slaves, but Parker and Garrison and Phillips and the Quakers were far from representing the majority sentiment of the North. And when that North at last rose in the anger of an absent and inexperienced father to denounce the crimes of the mother South, it was with the intemperance and ignorance and passion of the paternal absentee.

The North had no monopoly of slavery-haters. Scarcely one-sixth of the Southern whites were slave-owners; though it must not be assumed that the remaining five-sixths were all opposed to slavery. But many of them were, some--typically the mountaineers--both because they loved liberty and because they felt a racial antipathy to the Negro; some--especially the poor white of the lowlands--because slavery set for them both economic and social barriers,--the slave could underbid them in the labor market, and the master belonged to an aristocracy by virtue of his mastership. Still others there were, a select few from the highest to the lowest, who opposed slavery upon humanitarian and religious grounds. For the most part, the lower classes hated the slave more than slavery; they objected to the presence of the Negro, but if he must remain, let it be as a slave! It wasthen as it is to-day: the friend of the Negro was his master rather than his white competitor.

The best thought of the South was upon the side of emancipation and education of the slave. Even before the association of the states in the Revolution, Virginia and North Carolina had passed laws prohibiting the slave trade; and Virginia, upon the motion of Jefferson, had declared for the ultimate abolition of domestic slavery. (fn. American Archives, Fourth Series, Vol. I, p. 696. m. copied from "Slavery and Antislavery," Wm. Goodell, page 72)

The Virginian group of statesmen who chiefly framed the Constitution shaped it in view of the final extinction of slavery. Families like the Hamptons of South Carolina colonized hundreds of slaves in Liberia, whence they presently begged to be brought back. The father of Mrs. Robert E. Lee freed five hundred slaves, with General Lee's approval, thus alienating from her over half a million dollars' worth of property. And Lee himself, who owned only slaves by inheritance, freed them prior to the war. (fn. Virginia's Attitude towards Slavery and Secession, Beverly B. Mumford, p. 156. m. Dixie after the War, p. 181) So had others done in various

parts of the South. But such sporadic emancipation had not and could not solve the nation-wide problem. Nor was it always the freed slave who, under the conditions existing, prospered most either materially or intellectually; and many a time freedom was refused by the slave, from affection for his master or from the fear of the personal responsibilities and disadvantages which freedom would entail upon him. "You are free!" cried an officer in Sherman's army to old Aunt Hannah. She took it as an insult. "Law, marster!" she said, "I ain' no free nigger! I is got a marster an' mistiss! Dey right dar in de great house. Ef you don' b'lieve me, you go dar an' see." "You're a big fool!" he cried, and rode on. (fn. Dixie after the War, p. 183)

It was not an evil that could be cured by unconcerted effort; and whether or not such a scheme as Lincoln's, of government compensation for universal emancipation, would have been an adequate solution, we can not know. Perhaps the war that came, though it was not begun to free the slave, was the only process through which the slave could be freed.

There were some true friends of the Negro in the North, but it is not passing the bounds of truth to say that the Negro had as many friends in the South as he had in the North; and those Southern friends, by their intimate acquaintance with him, were in far better position than the Northerner, to judge of the best measures for the education of the ex-slave. Had the two classes, the Northern and the Southern philanthropist, been able to agree and to work together for the uplifting of the freedman, the results to the Negro, to the South, and to the whole nation, might have been a blessing in the place of the curse that came. Such co-operation however, was not to be expected; for while the men who had stood face to face on the battle-field could for the most part correctly appreciate each other, not they, but the Northern noncombatant, was to play the principal part in the attempt to fit the freedman for citizenship. That among these there were some able to grasp the elements of success in the education

of the Negro, and that among the white people of the South there were enough that rose above the bitterness of sectional strife and the sense of wrong, to meet the problems they must share with the Negro,--this was the fact that saved the South.

It was at Appomattox that the end came. For four eventful years, the Army of Northern Virginia, under its great commander, had sustained the cause of the Confederacy in a hundred battles, had fought on the offensive and the defensive, until now, with scarcely ten thousand effective men, ragged, hungry, emaciated, and surrounded by fifteen times its number, well provisioned and equipped, it could do nothing but surrender or be annihilated.

Upon General Lee devolved the responsibility of an act that he well knew would be the death-blow to his cause. General Gordon had reported from the front, "Tell General Lee that my whole corps is reduced to a frazzle; and, unless I am supported by Longstreet heavily, I do not think we can do anything more." Longstreet was holding the rear, and could not be spared.

Lee stood silent for a moment, deeply moved, and then said, "There is nothing left but to go to General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths." His staff about him broke out in protests: "What will history say of our surrendering if there is any possibility of escape? Posterity will not understand it." "Yes, yes," responded General Lee, "they will not understand our situation; but that is not the question. The question is whether it is right; and if it is right, I take the responsibility." (fn. Life of Gen. R. E. Lee, Cooke, p. 460)

That was always his motto. Duty, not inclination, guided him. And when Gordon's five thousand muskets had charged up to a solid wall of eighty thousand Federals, and there was no further way but to shed useless blood, Lee surrendered. It was the 9th of April, 1865.

His men turned their faces toward homes to which there remained little but the name: fields trodden and bare, fences and woods destroyed, houses, if still standing, swept clear of provisions and comforts, and, alas, their defenders and breadwinners twice decimated. "Let them keep their horses," General Grant had said, "that they may do their plowing." But the horses that went home with the disbanded Army of Virginia were few indeed, and in many an instance the draft animals that pulled the plow that spring, were men, and women, and children. The author "Dixie after the War" tells of an armless Georgia soldier who had his wife hitch him to a plow, which she drove; and of a white mother in North Carolina who hitched herself to a plow, while her eleven-year old boy held the plow-handles, and another child dropped the corn in the furrow behind; and, most piteous of all, in Virginia's black belt, the sight of a white woman driving a plow to which were hitched her young daughters, one of them a nursing mother. "Near the same time and place was an old Negro, driving a milch-cow to his cart. 'Uncle Eph, aren't you ashamed,' I asked, 'to work your milch-cow?' 'Law, Miss, milch-white-'oman wuk. Huccom cow can't wuk?' (fn. Dixie after the War, p. 163) With such grim humor must the Southernor lighten his tragedies after the war.

The North has never realized what it owes as a Christian duty to the Southern white child. Too easily, though very naturally, there came to the mind of the Northernor, after the War, the thought, "Is the South suffering? It is the just retribution for her crimes,"--forgetting that, while the crime of slavery lay equally at the door of North and South, the South, vicarious victim, bore chiefly the penalty both should have endured. Not in war only, but in the conditions produced by slavery, did the white South suffer: in the loss of the conceptions of a well rounded life and of the dignity of labor, in the disadvantages of class, in the detriment of the possession of unlicensed power, and in the menace to morals and race purity that lay in the absolute relations of master and slave.

Let it be admitted that the altruistic view of the white man's obligation for the welfare of the slave or the freeman, was shared by only a noble minority in the South, and that, especially in the sections where the black man predominated in numbers, the ideals and the practices of the white population left much to be desired; could it not occur to the mind of the Northern helper that the curse of slavery must be lifted from white as well as black, and that only in connection with the right education of the Southern white child might success be attained in the uplifting of the black? The South, devastated, despoiled, in chaos, mutely appealed for aid in the saving of a generation crushed down by the avalanche five generations had been piling up.

But such considerations, in truth, could come only to the most ideal Christianity; and in the face even of that, the difficulties caused by sectional bitterness might have seemed almost insuperable. For what our fathers did let us give them praise; the problem for its full solution has descended to us, and in this calmer day the responsibility is laid upon us with ten-fold the greater weight because of our greater neglect.

The Negro must be educated, in order to bear the responsibilities now thrust upon him. But the Negro had already an education. It was not an education in books, it is true, and the blessings of literacy he must in time be given. But the education he had was just that which best fitted the immediate needs of himself and his country, and which he should have been led to use, in order to secure a wider education. The Negro was the tiller of the soil, the artizan,--blacksmith, carpenter, tailor, cook, nurse,--skilled in practically all the forty trades taught by the finest modern Negro industrial school. He held in his hands the key to produce the wealth which must be the forerunner of a more liberal education. And upon this basis his friends in the South would have started him.

The South bowed to the fate of war. Its men acquiesced cheerfully in the necessary results, gave thousands their oath of allegiance, and, despite the provocations to truculence, sought faithfully to submit to the new conditions and to make the most of the resources left. To such a course the example of General Lee contributed in the highest degree. From Appomattox he rode quietly back to his home in Richmond, avoiding the demonstrations of a people of whom he was the idol. Thereafter, by his example and his counsel, he sought to lead his people to an acceptance of the conditions imposed, and, under increasing difficulties, to hopeful, hearty effort to lift themselves and their dependents upon higher ground. To his influence, said General Grant, was due the fact that his soldiers were at their homes, desiring peace and quiet (m. Memoirs of Lee, p. 432); to his influence and example was largely due the fact that the men of the Confederacy renewed their allegiance to the Union; to his influence may be attributed the comparative quiet with which Virginia met the difficulties of Reconstruction days. There were no Ku-Klux in Virginia. (m. Dixie after the War, p. 269)

In common with the majority of his countrymen, the attitude of General Lee toward the freedmen was that of a guardian for his wards, though rendered almost powerless to help them. His testimony before the "Reconstruction Committee," of Congress, which was appointed to inquire into conditions in the South, is at once indicative of his own attitude, and clear evidence of the state of things in the South:--

Question.--How do the people of Virginia, the sessionists more particularly, feel toward the freedmen?

Answer.--Every one with whom I associate expresses kind feelings toward the freedmen. They wish to see them get on in the world, and particularly to take up some occupation for a living, and to turn their hands to some work. I know that efforts have been made among the farmers, near where I live, to induce them to engage for the year

at regular wages.

Q. Do you think there is a willingness on the part of their old masters to give them fair, living wages for their labor?

A. I believe it is so. The farmers generally prefer those servants who have been living with them before; I have heard them express their preference for the men whom they knew, who had lived with them before, and their wish to get them to return to work.

Q. Are you aware of the existence of any combination among the whites to keep down the wages of the negroes?

A. I am not. I have heard that in several counties, land-owners have met in order to establish a uniform rate of wages, but I never heard, nor do I know of any combination to keep down wages or establish any rate which they did not think fair. The means of paying wages in Virginia are very limited now, and there is a difference of opinion as to how much each person is able to pay.

Q. How do they feel in regard to the education of the blacks? Is there a general willingness or a general unwillingness to have them educated?

A. Where I am, and have been, the people have exhibited a willingness that the blacks should be educated, and they express an opinion that it would be better for the blacks and better for the whites.

Q. General, you are very competent to judge of the capacity of black men for acquiring knowledge:--I want your opinion on that capacity as compared with the capacity of white men.

A. I do not know that I am particularly qualified to speak on that subject, as you seem to intimate, but I do not think that he is as capable of acquiring knowledge as the white man is. There are some more apt than others. I have known some to acquire knowledge

and skill in their trade or profession. I have had servants of my own who learned to read and write very well.

Q. Do they show a capacity to obtain knowledge of mathematics and the exact sciences?

A. I have no knowledge on that subject; I am merely acquainted with those who have learned the common rudiments of education.

Q. General, are you aware of the existence among the blacks of Virginia, anywhere within the limits of the State, of combinations having in view the disturbance of the peace, or any improper or unlawful acts?

A. I am not. I have seen no evidence of it, and have heard of none; wherever I have been they have been quiet and orderly; not disposed to work; or rather, not disposed to any continuous engagement to work, but just very short jobs to provide them with the immediate means of subsistence.

Q. Has the colored race generally as great a love of money and property as the white race possesses?

A. I do not think it has; the blacks with whom I am acquainted look more to the present time than to the future.

Q. Does that absence of a lust of money and property arise more from the nature of the Negro than from his former servile condition?

A. Well, it may be, in some measure, attributable to his former condition; they are an amiable, social race. They like their ease and comfort, and I think look more to their present than to their future condition. (fn. Report of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, House Reports No. 30; First session 39th Congress, p. 130)

To the Southern white man it was an indiscretion, and for him an impossibility, to insure immediately to the Negro a universal literary education. His own children were almost wholly deprived, for the time, of an education. They were working in the fields, with their fathers and mothers, to earn a little bread. There was no money to be found to pay teachers, either private or common, and in the South, the public school system had been almost unknown. A few, most favored, were enabled after the war, to send their sons, to some academy, but the vast majority were deprived of such a privilege. How, then, was it possible for the South immediately to give even elementary education to the Negro? And was it to be expected that the Anglo-Saxon race, always free and always self-governing, should not resign itself to the extinction of power, through neglecting the education of its children, while it sought to elevate an alien race just freed from slavery, to the responsibilities of that position?

In the needs of the South, therefore, and perhaps especially of the Negro, lay room for Northern philanthropy. And Northern philanthropy came. Where wisely directed, it was a great blessing; where confused, as much of it was, with political aims and with a mistaken idea of the proper position and the true needs of the Negro, it served to complicate an already strained situation.

The true course would have been to train both white and Negro in the practical matters with which they were face to face, recognizing, at the same time, the respective positions the races must inevitably occupy. But such a conception was impossible, not only because of prejudice, but because the state of education, except in a few minds, had not advanced so far.

Among the few who saw deeply into the causes and the cure of the evils of the time, General Lee was most eminent. He saw the need of

reviving and reenforcing the educational facilities the South had had before the war; and, turning his back upon enticing offers of palaces in foreign lands and lucrative positions at home, he accepted the humble place of president of a little Virginia college at Lexington, in the Shenandoah Valley. There, where the bosom of destruction had swept back and forth with charging armies, he began, with four teachers and forty students, to help build again the fortunes and the peace of the South.

It was a significant place in which to begin such a work. Washington College was named for General Washington, who, immediately after the Revolution, gave here a home to what had been a wandering but plucky little school. (m. Memoirs of Lee, p. 445) As the first great Virginian had given thought and money and effort to the education of his then exhausted country, so the second great Virginian gave to the same object, and through the same medium, his time and money and all the powers of his great mind and soul. Fitley thereafter the institution was called, "Washington and Lee University."

To the little college shortly flocked what may, in the circumstances, be called great numbers of Southern youth, and some from the North, over five hundred shortly being matriculated.

As president, General Lee led the school far along the path of modern education. Into the old-time classical school he introduced the natural and applied sciences and modern languages, as well as a broader study of the mother tongue. He wished to add a school of commerce, and just before his death, did incorporate with the institution a school of law.

The government he maintained was the farthest possible from the military form: it was the government of a patriarch. He became personally acquainted with every student, and followed carefully the progress of each one. He inculcated such a sense of honor in his students, such a

power of self-discipline, that the place became a home, and the student body one great family. A suggestion from him had all the force of a command, and was always effective. This was the ideal of Southern education, and such a training was best suited to fit the young men of the South for the responsibilities that should devolve upon them in their relations with the Negro race. It was the genius of the old regime applied to the new,-- if only the new might have been saved from mischievous legislation and intermeddling, to evolve into what it should be.

Through such a medium as the school, General Lee sought to guide his people in the troublous times through which they were passing. His choice of this means speaks as much for his far-seeing wisdom as for his self-abnegation and sacrifice. The rehabilitation of the South, the adjustment of race difficulties, the proper and efficient training of the Negro for his new position,--these benefits, toward which progress has been made, are to be accredited as much to the efforts of Gen. Robt. E. Lee in the little Shenandoah College, and to the many true-hearted, clear-eyed men of his type throughout the South, as to the noble army of men and women who devoted themselves directly to the betterment of the Negro race.

CHAPTER II.

AN EXPERIMENT THAT DISCOVERED THE RULE.

The little neck of land between the York and the James rivers, jutting out into Chesapeake Bay, has seen some famous history made. Past its Old Point Comfort sailed in 1607 the little fleet that carried the first English settlers to the building of Jamestown; by it, in 1619, scudded that old Dutch slaver that dumped the first Negro serfs upon the shores of America; at Yorktown, near its narrowest point, Cornwallis yielded America to the victorious Washington; in Hampton Roads, on the south, was fought between the Merrimac and the Monitor the first great duel of modern iron-clads. But not always in the pageants of history are contained the greatest secrets of its course: like the seed in the soil, the true sources of success and prosperity may lie unknown or unnoticed until they bring forth fruit. So here, on the point of the Virginia peninsula, was begun a work that has done more to solve the problem of a race, and to influence the solution of other problems, than many a more spectacular effort.

The guns of Sumter had scarcely been silenced, to prove the doctrine of states' rights, when Fortress Monroe, on an island just opposite Hampton, at the end of the peninsula, struck back a blow to prove that slavery was doomed. Three Negro slaves, belonging to Col. Mallory, had been put to work on the Confederate fortifications on Sewell's Point; one night they fled in a skiff to Fortress Monroe, where they were put to work on the Union defenses.

The next morning the Federal commander was summoned by a flag of truce to the opposing lines, to receive a request for the return of Col. Mallory's property. He refused to grant the request, on the ground that,

as all property used for warfare is contraband, and fair prey to him who takes it, and as these Negroes were being used by their master to help sustain the war, they were, when they came into the possession of the Union army, "contraband of war."

This was on May 24, 1861. During the next four years the country about Hampton became a great refugee camp, where, within a radius of five miles, there were at one time as many as ten thousand of these "contrabands" thrown upon the care of the Federal government. They built themselves huts and cabins, and lived on fish, the succulent oyster, and the rations the government and Northern charity handed out to them. Some labor was required of them, some were paid wages, some enlisted in the Union Army; but the average refugee grew up at Hampton with the idea that a paternal government would somehow care for his needs and not let him suffer.

When the war was over, the Freedmen's Bureau, which had in charge the affairs of the ex-slave, sent to Eastern Virginia an officer whose work was to prove of the greatest benefit to three races, but especially to the Negro. This officer was Gen. Samuel Chapman Armstrong. He was born in the Hawaiian Islands, in 1839, his parents being American missionaries there. When the boy was eight years old, his father was appointed by the king of Hawaii Minister of Public Instruction for the islands, a work in which the young Armstrong, as he accompanied his father on horseback and in canoe among the nominally Christian but undeveloped natives, learned the lesson of what kind of education was best fitted to help a backward people.

"I noticed," he says, "how easily the children learned from books, how universally the people attended church and had family prayers,-- always charmingly hospitable; and yet that they lived pretty much in the old way, all in one room, including the stranger within their gates. . . ."

To preach the gospel rather than to organize living, was the missionary idea. Devoted women visited their houses, and practical morality was thundered from the pulpit. 'Let him that stole steal no more,' or the like, was the daily precept, followed by severe church discipline; but houses without partitions, and easy-going tropical ways, after generations of licentious life, made virtue scarce. They were not hypocrites, and from their starting point had made a great advance. 'Our saints are about up to your respectable sinners,' said a returned missionary." There were two schools in the islands, whose results young Armstrong contrasted; one, which taught the higher branches, and which sometimes graduated brilliant but unreliable students; the other, on a simpler basis, which taught manual labor, and turned out less advanced but more solid men.

(fn. Twenty-two Years' Work of Hampton, pp. 1, 2)

Coming to the United States in 1860 to complete his education, Armstrong entered Williams College, the famous little New England school over which Mark Hopkins presided, and from the shadow of whose haystack had first gone forth the great American missionary crusade. From President Mark Hopkins, in whose home he lived, Armstrong learned how to be such a teacher as could make a school under any circumstances. (fn. "A school," said Mark Hopkins, "may be a log, with a teacher at one end, and a pupil at the other.") "Whatever I have been able to accomplish as a teacher," testified General Armstrong late in life, "has been Mark Hopkins teaching through me."

Upon his graduation in 1862, Armstrong enlisted in the Union Army as ^{ai}captain in the 125th New York. The next year he was given the colonelcy of a Negro regiment, the 9th United States Colored Troops, whom he led up to the close of the war. These two years of experience in training and leading Negroes, interested him keenly in the welfare of the race, and his choice as an officer of the Bureau was one of the happiest acts of that unfortunate institution.

He assumed charge of eastern Virginia in March, 1866, and before him lay a two years' task to untangle the difficulties caused, on the one hand, by the just claims of the land owners, and, on the other, by the expectation of the refugees, who had thought they would be given the plantations which the Federal government had appropriated to their use during the war. Many of the Negroes were induced to take up service with the planters, swarms went back to their old homes, on passes and thirty days' rations, about a thousand were sent to homes in Massachusetts. Notice was given that after October 1, no more government rations would be issued, and on this matter, says General Armstrong, "trouble was expected, but there was not a ripple of it, or a complaint that day. Their resource was surprising. The Negro in a tight place is a genius." (fn. Ibid, p. 3)

But there were other needs. The Negro must receive an education; and especially was this felt when the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments gave him the right to vote. "Negro suffrage," remarked General Armstrong once, "had one merit; like the Calvinistic doctrine of a literal hell of fire and brimstone, it waked every one up to the necessity of educating the Negro." What that education should be, however, was one thing in the minds of most of his Northern friends, and another thing in the minds of his southern friends, and of Armstrong.

Early in 1861, the American Missionary Association had begun an educational work among the refugees at Hampton, which had been maintained to the present time. The sole idea of this educational work was to give the Negro a literary education. Armstrong, however, had a far more comprehensive idea of the education needed, and he had been only one year in charge of his Bureau work, which included the supervision of education, when he began to persuade the American Missionary Association to attempt a work upon plans which he submitted.

Armstrong's idea was not that of the mass of the Negroes, to give the freedman an easy time; it was not that of the little company of educated Negroes, to make him shine in the courts and legislatures and prints of the day; it was not that of the Northern doctrinaire, to make him prove himself equal to the white man; nor was it that of the taskmaster, to train him solely for servile work. He sought, not to measure the Negro with the white man, and find his place on the white man's standard, expressed in the white man's terms; but to recognize the needs of the whole race, and to make it efficient for the positions which it might come successively to occupy. He saw that, however valuable New England culture and standards of life might be, they were not fitted to the Negro's state of development. He was but two centuries removed from barbarism, while the Puritan and the Cavalier had left that state twenty centuries before. With whatever impunity the white man might build his ornamental education upon the solid foundation his fathers had laid, with ponderous labor, with sweat and agony of blood, this race, in its childhood, needed to lay the basis of its progress, as had the ancient Celt and Saxon, upon that teaching of the head which trains the hand to perform. And, led by the teachings of his Hawaiian childhood, his training at Williams, and his experiences in the South, Gen. Armstrong declared that the Negro's development (as indeed the best development of any race) would come by training the mind and the soul through the hand. He would employ industrial education.

To that idea he received prompt opposition. First came the demur of the Negroes themselves. They said to him, "We have worked for two hundred and fifty years, and now that we are free, you ought not to start a school where we shall be worked some more." To them he replied, "It is not my idea to found a school where you shall be worked, but a school where you shall learn to work. There is a great difference between being worked and working. Not he who does not work, but he who has learned how

to work, is a free man. I would teach you to work, so that you will not have to be worked." (fn. Address by Booker T. Washington, at Hampton, Jan. 31, 1909)

"But," said his white critics, "industrial training as a part of school work is a failure. The idea has been exploded. It failed at Oberlin, it failed right where you are in Virginia, in Jefferson's university. It is a discarded fad; it has been given up; it doesn't pay." "Of course," answered Armstrong, "it can not pay in a money way, but it will pay in a moral way, especially with the freedmen. It will make them men and women as nothing else will. It is the only way to make them be Christians."

(fn. Twenty-two Years of Hampton, p. 6)

Congress opposed him, but General Garfield, one of its most influential members, and himself an educator, favored him. and Dr. Mark Hopkins said, "Let him try it. He will never be satisfied until he has tried it, and if it is a failure, he will be the first to acknowledge it." (fn. Ibid. p. 15)

So, in 1869, under the American Missionary Association, General Armstrong began the great experiment of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. In this school his aim was "to train selected. . . youth who should go out and teach and lead their people, first by ~~example~~ by getting land and homes; to give them not a dollar that they could earn for themselves; to teach respect for labor; to replace stupid drudgery with skilled hands; and, to these ends, to build up an industrial system, for the sake not only of self-support and intelligent labor, but also for the sake of character." (fn. Frissel, in "From Servitude to Service," p. 130.)

In 1870 the Association, while still cordially endorsing the institution, delivered it over to a corporation formed under the laws of Virginia, which made it a private institution supported by its own efforts and the generosity of its friends.

Wisely, Armstrong started the education of the race upon the soil.

It was beginning with that of which the Negro knew most, and yet of which he knew too little. The average Negro boy, coming to the school, could exhibit his best efforts at self-support with the plow and the hoe; he could be taught in the doing of that work the value of observation and deeper study, and the material and intellectual results of improvement. And though at first, hearing that the Hampton student was sent back into the cotton field, the Negro laborer was prone to call the school "a slave pen," and his more learned brother to dub it "a literary penitentiary," gradually the value of that intelligent study and working of the soil under trained instructors came to be recognized as the very basis of the Negro's prosperity. (fn. Ibid. p. 122.)

Dairying, stock-breeding, and poultry-raising were introduced. The schoolroom was extended to the field: the student's botany he applied to the plants he was cultivating; his zoology was specialized to the advantage of his cows and sheep and hogs; and his mathematics found place in the practical problems that faced him on the farm and in the shop. His study of language, which, suggests one of Hampton's graduates, had, in the mind of his exmaster, the only legitimate end of enabling him to talk properly to a mule, and which "did great injustice to the mule, since the language tended to confuse him and make him balky," (fn. Washington, in *The Future of the American Negro*, p. 60), descended from the heights of rhetoric to the simple and forceful English that his practical pursuits inspired. Laboratories were devoted to the study of soils and fertilizers and foods; and Hampton kept to the forefront in the rapid national development of scientific agriculture.

Before the war, the Negro slave had a monopoly of the trades in the South; and so complete was his occupancy of them that one author, declaring that had the Negroes applied the industrial education they had, they might have come to own the whole South, sees in the fatuity of their leaders a

dispensation of Providence for the preservation of the Anglo-Saxon race. (fn. Dixie after the War, p. 243) In the midst of the general clamor for literary training of the Negro, Armstrong set his face to help preserve the mechanical ability of the race. He established at Hampton shops for the teaching of blacksmithing and wheel-wrighting, carpentry and bricklaying, tinsmithing and painting, shoe and harness making; the girls had instruction in cooking and housekeeping, dressmaking and nursing. The best schools in the North, from Harvard to Vassar and Bryn Mawr, furnished their quotas of trained instructors, and the business world gave men and means to support the cause. Not easily was all this accomplished. The early years of the institution were full of privation, of wants unsatisfied, of inadequate facilities; and it took all the brave, cheery optimism of the indomitable founder, and all his superabundant energy, to maintain the spirit of enthusiasm and faith which was the life of the school within, and to provide from without the sinews of the peaceful war.

But to-day Hampton has for its monument, not alone the great and efficient plant upon the banks of York River, but, far greater, the monument of hundreds of schools, little and great, scattered over the South, and thousands of successful men and women, energetic teachers acting as a leaven throughout the great mass of the race.

And not alone for the Negro race has Armstrong wrought. In 1878, upon request of the government, Hampton opened its doors for the education of the Indian race, and for many years it was the only school of its character to which the Indian youth had access. Its success with them induced the government finally to institute the same line of education for its Indian wards. Carlisle in Pennsylvania for the Indian, and Tuskegee in Alabama for the Negro, are the two greatest single monuments to the success of Hampton Institute and of General Armstrong.

Yet the benefits of a life, of the influence of an institution, are not to be measured fully by any means. White education has been affected incalculably by Armstrong and his work in Hampton. A quarter of a century before the study of agriculture or woodwork or other manual training had begun to be introduced into the public schools, Armstrong had set the example and proved the value in Hampton. The wavering standard of industrial education which pioneers like Oberlin had tried to erect, was firmly planted by Armstrong at Hampton. Its value proved for the backward, the most needy, it began to be recognized as of value to the foremost.

And this fact is significant of the purpose Armstrong set before himself. He recognized that no race could rise alone. Only by giving of its best could it develop into its best. The interests of every individual, as of every race, are wrapped up in the interests of its fellows. Brother and neighbor, white and black, North and South, must all strive for the benefit of one another, if any would be benefited.

The influence of Armstrong upon the relations of the Negro and the Southern white man have been great. Dr. J. L. M. Curry, one of the foremost and broadest of Southern educators, has said that as an agency for allaying race prejudice, he considered Hampton the most important factor in the South. (fn. From Servitude to Service, p. 139. m. Not original ref.) This, indeed, was largely in the mind of Armstrong in the selection of his means. His work as Bureau officer, in adjusting the relations of the freedman with his former master, had convicted him of the open-minded attitude and kindness of the average Virginian, and he worked strenuously to the end of settling upon a firm and kindly basis the relations they must sustain toward each other.

If there could have been many Armstrongs in those days, well would it have been for the Negro, the white man, and the South. But we may be thankful for the work he was enabled to do, and, devoting ourselves to the study of problems in the same spirit and with the same keen spiritual and material sight he used, press on to a finishing of the work.

CHAPTER III.

AN EXAMPLE THAT PROVED THE RULE.

It is a frequent and favorite charge, on the part of his detractors, that the Negro has not made the progress his recent advantages would warrant, and which a whiter-skinned race would have made. On one side and the other of this question, writers have grown eloquent, always with great show of proof in the form of statistics and personal observations. Figures that will not lie have been employed to prove both an unprecedented achievement and a dismal failure. The fact is, that statistics, properly presented, can prove anything, and the appearance of things observed depends altogether too much upon the weather, the state of one's stomach, and the ponderosity of one's ideals.

The question of race salvation, in any case, is one only remotely connected with the duty and the hopes of the philanthropist and the Christian teacher. While statesmen are speculating on the ultimate fate of the race, may it not occur to the Negro and his friends that the real problem, which contains the other, is the salvation of the individual? It is not the politicians, anyway, who have provided for the progress that has been made: their chief attempt to make such provision is seen, in the light of these days, as a tragi-comic exploitation of the race for their own ends. It is the self-sacrificing teachers whose hearts were aglow for the salvation of the individual, who laid the basis for such race progress as has come. Remembering this, the teacher and leader of the Negro, be he colored or white, may well refuse to be distracted by race comparisons, and, gaining confidence, not from outward evidences, but from inward conviction and a firm faith in the redeeming power of Christ, work unfalteringly for the redemption of individuals of the race. Like the weavers of Smyrna, he may be mindful of the reputation of his native looms, but he must shut his ears to the cries of

the merchant and the pedler, and put his soul upon the design his fingers are filling into the warp before him.

This was the vision of General Armstrong, as with singleheartedness he labored for those who came under his charge. It was this vision that inspired his fellow-teachers at Hampton. They had crude material to work upon, but as they worked they saw wonderful transformations. Hundreds and thousands of Negro students came through their hands, from rough, uncouth, ignorant, helpless flesh, to an intelligent and serviceable manhood and womanhood. And, seeing such marvelous changes in individuals, how could their faith but deepen in the capabilities of the race?

One morning, in the fall of 1872, there came before the head teacher at Hampton, Miss Mary Mackie, a fourteen-year old boy who said he wanted to go to school. His clothing was not in the height of fashion, he was not over-clean, and he looked half starved. The teacher hesitated. There were many desiring to enter; some, perhaps, must be turned away because there was no room: should not the best appearing be given the first chance? How could she know the story of the struggles that lay behind this supreme moment in the boy's life, when he stood here at the door of opportunity? And neither she nor he could guess at the marvelous story that lay yet beyond, in a life whose romance "has no parallel even in the 'Tales of the Arabian Knights.'" (fn. Thomas Dixon, Jr., in Sat. Even. Post, Aug 19, 1905 (?). m. Quoted in "Race Adjustment," Kelly Miller, p. 45; cf 28) "Booker," she said, "you wait awhile." The boy stood back and watched out of his hungry eyes the stream of students being admitted to the school, from which he seemed about to be debarred because he was shabby and dirty.

It was not his fault. He had started, weeks before, with all the money he could command, from his home in West Virginia, for the wonderful school at Hampton. He had been born a slave, and after slavery days he was, in his immediate life, no better than a slave, being put to work by his stepfather in the salt furnaces and coal mines, that the pittance of the seven-year old

boy might be added to the earnings of the family.

His home was a log cabin, his bed a pile of rags, his clothing of the coarsest and the scantiest. He had never had any covering for his head; he had not even had a full name, until he gave himself one. He always had had an intense desire to learn to read; for the fleeting glimpses he had had of a school room when, a tiny slave, he had carried his young mistress' books after her to the door of the school, had somehow seemed to him like a look into heaven. Here, in his new, "free" home, the chance to get into that heaven seemed as distant as ever. But his mother, who sympathized with him, in some way procured for him an old, blue-back Webster's spelling-book, and by means of this, without any assistance, he somehow mastered the alphabet.

But when a school was opened for colored children near his home, his stepfather said he could not go, because he could earn money in the salt furnace. Bitterly disappointed, Booker determined that he would learn anyhow, and he got the teacher to give him lessons in the evening. Finally he was permitted to go to the school, on condition that he work mornings and nights. His first day in school gave him his name. He had never had any name but "Booker," but he noticed that the other children all had two names, and some of them three; and he turned it over in his mind until, by the time the teacher came to him, he had settled the matter. He struck high: he would bear the name of the Father of his country; and he told the teacher his name was "Booker Washington." That morning not only gave him and his mother's family a new name, but decided that to that name, already the most renowned, should, through the life of this little ex-slave, be added new luster.

One day, while working in the coal mine, he overheard two miners speaking about a great school in Virginia, where Negroes could be educated, and pay for it, at least partly, by work. In the darkness of the mine he crept close to the men and listened; and though he had no idea how far away it was, nor how he could reach it, from that moment his soul was on fire to

go to Hampton.

But his best education was to begin nearer home. His mother got him a place as chore-boy, at \$5 a month, with a white lady in the neighborhood, the wife of General Ruffner, who owned the mines and furnaces. It was a place no other boy could hold, because, they all said, "that Yankee woman" was too particular. It was her particularity that gave Booker Washington his first and most important lessons. She insisted that everything be kept clean and in order, that every duty be done promptly, and that the truth be always told. Her house was spick-and-span, and she required in her servants the same neatness and dispatch which she herself exhibited. It was his training here that enabled Booker Washington to get into Hampton Institute.

For all his efforts, he had but little money when he at last set out for Hampton, and that money gave out long before he reached there. Much of the way he walked, sometimes he begged a ride in wagons or on the cars; but when he at last reached Richmond, late one night, he had not a cent in his pocket, and he knew not a friend in the place. He was tired, but no lodging house would take him without money, as he very soon discovered. He was very hungry, and the fried chicken and half moon pies piled up at the stands he passed, seemed almost more desirable than life, but not a scrap could he get to eat. Finally, when he had walked until after midnight, the boy, utterly exhausted, crept under a board sidewalk, and with his satchel for a pillow, lay down to sleep.

The next morning he saw a ship near by, unloading pig iron, and he asked the captain for enough work to get him some breakfast. After that breakfast, the most satisfying in his life, the captain told him he might work for money, if he would. He did this for several days, saving his money to pay his fare to Hampton, while he ate as little as possible, and slept each night under his sidewalk. So it was that when he arrived at Hampton, insufficiently fed, unbathed, and with soiled clothing, he seemed no very prepossessing applicant.

He stayed around Miss Mackie for several hours, watching others being admitted, and feeling, deep down in his modest heart, that if he were only given a chance, he could do as well as they. Finally the teacher said to him, "The adjoining recitation room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it."

Booker was delighted. Here was something he knew he could do well, and now if his entrance depended upon how he did this, he would see to it that the pupil of one Yankee woman could satisfy another Yankee woman. He swept that recitation room three times, digging into every corner and closet, and moving every piece of furniture, until not a speck of dirt could be found. Then he got a dusting cloth and dusted that room four times, going over every desk, table, and bench, and all the woodwork. Finally he called Miss Mackie.

She came in, looked over the floor, peering sharply into the corners, opened the closets and inspected them, stood in the dark corners and squinted toward the light to find some dust; then she took her handkerchief and rubbed it over the tables, the desks, and the woodwork, and lo! that handkerchief came through clean! Then she looked at the boy to whom she had given this "sweeping examination," and said quietly: "I guess you'll do to enter this institution."

Booker Washington remained three years. When he arrived there, he had just fifty cents in his pocket with which to meet expenses. But, recommended by his first work, he was given the job of janitor, by which he earned his board and room. The tuition was seventy dollars a year, and this he could not pay, but General Armstrong found for him, as for so many others, a Northern friend who met that expense.

He had but little clothing. Every morning the students were lined up for inspection by General Armstrong, and not a grease spot, not a missing button, not a dusty shoe must appear; and, despite his training at Mrs. Ruffner's, it was a little difficult to keep spotless his one suit of

clothes, which must be worn at work as well as at study.

Personal cleanliness was diligently taught. The use of the tooth brush was commanded, daily baths were required, most of the students for the first time became used to table cloths and napkins. Sheets were a puzzle to Booker, the new student. The first night in Hampton he slept under the two sheets, the second night on top of them, but the third night, having watched the ways of the seven other boys in his room, he had learned that he was to go between them. For a long time he had only one pair of socks, but these he would wash out and hang over night before the fire to dry. After the teachers saw that he was in earnest, they began to furnish him some clothing out of the barrels that were sent down from the North. Books he could not buy, but he usually was able to borrow what he must have to get his lessons.

When the summer vacation came, most of the students were expected to go home. He tried to sell an extra coat he had for \$3, but when he at last had gotten a Negro man from the town to come up and see it, his prospective customer dashed his hopes with the proposal, "I tell you what I'll do: I'll take the coat, and pay you five cents, cash down, and pay you the rest of the money just as soon as I can get it." For a long time he sought for a place where he could earn enough to pay the sixteen dollars he owed the school and get some money for clothing. The best he could do was to get a place as waiter in a restaurant at Fortress Monroe, for which he received little more than his board. One day, the last week before school, he was overjoyed to find a crisp ten-dollar bill under one of the tables. He showed it to the proprietor, who, he says, seemed just as glad as he, and remarked, as he put it into his own pocket, that as it was found in his place of business he would keep it.

Booker went to General Marshall, the treasurer of the school, and told him he could not pay his debt then, and he did not know how he could go to

school. But General Marshall had watched the boy; he knew how faithful he was, what a hard struggle he was making; and he told him the school would wait on him and trust him to pay it. So the second year he went in again as janitor.

He speaks this year especially of his obligation to one of the instructors, Miss Nathalie Lord, from whom he learned to love and appreciate the Bible, and to make it his daily teacher and guide. And no one who knows anything of the character of the work which Dr. Booker T. Washington has done for his people, can doubt the inestimable value that Book, with its practical commentary in the lives of Armstrong and his coworkers, has been to him and those he has influenced.

After graduating at Hampton, Washington went back to his home at Malden, West Virginia, and began teaching in the colored school the things he had learned at Hampton, and he prepared a number of others to go to Hampton. This included his two brothers, the older of whom, John, had unselfishly remained at home, working in the coal mines to support the family and, as much as he could, help his brother Booker in the school.

After teaching in Malden two years, Booker went to Washington to study for eight months. He was then called home by a committee of white men to speak throughout the state in favor of Charleston for the state capital, as the question was then up for settlement by vote of the people. In this work young Washington made so favorable an impression that he was urged to go into politics; and for a time this seemed to appeal to him, as it had to so many of his race far less qualified. "But," he says, "I refused, still believing that I could find other service which would prove of more permanent value to my race. Ehen then I had a strong feeling that what our people most needed was to get a foundation in education, industry, and property, and for this I felt that they could better afford to strive than for political preferment. As for my individual self, it appeared to me to be reasonably certain that I could succeed in political life, but I had a feeling that it would be a

rather selfish kind of success--individual success at the cost of failing to do my duty in assisting in laying a foundation for the masses." "Though I was but little more than a youth during the period of Reconstruction, I had the feeling that mistakes were being made, and that things could not remain in the condition that they were in then very long. I felt that the Reconstruction policy, so far as it related to my race, was in a large measure on a false foundation, was artificial and forced. In many cases it seemed to me that the ignorance of my race was being used as a tool with which to help white men into office, and that there was an element in the North which wanted to punish the Southern white men by forcing the Negro into positions over the heads of the Southern whites. I felt that the Negro would be the one to suffer for this in the end. Besides, the general political agitation drew the attention of our people away from the more fundamental matters of perfecting themselves in the industries at their doors and in securing property. The temptations to enter political life were so alluring that I came very near yielding to them at one time, but I was kept from doing so by the feeling that I would be helping in a more substantial way by assisting in the laying of the foundation of the race through a generous education of the hand, head, and heart." (fn. Up from Slavery, pp. 93, 94.)

No words could show more simply and forcefully the guiding principle of unselfish helpfulness which may have been his heritage, and certainly had been his education. It was the teaching of Hampton, the influence of Armstrong, which had so molded this young man's mind. In the face of the failure of the political aids to Negro progress, and in view of the incalculable benefits derived from the work which Booker T. Washington and his like have done, we have to thank the far-seeing, God-given, divinely sustained policy of General Armstrong's for a great part of what has been accomplished. Thousands of practical teachers have been sent out from Hampton to leaven the South and to make evident to the world what had early become conscious to the race, as expressed in the words of a pickaninny pupil, when asked by

General Howard what message he should take to the North: "Tell 'em we is risin'!" Of these Booker T. Washington, more illustrious, but not more earnest than thousands of his fellowstudents, is a shining example of the value of the rule laid down by General Armstrong: "To teach respect for labor; to replace stupid drudgery with skilled hands; and, to these ends, to build up an industrial system for the sake not only of self-support and intelligent labor, but also for the sake of character."

In 1879 Washington was called to Hampton as a teacher. His first work was that of "house father" to a hundred Indian youth fresh from the plains of Dakota, who were expected to hate giving up the blanket and the pipe, to despise the white man and him who had been his slave, and especially to abhor an education that required him to do what he had always relegated to his squaw. The success of this young Negro teacher in winning the confidence and the love of these members of another backward but very different race, spoke most highly for his abilities as a teacher and a leader.

The second year he was put in charge of the night school, which had just been organized for students, who, like himself seven years before, had nothing to pay, and who were now permitted to work during the day for expenses, and to attend class at night. So earnest was the work done by and for this class, and so enthusiastic and persistent did they become, that Washington gave them the name of "The Plucky Class," a term for the night school that became very popular, until admission to it grew to be a mark of honor, sought for as the soldier seeks for the Victoria Cross.

After two years of work here, Booker T. Washington was selected by General Armstrong to respond to a call for a Negro school to be established at Tuskegee, Alabama, where he went in 1881. The story of the upbuilding of that great school, from its temporary home in the Baptist church and its earliest shelter in the metamorphosed hen-house on its permanent site, to the present magnificent plant, with its three thousand acres, one hundred buildings, forty trades, and sixteen hundred students,--the largest Negro

school in the world,--is a story too great to be told here. Well has it been said, by one who stands as an enemy of the race: "The story of this little, ragged, barefooted pickaninny, who lifted his eyes from a cabin in the hills of Virginia, saw a vision, and followed it till at last he presides over the richest and most powerful institution in the South, and sits down with crowned heads and presidents, has no parallel even in the 'Tales of the Arabian Nights.'" "

He stands as the recognized head of his people, acclaimed by them as their Moses and holding in the esteem of the white race a position unequalled in history as a sane, far-seeing, polite leader of the Negro race. With a sound philosophy of education, with a deep insight into character and unrivaled expediency in dealing with it, with a patience that is sometimes almost a fault, and a modesty that is the gift of the humble and the adornment of the high, with a faith in the powers of his race when rightly directed, and with an abiding love for all mankind, especially the downtrodden, this man holds to-day an unexampled power in both races; and even among the few enemies evoked by his policies or his color, none dare speak in derogation of his personal qualities or his good intentions. He would be the last to ascribe this result to his own powers; he has been an instrument used of God for the accomplishment of a great work; and, under God, he, his race, and the world, owe the benefits of his great life to the execution of the plan that Samuel Chapman Armstrong conceived for Hampton Institute.

CHAPTER IV.
IN THE WEST.

Hampton provided the nucleus of education in the East; in the West the most favorable point for such a work was in Tennessee, and Nashville became its heart. In Virginia the early efforts made for the education of the freedman were circumscribed: for four years Lee's army drew a stern wall of steel and fire before the little peninsula. But in Tennessee, while the beginning of this work was later than in the East, the field was very early cleared by the success of the Federal armies.

Tennessee, reluctant from the first to leave the Union, was hardly ever actually out of it. Her land, it is true, was drenched with the blood of battles, but in the main her territory was controlled by the Federal government. East Tennessee was wholly loyal to the Union, and in middle Tennessee Union sentiment was widespread and powerful. The early fall of Forts Donelson and Henry, and the victory of Shiloh, speedily brought Tennessee back into the Union, so that within eight months after Isham G. Harris had carried the state government into the Confederacy, Andrew Johnson, a former governor and then United States senator, had become, by appointment of President Lincoln, military governor; and Nashville, the capital, though twice thereafter besieged, was never yielded by the Federal government.

(fn. Secession and Reconstruction of Tennessee, Fertig, page 11.)

To the Army of the Mississippi, as it pressed southward toward Vicksburg in the autumn of 1862, flocked thousands upon thousands of slaves from the deserted plantations. In every state of helplessness and ignorance and vice, they threatened to swamp the army. Some disposition must be made of them, and Grant solved the problem by employing such as he could use in service for the army, and setting the remainder to work gathering the corn and cotton left at the point of harvest by their fleeing masters. To the supervision of these "contrabands," Grant appointed a young army chaplain,

Gen. John Eaton (afterwards U. S. Commissioner of Education), to whose work is largely to be ascribed, not merely the control and employment of the refugees, but the inauguration in the Mississippi Valley of an educational work for the freedmen.

Schools, necessarily of elementary grade, were established from Memphis or farther North to Vicksburg and Natchez, connecting there with the system in Louisiana inaugurated by General N. P. Banks. While the prime object, naturally, of these schools was to teach the illiterate to read and write, some industrial features, suggested by local needs, were introduced, and in the orphanages established with the co-operation of various private societies, more or less full opportunities were given for training in industries. (fn. Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen, pp. 192-206).

But it was not till the war had closed that the beginnings were made of the most permanent and influential of the institutions in the West for the education of the Negro. The city of Nashville, having been a point strongly and persistently held by the Union forces, and being, besides, very centrally located, and the seat of government, became a center to which drifted thousands of refugees. Their needy condition enlisted the efforts of the American Missionary Association, the same organization which had made the beginnings at Hampton. (fn. The Story of the Jubilee Singers, p. 8 ff). Two of their agents, Rev. E. M. Cravath, and Rev. E. P. Smith, both of whom had been army chaplains, were assigned to the organization and supervision of work for the freedmen in the Mississippi Valley. These two met at Nashville, and there determined to inaugurate a permanent educational work. They found earnest friends and helpers in Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, then stationed at Nashville as agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, and Prof. John Ogden, agent of the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission. There were no public schools in Nashville for colored children, but some private efforts, like the McKee School, had been started. (m. Brief History of Fisk University (pam.), p. 11) Such facilities as there were, however, were by no means adequate to the thousands

of Negro children, youth, adults, and aged, who, with a pathetic faith in the badge of the whiteman's superiority, were eager to acquire the mystic arts of reading and writing.

The agents of the American Missionary Society, with their friends, sought for a suitable place to become the home of the proposed school. It was difficult to find a willing seller of land to be used for a Negro school, but at last, without a revelation of the purpose, a site was secured near the river, for the purchase price of which, \$16,000, three of the above mentioned friends became personally responsible.

On this site the government had erected a hospital and wooden barracks. These, rendered useless by the closing of the war, were donated by the government to the Freedmen's Bureau, which transferred them to the Society. They could be made immediately available for the needs of the school, the hospital providing the school building, the officers' quarters the home of the teachers, and the barracks the dormitories for the students. Thus was begun Fisk University, perhaps the most famous of the higher institutions of learning for the Negro race.

Its opening, January 9, 1866, was made a gala occasion. Thousands of colored people filled the grounds and the adjoining streets, music was furnished by a United States military band, and the speakers gave expression to hopes that this was the beginning of a great educational work which should give to the Negro race the advantages heretofore arrogated by the white. Among the speakers was General Fisk, who had consented to allow the institution to bear his name, and who stood here as the representative of the national government in its relation to the Negro. An address was also delivered by the newly elected governor, William G. Brownlow, an East Tennessean (who before the war had tempestuously opposed secession, and in reward was voted into office as the first civil governor of the reorganized state.) Government smiled upon the birth of the first Southern Negro university.

Professor John Ogden was made the first president, and served until 1870. Very shortly a thousand pupils, under fifteen teachers, were in attendance at the school. Mostly they were in the primer grade, tiny pick-aninnies side by side with the white-headed grandsire. A few of some previous education were in advanced grades. Some who began in that first term never left the school until, ten years later, they were graduated from a full collegiate course.

But the burdens and perplexities of the school grew with its progress. The first site, in the midst of the city, was not very suitable, in the minds of either the school authorities or of their white neighbors. Yet the funds with which to secure a better location or even to make needed improvements, were not easily obtained. At this point the insight and the faith of one of the teachers discovered a plan that was the means both of meeting the financial needs and of advertising the work of the institution more widely than might have been hoped.

Professor George L. White, who from the beginning had been instructor in music, and who had discovered and developed the unusual talents of his students, conceived the idea of a singing band who should, from the proceeds of their concerts in the North, endeavor to raise money for Fisk University. October 6, 1871, he started for Ohio with nine students, who were very soon named, "The Jubilee Singers."

At first their way was by no means smooth nor prosperous, and oftentimes they were at a loss to know how to pay their hotel bills and railway fare. Professor White, however, would not abandon the plan, and after a few weeks better success began to attend them. They were called to New York and New England; and before they returned to Nashville, they had, as the result of their three months' work, twenty thousand dollars for the school.

This first campaign was followed by others, which included two visits to England and a tour on the Continent. The full fruits of their work were one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in money, besides many valuable

donations of works of art and other material. The money thus obtained purchased the beautiful new site, on the hills overlooking Nashville, and also erected Jubilee Hall, a five-story building 128 by 145 feet, which cost over one hundred thousand dollars. Largely through the work of the Jubilee Singers, Fisk University and all that it represents in Negro education, became widely known, and other gifts and bequests enabled it to provide buildings and equipment which have made it one of the largest and most efficient of the schools in the South.

Another institution of note is Walden University, established by the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and first known as the Central Tennessee College. In 1865, under the direction of Bishop Clark, a school was opened in a church in Nashville, quarters which were soon outgrown, and the school the following year was housed in a large brick building known as the "Gun Factory," the use of which, as well as the equipment, was given by the Freedman's Bureau.

A permanent home was secured in 1868, in the suburbs of the city, and here, with new buildings, the school increased in numbers and efficiency. In 1876, through the beneficence of five brothers,--Hugh, Alexander, David, Jesse and Samuel Meharry, the funds were provided for the Meharry Medical College. Its venerable dean, Dr. Geo. W. Hubbard, who has been with the university from its foundation, has had the honor of providing through his school more than half the trained Negro physicians now in practice throughout the South. The addition of other departments, as dentistry, pharmacy, law, etc., induced the change of name, in 1900, from Central Tennessee College to Walden University.

Roger Williams University, first established immediately after the war, as the Nashville Normal and Theological Institution, is a third institution for the higher education of the Negro located in Nashville. The influence of these and other institutions has invested Nashville with a reputation for a liberal, sane, and progressive attitude toward the education of the

Negro; and they make a needed complement to the great institutions for the education of the white race for which this "Athens of the South," has become famous. Facing, as she does, the requirement of adjusting her civilization and her rate of progress to the needs of both races, the South may well be grateful for the success with which this Tennessee city, in common with others, has attacked the problem of equal education. The favorable atmosphere created by, or at least provided for, these liberal centers of education, attests at once to the generous mindedness and the far-sighted judgment of the Volunteer State, whose people before the war read correctly its results, during the war upheld their part in sacrifice and service beyond all other records (fn. cf. Secession and Reconstruction of Tennessee, p. 12), and since the war have evinced the greatest magnanimity and wisdom in helping to solve the problems which the war produced.

CHAPTER V.

THE CRUCIBLE.

An intelligent view of present conditions in the South can not be gained without some study of Reconstruction times. From the close of the war to 1877, the states which had formed the Southern Confederacy were passing through an experience in being "reconstructed," first into forms of government which would satisfy the national Congress that they should be recognized as loyal parts of the union; and afterwards into such political conditions as would satisfy their own people that they were self-governing.

The difficulties in these processes were made by the opposite views and aims of Northern and Southern politicians and peoples, and in the struggles the Negro freedman was in turn the cause, the excuse, the tool, the beneficiary, and the victim. The times of Reconstruction are to the Southerner who passed through them a period of greater horror than the preceding years of war. They did more to impoverish the South and to estrange the races than all that had gone before. Yet out of the crucible has come a South, not, indeed, with all of its problems solved, yet with a finer spirit, a clearer judgment, and a better prospect than she might have had without the fiery ordeal.

Had it not been for the presence of the freedman, the treatment which the North would have accorded the South when the latter laid down her arms, would have been the most generous and fraternal that history records. This is evident from the attitude of both military and civil authorities, and from the spirit in which the South accepted the results of the war.¹ And the reason was not only that the parties spoke one language, were of one blood, and held largely the same social and religious ideas, but that, despite the barbarities inseparable from war, the American people were more fully under the influence of practical Christianity than has been the case in any

other civil war. Puritan New England had stamped her seal upon the middle West, and the western South had been cast in the mold of the Methodist circuit-rider. The Abolitionist fed her fervor with the fuel of his prayers, and the Scotch-Irish of the South had not forgotten the zeal that glowed at Drumclog and Londonderry. Just before the War, a great revival had swept over the country North and South, its influence survived the early campaigns, and as the conflict settled into the gloom of a long and dubious war, the religious spirit deepened.

Most of the leaders on either side were Christian men. The independent but sincere and peculiarly simple faith of Lincoln grew deeper. The iron-willed Stanton ascribed the glory of his success to the favor of God. Grant was unostentatiously reverent, and such generals as Howard and Garfield were men of deep piety. And especially was the leadership of the South religious. Jefferson Davis' inaugural address closed with a prayer; frequently he issued proclamations for public prayer of thanksgiving or supplication; he was at church when the foundations of the Confederacy crumbled under his feet. Lee was sincerely devout; he did all in his power to aid his chaplains in their work among his soldiers, who, like the followers of Washington, were not surprised to discover him upon his knees in the woods. Stonewall Jackson, Presbyterian deacon and Sunday-school leader, was the greatest strategist of the war, and a Northern authority has said that God had to remove Jackson in order to crush the rebellion. It might be truly said of him that he prayed without ceasing; he submitted the conclusions of his war councils to God in prayer; he prayed before the battle and after it; and he was greatly relieved to find that the Bible did not require the eyes to be closed in prayer, else when marching through the woods his devotions were hindered by the trees and the stumps. He exerted himself for the conversion of his men and officers, and as a result he had an organization superior to the famous praying Ironsides of Cromwell.

Great revivals were held in the camps, sometimes amid shot and shell, and baptisms were performed under hostile guns that held their fire till the ceremony was over. Prisoners carried the spirit into the Northern fortresses, where there were many examples of great revivals. By the prayers and the letters of soldiers, the influence spread to their homes, and the intensity of religious feeling, so remarkable in the midst of a war, grew stronger and stronger as the end came near: there were forty chapels found along Lee's abandoned works at Petersburg. (fn. The Reconstruction Period, Hamilton, pp. 460-466)

This religious school made heroes of soldiers; and when the war closed it was not less responsible for the resignation and good will with which the disbanded armies accepted the result, and set to work to rebuild upon their ruins.

If the North could have understood this spirit and accepted the sincere intention of the South to work in accordance with the conditions made by the war, there would have been a different history. Some there were who did extend the hand of Christian brotherhood, like Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Greeley (fn. Ibid. p. 95); but the Republicans in Congress, fearing for the supremacy of their party, fanned the dying flames of sectional hatred. "The rebels," cried an Ohio representative in the House, "framed iniquity and universal murder into law. . . . Their pirates burned your unarmed commerce upon every sea. They carved the bones of your dead heroes into ornaments, and drank from goblets made out of their skulls. They poisoned your fountains, put mines under your soldiers' prisons; organized bands whose leaders were concealed in your home; and ordered the torch and yellow fever to be carried to your cities and to your women and children." (fn. Ibid, p. 168)

Thaddeus Stevens declared that Congress should take such action as "to secure perpetual ascendancy to the party of the Union." To these statesmen the views of even Union men who were in touch with actual conditions, mattered nothing. A representative of the Union Army men who were at work

for the freedmen in the Mississippi Valley, was sent to Washington to protest against certain impending action. Sumner, the Republican leader in the Senate, admitted him to an interview, and listened impassively while he presented the facts. Then, with a wide, all-embracing gesture, Sumner swept away his argument with the remark, "You gentlemen are away off there on a little section of the perimeter of the wheel. I am here at the center, sir, and sweep the whole circumference!" (fn. Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen, Eaton, p. 224)

Had Abraham Lincoln lived, it is altogether probable that the horrors of reconstruction would have been avoided. The assassin's hand that struck him down, struck the South the heaviest blow. The 14th day of April, 1865, dawned upon a new nation. The national capital rang with joy. Grant, fresh from his great victories, was there to confer with President Lincoln, and wherever the two appeared, they were greeted with tremendous ovations. For Mr. Lincoln it was a day not merely of triumph, but of perfect gladness, and in his care-seamed face, now transformed with the light of peace, was revealed the better thought of the nation toward the prostrate South. At the cabinet meeting that morning, in which Gen. Grant was present, Mr. Lincoln said, "I think it providential that this great rebellion is crushed just as Congress has adjourned and there are none of the disturbing elements of that body to hinder and embarrass us. If we are wise and discreet, we shall reanimate the states and get their governments in successful operation with order prevailing, and the Union reestablished before Congress comes together in December. I hope there will be no persecution, no bloody work, after the war is over. No one need expect me to take any part in hanging or killing these men. Enough lives have been sacrificed. We must extinguish resentment if we expect harmony and union. There is too great a disposition on the part of some of our very good friends to be masters, to interfere with and dictate to these states, to treat the people not as fellow-citizens; there is too little respect for their rights." (fn. Nicolay and May's "Lincoln," Vol. X, pp. 283, 284.)

That night he lay bleeding, unconscious, his life slowly ebbing away, and with his life ebbed also the brotherly love that the nation had seen embodied in him. Not until that moment had the North realized how fully the fortunes of the nation were vested in that gaunt, homely form; in that moment the bleeding heart of the South, taught by the years of his patient ministry for "the Union, one and inseparable," turned in an instinctive revulsion of sorrow and respect.

If any had given him unreserved fealty, it was that race to whom he had given freedom, and to whom he was, indeed, the clearest representative of the fatherhood of God. When Lincoln died, hope died in them; they knew not what would become of them. The fears of white people that these new freedmen would think of blind revenge for that death, took no knowledge of the helplessness of their grief. At Memphis for instance, says General Eaton,

The day had advanced but little when word came from the commanding general that he was in receipt of messages from many families who were in terror lest the Negroes should rise up and assassinate those who had been known to sympathize with the South. It was Sunday, as I have said, and I had not made my usual rounds, but I replied that I was sure nothing of the kind would occur. Again he sent me a similar message, and again I made a similar reply. Soon after came a third message stating that the people were terrorized, and if any massacre should occur, I would be held responsible. I mounted my horse and made my way as quietly as possible to a Negro church where the colored people were allowed to assemble freely. Dismounting and entering, what a sight met me as I halted on the thresh-hold! The congregation--easily stirred at all times--had concentrated itself into little groups of men, women, and children, each group the centre of a whirlwind of emotion. So absorbed were they in their grief that I passed up one aisle and down another before any one recognized me. But there was mingled with their shouts, ejaculations, prayers for protection, and

inarticulate cries of woe, not one word of vengeance toward those who had held them in bondage. I passed out of the church and went to the streets most exclusively inhabited by the colored people, hoping to again observe them before they should recognize me, but I had barely entered the quarter before they swarmed from their houses, detaining me with innumerable questions and laments prompted by fear, sadness, and uncertainty. They were in despair over what might become of them now that their best friend was gone, but here again there was no whisper against those who had sympathized with all that he opposed. There was no more pathetic symbol of the loss the nation suffered in that dark time than the distracted grief and bewilderment of these unhappy people. (fn. Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen, pp. 234, 235.)

Andrew Johnson, who succeeded to the presidency, was in accord with Lincoln's policy, and proceeded to put it into operation. Very speedily under his direction governments were established in all but three of the Southern states, and representatives and senators from these states were waiting to be admitted to Congress. But Johnson was not Lincoln. The tact and patience that the dead president would have exercised in putting his plans into operation, were foreign to the nature of his successor, and, moreover, Johnson had not the prestige of his predecessor; neither the confidence of Congress nor the love of the people was given him as they had been to Lincoln.

The North, instructed by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and forgetting its Shelbys while remembering its Legrees, had imbibed the sentiment that the Southern whites, and especially for former slave-holders, were the enemies of the Negro, and that upon the Northern whites devolved the duty of rescuing and educating the colored people. The help of the North was indeed needed, for the resources of the South were almost completely destroyed, but their idea of white hostility was distorted. It was not the former slave-owner, but the non-slave-holding class who might be expected to oppose the progress

of the blacks; and the greater the Negro population, the more intense the feeling among the poor whites. On the other hand, the relations between the slaves and their masters had been, on the whole, friendly, with deep attachments in thousands of cases, and the ex-slave-holder, in general, was the best informed, the best fitted, and the most inclined to give the freedman the best chance for development. What was written by General Fullerton from Louisiana was indicative of the whole South: "Former owners I found disposed to deal justly and kindly with the freedmen. Opposition here comes principally from poor whites." (fn. The Period of Reconstruction, p. 112)

But this false impression of the North's was fostered and seized upon by the politicians to bolster them in their determination to create an indestructible and ever triumphant party; and the result to the South was eight years of turmoil, terror, and suffering.

In the halls of legislation now was erected the fetish of politics. When Congress reconvened, in December, 1865, the Republican members saw in the Southern delegates awaiting admittance, a threatening of Republican supremacy. The Republican party had held the reins of government during the war. It had, indeed, been the party that had won the war, and now, its leaders declared, to the loyalty and wisdom of the Republican party must the after questions be left for solution. With a very respectable Democratic minority in the North, and a solid Democratic South, they feared that soon that power would be wrested from their hands. This must be all means be prevented.

From this time on, the figure of Thaddeus Stevens looms portentous in the House. A man of stern visage, of adamant opinions, he hammered his way through opposition, fearless, unyielding, and implacable. He seized upon the problem of the freedman as a means by which to retain for his party the supremacy in national affairs.

The gauntlet was immediately thrown down to President Johnson by the rejection of the Southern delegates who had been elected under the state governments he had helped establish. Congress had already, in February, proposed the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which provided for the eradication of slavery, and this amendment, having been ratified by three-fourths of the states, was declared in force December 18, 1865. Congress now proceeded, within the next year, to propose the Fourteenth Amendment, which gave the franchise without qualification to the freedman.

Congress at the same time took action to destroy the state governments which had been established by the people in the South, and divided the territory into military districts, wherein supreme control was vested in military satraps, supported by troops. When President Johnson vetoed these bills, Congress, secure in its Republican majority, and spurred by its Stevenses and Wades, promptly made them law over his veto.

The excuse, or the cause, for these action, was the Negro and the Southern attitude toward him. How much of genuine philanthropy, of real solicitude for the freedman, there was in all this, is not for men to-day to decide. As a policy, after the lapse of nearly half a century, it has received the almost universal verdict of being, as a provision for the freedman's needs, a blind and blundering mistake, and as a political expedient for the maintenance of the Republican party in power, a merely temporary success. Yet this view considers more the conditions of to-day than of yesterday, and supposes, in its alternative remedy, a more ideal philanthropy than the wisdom of those days could discern. Something is to be said for the disinterestedness of those responsible for the action, and their view can not be better stated than in the words of James A. Garfield, one of the broadest-minded and most unselfish of those who framed this policy:--

Between slavery and full citizenship, there was no safe middle ground. To strike the shackles from the Negro's limbs, to declare by law that he should not be bought or sold, scourged or branded at the

will of his master, and then to leave him with no means of defending his rights before the courts and juries of the country--to arm him with no legal or political weapons of defense--would have been an injustice hardly less cruel to him, and a policy even more dangerous to the public peace, than slavery itself. To leave the defense of all the rights of person and property of the manumitted slave to those who had just voted unanimously against his freedom, would have been alike dishonorable and cruel. Indeed, this experiment was attempted soon after the close of the war. While the seceding states were under military control, the white people of the South were invited to aid in solving the difficulties of the Negro problem by electing their own legislatures and establishing provisional governments. The result was that in 1865, 1866, and a portion of 1867, their legislatures, notably those of Mississippi and Louisiana, restricted the personal liberty of the Negro, prohibited him from owning real estate, and enacted vagrant and peonage laws, whereby Negroes were sold at auction for the payment of taxes or fines, and were virtually reduced to a slavery as real as that which existed before the war.

Congress was, therefore, compelled to choose between a policy which would have made the Negro the permanent ward of the nation, and by constant interference with the local laws of the states would protect his personal and property rights, or to place in his own hands the legal and political means of self-defense. It was a choice between perpetual interference with the autonomy of the states--a policy at war with the fundamental principles of our government, and intollerable to the white population of the South--and the risk of admitting to the suffrage four millions of people who were, as yet, in a large measure unfitted for its wise and intelligent exercise. In reviewing the situation as it existed from 1867 to 1869, I can not conceive on that grounds the wisdom of the choice then made can be denied.

Possibly a plan of granting suffrage gradually as the Negro became more intelligent would have been wiser; but the practical difficulties of such a plan would have been very great, and its discussion at this time can have no practical value. North American Review, March, 1879, pp. 245, 246.

The complaint made by General Garfield of the actions of the Southern legislatures had a basis of truth, and especially was it a powerful argument to a Northern public educated on the Negro question by Abolitionist literature, wounded by the losses and flushed by the successes of the War, and apprehensive of losing the political control which they deemed essential to the welfare and progress of the nation and its colored wards.

Yet, certain actions reprobated by the Northern public, such as the vagrancy and apprentice laws, were the best that could be devised under the circumstances, and essential to the welfare of the state and its inhabitants, both white and black. They were no more severe than vagrancy and apprentice laws standing unnoticed upon the statute-books of Northern states, and their enactment was required by the mischievous conduct of many Negroes, sometimes inspired by Northern advice. (fn. Why the Solid South, Hilary A. Herbert, pp. 31-35) On the other hand, some of the legislation, especially concerning the punishment of crime, smacked too loudly of the old-time slavery laws, from which, indeed, they were copied. In some states the laws concerning ownership of land were oppressive, and the rights of the Negro in the courts were unjustifiably circumscribed. Says a Southern writer concerning such legislation in Mississippi:--

Manifestly such legislation at this time was folly. Those who were responsible for it assuredly did not understand the temper of the North. It was such legislation as this, begun in Mississippi and adopted in other Southern states, that led the radicals, when Congress met in December, to set aside President Johnson's reconstruction measures.

It gave them a pretext to subvert the partially reconstructed states governments and remand the South to despotic military rule. They cited this action as proof sufficient that the South had not accepted the abolition of slavery in good faith, and it doubtless led some conservative Republicans to adopt the view that immediate Negro suffrage was a political necessity. (fn. James W. Garner, Reconstruction in Mississippi, p. 117)

But this severity is to be explained, not only by the education the Whites had received in dealing with the slave, but by the conditions then existing among the freedmen. It was an unprecedented situation, the sudden emancipation of four millions of an alien race with little conception of what freedom involved and untrained to meet its requirements. Greater wisdom than any people have ever displayed would have been required by the dominant race to meet the situation with exact justice, yet with gentleness and discretion. The Negro field hands had generally the conception of freedom as an opportunity for idleness, and they held the belief that the power which had freed them would also feed them. To this view the practice of distributing among them army rations contributed, a practice which, in their first condition, it was only humanity to begin, and the limits of which it was not easy to determine.

But beyond this, mischievous persons, both official and private, took pains to inspire them with the belief that they should all be provided with "forty acres and a mule," out of the property of their former masters, which the government would confiscate for their benefit. This was indeed the program of some Northern extremists (fn. cf. Wendall Phillips, in North American Review, March 1879, page 260), but responsible officials everywhere took pains to instruct the freedman that the expectation was a delusion, and that his prosperity depended upon his working and making a living for himself.

It was, moreover, the opportunity of the rascal to make capital, of money or of position, out of the helpless, ignorant ex-slave. Multitudes of

ingenious Yankees there were to exploit this opportunity, and not a few of Southern men, "poor whites," who did not scruple to build themselves up by the same means. These classes richly deserved the opprobrium that came to be attached to the titles given them, "carpetbagger" and "scalawag." The Northern adventurer earned the former term because he was said, often with literal truth, to have all his possessions in the carpetbag he carried; the native white who joined the party in power was denominated "scalawag," and he was usually all that the term has come to mean. He was either the sharp-witted but uncultured poor white, or the basest of the slave-holding element, who hated the Negro, but discovered in his votes the chance to ride to power. Such, for instance, was Choutteau of Alabama, who first seriously advocated the wholesale poisoning of the Negroes, yet afterwards made his plantation the rendezvous of "Loyal Leaguers" and obstreperous Negroes; such was the infamous Moses of South Carolina, who in 1861 was the man that hauled down the flag of Sumter and first unfurled the Stars and Bars, but who afterwards with Negro votes climbed to the governorship and robbed the state of millions of dollars. Such a one, at a political meeting one day, was hypocritically proclaiming his love of the Negro, and exclaimed: "Happy would I be, my friends, if my own face were black, that I might identify myself more completely with you." And one of his sympathetic hearers cried out, "Never min' dat, boss, yo' soul is black, an' dat's ernuff."

Some of these carpetbaggers, appearing as pretended agents of the government, sold to the credulous Negroes, for \$5 or \$10 each, little bundles of four painted sticks, which, planted at the four corners of any piece of land the possessor of the sticks might desire, entitled him to ownership. (fn. Dixie after the War, p. 214) Such "agents" were very ready to furnish receipts to people who could not read, after the order of this: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so have I lifted the sum of \$10 from this fool nigger," only the Scriptural part of which, it is safe

to say, was correctly translated to the eager recipient. (William Baxter Poe, Outlook, October 31, 1903)

But others sought more permanent and more lucrative fruits. Settling in some community, such a carpetbagger would insinuate himself into the good graces of the Negroes, by promises of government grants and favors, by appealing to their love of mystery in the organization of a "Loyal League," a secret organization of Negroes, and seeking by every art to detach their confidence and interest from the native whites and attach them to himself. He might, if his abilities and his inclination permitted, open a school or establish a Freedmen's Bank. His ultimate aim was to have himself elected sheriff, or county treasurer, or member of the legislature, or congressman, and through such offices not only to acquire public fame, but private wealth. For the salaries of the carpetbaggers in government employ were liberal enough in those impoverished states where, as in Mississippi, lands were selling for from ten dollars to ten cents an acre. The doorkeepers in the legislature received \$5 a day, reporters \$15; the members themselves had the modesty to vote themselves no more than \$10 a day and 40 cents a mile when traveling, but they had other means of making up the deficiency. (fn. Reconstruction in Mississippi, p. 181)

There were exceptions to the general run of venal and shameless carpetbaggers. Some of them were honest and upright, having at heart the betterment of the Negro people and the establishment of good government in their adopted states, but the general condition was not such as to encourage these men to remain, and even the best of them, unable to assimilate their views with their new conditions, and bearing the opprobrium that was earned by the evilly disposed, were not often successful in accomplishing the good they might ardently wish to do.

There had been established by the Act of March 2, 1865, the Freedman's Bureau, the purpose of which was to care for the freedman in his immediate

needs, his employment, his education, and the protection of his rights. By the original bill and by later acts, the powers conferred upon this Bureau were almost unlimited. Its agents were empowered to make the contracts for Negroes with white employers, to settle all disputes between them, and in every way to have a general care over them. A case, of whatever nature, in civil or criminal law, wherein the accused was a black man, might be and usually was removed by the Bureau agent from the courts, and settled by himself. He was the legal guardian, the political adviser, and the economic and moral guide of the freedman. Such a responsibility it might well make him tremble to possess. How it should be discharged depended upon the character of the man who held it, and Congress was sanguine indeed if it expected that it could find a civil army to govern the South for such a purpose, who were all of them capable of bearing this responsibility. The general officers of the Bureau were high-minded men. Gen. O. O. Howard was the Commissioner from 1865 to 1869, when the Bureau was abolished. The department heads, like General Eaton, and General Fisk, were perhaps without exception irreproachable, and many of the local agents were also high-minded, earnest men. But a vast number of them were of a very different character.

General Grant, who, in the latter part of 1865, was by the invitation of President Johnson, making a tour of the South to observe conditions, wrote: "The belief, widely spread among the freedmen of the Southern states, that the lands of their former owners were, at least in part, to be divided among them, has come from the agents of this Bureau. . . . Many, perhaps the majority of the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, advise the freedmen that by their industry they must expect to live. . . . In some instances, I am sorry to say, the freedman's mind does not seem to be disabused of the idea that he has a right to live without care or provision for the future. The effect of the belief in the division of the land is idleness and accumulation in camps, towns, and cities." (m. Why the Solid South, p. 17. Get original

reference) The itch for office and the greed for money were too often the controlling forces in the lives of the minor Bureau agents.

Nevertheless, despite the ill savor this fact has given to the name of the Freedman's Bureau, it is but right to recognize the vast amount of good that Bureau was able to do for the freedman. By its co-operation with religious and philanthropic societies, it provided very largely for the primary education of the Negro all through the South, and its offices in helping to establish such centers of education as Hampton, Fisk, and Howard University, are not the least of its benefits.

Footnote

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(fn. cf. Dixie after the War, pp. 114, 115.

"Courage had been demonstrated to be common to both armies; kind offices to the wounded and the hungry had been mutual, and the dividing of rations by Grant's veterans with Lee's at Appomattox was just what had occurred on a smaller scale many times before. But the non-combatants at the South (and so it must have been at the North, judging from subsequent events) had none of the kindly feelings with which soldiers regarded their adversaries. It was quite common in 1865 to hear a soldier say that, for himself, he had had 'enough of it; but my neighbor, who has been hiding all the time at home behind a bomb-proof position, has just now begun to get mad. What a pity he couldn't have gotten his courage up before the fighting was over!' And now, thirty-five years afterwards, it may be affirmed without reserve that if the soldiers of the two armies had been allowed of themselves, uninfluenced by politicians, to dictate the terms of reconstruction, the history of the United States during the past three decades would have been widely different. . . . There was a widespread feeling that the secession leaders were answerable for the calamitous situation. Many Whigs retained their old-time prejudices against Democrats, and in every Southern state there had been Unionists. These were disposed to claim the benefits of their superior judgment, and many indeed were not 'Union men' whose Union sentiments prior to secession their friends were by no means able to recall." Hilary A. Herbert, in Atlantic Monthly, February, 1901, p. 117.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE CRUCIBLE,--concluded.

The white governments established by the Southern states, under the direction of the president, were short lived: Congress speedily declared them nonexistent, and proceeded, before the adoption of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, to bestow the franchise by law upon the colored population of the South, at the same time directing the voters of the states, including now the Negro race, to elect delegates to state conventions, for the purpose of providing new state constitutions, and preparing for the establishment of state governments.

This program was carried out under the eye of the military authorities, and these conventions assembled, a mixture of Negroes, mulattoes, Northern carpetbaggers, and native whites, most of whom were "scalawags." Here began the era of Negro or Carpetbag government, which in the different states lasted for from four to eight years. For the results of this period of disgrace and ruin the Negro is not to be held responsible. The chief responsibility must rest upon those who used him as a tool. What could be expected of a race just freed from servitude, ignorant, debased, incapable for the most part of grasping the elementary principles of government, and especially when by their white leaders there was set them the example of cupidity, bribery, embezzlement, intimidation, class legislation, and debauchery of every sort?

The state legislatures were made up of somewhere nearly equal parts of white and black members. Of the Negroes, the majority were illiterate, and wholly unacquainted with the real purposes or the practices of legislative bodies. In the first carpetbag legislature of South Carolina there were 72 white and 85 colored, and of these latter, only 29 could sign their names.

Of the white members of the administration, carpetbagger vied with scalawag for plunder and infamy, and the Negro followed his tutors. Moses one day, while speaker of the House, lost to Whipple, a Negro friend, one thousand dollars in a bet on a horse-race. The next day Whipple arose and virtuously moved that the House vote Moses one thousand dollars as a gratuity, "in appreciation of his capable administration;" and the House proceeded to do it.

A picture of the South Carolina legislature in 1870 is thus given by J. S. Pike, a Northern man, an Abolitionist, and at one time United States minister to the Hague. At the time he wrote, the legislature consisted of 23 white members, representatives of the solid class, seven other white men, leaders of the blacks, and 94 Negroes. He says:--

Yesterday about 4 P.M. the assembled wisdom of the state, whose achievements are illustrated on that theater, issued forth from the statehouse. About three-quarters of the crowd belonged to the African race. They were of every hue, from the light octoroon to the deep black. They were such a looking body as might pour out of a market-house or a courthouse at random in any Southern state. Every Negro type and physiognomy was here to be seen, from the genteel serving-man to the rough-hewn customer from the rice or cotton fields. Their dress was as varied as their countenances. There was the second-hand black frock coat of infirm gentility, glossy and threadbare. There was the stovepipe hat of many ironings and departed styles. There was also to be seen at that time disregard of the proprieties of costume, in the coarse and dirty garments of the field; the stub jackets and slouch hats of soiling labor. In some instances rough woolen comforters embraced the neck and hid the absence of linen. Heavy brogans and short, torn trousers it was impossible to hide. The dusky tide flowed out into the littered and barren grounds, and issuing through the broken wooden fence of the enclosure, melted away into the street beyond. These were the legislators of South Carolina. . . .

[The Negro legislature] answers completely to the description of a stupid speaker in parliament given by Lord Derby on one occasion. It was said of him that he did not know what he was going to say when he got up; he did not know what he was saying while he was speaking; and he did not know what he had said when he sat down. But the old stagers admit that the colored brethren have wonderful aptness at legislative proceedings. They are "quick as lightning" at detecting points of order, and they certainly make incessant and extraordinary use of their knowledge. No one is allowed to talk five minutes without interruption, and one interruption is the signal for another and another, until the original speaker is smothered under an avalanche of them. Forty questions of privilege will be raised in a day. At times nothing goes on but alternate questions of order and of privilege. The inefficient colored friend who sits in the Speaker's chair can not suppress this extraordinary element of debate. Some of the blackest members exhibit a pertinacity of intrusion in raising these points of order and questions of privilege that few white men can equal. Their struggles to get the floor, their bellowings, and physical contortions, baffle description. The Speaker's hammer plays a perpetual tattoo, all to no purpose. The talking and the interruptions from all quarters go on with the utmost license. Everyone esteems himself as good as his neighbor, and puts in his oar apparently as often for love of riot and confusion as for anything else. It is easy to imagine what are his ideas of propriety and dignity among a crowd of his own color, and these are illustrated without reserve. The Speaker orders a member whom he has discovered to be particularly unruly to take his seat. The member obeys, and with the same motion that he sits down throws his feet onto his desk, hiding himself from the speaker by the soles of his boots. In an instant he appears again on the floor. After a few

experiences of this sort, the Speaker threatens, in a laugh, to call "the gemman" to order. This is considered a capital joke, and a guffaw follows. The laugh goes around, and then the peanuts are cracked and munched faster than ever, one hand being employed in fortifying the inner man with this nutriment of universal use, while the other enforces the views of the orator. This laughing propensity of the sable crowd is a great cause of disorder. They laugh as hens cackle—one begins and all follow.

But underneath all this joking burlesque upon legislative proceedings, we must not forget that there is something very real to this uncouth and untutored multitude. It is not all sham nor all burlesque. They have a genuine interest and a genuine earnestness in the business of the assembly which we are bound to recognize and respect, unless we would be accounted shallow critics. They have an earnest purpose, born of a conviction that their position and conditions are not fully assured, which lends a sort of dignity to their proceedings. The barbarous, animated jargon in which they indulge is, on occasion, seen to be so transparently sincere and weighty in their own minds that sympathy supplants disgust. The whole thing is a wonderful novelty to them, as well as to observers. Seven years ago these men were raising corn and cotton under the whip of the overseer; to-day they are raising points of order and questions of privilege. They find they can raise one as well as the other. They prefer the latter. It is easier and better paid. Then, it is the evidence of an accomplished result: it means escape and defense from old oppressors, it means liberty; it means the destruction of prison walls only too real to them. It is the sunshine of their lives. It is their day of jubilee. It is their long promised vision of the Lord God Almighty." (fn. The Prostrate State, Pike, pp. 10, 19-21.)

Meanwhile, the twenty-three white men, "representatives of the old civilization," "men of weight and standing in the communities they represent," with "the frosts of sixty and seventy winters whitening the heads of some among them," "sit grim and silent. They feel themselves to be but loose stones thrown in to partially obstruct a current they are powerless to resist. They say little and do little as the days go by. They simply watch the rising tide, and mark the progressive steps of inundation. They hold their places reluctantly. They feel themselves to be in some sort martyrs bound stoically to suffer in behalf of that still great element in the state whose prostrate fortunes are becoming the sport of an unpitying fate. Grouped in a corner of the commodious and well furnished chamber, they stolidly survey the noisy riot that goes on in the great black Left and Center, where the business and debates of the House are conducted, and where sit the strange and extraordinary guides of the fortunes of a once proud and haughty state. In this crucial test of his pride, his manhood, his prejudices, his spirit, it must be said of the Southern Bourbon of the legislature, that he comports himself with a dignity, a reserve, and a decorum that command admiration. He feels that the iron hand of destiny is upon him. He is gloomy, disconsolate, hopeless. The gray heads of this generation openly profess that they look for no relief. They see no way of escape. The recovery of influence, of position, of control in the state, is felt by them to be impossible. They accept their position with a stoicism that promises no reward here or hereafter. They are the types of a conquered race. They staked all and lost all. Their lives remain; their property and their children do not. War, emancipation, and grinding taxation have consumed them. Their struggle

now is against complete confiscation. They endure, and wait for the night." (fn. *Ibid.*, pp. 13, 14.)

State offices were sought and held as positions in which to grow rich or to live high. Under the eight years of carpetbag and Negro rule in South Carolina, the state's indebtedness was increased from five millions to thirty-three millions (fn. *The Prostrate State*, p. 124); the taxable value of property, which in 1860 was \$490,000,000, had depreciated in 1871 to \$184,000,000, but taxes in the meantime had risen from \$400,000 to \$2,000,000, a proportionate increase of 1500%. The state was no richer as the result, but immeasurably poorer. The money was squandered.

The furnishing of the House of Representatives, which in 1890 cost only \$3,000, in 1868 created a bill of \$50,000, to meet which \$95,000 was appropriated; and yet, so common was the practice of these legislators to carry home articles of furniture, that though the total bill for this item in four years was \$200,000, there remained in the House when inventoried, furniture to the amount of only \$17,715 appraised at the original prices, which included \$200 sofas, \$600 mirrors and clocks, \$1500 sets of window curtains, and \$2500 chandeliers. (fn. *Why the Solid South*, p. 89; *Dixie after the War*, p. 353.) Appropriations were almost daily made many times greater than the extravagant bills they were to meet, and the surplus went into the pockets of the legislators and officials who handled the sums. At that, their personal expenses were looked after by the state's paying for such articles as champagne, cigars, oysters, flour, coffee, fine shirts and cravats, perfumes, bustles, corsets, gold watches, diamond rings, cradles, household furniture, and coffins.

In most respects South Carolina was not ahead of Mississippi and Louisiana in this display of official debauchery and crime; and Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama were scarcely second. North Carolina's debt was

raised from sixteen millions to forty-two millions in two years, without a single step in advance in public works or utilities. The states were over-bonded for their legitimate debts, railroads and other monopolies in which officials had an interest were "subsidized," prices were paid by the state for worthless lands on which to settle the poor (who never were settled thereon), and school lands and other properties were confiscated and squandered. The courts were debauched by bribery and iniquitous appointments; and high positions, such as United States **senatorships**, were bought of the thirifty legislators at from \$25 to \$2,000 a vote. Cuffy, a member of the North Carolina legislature, was found one night by a friend in his room, laboriously counting, in the light of a tallow dip, a pile of bills and coins, and chuckling to himself. "Why, Uncle Cuffy, what amuses you so?" asked his visitor. "Well, boss," he replied, grinning from ear to ear, "I's been sold in my life 'leven times, an', fo' de Lawd, dis is de fust time I eber got de money!" (m. Why the Solid South, p. 80.)

In addition to the fearful record of financial incompetency and crime of the legislators, laws often foolish, sometimes frivolous or iniquitous, made the record blacker. Social laws were enacted which, incapable of enforcement, yet served to alarm and exasperate the legally helpless white population, who had to deal, not merely with the legal aspects of the matters, but with the moral influence thus exerted. Always apprehensive in slavery times, in the midst of an alien and servile population, they now began to realize, in isolated cases and sometimes to a greater extent, some of their worst fears. The insolence of bad Negroes was shown, not only at the polls, but in the homes of their former masters, at times resulting in horrible tragedies. These conditions were not the product of the race in general. As the Negro servant had proved himself during the war docile, trustworthy, and protective to his "white folks," so still, upon the whole, under unusually provocative conditions, the Negro freedman maintained the character he had before revealed. But there were not lacking those of

the race who were ready to respond to the efforts of carpetbaggers to inspire race hatred and to provoke difficulties. Army officers, upon the whole, maintained an admirably correct attitude in the trying situation; many Bureau officers who had the interests of the Negro at heart, likewise helped; but there were hundreds of Bureau agents and more of private citizens who, sometimes from mistaken philanthropic motives, but most often from motives of personal gain, were instrumental in stirring up strife and bloodshed.

Nor, on the other hand, was there lacking among the whites an element that sought every opportunity to discover "insolence" in Negro men, and to mete out extreme punishment; and who, magnifying their own and others' fears of insurrection and private crime by imagination, urged desperate measures to forestall Negro aggression. But the difficulties were real enough, the terrors were true enough, and the elements at work were dangerous enough, to justify much of the apprehension felt by Southern men for their wives, their children, and themselves.

With the Army still in their midst, practically subject to the Bureau, and supporting the carpetbag governments, Southern white men felt themselves helpless from a legal standpoint; and out of these conditions sprang the secret, terrorizing organizations, most famous of which was the Ku Klux Klan. This organization had its origin near Pulaski, Tenn., in 1866, as an offset to the carpetbaggers' and Negroes' "Loyal League." At first partaking merely of the nature of college boys' pranks, the Klan, in its rapid spread over the more Southern States, began to assume more and more fully the nature of an extralegal, irresponsible, and sometimes vindictive tribunal, which accused, tried, and punished its victims without revealing the identity of its own members. Its organization was elaborate, with a central head, the Grand Wizard, a Grand Dragon over each state or Realm, a Grand Titan over each congressional district

or Dominion, a Grand Giant over each county or Province, and the county divided into Camps or Dens, each of which was ruled by a Grand Cyclops, all these officers having many subordinates. The members styled themselves Ghouls, which the Negroes rendered into the vernacular as "ha'nts." (fn. Ku Klux Klan, Fleming, p. 136.)

The practice of the Ku Klux was to ride by night in disguise of tall peaked caps and white robes, with horses likewise covered and their hoofs muffled, so that in their silent procession they appeared to the startled Negro imagination very perfectly to personate Death-on-a-Pale-Horse, and they further vivified the impression that they were "ha'nts" by such feats as drinking whole buckets of water down sizzling throats, insisting on shaking hands with rattling bones, and giving their warnings in sepulchral tones. Their warnings to stay away from League meetings, or to quit pilfering and idling, or to cease public agitations, or to quit teaching Negro schools, or to leave the country, they delivered either in person or in fantastic writing accompanied by skull-and-cross bones decorations, with such supposedly gruesome details and in such fantastic language as the following:--

K K K

The Raven Croaked
and we are come to Look on the Moon
The Lion tracks the Jackal
The Bear the Wolf
Our Shrouds are Bloody
But the Midnight is black.

K: K: K:

BLOODY MONTH

Skeleton Hollow, Dark Moon, Silent Hour

In hoc signum. To the veiled brotherhood of subdivision No. 9
The Grand Cyclops never sleeps. His bony fingers have pointed to the "Bleeding Band" and his messenger will greet you in the 24th revolution on the Spirit's Dial. Mortals have threatened the Band. The Bloody hand is raised to warn. Be cautious lest it fall. The Sword is unsheathed & red. Let Tyrants tremble.

H. K. 3. 7.

O.

Sub. T.R. and Bearer of the Diadem.

K. K. K.

Dismal Swamp.

2 D, XIA—.

11th Hour.

Mene, mene, tekel upharsin. The bloody dagger is drawn; the trying hour is at hand; beware! Your steps are marked; the eye of the dark chief is upon you. First he warns; then the avenging dagger flashes in the moonlight.

By order of the Grand Cyclops:

LIXTO

(fn. Copied from Dixie after the War, p. 269, and Reconstruction in Mississippi, pp. 340 and 341.)

Upon the power of impressions thus made they depended mainly to influence the Negro population. But if their warnings were disregarded by white or black, they were followed by punishments, usually whipping, though death was not infrequently the ultimate fate. Of the first public parade at Pulaski, Fleming writes:—

While the procession was passing a corner on which a Negro man was standing, a tall horseman in hideous garb turned aside from the line, dismounted, and stretched out his bridle-rein toward the Negro as if he desired him to hold his horse. Not daring to refuse, the frightened African extended his hand to grasp the rein. As he did so, the Ku Klux took his own head from his shoulders and offered to place that also in the outstretched hand. The Negro stood not upon the order of his going, but departed with a yell of terror. To this day he will tell you: "He done it, suah, boss. I seed him do it." The gown was fastened by a draw-string over the top of the wearer's head. Over this was worn an artificial skull made of a large gourd or of pasteboard. This, with the hat, could be readily removed, and the man would then appear to be headless. Such tricks gave rise to the belief--still prevalent among the Negroes--that the Ku Klux could take themselves all to pieces whenever they wanted to.

Some of the Ku Klux carried skeleton hands. These were made of bone or wood, with a handle long enough to be held in the hand, which was concealed by the gown sleeves. The possessor of one of these was invariably of a friendly turn, and offered to shake hands with all he met, with what effect may be readily imagined.

A trick of frequent perpetration in the country was for a horse-man spectral and ghostly looking, to stop before the cabin of some Negro needing a wholesome impression, and call for a bucket of water. If a dipper or gourd was brought, it was declined, and the bucket full of water demanded. As if consumed by raging thirst, the horse-man grasped it and pressed it to his lips. He held it there till every drop of water was poured into a gum or oiled sack concealed beneath the Ku Klux robe. Then the empty bucket was returned to the amazed Negro with the remark, "That's good. It is the first drink of water I've had since I was killed at Shiloh." Then a few words of counsel as to future behaviour made an impression not easily forgotten or likely to be disregarded. (fn. Ku Klux Klan, pp. 96-98.)

While the membership of the Klan was large, "it is," says Fleming, "an error to suppose that the entire male population of the South were Ku Klux, or that even a majority of them were privy to its secrets, and in sympathy with its extreme measures. To many of them, perhaps to a majority, the Ku Klux was as vague, impersonal and mysterious as to the people of the North or of England. They did attribute to it great good, and to this day remember with gratitude the protection it afforded them in the most trying and perilous period of their history, when there was no earthly source to which to appeal." (fn. Ibid, p. 96.)

Says a Southern woman, "Those dark days of the Reconstruction period rapidly followed the horrors of the Civil War, and the reign of the carpetbagger began, goading the people to desperation. For their protection the younger and

more reckless men of the community now formed a secret society, which masqueraded at night in grotesque and gruesome character, called the Ku Klux Klan. Always silent and mysterious, mounted on horses, they swept noiselessly by in the darkness with gleaming death's heads, skeletons, and chains. It struck terror into the heart of the evil-doer, while the peaceful citizen knew a faithful patrol had guarded his premises while he slept." (fn. Mrs. Stubbs, in Saunder's Early Settlers of Alabama, p. 31.)

Such a view of the Klan, however, was not at all universal. Numerous works of fiction have been written, portraying the horrors of its reign; and the thirteen volumes of testimony taken by the Congressional Committee investigating Ku Klux outrages, teem with the complaints of the injured, faintly echoed by the admissions of those who may have been connected with the Klan. Not only "biggoty" Negroes, but white men both of Northern and of Southern blood, are revealed as victims of whippings, and shootings, and hangings, that came under the guise of Ku Klux regulations. Especially was this so in the back country, farthest away from the centers of population and of culture. The worst of these outrages, it may be truthfully affirmed, were not in accord with the purposes of the original Ku Klux Klan, as mirrored in its reputable members; but it was the inevitable fate of an ultra-secret organization countenancing violence in place of law, whose general officers, from the nature of the case, could exercise little influence and no effective discipline,—it could only be the fate of such an organization to be seized upon by the violent for their private ends.

The Klan was at first officered and controlled by men of repute, General Forrest, the famous Tennessee cavalry commander, becoming its head. But as the movement spread, it became impossible to control the actions of the secret bodies composing it, and by order of General Forrest it was abolished in 1869. That did not, however, do away with the order of things it had helped to set

in motion; and, especially in the rougher districts of the South, there was long no restraint to unjust and cruel deeds performed by ruffians who bid under its name and disguise.

Gradually, one by one, as Northern pressure and military rule slackened, the Southern states regained autonomy,—Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia in 1870, Alabama, Arkansas, and Texas in 1874, Mississippi in 1875, South Carolina and Florida in 1876, and Louisiana in 1877 upon the decision of President Hayes to withdraw all troops from the South. As soon as the polls and the government buildings were relieved from the presence of the soldiery, the elections became Democratic victories, and there followed an exodus of carpetbaggers. These leaders had made thousands of the Negroes believe that a Democratic victory would mean their return to slavery, and under this lash they had long driven their Negro allies to vote their ticket. Now, when Democratic governors and legislators were about to take their seats, and carpetbaggers had become refugees, the pathetic fears of many of the Negroes that they would be remanded to bondage, where they might be punished under the slave code not only for their sins but the sins of their representatives in that period of debauchery, were touching in the extreme. Going down to his private wharf the morning that election news came in 1876, a South Carolina planter found his wharf foreman sitting dejectedly upon an overturned canoe. "William," said the Captain, "I have good news." The sunken head was not raised, the woe-burdened face was not lightened; as in a lugubrious voice he inquired respectfully, "What is it, suh?" "General Hampton is elected." It was no good news to the Negro; he had no reply. But his soul was burdened with one thought, which after a long silence came out. Lifting his eyes, sad, unutterably hopeless, to the white man's face, he asked slowly, "Well— Cap'n—whut you goin' tuh do wid me, now?" Into his soul, as into those of his fellows, had been burned deep the one legacy that Congressional Reconstruction, with

carpetbag agencies, had given the black man: the falsehood that the Southern white man is his enemy! (fn. Dixie after the War, p. 346.)

It is easy to stand in the aftermath, and criticise and condemn, one way or the other, according to one's point of view. It is even easy to go farther, and suggest a perfect plan which might have been followed with better results; and the glow of satisfaction at one's superior wisdom may remain unchallenged by the test of usage. But to one who not merely contemplates one side of the matter, with the bias of section or race or opinion, but considers with what conditions that age had to contend--the heat of passion in triumph or in defeat, the pride of race or class, the bigotry of self-righteous and militant benevolence in collision with outraged and resentful mastership, and the disabilities of education in faulty and hostile codes of political and moral obligations,--to him will come the belief that under such conditions it was strange, not that there were no evil results, but that the evil was not infinitely worse. That God was overruling, not only in the issue of the war, but in the succeeding days of storm and stress, must be the conclusion. He would have had men wiser, but despite their foolishness, He worked out for them all the best results the conditions made possible.

Despite our acknowledgement of the blundering of the North, it may be questioned whether the South alone would have wrought out as good a result as has been realized. What would have been the outcome to the emancipated race if they had been left wholly in the hands of their former masters? It is the consensus of Southern thought that not only would the Negro have been handled and trained to his far greater advantage, but that the estrangement of the white and black races in the South would have been largely avoided. But this is a matter that rests upon opinion merely, and opinion that is based partly upon the demonstration by the Northerner of his failure to comprehend the Negro, and largely upon the sense of injury and a disposition to find a foreign scapegoat.

It may be regarded as certain that if the best, the noblest, the most unselfish thought of the South had been able to determine the universal policy, the freedman would have found their exmasters, everywhere, their disinterested, patient, and optimistic benefactors. But whether that beneficent spirit would have ruled over the grosser element, to the extent of setting the Negro upon the highway of mental and spiritual progress, when the advantages of such a course were a moot question, and to the extent of guaranteeing the continuance of such favors by appropriate legislation, is open to question. There are, indeed, those who, while deploring slavery, yet maintain that if slavery had not been meddled with by those not concerned in it, it would have continued to evolve into milder and more favorable forms, and have flowered at last in a far more perfect and intelligent freedom than violent emancipation made possible. But the trend of slavery in America, constantly growing more oppressive in legislation and in practice, scarcely warrants such a conclusion. The best thought of the South was at work upon the problem then, but it was not approaching solution. There was much that was beautiful and attractive in the relations of the best masters and their slaves, but the kindness and affection of these good masters and their favored dependents could not hide the horrible injustice and cruelty that depraved masters and overseers perpetrated, nor could the influence of the best of the masters overcome the selfishness and barbarity of the base.

After the war, as before the war, the South asked to be left alone with its problem. That it was best able to solve its own problems, if its higher ideals had full sway, can not be gainsaid; and the agents through whom the North interfered in an attempted solution can not rank higher in character than the agents the South would have used. The resulting debauchery was certainly in favor of the contention of the South.

Yet it may not be inconceivable that the influence of Northern immigrants,

despite the sordid element among them, was on the whole beneficial. The ideas and ideals of the two sections were in some measure brought together and permitted to mingle. The rascality exhibited by carpetbaggers was only an incident, albeit a sufficiently tremendous incident; the influence of the thoughtful, earnest, disinterested Christian element was the deepest and the most lasting. However Southern and Northern ideals may have clashed, it was to the advantage of Southern thought that it thus came in contact with other ideals, not to be adopted in place of its own, but to act their part in modifying its own. Out of the struggles of that time the weaker race was brought, though with many a foolish idea and many a shameful record, to a solid ground whereon may be built by earnest labor and unselfish aim a sound structure of character and public worth. If the balmy air of the South was rent by the rude cold winds of the North, it may not have been without the blessing of an invigoration that should discount the ache.

Those days are past. These are the days of forgetting, of co-operation, and of hope. The strides the South is to-day making in economic development, in education, and in the popular distribution of that knowledge which makes for the upbuilding of the community and the state, is, in proportion to its powers, unequalled by any other section of the Union. The liquidation of its huge debt, the restoration of ruined fortunes, and the development of neglected resources, as well as the education and culture of its people, have made the herculean task of the South for the past thirty years. Only he who has seen, or whose imagination can truthfully depict for him, the desolation that succeeded the war and the demoralization that followed in the period of reconstruction, can realize the burden imposed upon the South, or the significance of the progress it has made.

In this progress the Negro is bearing a part, not, indeed, so much in the administration of government, but in that far greater essential of economic, social, and educational development which makes the foundation of government.

That he has come at last to a far more general recognition of this necessity is due to the influence, yesterday, of the few friends who saw deeply into his needs, and, to-day, of those noble leaders of his own race who have taken in hand, in a statesmanlike way, the problem of his personal, family, and community development.

Great are the problems yet unsolved and confronting with massive resistance the unequal powers and facilities that seek to master them; and herein are the great appealing opportunities for help of that whole nation which is responsible, first, for the presence of the race which chiefly makes the problem, and second, for that bungling effort at solution which, however inevitable, served only to complicate and not to simplify.

CHAPTER VII

THE ALCHEMY OF SOULS

If to the Southern white man was presented a problem of great magnitude, in the political and economic regeneration of his country, to the Negro race was presented the infinitely greater problem of the transformation of character. The white man looked upon a land peeled and bare, a social order uprooted and overturned, a government farcical and iniquitous; yet in the midst of the desolation he needed not to despair, because he had within himself—in the self-control, the moral power, the science and the culture of centuries—the power to build again the civilization that seemed in ruins. But the Negro had neither property nor education, neither race cohesion nor experienced leaders; worse than that, he had not the heritage of civilization, nor the moral stamina that must make the foundations of progress. If white civilization must rid itself of dross in the crucible of affliction, the soul of a servile people must experience the miracle of transmutation from baser elements into gold.

The state of slavery, despite all its barbarity, was a school wherein the African took his primer lessons in civilization and in Christianity. The Christian population of the South was not indifferent to the salvation of the souls of their slaves. Many owners themselves taught their slaves the elements of Christianity, or saw to it that they received instruction from their own pastors or others. Some of the religious sects, notably the Methodists and the Baptists, provided ministers especially to look after the slave population, and when the war came there were over two hundred thousand Negro members of the Methodist church alone, and perhaps five hundred thousand in all. (fn. Gospel among the Slaves, p. 318; The Negro Church, p. 28.)

But this formal statement means little. While some few of these church members were doubtless well instructed, the majority had but a vague knowledge of Christianity, and mingled with their smattering of Christian truth their old heathen conceptions. (fn. The Negro Church, Atlanta University Pub. No. 8, p. 5.) Yet, on the other hand, there did come to many and many a slave--sometimes by the faithful efforts of masters and mistresses and ministers, sometimes by God's mysterious means through the blackness of their bitter bondage--there did come a true and a deep revelation of the religion of Jesus Christ. And this current of truth, seeping through the walls of ignorance and interdict, to a greater or less extent filled the thought and inspired the hope of the majority of the slaves. Their peculiar songs--their "spirituals," as they called them-- come to us burdened with the hopes and the longings of dim, groping minds and sorrow-laden hearts:--

"O Lord! O my Lord!
O my good Lord!
Keep me from sinking down.
I bless de Lord I'm gwine to die
(keep me from sinking down),
I'm gwine to judgment by-and-by
(Keep me from sinking down)
O Lord! O my Lord!
O my good Lord!
Keep me from sinking down."

"Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows the trouble I see.
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows like Jesus."

The words give no idea of the charm of the melodies, and no chorus but of the soft, deep, full Negro voices can give half that charm. The words, indeed, are seldom successful in conveying the emotion of the singers, who were too incapable of expressing their feelings in words; but their souls were revealed in the wierd, plaintive, indescribable music. Two of the best known songs are here given:--

Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home.
I looked over Jordan, and what did I see
Coming for to carry me home? A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home.
If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home; Tell all my friends I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home.
I'm sometimes up, I'm sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home; But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Coming for to carry me home.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus
Steal away, steal away home, I aint got long to stay here!
My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thunder;
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul, I aint got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus
Steal away, steal away home, I aint got long to stay here!
Green trees are bending, poor sinner stands a-trembling;
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul, I aint got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus
Steal away, steal away home, I aint got long to stay here!
Tombstones are bursting, poor sinner stands a-trembling;
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul, I aint got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus
Steal away, steal away home, I aint got long to stay here!
My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning;
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul, I aint got long to stay here.

(Music on main copies)

Naturally, in many of the songs composed by the slaves, the hope of freedom had a large place, but all the expressions having any possible connection with "the peculiar institution," like bondage, freedom, jubilee, etc., so they were very careful to explain to their masters, had reference to a spiritual or a heavenly state rather than to anything earthly. They not infrequently compared themselves to the Israelites, and sang their longings not only for the promised land, but for the coming of a deliverer. Witness, for instance, the song, "Go down, Moses." Of its twenty-five stanzas, these are the first, second, and seventeenth:—

When Israel was in Egypt's land,
Let my people go;
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt's land,
Tell ole Pharaoh,
Let my people go.

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, etc.

O let us all from bondage flee,
Let my people go;
And let us all in Christ be free,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, etc.

Their minds turned with passionate longing to the Judgment Day, which only, perhaps, might answer their songs. In reference to that dread event, some of their songs, improvisations as they were, have a power that is startling. Even without the music, what peculiar force is there in the following:—

My Lord, what a mourning,
My Lord, what a mourning,
My Lord, what a mourning,
When the stars begin to fall!
You'll hear the trumpet sound,
To wake the nations underground
Looking to my Lord's right hand.
When the stars begin to fall,
My Lord, what a mourning!

And this, dreamed and sung by an old and densely ignorant slave of Virginia:—

I'm a-gwine to tell you about de coming of de Saviour:

Far' you well, far' you well.

1. Dere's a better day a-comin',
When my Lord speaks to his Fader,
Says, Fader, I'm tired of bearin',
Tired of bearin' for pore sinners,
O preachers, fold your Bibles,
Prayer-makers, pray no more,
For de las' soul's converted,

In dat great gittin'-up mornin',

Far' you well, far' you well.

2. De Lord spoke to Gabriel:
Go, look behin' de altar,
Take down de silver trumpet,
Blow your trumpet, Gabriel!
Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
Blow it right calm an' easy,
Do not alarm my people;
Tell dem to come to judgment.
Gabriel, blow your trumpet!
Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
Loud as seven peals of thunder:
Wake de sleepin' nations,

In dat great gittin'-up mornin',

Far' you well, far' you well.

3. Den you'll see pore sinners risin',
Den you'll see de worl' on fire,
See de moon a-bleedin',
See de stars a-fallin',
See de elements meltin',
See de forked lightnin',
Hear de rumblin' thunder.
Earth shall reel an' totter.
Den you'll see de Christians rising,
Den you'll see de righteous marchin',
See dem marchin' home to Heaven.
Den you'll see my Jesus comin',
Wid all his holy angels,
Take de righteous home to heaven.
Dere dey'll live wid God forever.

In dat great gittin'-up mornin',

Far' you well, far' you well.

It has been said that the Negro reversed the definition of religion—morality touched with emotion: that his religion was emotion touched with morality. The emotional side of religion was certainly the most attractive to the freedman, who, largely abandoning his dances and festivals of slave times, poured into his church his wealth of emotion and his stint of morality.

Slavery had been a poor school to teach him morality. Often pinched by hunger, he would steal; always fearful of punishment, he would lie; wronged by the auction-block, by concubinage, and by a system that had more regard to scientific breeding than to conjugal happiness, he had little or no conception of family life or marital faithfulness. With his equipment he was ill fitted to face as a freeman the requirements of Christian civilization. If in slavery he might use the argument employed by Uncle Jim, when his master threatened to whip him for stealing a ham: "Law, Massa, you got less hawg, sho' 'nuff, but you got mo' niggah," the excuse could not avail after freedom came. His education had not taught him independence of opinion; he had only known it safe to agree. Ask him, "This river runs up hill, Sandy, doesn't it?"— "Yes sah, reckon hit mus', sah!" And this irresponsibility of statement, which his Yankee friends found it most difficult to condone, was precisely what most often imposed upon them. A New England lady was being entertained by a young mulatto woman with grewsome tales of cruelties she had endured from her mistress. "I don't see how you could keep from killing her!" exclaimed her hearer. "Law, Mistus," remonstrated an old aunty sitting by, "I wouldn't never thought o' dat ef my ole mistus had a-treated me ez bad as Lizy been tellin' yo' hern did. Dey ain' none o' dat true; she's jest a-speechifying fo' yo'." And Lizy only grinned.

Marriage had in general been a superfluous ceremony for the slave: Sambo "tuk up" with Jane; if his master was particular about Christian forms for his slaves, and especially if he seldom sold any, he might see to it that Sambo and Jane went through the solemn sacrament; but in most cases there was no ceremony, and Sambo and Jane might live together all their lives, or only for a year or two, or even a few weeks, when circumstances would alter cases—and couples. (fn. The Negro Church, p. 52.) The paternity of the children was by no means always certain: a strapping big "buck negro" was often prized as highly in a community of slave-owners as a blooded stallion; and, armed with his master's

permit, he might roam of nights any distance to other plantations without interference from the "patrol."

It was not strange that this looseness of sentiment and practice should follow the ex-slave into his new life, and that among them irregular life and bastardy were no matters of shame. "Traveling one day in Mississippi," says one writer, "I observed a bright, intelligent-looking Negro woman seated near me in the smoking car, which I had entered for a moment. By her side was her little girl, three or four years of age. At one of the wayside stations, a smart mulatto man entered the car, and being acquainted with the young woman, speedily addressed her thus:—

"Why, Sister Smith, how is you?"

"Why, Brudder Brown, tol'able, thank you; how is yourself?"

"I's tol'able; always tol'able, thank you."

"Is you quite sho' you is tol'able?"

"Oh, yes; I's tol'able, very tol'able, thank you."

"Whar is you gwine, Brudder Brown?"

"Oh, I's gwine up hyar to 'tend a meeting; is dat your little gal, Sister Smith?"

"Yas, dat's my little gal."

"How is your little gal, Sister Smith?"

"Oh, she is tol'able, thank you, very tol'able; is your children tol'able?"

"Yas, yas, thank you."

"Is you married, Sister Smith?"

"No, Lor! I isn't married; what would I be married for?"

"Whar did you get dat little gal, Sister Smith?"

"Dat's one I done foun', Brudder Brown;" whereupon the two indulged in a sympathetic giggle." (Fn. The Great South, King, p. 782.)

Before the war, the slaves who were church attendants were generally members of whatever church their masters belonged to. After the war, these Southern churches, for the most part, endeavored to foster religion among the freedmen, and large numbers were gathered into their communions. But the tendency was for the Negroes to flock by themselves, both because their growing sense of equality was offended by the discrimination in the churches, and because when by themselves they could be more independent in their teachings and in their modes of worship. This had, indeed, taken place in the North before the war, and thus it came about that several Negro branches of the different churches were formed, as the African M. E. Church, the Colored M. E. Church, and the colored branches of other churches. The more democratic the church organization, and the more demonstrative its forms, the more easily did the Negro drift into it; and thus the Baptist church, with its public immersions, and the Methodist, with its responsive shouting (which feature, indeed, it was easy for the Baptists to adopt), speedily became the two chief bodies that gathered in the colored religionists.

But their separation from white supervision was unfortunate, because they had few competent leaders, almost no educated ministers. Their preachers, with some noble exceptions, were ignorant, crude, and often immoral men, whose sole gift was a greater or lesser knack of arousing the emotions of their hearers by incoherent harangues. This state, despite the progress made, is to-day too widely extended; a fact that explains the contempt the stable, successful Negro of to-day is apt to feel for the preacher, as illustrated again and again in the Tuskegee Farmers' Conferences:—

"What kind of preachers do you have there?"

"All kinds—they come for the money they can get."

"Do they preach to the people about buying land and owning homes?"

"No; they don't own none themselves, so they couldn't talk much 'bout that."

"What do they talk about, then?"

"Oh, 'bout people going to heaven, an' such like." (fn. Reprint, "Negro Self-Uplifting," Francis E. Leupp.)

An investigation by Atlanta University in a representative county received various answers to the question, "Are the ministers good?"--"No." "Out of ten, three are sexually immoral, one drinks, three are careless in money matters." "Weak in morals." "One is sexually impure and frequents disreputable places." "Lack intellect." "They fairly represent those whom they lead." "Some of them are good men." (fn. The Negro Church, p. 64.) The preacher of a community might be the champion chicken-stealer, the most depraved rake, and an authority upon the quality of "wet goods," whose sense of pastoral responsibility went only so far as to make him hide as successfully as possible his delinquencies." The louder he could exhort and pray, the greater was his power over his congregation, who sought to drown remembrance of their sins in the wild paroxysms the meetings induced. It was easier penance than Rome offered, anyway.

To "git religion" was to the Negro to get a spasm, to be overcome by emotion so that he could shout and dance and jump six feet into the air, to be delirious with the excitement until he fell down in a trance or was sent wandering in a maze through the fields or woods on the outskirts of the meeting. In this he was only a little more extreme, it may be noted, than the white pioneers of the same Southwest, who listened to the fervid oratory of the circuit-rider, and whose strange antics in "the jerks" good old Peter Cartwright feared to rebuke lest he offend the Holy Ghost.

The preaching was usually a jargon, with no connected thought, but depending upon the modulations of the voice, combined with the extravagant gestures, to induce that state of excitement for which the hearers were waiting. The following description is of a sermon far above the average, including

an appeal for practical Christianity that many a white Christian might do well to take to heart:—

In front of the pulpit, behind a little table, stood an olive-colored elderly man, neatly dressed, and with a wildness in his eyes, and an intensity written upon his lips which reminded me of what I had read of the "Convulsionists of St. Médard." The audience was breathless with attention as the preacher, a strolling missionary, supported by Quakers in Louisiana, took up the great Bible, and, poising it on his lean, nervous hand, poured forth such an impassioned appeal that I fairly trembled. I was not prepared for such vehemence. Never, in the history of New England revivalism, was there such a scene. . . . He had a peculiar way of addressing himself suddenly and in a startling manner to some individual in the congregation, dancing, and pounding the table furiously with both hands, in the agony of his exhortation to that person.

From time to time he would draw in his breath with great force, as if repressing a sob, and, when speaking of love and salvation, he inevitably fell into a chant, or monotone, which was very effective. Under the hurricanes of his appeal, the fury of his shouting, the magnetic influence of his song, one of the old deacons went into a spasm of religious fervor, and now and then yelled vociferously. A milder brother ventured to remonstrate, whereupon the Quaker preacher turned upon him, saying loudly: "Let dat brudder shout, an' 'tend to dine own business!"

Then he began preaching against hypocrisy. He seemed especially to chide the women for becoming converted with too great ease. "Woe!" he cried, "Woe unto dat woman what goes down into the water befo' she ready; woe unto her!" with a long, singing descent on the last words; and then he added, sotto voce, "Dat what make so many women come up stranglin' an' vomitin' and pukin' outen de water; de debbil dat still in 'em git hold on 'em, an'

shake 'em an' choke 'em under de water! Let no woman shout for Jesus what don't know 'bout Jesus! It's one thing to get to Heaven, but it's annudder to get in! Don' ye know what Heaven is? Heaven's God! We must know what we is preachin' about, an' ef we don't we ought to SET DOWN!" (This with terrific emphasis.)

In describing the creation, he said: "Breddren, it's now 12,877 years since de good Lord made de world, an' de morning stars sung togedder. Dat wa'n't yesterday! Ha! read de Book o' Job, 'n see for yourself! Dat wa'n't a month ago! I wasn't dar den!" (thus illustrating with sublime scorn the littleness of men), "but by de grace of God, I'll git dar by'n'by!" (here his voice was faint and suggestive of tearful joy) "to join de mornin' stars, an' we'll all sing togedder!"

"Oh yes! oh yes! Heaven's God made de world an' de fullness darof, an' hung it up on de high hooks of heaven. Dar wa'n't no nails dar; no hammer dar; no nothin' but de word of God." In hinting at the terrors of death to the unconverted, he sang wild word-pictures which had a certain rude force even for us, and then shrieked out these sentences: "Ef de brudders don't want to die in de dark, dey must git Christ to hole de candle. God's grace shall be de candle in de good brudder's heart. Devils may howl, lions may roar, but nothin' shall daunt dat brudder's heart. Angels shall come down with lighted candles in deir hands to congratulate de brudder." Then, once more screaming and dancing and weeping, he uttered these words: "Die right, brudder, 'n' yo' shall not die in de night; yo' shall die in eternal day. Ef Christ don't bring light enough, den God will come wid his candle; an' ef dat ain't enough, den de Holy Ghost'll come wid his candle, too, an' dar can't be no more night wid dat brudder's soul." . . .

After the more furious passages of exhortation were over, he gave his ideas upon prayer, something in this wise: "Dar was old Fadder Jupiter

(a colored preacher). Now Jupiter he used to git a Bible in one han' an' a pra'r book in anudder, an' a hymn-book under his arm; an' den he's start out to see de widders 'n' de fadderless; 'n' one day I met ole Fadder Jupiter, 'n' I say to him: 'Fadder Jupiter, how many pounds of meat have yo' prayed? How many pounds of sugar have yo' exhorted? How many cups of coffee have yo' sung to dem pore widders 'n' fadderless?' 'N' he says, 'Not one.' 'N' den I say 'Pears like, Fadder Jupiter, Yo'll sing here, and pray dar, 'n' yo'll pray every widder to death 'n' sing every fadderless child to de grave; 'n' call in help to bury 'em.' 'N' den I told him dat when he sung he must call a bar'l o' flour long metre, 'n' fur short metre he must take a keg of lard, 'n' dat's short enough, anyhow; and fur particiler metre nice ham 'n' some coffee; 'n' den he mus' take de Quaker pra'r book, a two-wheeled cart, 'n' fill up de old pra'r-book with coal; 'n' when de col' wedder come he must drive de old pra'r-book down to some widder sister's, 'n' say, 'Sister, I've come to pray six bushels of coal with yo', 'n' den open de cellar door, dump de ole pra'r-book, 'n' pray de cellar full o' coal." . . .

During the prayer an exhorter passed around among the congregation, singling out the impenitent, and personally addressing them: "Yo'better go now!" "How'll yo' feel when it's too late, 'n' dar ain't no gittin' dar?" In a short time the church resounded to groans and prayers, high all over of which was heard the clear voice of the colored Quaker chanting:

"For everywhar I went to pray
I met all hell right on my way,"

"but heaven's God, 'n' we'll get dar by'n'by. O praise Him! O bless Him, 'n' sing wid de morning' stars!" (The Great South, p. 585.)

It is evident that the great need of the Negro was not a religion that would minister to his emotional nature, but an education which taught, and to have the teaching enforced by practical means, how to make a home wherein dwelt chastity, industry, frugality, honesty, and truthfulness. He needed to learn

the value of time, of labor, and of money. It was no small task to teach this to a race who had seen no money, whose time and labor had not been their own, whose industry and honesty had gained them nothing, to whom truthfulness had been a terror, and whose chastity had been the sport of a superior race. But until he learned these things, the Negro's political independence was a delusion, and the power he might gain by favor or trickery was but a snare for his own destruction.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ALCHEMY OF SOULS,— continued.

The educational need of the Negro was more or less realized by his friends. Politically, something was done for him in primary education, though, because of his utter poverty and that of the Southern states, and especially because of the rascality of some of the carpetbag governments, it was little enough.

The Freedmen's Bureau from the first gave much attention to the school work, and during the last two years of its existence, Congressional legislation gave it no other field than the educational. It furnished, on the whole, over three million dollars to this work, largely expended for school-houses and equipment, but also used in paying salaries of teachers. It co-operated with the Christian and philanthropic societies at work in the field, who mainly furnished the teachers.

Beginning with the Emancipation Proclamation, there were founded in the North many Freedmen's Aid Societies of a philanthropic and non-sectarian character, some of which, starting independently in the various states, afterwards combined. Of the religious societies, the American Missionary Association was the earliest and has been the most widely known. This organization was founded in 1850, for the purpose of teaching and Christianizing the Indians and the Negroes. Even before the war it had assisted in establishing one of the most famous of the Southern schools, Berea College, in the foothills of Kentucky, a school whose chief founder, Rev. John G. Fee, was a Kentuckian who repudiated slavery, and who was in turn repudiated by his family. This school, at first attended only by white students, refused to draw a color line, and after the war admitted

colored students, and continued to do so until in 1908 a state law forbade it. In this respect it has had a unique history among the schools of the South.

The American Missionary Association has been the agency through which a large number of the most influential of the schools for the colored people have been established. The list includes Hampton Institute, Fisk University, Talledega College in Alabama, Toogaloo University in Mississippi, Straight University in New Orleans, and one or more of collegiate grade in each of the Southern states, besides a large number of small schools. It continues its work to the present time, expending its energies chiefly among the Negroes and the white mountaineers of the South.

It was at first undenominational, though started chiefly by members of the Congregational church, and it included members of all denominations. But with the widening necessities that came with emancipation, more vigorous efforts were put forth by the various church organizations, including the Baptists, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Episcopalians, and the Quakers, whose various Freedmen's Aid Societies took the energies of their respective communions, and left the American Missionary Association to be supported by the Congregational church, and to be considered its missionary medium.

The Methodists, concerning whom President Lincoln said that they gave more men to the army and more prayers to heaven, than any other religious body, were not behindhand in giving relief to the freedmen. Most numerous, and most centrally organized, of the evangelical bodies, much was to be expected of them, and much they have given. Their energies were directed at first through various bodies, but in 1866 there was organized the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which, says Dr. Mayo (fn. In Report of U. S. Com. of Education, 1901-2, p. 299), during the first thirty years of its existence, expended more than six million dollars. This was largely in educational work.

The Methodists had, before the war, established a school at Xenia, Ohio, for colored students, and this school, Wilberforce University, is to-day one of the most prominent of the Negro institutions. The Methodists have given great attention to primary, and especially to normal and industrial education, their Claflin University, in South Carolina, for example, being one of the most thoroughly equipped trade schools in the South. Next to the American Missionary Society, they have the largest educational interests among the Negroes.

The Baptist Church was one of the earliest in the field in helping the freedmen. Their Home Mission Society, at its founding in 1832, was intended chiefly for missionary effort among the Indians and the sparse white population of the far West; but as soon as the opportunity for work among the Negroes was afforded by the events of the Civil War, this Society entered upon that mission. Among the most important adjuncts of this Society is the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, which has been very active in supplying and supporting mission workers among the Negroes.

Numerous institutions of learning have sprung up as one result of this work of a half century, it being reported in 1906 that there were eight thousand students in the highest schools, and fourteen thousand in primary and secondary schools. (m. Should have later statistics.) While much attention has been given by the Baptists to educational work, a large proportion of their missionary activities has been evangelistic. Among the Negroes the Baptist doctrines, or at least the Baptist forms, have had the greatest popularity since the war, a very great majority of Southern Negro church members claiming adherence to this church.

The Presbyterians, who alone of the great evangelical bodies succeeded in keeping denominational ties unbroken between North and South during the war, began work about 1865 for the relief of the freedmen. Closely related in doctrine with the Congregationalists, they were large contributors to the work of the

American Missionary Association, and also to that of other similar organizations, until in 1882 they formed a separate organization, to be the medium of their work among the Negroes. This was chartered as "The Board of Missions for Freedmen of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America."

Of all the larger Protestant bodies, the Presbyterian church has been noted for the consistently educational character of every phase of its work. It requires an educated ministry, and is strict in the preparation and admission of candidates for church fellowship, and it has done and is doing a very aggressive work in the establishment and maintenance of schools. If its less popular forms and less emotional appeals have prevented a swollen membership list, its progress has been the more solid that it has been slow. In 1906 it reported primary schools, academies, seminaries, and one large university which were training 13,966 Negro children and youth in the Southern states.

The Protestant Episcopal Church began a distinctive work for the Negroes in 1886, through its Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society. Episcopal service seeks to combine in every effort evangelistic and educational work, and the parochial school is a familiar adjunct to the parish church. There were reported in 1906 eighty-nine day schools and three general industrial schools. One of these, the St. Paul Normal and Industrial School, in Virginia, is among the largest of the Negro industrial schools, having an attendance of between five and six hundred.

The value of the practical training afforded their ministers by these schools is briefly illustrated in the following example, selected as typical from among many others. The young clergyman mentioned, a graduate of St. Augustine's school, of Raleigh, N. C., had been trained not only in theology, but in several practical lines of manual work, including carpentry and nursing.

After developing a following by his preaching, he led them in the erection of a modest meeting house which taxed their slender resources.

"I was working," he says, "on the house all alone, putting on the last shingles I had, and I had no more money. I had never incurred a debt, and I thought things had come to a standstill, but I prayed and prayed all the time I was hammering away. Before the last shingles were put on, a gentleman who was driving by stopped, looked at the house, then at me, then at the little pile of shingles. 'Preacher,' said he, 'I have seen you working away all alone. You've got heaps of courage. I would like to help you a little myself.' Then he handed me a ten-dollar bill, which just finished the shingling."

"Some time ago," says the same clergyman, "I found two parishoners desperately ill with typhoid fever. The woman in attendance knew nothing of nursing, and the white physician asked me to stay the night and tell the woman in charge what to do. I did so, visiting the patients for several days until they were well on the road to recovery." This clergyman legitimately prides himself on his skill in carpentering and nursing; and his disposition is to turn his hand to every task which will subserve the economic and social as well as the moral and spiritual welfare of those with whom he has to deal. (fn. From American Institute Leaflet, "The Church's Work for the Religious Education of the Negroes.")

If the clergymen of every race and every church could be trained in a similar fashion, the ministry of Jesus Christ might come to resemble more fully its prototype.

The relations to the Negro of the Society of Friends has interest more in the influence of its general attitude than in the active work it has done. This small body of Christians was the first to put itself officially upon record

as condemning slavery, and from the beginning of slavery in America to the final act of emancipation, the Quaker Church, while some few individuals within it might waver, stood firm as a body against slavery. Its wealthy men were large contributors to the antislavery campaign, and its humbler members were often actively engaged in the agitation. While the typical Quaker refused to shoulder a musket and go to slaughter his fellowmen, he showed a most pertinacious bravery in more peaceful but not less hazardous efforts at freeing the slaves. The Quakers of North Carolina and other seaboard Southern states, suffered much persecution because of their attitude, and many were driven from the country; while in the North the underground railway knew perhaps more Quaker conductors than any other.

As soon as the "contraband of war" began to accumulate behind the Union armies, the Quakers began active work for them. They were scarcely behind the American Missionary Association in point of time, and their schools, begun in 1861, on the islands off the coast of South Carolina, were not only foremost in their service to the ignorant freedmen they immediately helped, but, through the importance of the investigations and experiments in education there carried on, they were of value to the great body of Christian workers then entering upon their mission in the South.

The later efforts of the Friends, while extending somewhat into other quarters, have not developed the strength of the larger bodies. Their lack of compact organization has made their efforts chiefly dependent upon individual benevolence, and their comparatively small numbers of course excuse them from the more extended and larger material results of the bodies previously mentioned. But the splendid moral influence of their sturdy stand in the days of slavery and opening freedom, is still potent in the working out of the problem.

They possess at the present time several schools among the Negroes, some of note. Among them are the Penn Normal, Industrial, and Agricultural School, on St. Helena Island, S. C., and the Schofield Normal and Industrial School, in Aiken, S. C., the former being one of the first efforts of the Quakers. The Schofield School, established by Miss Martha Schofield in 1868, is a well equipped industrial school, teaching several hundred Negro youth yearly in printing, carpentry, blacksmithing, shoemaking, and farming, and in dressmaking, millinery, and the arts of the housewife. This school has had a steady growth, through the untiring and unselfish efforts of the noble woman who was its founder, and its reputation is high among the schools which are making for the betterment of the Negro race.

The education given by the various societies to the Negro had, of course, to be at the first very elemental, the common branches being new sciences to the freedmen, young and old. From the beginning, manual training was mentioned as a very important part of the curriculum, but in practice this consisted chiefly of teaching sewing, cooking, and housekeeping to the women and girls. (fn. of National Freedmen, Vol. I, No. 1, February, 1865.) Night schools were established for those who had to work during the day, and in many places these were attended by hundreds. From Vicksburg, Miss., for instance, a teacher writes: "At Norfolk our teachers, in addition to their labors in the day schools, have under their instruction during four nights in the week, over 450 adults, of both sexes, and among them many aged persons, all eager to obtain a knowledge of letters." (Ibid.)

As the influence of Hampton grew, however, greater efforts at teaching trades were made in the larger schools, until nearly all made some show of manual training, and some became well equipped. Of such schools two may serve as examples:—

Talledega College is situated in the outskirts of the city of Talledega,

in the beautiful foothills of the Alabama mountains. It was established in 1867, by the American Missionary Association, and was the first school open to colored students in that state. It now has an attendance of about 500 students. Besides its collegiate, theological, normal and music departments, it has a well equipped hospital, working in connection with city physicians, shops for mechanical training, and 800 acres of farm lands. In its normal department, with its well equipped practice school, it is yearly fitting a large number of teachers, practically all of them young women, the young men tending more largely to the ministry and other professions. One of the school's notable features is Foy Cottage, a homelike structure, into which are taken from the girls' dormitories the young women of the senior year, where they have a better opportunity of learning how to make a home. The girls' industries are mainly taught in this building, including the sewing and dressmaking and the cooking and domestic science departments.

The three farms are scientifically conducted, and have good equipment in barns and machinery and stock, but it is to be regretfully noticed at this school, as in practically all the schools for Negroes, that agriculture has few attractions for the average Negro boy, who has seen at his home little but drudgery in the cultivation of the soil. Slater Shop, in which are housed the various men's mechanical industries, is more popular. Woodwork, blacksmithing, machine work, and printing are the chief lines of training.

Claflin University, at Orangeburg, S. C., contains one of the six chief industrial school centers for the Negro conducted by the Methodist Episcopal Church, North. This is situated in the lowland district between Columbia and Charleston. The industrial plant here has an investment of fifty thousand dollars, and training is offered in twenty-four trades and industries, including agriculture, printing, and all forms of woodwork and building, of garment-making,

and of household economy. From such training go out such teachers as Dr. Thirkield mentions:—

"One girl, who went out to teach, could find only a one-room cabin in which to board. She could not live in common with grown children. Rather than desert the task, she cut pine saplings; made a room apart in one corner of the cabin; covered the outside with a quilt and old grain-sacking; illumined this with pictures that she had brought for the children; and thus made in the rude, windowless, pictureless, old cabin a little house beautiful. It became the attraction of the neighborhood. That year, nine of the one-room cabins were transformed into two and three room homes, where modesty and virtue may live and grow. By the power of a Christian example and through plain teaching of the Word, a score of her pupils were led to a personal knowledge of Christ. Such practical work represents the spirit of those sent forth from our schools." (fn. Leaflet, Training the Hand, Freedmen's Aid Society M. E. Church.)

Of Negro schools of academic and higher grade in the Southern states, the principal denominations have the following number: Methodists, 25; Baptists, 22; Congregationalists, 20; Presbyterians, 10. (m. According to the Commissioner of Education's Report of 1904, the latest I have.) There are, besides, many un-denominational schools of like grade, which are supported privately. This is not to mention many schools which the increasing bounty of the states has by this time established within their borders. Chief among these latter are to be noted the normal, agricultural, and mechanical colleges of which almost every Southern state has one or more, supported by state funds. The industrial character of these schools, which are the chief beneficiaries of state aid, is a commentary upon the influence of General Armstrong and his Hampton School; for these state schools have been largely molded upon the plan of which, immediately after emancipation, General Armstrong was the sole competent and determined advocate. "He

almost alone among the leading educators of the day," says Dr. Mayo, "understood what every superior man and woman of the slave-holding class of the South knew as a commonplace." "He grasped as by instinct—what really came to him as the result of an experience of twenty years—the correct point of view in the training of an emancipated race. . . . As soon as the states of the South had been encouraged by the aid of the Slater Fund and the demands of their most influential colored citizens, to assume the training of selected teachers for the country district and village and city graded schools, Hampton appeared as the model institution from Washington to Texas." (fn. Common Schools in the South, A. D. Mayo, in Report of Commissioner of Education, 1900-01, pp. 480, 482.)

Among the most notable encouragements to Negro, as also to white, education in the South, have been the gifts of several millions of dollars for permanent educational improvement, which are embraced in the Peabody Fund, the Slater Fund, the Daniel Hand Gift, and the Jeanes Foundation.

George Peabody was born in Massachusetts, in 1795, and through the apprenticeship of poverty and hard endeavor, rose to be one of the merchant princes of America, gaining the fortune of fifteen million dollars, the most of which before his death was consumed in philanthropic enterprises. He resided for a time in Maryland, and later in London, England. His practical benefactors to the poor and the needy, far more than his influence in business circles, gained for him such international celebrity that when he died, in 1869, the governments of England, France, and Germany combined in furnishing an escort of war vessels to bring his body to his native land for burial.

In 1866 Mr. Peabody, after studying the situation and needs of the stricken South, set apart a gift of \$2,500,000, the proceeds from which were to be administered by a body of trustees for "the free education of the children of the South, without other distinction than their needs and their opportunities for usefulness."

The board of trustees chose Dr. Barnas Sears, then president of Brown University, as its general agent, and under his direction the funds accruing from the investments of this capital were applied to the aid of the states in elementary education. Public schools for both white and colored were granted help from this fund, on condition that the state or the community raise a larger amount for the maintenance of the school. This policy induced self-help on the part of the people, and many schools which were at first thus helped have become wholly self-supporting and highly efficient institutions.

A part of the plan of the administrators was to establish training schools for teachers, and the Peabody Normal School at Nashville, its creation, is justly one of the most famous training schools for teachers in the South or elsewhere.

Upon the death of Dr. Sears in 1880, his place was filled by Dr. J. L. M. Curry, whose wide experience and acquaintance in the South, and his great influence in shaping public opinion and action, made him a fit agent for the administration of a benefaction so great as the Peabody Fund. Dr. Curry was born in Georgia, and grew to manhood in the hills of Alabama, serving before the war in the U. S. Congress, and during the war in the Confederate Congress, and like General Lee, engaging immediately afterward in educational work. He also served his country as minister to Spain in Cleveland's administration, but except for this term, his time and energy since 1880 to his recent death, have been given to lines of educational work in conformity with his trust.

The Slater Fund of one million dollars was created by Mr. John F. Slater, a manufacturer of Connecticut, "for the uplifting of the lately emancipated population of the Southern states and their posterity, by conferring on them the blessings of a Christian civilization." The proceeds of this fund, while embracing other fields, have been used largely for the equipment of manual training departments and schools, and its benefits in this line have been incalculable.

The Daniel Hand Gift of \$1,000,000 was made to the American Missionary Association, for the purpose of fostering industrial education, and it has been the means of providing equipment for a considerable number of manual training schools.

The Jeanes Foundation is a sum of \$1,000,000 set aside by Miss Anna T. Jeanes, of Philadelphia, the interest on which is to be applied to the helping of the rural schools. This has been done chiefly by supplying the salaries of industrial teachers in the public schools, sometimes such a teacher acting as supervisor of this work in several schools, or even of a whole county. This is applying a great principle in a very broad field of operation, and where it ought to be of the greatest value. Several more millions might well be applied to the same purpose.

The employment of manual training as the basis of education is but a recognition of the primary needs of the race. The arts and professions can flourish only in a civilization that has a solid foundation of productive industries. The Negro professional must look chiefly to his own race for support: unless there is a vast majority of that race who are property owners, who have virtuous and intellectual homes, and who are capable in their business and social life, there can be no support from them of the teacher, the physician, the lawyer, the writer, or the artist. To embellish the cornice and the facade before the foundation wall is laid, is not true building.

CHAPTER IX

THE ALCHEMY OF SOULS,—Concluded

The greatest benefit conferred by the schools which have been conducted for the Negro has been the teachers they have trained who can uplift their people. The more thorough the training of those teachers to meet the practical needs of the masses of the people, the greater has been their success. It is unfortunately true that some of the educational institutions of the Negro in seeking for the higher learning of the white race (to which without doubt some individuals of the Negro race are entitled by their culture and ability), have neglected the more solid foundation principles, and have by their very lack been forced into an apparent opposition to industrial training. It is further to be regretted that many of the schools nominally having a manual training department, have, because of the preference of the students and perhaps also because of the education of the teachers, laid stress upon the academic training to such a degree that their languishing industries have become little more than a name. It is, indeed, to be questioned whether the school which endeavors to give a college training is able, both because of its own limitations and those of its students, to give the needed emphasis to the practical arts and sciences. It is at least to be noted that the teachers developed by these schools have in general been conservative, content with teaching the regulation, antiquated white-style school of books; and that, on the other hand, it is the graduates of the industrial school who have sensed the peculiar needs of their communities, and introduced a wider scheme of education, fitted to the actual needs of the community,

the home, and the grade of life with which they deal. Witness, for instance, the work of teachers who went from Hampton to establish the Calhoun School in Alabama:—

It is no easy matter . . . to work out a system of education that shall meet the needs of the colored people of the rural districts of the Lower South. The Calhoun Colored School . . . has set itself with intelligent interest to the solution of this problem. It will be remembered by those who have followed the work of Miss Thorn and Mr. Dillingham and their associates in Lowndes County, Alabama, where the blacks outnumber the whites sixteen to one, that when this school was established, these blacks were almost entirely without land of their own, and because of their ignorance never knew what prices they were paying for supplies, nor what rates of interest were charged on the money loaned to them. The Calhoun School inspired the people of the Community to get land of their own. Through the co-operation of a Southern planter, two plantations were bought. As the last report shows, the land on one of these has been paid for by their own efforts, sixteen new deeds have been given the past year to Negro land-owners, making in all eighty-three deeds. The next move is the building of neat four-room houses. Through the help of a Northern friend it is made possible for any colored man who has paid for his land to borrow up to \$400 to pay for his four-room house. This work is going on successfully.

The school farm has been used as a demonstration station to make clear to the community what is possible by means of deep and frequent plowing, careful selection of seed, and diversified crops. The people have been taught by example as well as by precept to drain the land better, to plow deeper, to fertilize with cow-peas and barnyard manure, to select

their seed, to cultivate thoroughly, and to rotate their crops. On their best land the school raises a bale of cotton to the acre, but, as the principals say in their report, "Calhoun's greater success has resulted from taking the poor land which used to give one-third or one-fourth of a bale to the acre, and bringing this up to the one-half a bale point is an average year." The school is right in placing its emphasis upon this sort of work, for the average Negro farmer will have to deal with poor land.

Another part of Calhoun's work is the expansion of what is known as the neighborhood movement. Three committees outside of the immediate neighborhood of the school have been selected for this work. "The method . . . is to search the county for the germs of good neighborhoods—places where some land is owned by the Negroes and where a number of farmers are above the average in industry and thrift and in ambition to take care of their children. These families are then helped to help themselves to a better school, which means a good school-house, a longer term, a better teacher. . . .

Teachers' institutes are also held at Calhoun, so that the school is able to influence all the Negro public schools of the country, and help them to better work. At the same time there is maintained at the central Settlement a small boarding school and a day school of high efficiency.—("Southern Workman," November, 1906.)

Tuskegee Institute, established by Booker T. Washington, a graduate of Hampton, has become, without doubt, the most influential as well as the largest Negro school in the world. It is another Hampton, but manned and managed wholly by Negroes, and developing characteristics of its own. It has, indeed, in some respects improved upon Hampton, and has been able to enter the lives of the race

in a peculiarly intimate manner. With its sixteen hundred students, every one of whom is trained in one or more of its forty trades, and all of whom go out as practical teachers and a very large number as technical teachers, it is exerting an influence not only in the Southern states, but in the West Indies, South America, and Africa,—every part of the Negro's world. Its graduates have taken possession of a large part of the primary school system, and some have established secondary schools upon the basis of Tuskegee.

Yearly conferences are held at Tuskegee, attended by large numbers of Negro farmers, artisans, business men, and ministers. Some quotations from a report of one of these conferences, made to the New York Evening Post, will be of interest;—

"There is nothing in politics of any other avenue of life that can begin to compare in importance just now with the Negro's securing a home and becoming a taxpayer," said Booker T. Washington in his address of welcome to the colored farmers gathered at the Tuskegee Conference today.

"That's right!" shouted an enthusiastic hearer, and a low rumble of approval showed that the orator had struck a generally responsive chord.

The meeting had for its topic, "How I obtained a home of my own," and every speaker described his actual experiences. This of itself was a charm, which was doubled by the absolute freedom from affectation or even self-consciousness, on the part of the farmers. Such a spectacle in Yankee land would have been an impossibility, no matter how well the collected neighbors knew each other; here it seemed the most natural thing in the world among a group of Negroes gathered from Alabama and the surrounding states, many of whom had never seen or heard of each

other before, and who were drawn together only by the attraction of a chance for mutual conference, and answers came as quick as if shot out of a gun, and the humor was spontaneous and rich.

The opening of all the stories except one or two was a confession of failure.

"I bought a piece of land, and gave a mortgage on it; we had two or three bad crop years, and I had to let it go." "I bought a farm without looking ahead; it had a bad title, and I lost it." "When I was young I was foolish; all I wanted was a wife, and a dog, and a shot-gun; it took me some time to find out how little I knew." These were some of the admissions made in a variety of dialects, ranging from Georgia to Texas. The awakening from the fool's paradise was often picturesquely described, and then the hard, toilsome, sordid struggle with poverty, the years of relentless self-denial, leading up to the happy conclusion of so many acres owned outright, without a dollar of debt to disturb the owner's dreams.

A white gathering, if it had not been too shamefaced to expose such experiences of suffering to the world, would at least have shown some trace of bitterness in the recital. Not so the Negroes. Cheerfulness, even jollity, was the keynote of their conference; and with Booker Washington on the platform, tactfully drawing out the best that each man had to say, and slipping in a word of encouragement here and a half-playful admonition there, it could hardly have been otherwise. The homely illustrations with which they reinforced their points were characteristic.

"We hear a good deal about the Negro farmer giving up his jug if he is going to succeed. I had a jug myself which nearly ruined me, and it wasn't a whiskey jug, either." Thus Isaacs of Texas, a huge, very

black man in a gray suit, fell afoul of the credit habit. "It held two gallons, and every time my folks told me it had run out, I'd say, 'Send it up and get some more.' I got my molasses at the store on credit, and never bothered my head about the cost till I went to settle up. Then I found myself charged with \$1.47 for every time that jug had been filled. So I stopped buying on credit, co-operated with some of my neighbors, and got all the molasses I wanted for twenty cents a gallon. I also realized that I was wasting it, and cut down accordingly; and out of the money saved by stopping the credit system and buying for cash, I have acquired a farm with horses, cows, hogs, and everything else a farmer wants."

Burroughs of Elmore County, Alabama, didn't see any difficulty in a Negro's owning his home if he would go about it right-end-foremost. "I lived on bread and water till I got 'nough money to buy some lan'," said he.

"Say that again, Mr. Burroughs: say it so that all can hear you," Mr. Washington interrupted, encouragingly. Burroughs repeated his remarks and then went on. "I've got twenty-five or thirty acres, all paid for now. I bought my stock with the first money I earned, an' rented my lan' till I could buy it. I never signed no mortgages."

"That's good," called some one. "What kind of an education did you have?"

"Not much. I didn't have no chance. I does know a little, but what little I does know I l'arned f'm my chillen, who's went to school."

McKinney of Coosa County, a tall, straight, brown man with a hint of the Indian about him, was a minister. When he became twenty-one, not having any education, he concluded to take a wife. After they had been married four years, he decided to get an education. He is now pastor of four churches, with a total membership of 1,200. He got his

education by selling off all his stock and crops and spending the money on the fundamentals; and then, said he, "when I met any of my friends that knowed mo' than I did, I'd ask 'em Scriptorial questions." He used to carry his Testament with him to and from his work, and study on the way. He set so high a value upon practical knowledge that he "sent his childing to school to teach 'em to sew, an' to cook, an' to wash an' all that, 'cause he couldn't tell what might be coming to 'em." He now combined preaching and plowing, because like St. Paul, he wanted to "do some work with his hands," and by combining his income from agriculture and four parishes, he had managed to acquire a home.

"You ain't a one-year preacher?" some one called out, who had small opinion of the Methodist itinerary.

"No, sir," answered McKinney. "I's been in the same place six years—ever since I commenced pastorin', an' I reckon I can stay there twenty years mo'."

Overton of Tennessee, a big old man with a very black, but intelligent face, and a large, well set head, had begun life without a penny, but with a wife and a lot of children dependent upon him. He hired out at a dollar a day, and lived in a rented house. Within two years he was hiring other men and tools. He went through a great deal of hard luck, but today owns 250 acres, with 25 horses and mules, and a quantity of town real estate. He had built the first schoolhouse and paid the first teacher in his district of Tennessee, and had educated his children though having no education himself, and they were all well started in life.

"You've had the best education there is," broke in Mr. Washington.

Coleman, also of Butler County—a handsome lithe brown man, with fine eyes and pointed beard, who would have needed only a white bournous to pose as an Arab sheik—said he "hadn't no education, nor no mortgages, either." He began with a pair of yearling cattle, but he worked them until they were grown. He now owns his farm and has a surplus of cash, which he lends out to his colored neighbors.

"What interest do you charge?" asked Mr. Washington.

"Ten per cent. The white folks ask fifteen and twenty."

"Don't you ever lend to white folks?"

"No, sir; I am afraid they'd beat me out of it."

"Don't the Negroes ever beat you?"

"Yes; I get beat once in a while by them great pray-ers. They've got away with about \$125 maybe."

"Whom do you mean by the great pray-ers?"

"Our Baptist friends."

"How about the Methodist?"

"I ain't never had no dealin's with them."

A moment later, when the laughter had died away, he added, seriously: "This ain't joking. We ain't got a Methodist in the place."

A member in the corner asked, "Would you lend money to a Methodist?"

"I'd lend to any man on good s'curity."

"I'll be happy to meet you, then, when my turn comes again," said the inquirer, bowing.

"What sort of preachers do you have where you are?" asked Mr. Washington.

"Well, I am sorry you ask me that."

The rest of the answer showed that the congregation paid its preacher \$75 a year, and he didn't amount to much.

A lady visitor interrupted: "Don't you think, if you paid your preacher better, you would get a better preacher?"

"Amen!" came from the full heart of a preacher over by one of the windows.

"Well, you know the old proverb," said the Butler County man, "'Sorry preach, sorry money.' Of co'se, I reckon a preacher ought to get his support out of the cong'ation."

"What do you call support?"

"Oh, his food an' clo'es."

Pierce, of Montgomery County, rehearsed some of his home-making experiences. His mortgage had hung about him till he was ready to cry out with the Apostle: "Who will deliver me from the body of this death!" Now he is in pretty good condition, through schooling himself not to buy things which he did not really want.

"Have you any organs in your house that you can't play?" asked Mr. Washington, referring to the deadly work of the peripatetic agents among the colored people.

"Nary organ."

"Or any sewing machines that nobody knows how to run?"

"No."

"Or any clocks?"

"Yes, two clocks, but both of them go. One I bought; the other one I got from my brother. You see I lent him some money, an' he brought his clock to me an' says: 'You keep this till I pay you;' so I've got it yet. Oh, I am getting on pretty well now; an' I am askin' the Lord, an' everybody else, to help me." (fn. Reprint, "Negro Self-Uplifting," by Francis E. Leupp.)

Of another Tuskegee occasion a report to the Springfield Republican said:--

It has been remarked that almost none of the speeches at the anniversary exercises were directed at the students. There was one notable exception. A slight little colored woman came to the front of the stage last evening, and as she did so the question involuntarily rose whether she was going to make herself heard. In five minutes she had thrilled her entire audience, and then carried it with her to the end. When she had finished, the applause which followed, and in which the Northern guest vied with the school, was insistent until she had come and bowed her thanks, a mark of appreciation accorded not even to Secretary Taft or Andrew Carnegie. The little woman was Cornelia Bowen, a Tuskegee graduate in 1885, and now principal of the Mount Meigs Institute at Waugh, Ala. She told the story of the obstacles she had encountered and what she had accomplished in her school work, and then she turned to the Tuskegee girls and told them "in straight flung words" how upon them and their purity depended the future of the race. Theirs was the opportunity to uplift their sisters, for the sympathy of one woman for another could accomplish what no other human power could do. If there are many Cornelia Bowens among the Negro women of the South, the future of the race is safe, for nothing can keep them down; obstacles will only serve them to rise higher. (fn. Springfield Republican, April 10, 1906.)

Miss Bowen, a graduate in the first class of Tuskegee, has had a remarkable experience in her quarter-century of work for the uplifting of her people. In 1889 she undertook, at the suggestion of Booker Washington, who had been solicited for help, the training of the Negroes in the country district of Waugh, near Mount Meigs, Ala. A stranger approaching the neighborhood now is

struck with the evidences of increased prosperity. He sees houses painted or at least white-washed, fences in good repair, and gardens and diversified crops relieving the monotony of the cotton field. A white-haired, courteous old uncle, over taken on the road, is very ready to account, with some pride, for the improvement: "Hit's Miss Bowen's doin's, sah, yes sah," he says. "She clun up de fus' peremises, an' made 'em all do de res'. Hit tuk right sma't wuk to fotch all de cullud folks right into line, but she done hit. Yes sah, Miss Bowen, she one great woman, sah. Yes, sah, dat yondah is my house. Yes sah, I do own hit. A heap of us owns dieir own lan' now, sah; hit's Miss Bowen's politics, sah. She's sho writ her name in Waugh."

It was a tedious if not a painful process by which Miss Bowen wrote her name in Waugh. "At first," she said, "I had to go around from house to house, week by week, and inspect. I would say, 'I'm visiting you now; you come and visit me. Go into my kitchen and my front room, and if you find old boxes and dirt packed there for years—I'm going to search your house;' and when I found any dirt I taught them how to take it out. One day I called two hundred mothers into the church, and organized a mother's meeting, which we have ever since held bi-weekly. In the mothers' meeting, we tell the mothers their duty to their daughters; the school teaches the daughters their duty to their mothers. Daughters now no more go to neighbors' houses or the crossroads to entertain their callers. In previous years the mothers never knew what young men might be coming to see their daughters: they always met clandestinely. Now they take pride in being able to receive company properly in their own homes.

"We have inspection of children in school in the morning, to see that they have clean hands and faces and neat hair,"—and the neat attire, bright faces, and neatly brushed hair showed it. "I taught them to take the strings off their hair. They didn't seem to think they could take the strings off their hair,

because they said that made their hair grow, and then, 'We don't have time to comb it.' 'Oh no,' I said, 'that doesn't make the hair grow,' and I took a string and tightly wrapped my finger, then, taking it off, showed it to them, all purple and pale, and I said, "The hair has life just the same as the finger; you will have to let the sun and air get to it, and the blood get into it, if it is to grow. I went around searching the hair of the mothers; and when I found the strings, off they came. Now the mothers always get up early enough before going into the fields to comb the children's hair. We taught them to live on two meals a day, to get plenty of fresh air, and exercise and to keep clean. We have little need for doctors; the nearest doctor is four miles away."

Not only with the two hundred and fifty students of this school and with their parents have Miss Howen's efforts been engrossed. In 1908 Miss Bowen, distressed by the state's disposal of the Negro boy criminals, who were sent to the penitentiary or the state penal farm, where they were in a school of older criminals, and inspired by the action of white women of the state who had been instrumental in establishing a white boys' reformatory, organized among the Negro women of the state a Federation of Women's Clubs, for the purpose of founding a Negro boys' reformatory school.

"Our state federation met in Birmingham, and Mrs. Johnson came to our meetings and talked to us about the work they were doing for white boys, and encouraged the work we were attempting for our boys. Her lecture to us stimulated the idea. We continued to gather money, until we had two thousand dollars. But we could not get land from anybody. Some few offers that we had were not suitable. I had bought for myself four hundred acres of ground between here and Mt. Meigs, and finally our women asked me, "Why can't we get land from you?" And so I let them have twenty acres at a lower price than I had paid, and we put up a cottage for \$1750.

"Then the trouble was in getting the boys out of the courts. It is left with the judge as to whether the boys shall be given to us. Some of us went and talked matters over with the judges, and they became interested, and were very glad to give us the boys, especially the Birmingham judge, Fagin, then the Montgomery Court, then Mobile, and finally nearly every town in Alabama recognized it was better to send these Negro boys to our farm."

The school was wholly maintained for four years by these Negro women. By that time they had well proved the value of their work, and the increased number of boys sent them was beginning to be too much for their resources; so they determined to try to get the state to take over the institution. A bill was drafted for the legislature, and they persuaded a member to present it, though he would not promise to speak in its favor.

"Then," said Miss Bowen, "the difficulty in getting the legislature to take any favorable action was immense. Lobby? I was down there six weeks, besieging every member of the legislature. It was funny. I would send in from the lobby for a member; of course he would not know but what it was a white woman asking for him, and he would come out. Then he would ask what I wanted, and I would say, 'We have a bill prepared to make an appropriation for a reformatory for Negro children, and I want you to vote for it.' And I wouldn't let him go until I had his promise to vote for it if it came up.

"But we found that our real work lay with the Committee on Appropriations, which had the bill in charge. Mr. A., the chairman of this committee, had his rooms in the Exchange Hotel, the most fashionable in Montgomery, where a colored person is not allowed within the door. But Mr. A. never left his hotel, and it was impossible to see him. We worked with the other members of the Committee, but we got from them the emphatic statement that if we wanted to do anything, we must see Mr. A. 'But,' I said, 'we can't see him, for you know the Exchange Hotel allows no colored person within it.' But the only response, with an emphasis

upon each word was, 'If you want to do anything, you have got to see Mr. A.'

"Then I said to Mrs. B, who was with me, 'I'm going to the Exchange Hotel.'"

"'You can't,' she said.

"'But,' I said, 'I am. Are you going with me?' And she came along.

"We went over and boldly walked into the hotel lobby, and up to the desk. The clerk bowed, and asked, 'What do you want?' He was very nice to us, however. I said, 'We want to see Mr. A.'

"'He's in his room on the fourth floor. You can only see him in the fourth floor parlors.'

"Here was a further step into the lion's den: A Negro would never be tolerated in the elevator. But I said, 'I'm going up.' Mrs. B is the wife of a prominent colored physician in Montgomery. Here she grew scared.

"'We dare not do that,' she said, 'I'm afraid it will hurt my husband. If we should get put out, the papers would ring with it.'

"And I knew that was true, but I said, 'I'm going up. Are you going with me?' And she came.

"We went to the fourth floor parlors, and there sat two white gentlemen prominent in city business, one of whom knew me very well, and the other knew Mrs. B. They looked at us. I said to Mrs. B, 'I'm going over and speak to them.' She stood trembling, while I went up and explained the situation to them.

"Said Mr. C, 'That's all right, Miss Bowen. If you want to see Mr. A, this is where you will see him.'

"'But,' I said, 'you know we are not allowed in here.'

"'Never mind,' he said, 'you have as much right as I have here, if you are on business. Go over and sit down.' I knew then that we had the countenance and support of these men, and what they said Montgomery would say.

"We sat down. Pretty soon in came the hotel proprietor. 'Now,' I said

to Mrs. B, 'we shall be ousted sure.'

"He came straight up to us, and said, 'What do you ladies want?'—just like that.

"I said, 'We are here to see Mr. A. We have sent him word, and he has said he would be down in a few moments to see us.'

"'Very well,' he said, and turned away. Mrs. B is very fair, and he may have taken her for a white woman and me for her maid, though I was the spokesman.

"Very soon in came Mr. A. He came bowing and palavering, with a great deal of courtesy. 'What can I do for you ladies?'

"'We are interested in the reformatory,' I said.

"'Ah yes,' said he, 'I'm very much interested in the reformatory myself.'

"I knew then that he thought we meant the reformatory for white boys at East Lake, for there was no other then in existence. I said, 'But it's the reformatory for colored boys I mean.' His face fell, and he began to back away, edging a little farther and farther off till he backed up against the wall, and I got on the other side. And then I talked to him, and showed him the urgent need. At last he said, 'Well, I'll think it over.'

"'Mr. A,' I said, 'I want your promise that you will support this bill, and I'm not going to leave until I have it.'

"He opened his eyes: 'Are you a politician?' he asked.

"'No,' I said, 'I'm not.'

"'Have you ever gotten a bill through before?'

"'No, I never have had anything to do with one before.'

"'Well,' he said, 'that's the way they get bills through.'

"'I'm glad to know it,' I said, 'then I'm taking the right way. I want your promise, Mr. A, because this is a needy and a worthy undertaking. The

The neglected colored children are in desperate need of this help, and it is for the interest of the state that they be given it. I'm just going to have your promise, and I know that you are a gentleman of your word and honor.'

"He threw out his hand, and said, 'I give it. I'll put your bill through, Miss Bowen.' We thanked him, and descended.

"But when the bill was reported, we could find no one to champion it on the floor. We worked with this one and that one, but not one could we find who would face the ordeal of championing the black bill. At last one day I went up to the office of Major Screws, the proprietor of the 'Advertiser.' He has known me from childhood, and has always been my friend.

"I was wearied out, and as I stood before him he noted my drooping features, and said, 'Why, Cornelia, what is the matter with you?'

"There was a little stool at his feet, and I dropped down on it, and said, 'I'm just worn out.'

"He placed his hand on my head in a fatherly way, and said, 'My child, what is the matter?'

"I said, 'We can't get a man to champion our bill for the reformatory,' and I told him of all our fruitless work.

"'Now see here,' he said, 'you go down and see Senator D, the member from E. The Advertiser stood behind him in his election, and he will need the Advertiser again. You tell him I said for him to take up that bill and put it through.'

"I went down and found Senator D, and I said to him, 'I have come to see you about the bill for the colored reformatory, and to ask you if you will not take it up and speak for it.'

"He shook his head. 'I don't know,' he said, 'I don't know. It's a good bill, but I don't know that it would be good policy for me to take it up. I couldn't afford to speak for it, and then lose it.'

"Major Screws told me to come down and see you,' I began.

"He sat up: 'Did you come to me from Major Screws?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'and he told me to tell you to take the bill up. And he said you would need the Advertiser again sometime.'

"'Well,' he said, 'I'll take it up.' And he did take it up with vigor, and he put it through.

"So at last it is in state hands. They have appropriated eight thousand dollars (the bill was drawn for ten thousand) for improvements, and support its running expenses. Most wonderful of all,—an indication of the new attitude toward the Negro woman—they have put one,"—Miss Bowen herself—"upon the Board of Trustees. It is a great epoch in the life of the Negro woman, the first and only instance, I think, in which a Negro woman has been put upon any government board. The campaign of the Colored Women's Club Federation has opened their eyes to the capacity of the Negro woman. They have begun to cease looking upon her as a nonentity, and are taking her guage in the control of public affairs."

The visitor had had a glimpse of the boys' Reformatory school, as it lay on the way. A neat little place, planted in a clearing in the pine woods, and showing the beginnings of an avenue and ornamental grounds, besides its stumpy fields for corn and cotton. The cottage of six rooms and a hall was all too small for the inmates, but there were the beginnings of another building, made since the state had assumed charge. In the cottage, two rooms were used for offices and sleeping apartments of the superintendent and his two helpers; one room was the school-room, another the kitchen, while the dining room was made of the hall. This left two rooms for the boys' dormitories: in the larger of these were packed side by side a dozen single iron beds, with an aisle at the foot for passage. The other room contained four such beds. Sixteen in all,—and of the boys there were fifty-three!

"Where do you put all your boys?" asked the visitor.

"We put them in here," said the Superintendent, a Tuskegee and Arkansas A. & M. graduate. "It is crowded, but you see we shall soon have more room, in our new building."

Turning to one of the boys, the visitor asked, "How many of you sleep in a bed?"

"Three or four," he answered. And mind, they were single beds.

"Then you must sleep two of you heads one way, and two the other."

"No," he said, "we sleep heads all one way, but when we get in, we can't turn over."

Only half the students could be accommodated in the school-room at one time, but this very well suited the plan of alternate half-days of work and study. Looking over the company, most of whom were between the ages of eight and twelve (eight and sixteen being the age limits), the visitor was moved to inquire, "What profitable work can you provide for all these small boys?"

"Oh," answered the Farm Manager, "all the farm work. The largest can plow and do other heavy work; the young ones work in the garden and tend to the chickens, and saw wood."

"In the woods, with a crosscut saw?"

"Yes; you see, we hitch a rope to each saw handle, put one boy on the handle and three on the rope, and so with a team of eight they make a full-man team."

There is earnest work done here under great difficulties, and the results show in the lives of these boys, rescued from the evils of the city to which they fell victim. No walls and no guards shut them in; yet the Superintendent said that during his incumbency there has been only two run-aways, and these two came back of their own accord after a night or two spent in the open. Work and study are mingled with exercises that appeal to the boys' hearts. There is a debating

society; and what Negro boy will not debate? There is a brass band, and what boy's heart does not go out to the shine and show of a brass band, not to speak of the music which everywhere bubbles up in the Negro? The new boy who came that morning had himself in line for promotion to the band; he could already play the mouth organ and "bones," he said.

At the Superintendent's instance, Charlie, one of the oldest boys, hitched up a little mule to a one-horse wagon to carry the visitor on to Miss Bowen's school, over the flooded roads. Charlie was sixteen, had been there five years, had come from his "onruly" experiences in Birmingham to his very stable and quite self-confident present condition. He sat on a nail-keg at the front of the wagon, answering questions and detailing his experience.

"Charlie," the visitor asked at last, "what are you going to do when you leave here? What are you planning to be when you are a man?"

He swelled up visibly on his nail-keg; one could see him grow. "I'm going to be a great man," he said,— "in the line of the shoemaker's trade!"

It struck oddly, ludicrously, at first: after visions of the great man in Congressional halls, in the bank president's office, on the orator's platform,— a shoemaker, and a great man! But then—as after the opening solo of the leader in the Negro's hymn—then there came the full, rounded chorus; and that was the chorus of the law and the prophets, the Beatitudes, and the code of the Kingdom of Heaven: "Whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all." This lesson the boy Charlie had learned in his school: that whatsoever he might do, whatever place he might fill, let him do that faithfully and efficiently, with an honest purpose to give of his best to all who needed, and in the doing of that he would be a great man.

The teachers trained in the industrial schools realize that the problem

they have to solve is not one of the school-room alone. Many of them have been put in charge of the poor little country schools, and the way in which they are attacking adverse conditions and transforming communities is putting them in the van of educational progress. Of several schools visited, one, the Rising Star School, may be taken as an illustration, though it does not have all the features of other schools, and contains some that others do not have. Uniformity, indeed, is not sought, but only an employment of the same methods and the same plans where conditions demand it.

The Rising Star School does not look like a schoolhouse; it looks like a home. And it is treating the educational problem in a home-school way. The building is a frame house of four rooms, with an extension behind for a school-room, though the whole house is made the schoolroom. And behind the dwelling house and the garden are the barn, the poultry house, and pens. Two and a half acres in the enclosure are given to the teachers, who employ the boys in the cultivation of this small plat, and by its aid help in their own support.

The teachers are a man and his wife who receive from the county \$50 a month for five months' schooling; but as they extend the school to eight months, a supplementary tuition is paid by parents, amounting to about \$7.50 a month.

The whole community goes to school,—the children in the day time, and the parents in the weekly mothers' meetings and the bi-weekly farmers' meetings. Here with the teachers they discuss home life, child training, farming, community life, and all live questions related to education. The school is the center of community life, an institution in which every individual has an interest. It is the common forum, the community incentive for success and improvement,—indeed, a very university.

The visitors arrived during the school session, and found the small children in charge of the man teacher, out in the smaller garden, where each had a plat of his own. A few minutes afterwards the older children came pouring out at recess,

but instead of running for the ball ground (there was one), the older boys made for the garden where the little chaps still toiled, and the recess bade fair to be taken up wholly with the engrossing work of giving superior knowledge to the primer class. On the front porch the visitors found a group of girls weaving baskets from raffia and "pine straw,"--the long pine needles gathered in the woods. And very artistic articles the older ones were making, not only of baskets, but of mats, hats, and other articles.

The school is a school of home life. The studies and the problems are related to the country and home life of the pupil. The boys learn the primary principles of agriculture, and put them into practice in the school garden, and then at home. They take care of and study the school chickens, pigs, cow, and mule. The girls have a cooking school, whose principles are not merely left to be applied at home, but are carried out under the teacher's eye in the teachers' home, the girls being given their turns in groups to cook the dinners, and at stated times different groups of students are the guests of the teachers and the cooks at a dinner. The girls learn housekeeping in the teacher's home, and then have the benefit of inspection of their own homes by the same teacher. They learn to sew and to cut and fit their own garments, and there is not, it would seem, a single thing they need to be taught that they do not learn here, as witness the following:

The visitors were being shown through the little house, and as they passed into the bedchamber, a crib at the other end of the darkened room revealed a still and peaceful little form. One of the visitors, fresh from inspection of the practice school at Tuskegee, where large dolls were used for training embryonic motherhood, drew near to examine this doll, and then exclaimed, "Why, that's no doll; that's a real baby!" The mother-teacher smiled.

"But what," she was asked, "do you do with this three-months' baby while you are teaching school?"

"She is very good," she answered; "and then we have certain girls detailed on certain days to be responsible for her."

The visitor gasped. "So she is part of the school equipment, too! How much of the care of this baby, may I ask, do these girls assume?"

"Oh, they do nearly everything for it, under my direction," she answered. "It is training for them, you know. They are given the privilege, two by two, of coming in the morning, when I teach them to bathe and dress it and put it to sleep."

"And feed it?"

"We don't bottle-feed our babies," she answered indignantly.

The proof of a part of the story was forthcoming. An hour later, the baby was heard crying lustily for half a minute, when it became very quiet; and as the visitors passed out of the school-room, the baby was discovered in the hands of one of the older girls, whose scientific efforts clearly proved that she had passed the awkward-squad stage.

Discipline was largely self-maintained, and the older ones quickly learned their responsibility in enforcing the principles upon those less instructed. At the bell, the pupils lines up, the boys and the girls at opposite doors, ready to march in. In the interval before the signal to enter was given, two eight-year-olds discovered a matter for difference, and speedily began to fuss and cuff. "No fighting there!" called two or three of the older boys down the line, and immediately the trouble was over, and the young soldiers fell into line. At some schools some appearance of a uniform is noticed, a very evident copying from the sights or the reports of the Tuskegee military system. A military cap is a badge of honor to a half grown boy, and the girls are encouraged by the teachers to make so much of a uniform as consists of a certain pattern of apron. And very neat indeed they all appear.

It was at another school, but quite as illustrative of conditions here, that the attitude of the neighborhood was well expressed by a Negro woman waiting to see the teacher as the visitors drove away. She was an ordinary looking woman, but fairly neat, and she beamed silently and contentedly upon the scene while chewing a straw.

"Now this woman," said Mrs. Green, half to her and half to the visitors, "has come over to see me, I know, about her little girl's apron, and how to get it and make it," and further remarked that she did not have to go hunt up the parents in any matters which affect their children; they come to her.

"Mis' Green can sholy git anything she wants," said the woman.

And so said,—if not by words, yet by their actions,—so said the children. Restless and mischievous as any group of children, far more than many, it seemed, there yet shone a purpose in their eyes and in their eager voices as they recited, and as they sang their song, prophetic, let us hope, of the lives they shall yet give to the race, to the nation, and to the world:

"We have a song to be sung to the nations,
That will turn their hearts to the right,
A song that shall smite and destroy the evil,
And bring the dawning bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,
A Kingdom of love and light."

CHAPTER X

A STUDY OF BASIC FACTS

Race friction has always been a puzzle to the good Christian—outside the trouble zone. We are all of us philanthropists at a distance. We curse the unspeakable Turk for his atrocities upon the mild Albanian bandit; we can not understand why the Chinaman hates the "foreign devil" so; the propensity of Russian patriots to slaughter the Jews, is evidence to us of their floundering still in the mire of barbarism. And within our own broad borders we find ample opportunity to marvel at the prejudices of benighted fellow-citizens. We have almost forgotten the woes of "Lo, the poor Indian," but there are latter-day causes to champion. The prim and comfortable East gazes in blank amazement at the anti-Mongolian legislation of the West; the virtuous North holds up its hands in holy horror at the intolerance of the South toward the Negro.

"Why, the Japs are a very clever people," says the Boston matron; "I know, because I had a Japanese butler for ten months." "This hatred of the Negro is unchristian," says the Oberlin parent; "our community never feels antipathy toward that race. There was a little Negro boy in my children's classes for years, and I never objected to their association on an equal plan." Of the California anti-alien law, an influential New York journal says, "It is based on insensate, unscientific race hatred;" and further, "In that (Florin) section 1500 Japanese farmers had displaced all but 400 Americans. Such displacements by a foreign population are common all over the East, and no fuss made over it." (fn. Independent, May 8, 1913.) The comments of Northern journals upon the reports of Southern lynchings, and peonage cases, and disfranchisement laws, are too numerous and too well known for quotation; and the innocent amazement of

a rural Michigander at the tales of Negro oppression in the South make him almost as much an entertainment as he is the entertained. The citizen of the Empire State who takes to himself no fault for rendering the "Diego" into "dago," and applying it especially to a nation that does not own it, can yet see no reason why "Negro" should not be given the full value of its vowels.

The distant alien has our charity, but even our near relations, where they become too numerous, encounter the contemptuous pride of American dominance. An infuriated Scandinavian in the City of Flour Mills was denouncing vengeance on an American-born comrade who had insulted him. "Well, you are a Swede, aren't you?" inquired one of his hearers. "Ay ban Svede all right," returned the aggrieved Yan, "but he say 'Svede' lak you say 'Damn!'" In those parts of the Northwest where the beer mug and the sauerkraut barrel have come to reign, the rancorous laborer disparages his German fellow-workman by flinging the term, "Dutchman!"—that honorable name for a worthy people, of whom it has been happily said that their only fault is that there are not enough of them. In the lake cities and the lumber camps of Michigan, the man from over the straits receives the half humorous, half opprobrious title of "Johnny Kanuck," and must ever be on guard for assault of tongue or fist.

It matters little to the strenuous champion of American superiority that the Canadian is his brother, the German and the Scandinavian his blood cousins; he never gives undue weight to the glorious lineage of the Italian, nor to the fact that the Japanese has proved themselves the equal, if not the superior, of his own people in art, in war, in diplomacy, and even perhaps in morals. The average man is not concerned with broad generalizations; he has his eye upon his immediate problem, and that is the question of whether his livelihood or his happiness are affected by the presence of the alien. The farther removed from affinity with him are the invaders, the more pronounced is his opposi-

tion. So, while the Northern people of Europe get a welcome in America that is hardly disturbed by a misanthropic minority, and the Latin nationalities are viewed with a comparatively friendly eye, the Chinese and the Japanese, whose habits and standards and ideals vary much from ours, experience a decided race antagonism.

It takes no very extensive observation to discover that while national or racial antipathies may be present in any community, they become acute only where there are present large masses of the alien people, and especially where those aliens are markedly different. The occasional foreigner does not disturb the native's business, or social life, or general sense of fitness, because he is too greatly in the minority to exert much influence. The Oberlin parent and the Boston employer, the New York publicist and the Michigan farmer, could feel themselves superior to race prejudice, because they had nothing to stir it into activity. But while such breadth of sympathy is beautiful in the abstract, it is not convincing. The bivalve may open wide his shell so long as he feels only the gentle flow of the waters, but let an unwelcome foreign substance touch his delicate tissues, and he suddenly becomes narrow, he shuts up "like a clam." It has been not infrequently true that the most decided Yankee defenders of the Southern Negro have become his most intolerant accusers, after coming in contact with the masses of the race.

This is not a defense of race prejudice. It is but an acknowledgement of its existence, and its existence, too, in many who believe themselves free from it. There can be no broader statement—but a statement none too broad—than that race prejudice inheres in the nature of every man. It is at once a defense and a menace. God made of one blood all nations to dwell on all the face of the earth, but He also fixed the bounds of their habitation. He made no race to be cosmopolitan. The restless stirrings of the last few generations have jumbled

the races together; but wherever contact has resulted in amalgamation, the result has not been of benefit to either race involved. There have been instances of happy intermarriage, but in overwhelming proportion the mingling of blood has been of damage to Indian, Mongolian, Negro, and Caucasian alike. This is true not only of the lower classes, where deterioration is most apparent, but, if from no other cause than social ostracism, it is true also of the highest classes. Race pride tends to prevent amalgamation, and to this extent it is a defense.

But it is also a menace to peace. Where the races are mingled in any considerable numbers, their mutual jealousy and dislike tend to bring them into conflict, either because of industrial rivalry, or social repugnance, or physical aggression on the part of one or the other. The stronger race is sure to assert its superiority, and the weaker must submit or be annihilated. It is the consequence of the transgression of that law whereby God "set the bounds of their habitation." The more self-assertive and persistent the weaker race, the more conflicts will it have, and the less peace.

This is not a Christian state, but it is the law of race. Christianity belongs not to the nation, but to the individual. Since Adam sinned, there has never been anywhere, except in the smallest units of society, a majority of Christians. And while the influence of the Christian minority may greatly affect the nation or the race, it never brings that nation or that race to the complete ideal of Christianity.

If we analyze race prejudice, we shall decide that its germ is personal selfishness. The natural man seeks his own interests first; then, because the interests of his family approximate his own, he is the guardian of his family rights; his community or his class, either economic, social, or religious, next engages his defense; his nation and its affinities he will champion against

more foreign peoples; and race is the most extreme division to which his loves and his antipathies extend. With his own race he will contend against another; within his race he will fight for his own nation; within that nation he will stand for his class or community; within that class he will maintain the position of his family; but if differences arise in his family, he is first and foremost for himself.

While the exercise of this instinct is often harsh and unlovely, it is an instinct essential, in our state of society, to the preservation of the rights of men. Whatever of evil there is in it, is the distortion of good. Pride of race is a normal passion, and it must ever be maintained in the world. But it is the business of Christianity to substitute for that instinct in the individual the principle of unselfish service. The Christian, in his personal relations, is not a defender of his rights, not because he is spiritless, but because his powers are engrossed with another work. He partakes of the spirit of his Master, of whom it was truly, though mockingly said, "He saved others; himself he can not save." In his relations, therefore, with all men, near or far, the Christian exhibits and feels none of the prejudices that spring from selfishness. He can not hate nor despise the foreign tongue, the outlandish guise, or the different skin. To him all men are brethren, as their Father is one. He is courteous, considerate, forbearing, and helpful to all. In his personal feeling and action, therefore, he will give to no man any just cause for offense.

But there remain divinely implanted instincts, and natural differences, which he can not ignore. He is not less the loving father because he does not give his children equal powers with himself in family government; he is not less the Christian because he shows preference in selecting the best rulers for his nation; he does not deny the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God when he recognizes the differences of race and their consequences. He will not approve of race amalgamation, but he will not condemn the man and the woman of

different races who in good conscience marry. He will not approve of injustice or discrimination against the weaker race, but he will not therefore seek to change their relative positions. He will, in other words, be a Christian, not a despot. His mission is to save, not nations, not races, but men. In the midst of clashing interests and seething passions, he keeps undisturbed his single vision, his one aim: to save individual men. His work may sometimes involve him in the settlement of national or race problems, but in so doing he will never abandon the attitude that springs from his own personal unselfishness.

The Negro in America is not here by his own will, neither is he here by the will of the present generation of white men. He was snatched from his home in Africa and forced to his residence in the midst of another race, by the cruel cupidity of white men. They brought him, not to be their companion, but to be their slave. Considering the temper of the Anglo-Saxon, it cannot be questioned that the Negro could never have gained, and could not to-day keep, a foothold in America, without occupying a subordinate position. Two races so different as to make complete amalgamation impossible, can never stay together in equal status. If they fight, the weaker will be destroyed or subordinated; if they remain in peace, it is at the sacrifice of the weaker. If all of both races were Christians, then might the miracle be wrought of perfect harmony with equal rights and privileges, but this world has never seen that miracle.

The history of the Negro in America has been a history of oppression, with a fluctuating tide of gains and losses. His gains have ever come by grant of the whites, impelled by the power of Christianity; his losses have come, sometimes partly by his own follies, but chiefly by the irrepressible race consciousness of the white man. The Negro has made progress in material, intellectual, and spiritual life, but the opportunities to make that progress he has had to beg from his masters. His increase in numbers in any community tends, in accordance with the laws of race relations, to diminish the favors granted him.

If the position thus accorded the Negro seems to him unjust, it is nevertheless inevitable, and it is well for him to consider it in comparison with his state elsewhere. In his abduction and enslavement he has indeed been injured in particular, but in general he has been benefited. He has been brought into contact with Christian civilization, and the opportunity has been given him to receive Christianity into his soul. His position in America to-day is better than anywhere else in the world: in some respects more favorable than in the West Indies, certainly better in its economic and political aspects than in South Africa, and infinitely better than under his native chiefs in the Dark Continent. America, then, with all its crime, has been and is to-day the benefactor of the Negro. And while the worldly members of the race may grieve over remaining disabilities, the Christians of the race will surely rejoice over the opportunities.

The time was when the race problem seemed wholly resident in the South. In those days it was the characteristic attitude of the Northerner to thank the Lord that he was not as Southern men were. And that attitude is still a very familiar one. But the North has now begun to have a Negro problem of its own. Attracted by reports of equal rights and good wages, a stream of colored people have been pouring into Northern cities. New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, not to mention Washington, which is as much Southern as Northern, have each in the neighborhood of 100,000 Negroes. Smaller cities have often very large and increasing Negro populations.

This influx of the black race is presenting to the North a limited race problem of its own, and the result does not favor the pretensions of that section to superior Christian charity. Race riots there, in comparison with the South, have been out of all proportion to the Negro population; industrial and even social discrimination has been acute; and lynchings most horrible in their details have been perpetrated in the home states of Lincoln and Chase and Stevens. Ray Stannard Baker, after investigating the conditions in both sections, was moved to

write: "In fact, the more I see of conditions North and South, the more I see that human nature north of Mason and Dixon's line is not different from human nature south of the line." (fn. Following the Color Line, p. 128.) In Indianapolis, a Negro Mecca, Mr. Baker was told: "I suppose sooner or later we shall have to adopt some of the restrictions of the South." (fn. Ibid., p. 118.) And in practice this has become more than a supposition wherever the Negro has become numerous, the chief difference being that in the North, unlike the South, stress is laid upon the industrial as well as the social phase of the matter.

If, instead of being three to five per cent. of the population, as in these cities, he were from fifty to ninety-five per cent., as in some Southern communities, we might expect the race feeling of the North to rise ten to twenty fold. It is not to be denied that there is greater race consciousness in the South than in the North, any more than it is to be denied that there is a greater Negro population there. And that this greater intensity of race feeling operates to the detriment of both the Negro and the white man, is also a patent fact. There wants only an increased Negro population in the North, to repeat the misfortune there.

But to state this fact is not to justify race enmity. For the pot to call the kettle black does not clean either. Nor is any protest due against the most outspoken condemnation of race hatred. Public advocacy of the most ideal justice is valuable at least as setting a desirable goal; and if the critics of brotherly enmity will remember themselves as being likewise tempted, their censures and appeals may possess a quality that will do good. The Negro is not, as some would have it, solely the Southerner's problem. That problem belongs to the nation; and while the man upon the ground certainly has the greatest opportunity for minute study, he may be helped in perspective by his more distant brethren. Only, let criticism be tempered by the brotherly love it advocates. The words of Stone on this point are to be commended: "Neither section, neither race, can lay

claim to the exclusive possession of all the wisdom on the subject, nor justly charge the other with all the prejudice and ignorance. The situation demands a large measure of sympathy and charity from all sides." (fn. A.H.Stone, Studies in the American Race Problem, p. 438.)

Apart from race antipathy, what are the causes of disagreement and trouble? The Southerner, from his experience with the masses of the race, says that the Negro is unreliable, untruthful, dishonest, improvident, and immoral. He makes exceptions to this rule, including cases he personally knows and those of common repute. He honors such educators as Booker T. Washington and W. H. Councill, and the very considerable number of steady, capable men who serve as examples to their race in business or in community life. Southern opinion varies as to what constitutes proper education for the Negro,—whether the cotton field or the industrial school; practically none favor a classical training. This type of education, whether limited or extended, is blamed for the production of the bumptious Negro, who in dress, in air, in word, and in deed, gets out of the place he or anyone else should occupy. The criminal Negro, brutish, vagrant, vicious, has become the terror of homes in the country and a menace in the city. And yet, despite all his petty and all his grave faults, if the Negro can be kept in his place (the exact point of which is as varied as men's minds), the Southerner believes in him, and wants him to stay. In the South he is welcome, under certain conditions; in the North he is everywhere unwelcome in any considerable numbers.

On the part of the Negro, the list of grievances varies from personal injury to the refusal of equal rights with the white man. In the lowest occupations, the Negro complains of being cheated by the merchant and the planter, and of having his personal liberty interfered with, sometimes to the extent of physical violence. If his morals are bad, he can reply that he receives little help from the white race; for the virtue of Negro women is cheaply held by a despicable but numerous class of white men.

The higher classes of the Negro resent the discrimination of separate railway cars, waiting-rooms, hotels, and schools, and complain besides of inferior accommodations. The more ambitious find a grievance in the restriction of their political rights, and some even attack the social barrier. Upon all lies the terror of the mob, sometimes aroused by crime actual or rumored, sometimes by mere race hatred, but in no case to be trusted to do exact justice, and often more cruel to the innocent than to the guilty.

The mention of agitation for equal rights compels the consideration of a particular class. For the most part, it is not the pure Negro who shows discontent with his position. Not many full-blooded Negroes become race leaders. It is the mulatto who has been chiefly the educator, the politician, the leader in either good or evil. The Afro-Caucasian is as much white as black, often far more white than black; for in America whoever has the slightest trace of Negro blood is popularly classed with the Negro. "Negro blood," remarks Washington, humorously, "is the strongest blood in the world: one drop in a white man's veins makes him a Negro." If heredity counts for anything, the man who is half or more than half of white parentage, shares to a great extent the aspirations, the ideals, and the spirit of the white race; but if the slightest mark of his Negro ancestry serves to distinguish him, he is refused participation in those rights and privileges which the white race arrogates to itself.

If it were not for this, there is little doubt that the mulatto race would separate itself from the Negro, and the latter would make its own leaders and find its own course, a course perhaps different from that in which it tends to-day. But the mulatto, denied association with the white, is forced back upon the Negro, of which race, in the popular classification, he makes from one-fourth to one-half. He may not be more capable than the Negro, he certainly furnishes his full quota of criminals and degenerates; and yet, whether because of greater

advantages afforded him, or a greater aptitude for command, he provides the chief leaders for the Negro race. Douglass, Langston, Revels, Washington, DuBois, and most of the Negro leaders of to-day, are in this class. It is they who are constantly urging the race on, whether to laudable achievement or to futile bickering for privilege and power.

Baker, in his chapter, "The Mulatto," (fn. Following the Color Line, pp. 151-174) furnishes an interesting study of the operation of this social law. He finds the mulatto leaders glorifying Negro heritage and fostering race consciousness; on the other hand, he notes the "almost universal desires to 'marry whiter,' " and cites the cases of light "Negroes" indistinguishable from white, who have chosen unchallenged to "cross the line" and pass for white persons. "Even among those Negroes who are most emphatic in defense of race, there is deep down the pathetic desire to be like the dominant white man. It is not unreasonable nor unnatural, for all outward opportunity of development lies open to the white man. To be colored is to be handicapped in the race for those things in life which men call desirable." By none has the feeling been voiced in words more pathetic, more sorrowfully beautiful, than by DuBois, the apostle of the unattainable:

And yet, being a problem in a strange experience,—peculiar even for one who has never been anything else, save perhaps in babyhood and in Europe. It is in the early days of rollicking boyhood that the revelation first bursts upon one, all in a day, as it were. I remember well when the shadow swept across me. I was a little thing, away up in the hills of New England, where the dark Housatonic winds sweep between Hoosac and Taghkanic to the sea. In a wee wooden schoolhouse, something put it into the boys' and girls' heads to buy gorgeous visiting-cards—ten cents a package—and exchange. The exchange was merry, till one girl, a tall newcomer, refused my card,—refused it peremptorily, with a glance. Then it dawned upon me with a certain suddenness that I was different

from the others; or like, mayhap, in heart and life and longing, but shut out from their world by a vast veil. I had thereafter no desire to tear down that veil, to creep through; I held all beyond it in common contempt, and lived above it in a region of blue sky and great wandering shadows. That sky was bluest when I could beat my mates at examination-time, or beat them at a foot-race, or even beat their stringy heads. Alas, with the years all this fine contempt began to fade; for the worlds I longed for, and all their dazzling opportunities, were theirs, not mine. But they should not keep these prizes, I said; some, all, I would wrest from them. Just how I would do it I could never decide: by reading law, by healing the sick, by telling the wonderful tales that swam in my head,—some way. With other black boys the strife was not so fiercely sunny; their youth shrunk into tasteless sycophancy, or into silent hatred of the pale world about them and mocking distrust of everything white; or wasted itself in a bitter cry, Why did God make me an outcast and a stranger in mine own house? The shades of the prison-house closed round about us all: walls strait and stubborn to the whitest, but relentlessly narrow, tall, and unscalable to sons of night who must plod darkly on in resignation, or beat unavailing palms against the stone, or steadily, half hopelessly, watch the streak of blue above. (fn. The Souls of Black Folk, W. E. Burghardt DuBois, pp. 2, 3.)

If we consider the mulatto from his viewpoint of a dissatisfied striver for earthly rights and privileges, we may agree with A. H. Stone when he says, by way of a critic's concession, "The varied tragedy of human life furnishes few more pathetic spectacles than that of the educated mulatto who is honestly seeking the welfare of a race with which a baleful commingling of blood has inexorably identified him." (fn. Studies in the American Race Problem, p. 435.) But when we turn to the view of the Christian, we get an altogether different

picture. No one who listens to Booker T. Washington ever hears the dark and selfish view expressed. He says: "From any point of view, I would rather be what I am, a member of the Negro race, than be able to claim membership with the most favored of any other race." (fn. Up from Slavery, p. 40.)

Well may the Christian with this spirit devote himself to his work. The Captain of our salvation has many places of honor in His far-flung battle-line: none more honorable than that point where the conflict rages fiercely in assaults of scorn, derision, oppression, and hatred upon the despised colored man. To the hottest place in the battle the Commander assigns His most trusted soldiers. Who volunteers for the service, and in meekness endures, shall have great honor in the day of reward. Here is the opportunity of the Afro-Caucasian. The white Christian is to some degree shut out by social barriers from giving the personal help he might long to give, but the mulatto, with whatever endowment of white power he may have, is enabled to cross the line. He possesses the open sesame to the door of service. Not lightly can he disregard his obligation and his opportunity. If he chooses, without thought of personal gain and honor, to give his life in service to the lowly and the needy, to the desposed and the neglected, he is following most closely in his Master's footsteps, and to such as he will it finally be said: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me;" for "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In such a spirit will the Christian of any color regard the problems of race relations. The world will never solve the race problem. So long as the passions of men endure, so long will jealousy and hatred and strife stir the masses

to crime and revenge, to insult and to outrage. The final solution will not be a world-conversion, but a world-destruction, with the salvation of the elect. Not for the nation, not for the race, but only for the individual Christian will race problems be solved. The Christian may not seek to cross the forbidding barriers of race, but he holds no man his inferior in the sight of God. He possesses the solvent of divine love, which makes anew of one blood the men of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. In the world, but not of the world, he holds in his heart and shows in his life the love that seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, the love that never faileth.

CHAPTER XI

A REASON, AN EXCUSE, AND A BEGINNING

In the training and uplifting of the freedman, Christian influence was supreme. It was the deciding factor in Lincoln's act ("I have promised my God," he said, "that I would do it."), it was the light that guided Armstrong, it was the leaven in Southern society that encouraged the training of the Negro, it was the impelling power in the formation of the various philanthropic freedmen's aid societies, and its influence was most evident in the preponderating presence of the agents of religious organizations. All the great evangelical denominations of the North took a part in the work of teaching the ex-slave, and if in some of their efforts the influence of sectarian prejudice was apparent, it was a negligible factor in the great work they did accomplish.

The smaller bodies of Christians, who might feel too weak to undertake separate missions, yet had their part, through the individual benefactions of their members; for it was to the great heart of Christianity and not to sectarian pride, that the cause appealed. That something was lost, however, through the lack of organization of these small bodies, is not to be doubted; and if all, however insignificant in numbers, could have had the old-time zeal of the Moravians of Herrnhutt, how much greater results might not have been obtained!

Among the smallest of the Christian bodies at the close of the war was the Seventh-day Adventist church. It started no work and it had no agent among the freedmen. While its individual members had a deep interest in the slave, holding, indeed, abolition sentiments and doing service on the underground railroad, the part they acted for the freedman was not great, and found play only through other organizations.

There were reasons for this. In the first place, the denomination was young and small. Its first beginnings dated only from 1846, its first organization was effected in 1861, and its members at the close of the war numbered fewer than five thousand. It had no training school until 1874, none of its afterwards famous health institutions until 1866, and no corporation whatever except one lone publishing house at Battle Creek, Michigan. Starting in New England and New York, its faith had found firmest root in the middle West, and Iowa and Minnesota were then its frontiers. Stopped by slavery, which it unalterably opposed, it had made no progress into the South.

Another fact prevented the knowledge that inspires action. It was the soldier and the army chaplain who saw the freedman in his rags and his ignorance, and either engaged himself or incited others to engage in the Negro's behalf. But Seventh-day Adventists, like the Quakers, were opposed on principle to war, and few of their members had been in the army; of such as there were, probably none dated their connection with the body from a point before the war.

More than this, the sect being new, was more concerned in presenting the truths it regarded as vital to the Christian world, than in dealing with social problems. The members were for the most part poor, and their slender resources seemed scarcely equal to the enterprises then on foot. It did not seem good policy for so small a body, precariously entrenched in recently occupied territory, to stretch its wings over the troubled field of the South.

Nevertheless, while the above statement may present a plausible reason for the neglect by Seventh-day Adventists to enter upon a work for the freedmen, it is rather, in view of the policy of that church, but an excuse. For it is the genius of Seventh-day Adventist work to inspire every member with the sense of responsibility and personal initiative wherever a need is presented. Its polity, while containing a plan for the support of salaried workers, also looks upon every

member not merely as a supporter, nor even as a reservist, but as a soldier enlisted in active service where God may direct him. That responsibility has been held before its members from the beginning, and to that policy has been due its people's successes. The government of the denomination is peculiarly fitted to the need: With a compact organization and efficient supervision, it provides for individual freedom in Christian service through many avenues, and relies for control upon education and the one authority of the Word of God.

This spirit of service has received special encouragement and direction by the presence in this church of the gift of prophecy. Among the followers of William Miller, prior to 1844, there was in Maine a young woman named Ellen Harmon, to whom, shortly after the Adventists' disappointment in that year, were given revelations of comfort and counsel for the dispirited and scattering believers. The sweetness, sanity and spirituality of these counsels and views, give them high rank in devotional literature, and, when considered in connection with the untoward circumstances under which they were delivered, are no small evidence of their inspiration. (fn. cf. "Early Writings of Mrs. E. G. White," and "Life Sketches.")

In 1846 Miss Harmon was married to James White, a minister among the Adventists. Their union, shortly afterward, with Joseph Bates of Massachusetts, and with certain investigators in western New York, upon points of doctrine that differentiated them from other Adventists, laid the basis for the Seventh-day Adventist church. Thus the inspired counsels of Mrs. E. G. White, in regard to purity of doctrine, plans and methods of work, and spiritual living, have been the favor granted to the Seventh-day Adventist church from its very inception to the present time.

Among the early counsels of Mrs. White to the young church are found these words:—"The great work now to be accomplished is to bring up the people of God to engage in the work, and exert a holy influence. They should act the part of laborers. With wisdom, caution, and love, they should labor for the salvation of

neighbors and friends. . . . The brethren err when they leave this work all to the ministers. The harvest is great, and the laborers are few. Those who are of good repute, whose lives are in accordance with their faith, can be workmen. . . . They must not wait for the ministers, and neglect a plain duty which God has left for them to perform." (fn. Testimonies for the Church, Vol. I, p. 369.) "There is a mighty power in the truth. It is God's plan that all who embrace it shall become missionaries. Not only men, but women and even children can engage in this work. None are excused." (fn. Historical Sketches of S. D. A. Foreign Missions, p. 151.)

And of this same character was specific counsel that followed: "Brethren who wish to change their location, who have the glory of God in view, and feel that individual responsibility rests upon them to do others good, to benefit and save souls for whom Christ withheld not His precious life, should move into towns and villages where there is but little or no light, and where they can be of real service, and bless others with their labor and experience." (fn. Testimonies for the Church, Vol. II, p. 114.) "We wish that all the Lord's servants were laborers. The work of warning souls should not be confined to ministers alone, but brethren who have the truth in their hearts, and who have exerted a good influence at home, should feel that a responsibility rests upon them to devote a part of their time to going out among their neighbors and into adjoining towns to be missionaries for God." (fn. Ibid., Vol. III, p. 57.) "We are to be interested in everything which concerns the human brotherhood. By our baptismal vows we are bound in covenant relation with God to make persevering, self-denying, self-sacrificing efforts to promote, in the hardest parts of the field, the work of soul-saving. . . . God says to those who profess to believe in Him, Go forth into all parts of the world, and diffuse the light of My truth, that men and women may be led to Christ. Let us awake to our duty, and do all that we can to help forward

the Lord's work. Let superficial excuses be blown to the four winds. Let decided action commence on the part of all who can help. Let them co-operate with the angels sent from the heavenly courts to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation. Forget not the words, 'We are laborers together with God.' No longer grieve the Spirit of God by delaying." (fn. MS, 1901.)

It is indeed only by taking heed to such counsel that Seventh-day Adventists can expect to do their part in the evangelization of the world. Because of the unpopularity of the two doctrines which chiefly distinguish them from other evangelical bodies,—the speedy coming of Christ and the Judgment, and the observance of the seventh-day Sabbath,—they can never expect to be great in numbers (fn. Their present strength is 60,000 in the United States, and 110,000 in the whole world); but with the unreserved consecration of their whole force to the work, they can accomplish their mission. So far as this course has been followed, it has brought some of the greatest results. And if it had taken sufficient hold upon even the small company that existed in 1865, the call of a needy people would have been answered from among them by the type of worker that has accomplished the most in Christian missions.

When at last work was begun in the South by Seventh-day Adventists, it was largely through the lay missionary. Silas Osborne was a Kentuckian who had moved to Iowa in 1851, and there had accepted the views of Seventh-day Adventists. In 1871 he went back to Kentucky to visit his brother. He was not a minister, but because he had written freely of the new truths he had embraced, his brother, with the Kentuckian's readiness to bestow honor and titles, before his arrival made an appointment for the Rev. S. Osborne to speak upon the prophecies of the Bible at the neighboring schoolhouse. When Mr. Osborne arrived, he was dismayed to find himself in such a dilemma, and protested that, never having spoken in public, he could not now begin. His brother, however, was inexorable, so the meeting was held, and the private in the ranks, variously addressed as

Reverend, Elder, Squire, Judge, and Colonel began in this abrupt fashion his long labors in Kentucky.

Within the next few years, work had been opened by laymen and ministers in Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia, as well as in Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas.

The only Seventh-day Adventist school among the freedmen reported was on the west side of the Mississippi, and was begun more than ten years after the close of the war. In February, 1877, Mrs. H. M. VanSlyke sends an interesting account from Ray County, Missouri, of a school which she was conducting for colored people, young and old. (fn. Review and Herald, Feb. 22, 1877.) No further account of this school appears, but two or three reports are received from a school in Texas which Joseph Clarke and wife began, first in a tent and later in a school-house the colored people succeeded in building. (fn. Review and Herald, March 22, May 17, and May 24, 1877.)

In Kentucky, however, some colored people began to accept the faith after hearing Elder Osborne preach, (fn. Review and Herald, Jan. 1 and April 1, 1875) and a Georgian lawyer and planter, W. F. Killen, who became an Adventist in 1877 (fn. Review and Herald, Oct. 25, 1877) brought with him many of his colored laborers (fn. Review and Herald, Jan. 3, 1878), some of whom had been his slaves and bore his name. Among them was a Negro preacher, Edmund Killen (fn. Review and Herald, Mar. 14, 1878, Aug. 30, 1881), who began to exercise his talent among his people. Whether there were any results from his preaching does not appear, but Brother W. F. Killen, who shortly began a self-supporting ministry, himself baptized a number of Negroes into the faith.

In various states, partly by hearing preaching, and partly by receiving literature, there were a few Negroes who accepted the faith of Seventh-day Adventists; and in Kentucky especially they grew to considerable numbers, particularly

in Louisville, and included some persons of refinement and education.

At this point the lack of experience in Southern conditions presented some stumbling blocks to the Northern brethren. Elder Osborne and Elder Killen, being Southern men, had no difficulty in dealing with their converts, to the satisfaction of both races. In Georgia, indeed, the color-line question hardly appeared, the colored members being few and scattered. In Kentucky Elder Osborne formed the two races into separate companies and churches. Upon Elder Osborne's visit to Battle Creek in 1877 (fn. Review and Herald, May 31, 1877), he laid the question before Elder James White, then president of the General Conference, who listened to his presentation of conditions and resulting necessities, and agreed with him in his plans. (m. O. C. Godsmark.) But a few years later, Northern laborers being sent to aid in the work in Kentucky, and one of them being elected president of the little conference to succeed Elder Osborne, insistence was made that the two races be joined in the churches. Neither of these laborers stayed long, but the results of their work remained in enfeebled churches, injured public feeling, and conditions which were a source of weakness till long after the superintendency of the Southern field was assumed by Elder R. M. Kilgore in 1890. When Elder Osborne, saddened and oppressed by this state of things, wrote an appeal to headquarters, the response of the General Conference, under a new regime, was anything but favorable.

The matter, however, did not come prominently to the attention of the denomination, because it was in only two or three places that the difficulties were acute, and the cause in the South was not extensive enough in those years to take overmuch of the time of the annual conferences.

But instruction, received from Mrs. White, cleared the way for successful work to be done for both races in the Southern states. In the North, and in sections where public opinion was not adverse to a mingling of the races in worship,

there could be found no reason in Christian hearts for excluding colored brethren and sisters from white meetings, and to do so could argue nothing but a pride and a prejudice opposed to the spirit of Christianity. Thus she wrote, "When the sinner is converted he receives the Holy Spirit, that makes him a child of God, and fits him for the society of the redeemed and the angelic host. He is made a joint heir with Christ. Whoever of the human family give themselves to Christ, whoever hear the truth and obey it, become children of one family. The ignorant and the wise, the rich and the poor, the heathen and the slave, white or black,—Jesus paid the purchase money for their souls. If they believe in Him, His cleansing blood is applied to them. The black man's name is written in the book of life beside the white man's. All are one in Christ. Birth, station, nationality, or color can not elevate or degrade men. The character makes the man." "You have no license from God to exclude the colored people from your places of worship. Treat them as Christ's property, which they are, just as much as yourselves. They should hold membership in the church with the white brethren. Every effort should be made to wipe out the terrible wrong which has been done them. At the same time we must not carry things to extremes and run into fanaticism on this question. Some would think it right to throw down every partition wall and intermarry with the colored people, but this is not the right thing to teach or to practice." (fn. Testimony of March 20, 1891, See Appendix.)

But as the work progressed in the South, it would become evident that a message to reach all classes must not ignore the conditions existing and the safeguards which experience had taught the dominant race to throw about its intercourse with the other, or ride roughshod even if there should be found unwarrantable restrictions and prejudices. As this progress was made, the following instruction was given: "We are to avoid entering into contention over the problem of the color-line. If this question is much agitated, difficulties will arise that will consume much precious time to adjust. We can not lay down a definite

line to be followed in dealing with this subject. In different places and under varying circumstances, the subject will need to be handled differently. In the South . . . we could do nothing in presenting the truth, were we to deal with the color-line question as we can deal with it in some places in the North. . . . Let white workers labor for the white people, proclaiming the message of present truth in its simplicity. They will find openings through which they may reach the higher class. Every opportunity for reaching this class is to be improved. Let colored laborers do what they can to keep abreast, working earnestly for their own people. I thank God that among the colored believers there are men of talent who can work efficiently for their own people, presenting the truth in clear lines. There are many colored people of precious talent who will be converted to the truth, if our colored ministers are wise in devising ways of training teachers for the schools, and other laborers for the field. The colored people should not urge that they be placed on an equality with white people. The relation of the two races has been a matter hard to deal with, and I fear that it will ever remain a most perplexing problem. . . . The work of proclaiming the truth for this time is not to be hindered by an effort to adjust the position of the Negro race. Should we attempt to do this, we should find that barriers like mountains would be raised to hinder the work that God desires to have done. If we move quietly and judiciously, laboring in the way that God has marked out, both white and colored people will be benefited by our labors. . . . We must sit as learners at the feet of Christ, that He may teach us the will of God, and that we may know how to work for the white people and the colored people in the Southern field. We are to do as the Spirit of the Lord shall dictate, and agitate the subject of the color-line as little as possible. We must use every energy to present the closing gospel message to all classes in the South. As we are led and controlled by the Spirit of God, we shall find that this question

will adjust itself in the minds of our people." (Testimonies for the Church, Vol. IX, pp. 213-216. See Appendix.)

The position which Seventh-day Adventists, therefore, have assumed in the race question is to recognize and conform to existing conditions which do not involve transgression of God's law. Injustice and oppression are repugnant to the Christian; pride and disdain are foreign to his heart; but his Christian experience should not therefore lead him to start a crusade against customs which do not interfere with the Christian's duty.

It may be said that the attitude of Seventh-day Adventists in this matter is shaped by policy instead of principle; it is, rather, built upon a principle of policy instead of a principle of pleasure. The converted Seventh-day Adventist, whether North or South, can not have in his heart prejudice toward another on account of color, culture, or social status, but his duty to the world leads him to conform to certain practices which society--whether or not to an exaggerated extent--has found necessary to establish.

It is therefore the policy of both white and Negro Seventh-day Adventists, in their church as well as other social relations, to accord to the proper degree with public sentiment. In doing this, both recognize that distinctions are made, not because of comparative personal worth, but that the gospel may not be hindered. So long as the world is not wholly Christian, it must for its own preservation submit to laws political and social which are abhorrent to abstract Christian principle, and in this sense social orders, as well as civil governments, are ordained of God. The white Christian will not from overzealousness seek to break down social barriers, and the black Christian will not have any sense of injury to cause him resentment against necessary distinctions. The mind of the true Christian is not upon personal vanity, but upon the salvation of men; and to this end, rather than to the placing of all classes upon an artificial social equality, will the efforts of the Christian be directed. In the transformation that comes in the Kingdom of Grace on earth various distinctions must be admitted

to the end of the world. In this the Negro Christian, as well as the white Christian, will, for the sake of Christ's work, gladly acquiesce.

The correctness and the value of this position have been established not only by instruction, but by experience. The Northerner has difficulty at first in conceiving the actual relations which two races, occupying on the whole a superior and an inferior position, mutually establish toward each other, and in his zeal to show his catholicity of Christian love, he is apt to bump very uncomfortably into some rock-ribbed laws of nature whose existence he had not suspected. His philanthropy may be as completely misunderstood by the Negro as by the white man. The early Seventh-day Adventist workers going from the North to the South, were for the most part cautious learners, and, not obtruding their sentiments, came in time to adjust their ideas to those of the sections they had entered. But occasionally an enthusiastic and inexperienced worker required a rough experience before he could see eye to eye with his white well-wishers in the South. One such experience, which may serve for an example, is thus related by one of the participants:—

"In response to a call of the General Conference in 1888, my brother, my wife and myself came to the South in March. After some preliminary work, visiting the brethren in Georgia and Florida, we began tent meetings in a town not far from Atlanta. Our first town was an educational center, a female seminary being located there. I started out at the first to find a musical instrument; and in one of the stores of the town was inquiring where there might be found an organ for rent, stating that if it should be out of repair, I could put it in order. The principal of the school happened to be there; and hearing me say this, he asked if I could tune pianos. I told him I could, so he asked me to examine their two pianos, which I did, and put them in perfect unison. They were so highly pleased with the work that notice was made of it in the paper, and that public notice gave me entrance into the homes, including the home of the mayor.

While I was tuning pianos, my brother was talking the truth to them. Our stay at this place seemed finally to accomplish no great results, except to make a friendly impression, which extended through the country, and caused a cordial invitation to come to us from another town named Social Center.

"Here the people received us in a very friendly manner, and showed us many kindnesses. We had no stove, and were cooking over a gas torch light. One day when we returned from making a visit, we found sitting out in front of our tent a full equipment, a brand new cook stove, with pots and skillets and kettles and pipe, everything complete. The citizens had made up a purse and bought a complete outfit.

"As soon as we began our meetings, there arose a splendid interest, the best people, and all classes crowding the tent. The colored people would come out behind the white people, and lie round in hundreds in the grass about us. We were in a large open meadow, having some shade, right at the edge of the village.

"We, of course, were anxious to do something for both colored and white. So my brother went to the mayor of the city, and said to him, 'Now, we are strangers here in the South, and while we are from the North, we are here to preach, of course, to the white people, and we have no desire to do anything at all contrary to the customs of the Southern people. Yet if there is anything we can do to reach these colored people, we should be glad to do so.'

"The Mayor replied that probably the way we were then doing would accomplish as much for the colored people as anything we could do; they were listening and taking it in; though, he said, if we could at any time go out in the country and hold meetings in their houses, that would be all right. But he was afraid if we held meetings in the tent for them, it would hurt our influence with the white people, and also with the colored.

"But we rather pressed the matter with him, and asked if it would not be proper for us to give one night in the week to the colored people in the tent.

He stated that if we announced it fully, so the white people would understand it, it would not necessarily raise any special prejudice, but it was a question in his mind whether it would be best; it would hurt our influence with the colored as much as with the white.

"We didn't see how it could hurt us with the Negroes, for they had been coming to the tent during the daytime to talk with us, and to buy our literature, and we thought if we should show them special favor, they would come much more freely. So we publicly announced that each Thursday night we should hold a meeting especially for the colored people. We announced this about a week ahead.

"Immediately our attendance decreased, both of white and colored people, and the colored people quit coming to the tent to visit us in the daytime. And when Thursday night came, instead of hundreds of colored people flocking out to hear us, as we had expected, and as they had come before our announcement, not a soul showed himself, either colored or white. We thought maybe they did not understand about the meeting, so we raised the walls of the tent all round, and we played the organ and sang as loud as we could, to make every one think the meeting had begun. But only one little old colored woman put in an appearance, leading two little children.

"She sat down on the back seat, looked at us dubiously for about five minutes, and then went out of the tent as though shot out of a gun. Never a colored person came near us after that. The Negroes immediately started the story that we were low-down white trash that had been run out by the respectable people of the North, and had come South to live off the colored folks. They reported that we did not believe colored men had any souls, and so forth.

"At that time a colored woman was doing our laundry. She had our washing out this week, and she refused to bring it home. I had to walk four miles in the hot sun down to her cabin and actually demand of her to finish the washing. I sat out in the front yard under my umbrella while she ironed the clothes, and

then through the broiling sun I toted them home myself on my back. Beautiful corroboration it was to the colored people of the report that we were low-down white trash! After that we could get our washing done only by the courtesy of a white woman, who took it in with hers for a colored woman to do.

"That closed our interest out. We stayed there about two weeks, but our interest was dead. The whites treated us kindly, but did not come to hear us, after having given us the stove, and all that!

"My brother now felt that he had a call to survey the country, from North Carolina to Alabama, to find opportunities for good tent efforts; while I, with an English brother, essayed another one of the good tent efforts at another town in Georgia. This time it was our English brother, a little more unused than ourselves to Southern Americanism, who, under stress of a rainstorm and Christian philanthropy, again put us in bad odor with both races. This time we were not only left with our empty tent, but received a scathing denouncement in the county paper. We heard that yellow fever had broken out somewhere in the South, and we felt that it was time to leave for the General Conference at Minneapolis, which fortunately just then offered a plausible reason for closing up our work.

"Ours was a flat failure, and it affected us sadly. We felt the field was impossible, and we did not come back. It was thirteen years before I gained the courage and the sense to return, and start to learning before I tried to teach."

(fn. Dr. O. C. Godsmark.)

In 1890 Elder R. M. Kilgore was appointed as superintendent of "District No. 2," which included all the Southern states east of the Mississippi, except Virginia and Maryland. Elder Kilgore had already a considerable acquaintance with the South, having been a captain in the Federal army, with such advantages of observation, besides as was afforded for some months by a war prison in Georgia. He had labored as a minister in Texas during the larger portion of the '70's, and had been chiefly instrumental in creating a flourishing conference there. His

genial nature very successfully expanded in the warmth of Southern climes, and his life, given for nearly a quarter of a century thereafter to the South, endeared him to both black and white, to many of whom he was familiarly known as "Uncle Robert."

His initial journey, over these states, visiting and inspecting, presented clearly before him many of the problems which confronted the worker; and at the succeeding General Conference he presented an earnest plea not only for the white work but for the neglected colored work. In his report he said:—

"In all the educational work connected with the denomination no provision has been made for the development of workers to labor especially among the colored people. Here is one race of people within our own borders, for whom we as a people have done very little.

"We therefore urge upon this conference the consideration of this matter, and ask this body to make some provision for the training of workers from the rank and file of this people, to labor effectually with those of their own race. We repeat, that in no section of the country can there be a more pressing demand, or a louder call for school advantages, than that which comes from this portion of our land." (fn. General Conference Bulletin, Vol. IV, No. 1, p. 21.)

Two years passed. At the next General Conference session, when Elder Kilgore was called upon to submit a report of the progress made among the colored people in the South, he said:—

"The Southern District is a field peculiar to itself. As missionary territory it affords ample opportunity for most aggressive work, and offers to consecrated men and women an open door to 'show forth the praise of Him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light.' We are moved and our sympathies are stirred by the Macedonian cries for help in foreign fields, and our hearts are especially touched by the plaintive pleas for light we hear from those in heathen darkness.

"But what have we to say, and what are we doing to answer the imperative demands made upon us from the destitute mission fields within our own borders-- the loud calls at our doors? Can we excuse ourselves if we permit these appeals which are echoed and re-echoed in our ears year after year from the millions in our own land, to go unheeded without more active and aggressive work on our part? The Lord has spoken to us . . . especially concerning our duty to the colored people. . . .

"Now what are we doing? At present there is but one ordained minister and one licensed missionary laboring among the colored millions of the South. There is not a school where one of them can receive any Bible instruction; and only one where even the common branches are taught by our people. One of our sisters, at Graysville, Tenn., has opened the doors of her home and is teaching a small class of colored youth. We plead most earnestly that this conference take immediate action in regard to this matter. We must do something toward educating workers to labor among this people, and to provide facilities whereby the children and youth of our colored brethren and sisters may have equal advantages with those of fairer complexion." (fn. General Conference Bulletin, Vol. V, No. 13, Feb. 21, 1893, pp. 311, 312.)

In response to these appeals and this presentation of the needs of the field, the General Conference took action that "local schools for white students and for colored students be established at such places in the South, and on such a plan, as may be deemed best by the General Conference Committee after careful investigation of all the circumstances." (fn. S.D.A. Year Book, 1893, p. 62.) And the Conference appointed a special agent, Elder H. S. Shaw, to superintend and foster the work among the colored people.

Up to this time practically nothing had been done by Seventh-day Adventists to attack the real problem of the needs of the Negro. Individuals had here and there taken an interest in persons or in the people as a whole, in some isolated

communities, and a few men of talent had been garnered from among them. One of these, C. M. Kinney, had been ordained as a minister, and two or three other colored men were working in other ways for their people. There had been no permanent schools established, nor any concerted action taken for that betterment of social and economic conditions which must be the accompaniment of successful religious work for the Negro.

The action of this General Conference presaged an advance in policy and an increase of energy in work for the Negro, and the next few years saw some progress made by official agency. But, as always among Seventh-day Adventists, the solution of the problem required a popular movement to sustain it, and individual initiative to begin and continue it. The time was ripe, over-ripe, for the inauguration of a stronger work; and with the time came the man.

CHAPTER XII

AN ENERGETIC MOVEMENT

In the year 1893, James Edson White, the elder son of Mrs. E. G. White, was in business in Chicago. In his youth he had been engaged in the religious work of the denomination, having been connected with the Sabbath school and evangelistic service, and noted as a music composer and publisher. The press of business enterprises, however, had gradually drawn him away from the work. But in this year his heart was deeply impressed by the Spirit of God, and he experienced a sound reconversion. Writing to his mother, then in Australia, he says, under date of August 10, 1893:—

"I have surrendered fully and completely, and never enjoyed life before as I am enjoying it now. I have for years been under a strain, with so much to accomplish, and it has stood right in my way. Now, I have left it all with my Saviour, and the burden does not seem to bear me down any longer. I have no desire for the amusements and pleasures that made up the sum of my enjoyments before, but have an enjoyment in the meetings with the people of God such as I never had before. . . .

"What I shall do in the future I do not know. . . . I want to connect with the work of the cause in some way as soon as possible, and to connect again with a worldly business would make this impossible."

The year 1893 was, indeed, a year of marked spiritual manifestations among Seventh-day Adventists throughout the land. The Holy Spirit was at work upon hearts, and there was a stirring like "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," indicating the time for a forward movement.

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In December of 1892 there was a remarkable revival, wholly unplanned and unexpected, among the students of Battle Creek College, interrupting the regular school exercises, and continuing for some weeks. Many indifferent and backslidden were converted, there was public and private confession of sins, and renewal of consecration. It was an experience, indeed, which the Lord wished extended and deepened, and which might well have been given even more room than was accorded it.

Not only in the College, but in the publishing house and the church at Battle Creek, there were deep searchings of heart, and many were converted and set to work for others. The influence extended from this center out through near and distant states. (fn. Review and Herald, Dec. 6, and 13, 1892.) Among those who had been brought up in Battle Creek was Will O. Palmer, a young man of promise who had now, however, left the faith, and was engaged in business in Chicago. One day in the spring of 1893, he received a letter from an old-time friend in Battle Creek, who had just been converted, asking him if he did not think he ought to make a change in his life, and if it were not time to begin, and suggesting the value of a class for training workers just then beginning in Battle Creek.

Will Palmer took the letter home to his wife, not then an Adventist, and asked her what she thought was best to do about it. The letter seemed to touch her heart, and she answered, "Go." Within ten hours they had severed their connections in Chicago, and were on their way to Battle Creek.

In the late summer, J. E. White went to Battle Creek on business, and there met Will Palmer, who, with his wife, was attending the special Bible Training Class. They fell into conversation, and speedily Mr. White was convinced that he also should take that class to fit him for the work.

While still in Chicago, he had pondered upon where he might find a place to labor, fearing that he would not be greatly welcomed now into the ranks of the regular workers. He thought that if there was some field too dark and difficult easily to win workers, some people more neglected and shunned than another, there

he might perhaps find a place to do something for Christ. And so there came to him the thought of the colored people in the South. At that time he wrote: "In regard to the future, I do not know what to think. I find that there will inevitably be considerable distrust and criticism in store for me . . . and I have been thinking of going down into Tennessee to work among the colored people under Brother Kilgore. I feel that I can come nearer to him than I can to most of the others. But I can not decide at once. I shall go into the work somewhere in the spring, even if I have to go out on my own expense." (fn. Letter to Mrs. E. G. White, August, 1893.)

Mr. White's attention had first been turned toward the Negro work but a week or two before, when Professor C. C. Lewis passed through Chicago, returning from a trip in the South. Professor Lewis spoke to the colored Seventh-day Adventists in Chicago concerning the condition and needs of their race in the South. Mr. White was at this meeting, and his mind was much impressed with what was said, and from that time began to turn definitely toward the colored work.

Upon the advice of leading brethren in Battle Creek, he soon closed up his business in Chicago, and with his wife went to the former city for study. When he came in contact with W. O. Palmer, he found that that brother was also interested in the Negro work. At the Bible Institute then in progress in Battle Creek, was Dr. J. E. Caldwell, who had for some months been working for the Negroes in Knoxville. He had come to attend this institute, bringing with him two colored men. Mr. Palmer had talked with these men, and Mr. White found in him a ready response to proposals to go South. Dr. Caldwell told them of a message, or "Testimony" from Mrs. E. G. White, written in 1891, entitled, "Our Duty to the Colored People." But he could only give them some statements from it and a general idea of its contents, for the manuscript he had loaned and lost.

Up to this time, while his mind had been constantly exercised upon the Negro work, Mr. White had felt doubtful about the possibility of his doing it.

But after talking with Dr. Caldwell, he wrote: "From him I learned of the condition of the colored people in the South, and got warmed up in regard to the work. We had several meetings with him in which the matter was considered, and it ended in Brother Palmer and myself feeling that the Lord had a work for us to do in this direction. I had a heavy burden on my mind concerning the work for many days, as to whether this was really my duty, but one morning when we were praying about it, my mind was cleared up in regard to it, and I have not let myself have another doubt since. I have taken for my consolation in these matters the words of the Saviour in John 16:13, in speaking of the work of the Holy Spirit,—'He shall guide you.' I am relying fully on that, and intend to do so. If I can keep my mind there, I have no fears of being left to run wild in the work I shall try to do for the Master." (fn. To Mrs. E. G. White, Jan. 30, 1894.)

Mr. White made inquiries at the General Conference office for the Testimony of 1891, but no one knew of it. Shortly after, he met a painter who was engaged on inside work at the General Conference office. This man told him that in a room on the second floor, out of which the International Tract Society had recently moved, he had found scattered on the floor pages of manuscript which dealt with the work among the Negroes. Mr. White went up to the room, picked up the pages from the floor, and found that he had four or five copies of "Our Duty to the Colored People," the Testimony for which he had been seeking. This was the first time he had seen it. To him such words as these came as a personal call: "White men and women should be qualifying themselves to work among the colored people." "Is it not time for us to live so fully in the light of God's countenance that we who receive so many favors and blessings from Him may know how to treat those less favored, not working from the world's standpoint, but from the Bible standpoint?" "Should it not be the work of the white people to elevate the standard of character among the colored race, to teach them how Christians should live?"

And of great encouragement to him were these statements, as a promise of many helpers: "God will accept many more workers from the humble walks of life if they will fully consecrate themselves to His service. Men and women should be coming up to carry the truth into all the highways and byways of life. Not all can go through a long course of education, but if they are consecrated to God, and learn of Him, many can without this do much to bless others. Thousands would be accepted if they would give themselves to God. Not all who labor in this line should depend upon the conferences for support. Let those who can do so, give their time, and what ability they have; let them be messengers of God's grace, their hearts throbbing in unison with Christ's great heart of love, their ears open to hear the Macedonian cry.

"The whole church needs to be imbued with the missionary spirit; then there will be many to work unselfishly in various ways as they can, without being salaried. There is altogether too much dependence on machinery, on mechanical working. Machinery is good in its place, but do not allow it to become too complicated. I tell you that in many cases it has retarded the work, and kept out laborers who in their line could have accomplished far more than has been done by the minister who depends on sermonizing more than on ministry."

Early in January, 1894, there was held in Atlanta, Georgia, a three weeks' institute for workers in the South. White and Palmer wished to attend this, that they might get instruction about methods of work in the South, and advice from the brethren how to start their work. The means to take them there, however, was not apparent, as they had very little money. The teachers in the institute had been reading from manuscripts in their possession, special instruction to ministers from Mrs. E. G. White. The students wished to have these, and many were copying portions of them by hand. Mr. White decided to print them.

A few weeks before the close of the year, a printer in the city, who had

mortgaged his plant too heavily, lost his outfit to his creditor. This gentleman, Mr. Clapp, a lumber dealer, owned the building in which Mr. White was located. He started to move the printing outfit up there. But on the way the horse became frightened, bolted, and dumped the type together all along the street. It was shoveled up, and Mr. Clapp gave White and Palmer permission to use the type and press. They sorted out the pi, set up the copy they had of "Special Testimonies for Ministers," and kicked press of nights until they got out the sheets, which the Review and Herald printing office bound for them. These little books they began to sell in the school, to get money for their trip to Atlanta. They disposed of a large number, but the time of the institute drew near faster than the dollars came in, and they were considerably short when the day came to leave. At this point Elder A. O. Tait, then in charge of the International Tract Society, came to the rescue, and bought enough of the stock to give them means for their trip to the South.

The institute at Atlanta was planned by Elder R. M. Kilgore, superintendent of the Southern field, and the Bible instruction was largely given by Elder A. T. Jones. But aside from their appreciation of the Biblical instruction at this institute, the two new lay workers were somewhat disappointed. The wisdom and experience to counsel them how to begin, it seemed hard to find. Edson White writes from Atlanta to his mother: "It has been a deep problem to know what to do. . . . Brother Kilgore has had this matter on his mind for years, but has failed utterly to get our people waked up to the necessity of doing something. And as matters look now, it seems as though, if anything is done in regard to this work, it will have to be done by individual sacrifice and effort. As I understand it, there is no fund to draw from to carry on the work, and I have no idea that any will be raised until some work is actually begun, and it can be seen what the work is to be.

"As the matter stands, there will have to be done one of two things in the education of the colored people,—either some plan must be devised by which they can support themselves while in the school—an industrial method, if you please,—or the cash will have to be poured in to carry this work of education forward. The latter plan is bad in two ways: first, I think it very doubtful if such a fund could be obtained; and, second, it would be the very worst thing possible for the people themselves. The race of colored people, by the training they have had, rejoice in indolence, and one of the first things to be taught them is self-reliance, and a sturdy manhood and womanhood in Christ Jesus. After these people had been put through school without any effort on their part, they would be pretty well imbued with the idea of their own importance and of being cared for by their white brethren.

"I have had this matter on my mind for many days, and have been praying over it, and at last came to the conclusion, firmly, that the plan I had been thinking out is the only really successful one. That is, to get a tract of land, away from any town or city, and get some good manager to come from the North to look after it, and instruct these people in successful farming, so that they can make their own living as they go to school."

It was evident that White and Palmer were to be pioneers in aggressive Seventh-day Adventist work among the colored people, and as such would have largely to carve out their own way. The suggestion to require self-support of the Negroes, and to provide means for industrial training in their teaching, was a trading of solid ground, but these two men were not prepared to finance such a work. Some more modest plan must be the entering wedge. Toward this they began to feel their way: "The matter that has been troubling us here is, How can we get to work at once, and make a beginning, so that we can have something to show, and thus be able to call for others to come? I would not dare try to have any one go into the big scheme until some kind of work had been begun before. We

have had two afternoon meetings of the ministers and workers to contemplate this matter. Light did not break in till towards the last of the meeting, when a few words seemed to open the matter so that immediate work can be begun.

"The plan is that work be begun in different cities and villages, where the opportunity seems to be favorable. The first opening seems to be in Nashville, where there are over 20,000 colored people. There are several teachers who are willing to donate their services; and a place for the school can be rented cheap. Then begin a free school for the children in the daytime, and the parents and older ones in the evening. Then have one or two medical missionaries at work looking up the needy, and others holding Bible readings, and doing such other work among them as seems possible and profitable. There are several in the North who are ready to do this kind of work, and after this school is working well, then we can start one in another city. I would not care if there were twenty such schools, for I can see that the complete line of work I have mentioned will get hold of the colored people as no preaching or mere Bible reading will or can do. This is the line of work I have in mind." (fn. Letter to Mrs. E. G. White, Jan. 30, 1894.)

But how should the work be supported? This matter was discussed with the brethren at Atlanta, and a proposal was made which then seemed inadequate, but which was to prove very successful. While White and Palmer were kicking press in Battle Creek to get money with which to attend the institute, they had discussed together the possibility of getting out a "Gospel Primer," which would meet the needs of the uneducated colored people for whom they expected to work. They mentioned this to the brethren in Atlanta, who favored the idea, though not deeming it of great value as a money-maker. Upon their return to Battle Creek, they began working upon the book. Palmer received permission from the Review and Herald Publishing Association to use some of their old stock cuts for illustrations, and White wrote the Primer's text to correspond with the cuts, working

sometimes till midnight on the copy which next day they two would set. They obtained permission to trade the old type they had used for a new lot from Chicago, which made a very pretty "Gospel Primer." The Review and Herald Publishing Association made the plates for them, and finished the book. Then White and Palmer sent out circular letters to Seventh-day Adventists all through the country, asking them to sell the "Gospel Primer," and turn in the full amount for the work among the Negroes. The response was immediate and enthusiastic, and the orders poured in so fast that they had difficulty in filling them. The idea, as it was explained to Seventh-day Adventists, of financing a mission to the Negroes by the sale of a book, gained at once an immense favor, and shortly White and Palmer were constrained to make a contract and place large orders with the Review and Herald.

In talking with Dr. Caldwell, Mr. White had learned that it would be difficult to find suitable places to live, if they should devote themselves to the work among the colored people. Now Mr. White had a natural passion for boats, and some years previously had spent considerable time upon the upper Mississippi in river boat work. Very easily, then, there came to his mind the project of making a missionary steamer which could be the home of the workers, and in which they could easily move from place to place in their work. He found in Battle Creek a boat builder, Captain Orton, by name, and during the winter, in the big basement of his building, the frames of such a steamer were made. In the early spring these pieces were shipped to Allegan, Michigan, on the Kalamazoo River, and here, March 10, 1894, work was begun on the steamer, "Morning Star."

Palmer and White had not ten dollars with which to begin this work, but they made a three-cornered deal which gave them a start. Mr. Palmer owned a lot in the city; Mr. White owed a plumbing bill of about one hundred dollars on the building he occupied, a building previously owned by himself, but now belonging to Mr. Clapp. He persuaded Mr. Clapp to assume this debt, on condi-

tion of paying it in lumber. Mr. Palmer turned in his lot on the deal. White and Palmer got the lumber; the plumber got the lot; and Mr. Clapp got the satisfaction of helping a missionary enterprise. With the carload of white oak which he furnished, the "Morning Star" was started.

The little book, "Gospel Primer," was selling rapidly now, bringing a very considerable income, and quite a number of friends became interested in the project and made donations of material, some of lumber, some of hardware. They were fortunate in buying some valuable material cheap, and they built their own boiler, while another brother built the engine for them, shaving the price down to cost.

It was a busy and picturesque scene in the old shed whose use, free, they obtained on the banks of the Kalamazoo. The shed was not long enough to hold the boat, so one end was knocked out, and the boat, with her growing nose poked outside, seemed every day a little more eager for the start. In the upper part of the shed the boat builders slept, cooked, and ate, and they had only to drop below at the stroke of the bell, to pick up spike-maul and adz.

The boat was built 72 feet long, with a hull 12 feet wide on the bottom. She had one cabin deck, which contained the necessary accommodations for the boat's company, besides the boiler room. The enthusiastic master wrote at a time when the boat was nearing completion:—

"Our boat is a beautiful and substantial structure, and sits on the water as firm as a rock. Emma and I are living in it now, and have passed through some heavy wind-storms, and although the boat is tied free, we have not felt a single motion from them. She has swung around with the wind, of course, but unless we looked at the land we did not know it. At the same time others of our company were afraid on account of the shaking of the building in which they were lodged.

"The boat is nearly done, and is free from debt, and when ready to leave will go without a cent of debt upon it. We have five state-rooms, an office in the bow, and back of this a main cabin, or saloon, 12 x 16 feet. Then we have a nice dining-room 9 x 12 feet, and a kitchen off from that. The three large staterooms are all alike, and are $6\frac{1}{2}$ x 13 feet. Two feet at one end of each is finished off into three compartments. One is a washroom, which is a combination washroom and closet. Next to this is a chest of drawers running from floor to ceiling, and by the side of this is a little clothes-press. The finish is white oak, and the partitions and paneling under the windows are of beautiful quarter-sawed sycamore, and the trimming and casing are of red oak. It makes the handsomest and most solid finish I think I ever saw on a steamboat. The flooring and the sycamore were a present to us from George T. Lay, who is much interested in the work. The finish is planned to go on easily, but is very effective, and very handsome. We have tried to avoid every unnecessary expense, but the way has opened before us so that we have had the best at our disposal from the start, and the boat is for river work every whit as good as the Pitcairn. (fn. The missionary schooner sailing in the South Seas.) Our upper, or hurricane deck, is capable of accommodating an audience of 200 people, and we are arranging to have folding settees to seat that number. The boat is very light on the main deck, as the sides are made up of windows, only six inches apart, and there are six windows in each thirteen-foot stateroom. Under deck, in the hull of the boat, are arranged the coal-bunkers, lockers for provisions, places to stow away trunks, etc., an ice-chest that will carry a ton of ice, with separate compartments for water-tank for drinking, and another in which to keep provisions; and each state-room has lockers with plenty of room to store away various things. The hull of the boat is of solid white oak two and one-half inches thick, and does not leak a drop, and the hurricane deck is covered with 16-ounce duck painted two coats, and that also does not leak a drop."

In July the boat was completed, and was tugging at her lines, eager for the down-river trip that should begin her career. The enterprise of White and Palmer was accepted by the General Conference for the intended mission, and they were given credentials as missionaries to the colored people of the South. They were given a salary of eight dollars each a week, to begin when they reached their field, but they were depending for the most part upon their sale of literature on the way and upon the royalties from the little book, "Gospel Primer," to meet the expenses of the boat, themselves, and such workers as they might connect with them.

They had originally intended to make their first effort at Nashville. But when the General Conference took them as laborers, they were apportioned Vicksburg, Mississippi, as their field of labor. Nashville was included in a local conference which embraced western Tennessee and Kentucky; the rest of the South was under General Conference control.

The way, however, had not been all plain going, nor was it to be in the future. No work of God's moves forward without opposition. A work that has been neglected is beset with advocates of neglect and opposers of progress. Especially is this true if the agent God chooses to use, is subject to criticism or suspicion because of the past. New methods, strange plans, were proposed in this missionary enterprise, and there were not wanting those who cast in its way all the obstacles they could.

But in the midst of these difficulties, and others besides, J. E. White and his company had the encouragement of counsels from his mother, who, bearing in a distant land the burdens not only of that new field but those of five continents and the islands of the sea, turned with a full and a glad heart to the support of this new enterprise for a race despised and neglected. Her messages sounded courage, patience, and Christian cheer:—

"I received your letter last Thursday morning, and was made glad to see you coming to the position in which for years in the past the Lord has signified

that He would have you. If you will walk in humility, I am sure that your mind will be fruitful in the knowledge of the Scriptures, and that in studying the life of Christ you will have special help through the Holy Spirit in expressing the ideas that are now so precious to you, and that the Lord will open the minds of those who hear, so that they will be able to grasp the precious things found in the Holy Scriptures. I am very much rejoiced that you can come to God in the full assurance of faith, through the blood of the crucified Redeemer. Ever reach upward, advance as Christ leads the way, and you will preserve the simplicity of faith, that living, active faith that works by love, and purifies the soul." (fn. Letter to J. E. White, June 28, 1894.)

"Though I wish that you could have felt that duty indicated you should join us in our work in this far off field, I will not say aught to bar your way. . . . I am ready to offer praise and thanksgiving to God because He is leading His people step by step." (fn. May 1 and 29.) "Ere my life closes, I would see you, my son, filling the place that the Lord would have you. You have a work to do, and you must not fail nor be discouraged. Again and again Satan has tried you on this same test, and as a result you have yielded to temptation. Now I write to you, knowing that the Lord has a work for you to do. If you walk humbly with God, He will help and strengthen you, and give you His peace." (fn. Sept. 18.)

"My son and daughter, I hope that you will not place your dependence upon any human being, but ever be looking unto Jesus; He can help you, and you will increase in grace and usefulness while you look unto Him who is the author and finisher of your faith. . . . Be of good courage in the Lord. By beholding Jesus you will become changed into His likeness. Your faith will be tested, but hold fast, never let go. The hewing, squaring, and chiseling, chipping off a sharp point on one side and then on another, the burnishing and polishing, is a trying process. It is hard to be pressed down to the grinding wheel. But the Lord brings forth the stone, and thus prepared it finds its place in the building, to

emit light as a living, polished stone. The trial, however sharp and disagreeable, will impart a bright luster. The Master does no such careful, thorough work upon worthless material. Only His jewels are polished after the similitude of a palace." (fn. Oct. 27.)

"You may not be praised or flattered, you may never receive the encouragement you expect from some men, because they are not laborers together with God, and do not wear the yoke with Christ. Several times in your life you have suffered from misrepresentation, and have felt the sting of words of discouragement, and you can not expect that Satan will not attack you again in these same lines. Men may face courageously a grave peril, but become cowards in meeting petty annoyances. . . . Your only course is to lean your whole weight upon Christ. Ever bear in mind that we are now upon trial. In this life we are to form a character either after the divine similitude, or after the similitude of the rebellious one who lost his glorious estate, and forfeited his exalted position in the heavenly courts. . . . There is one thing you will always be safe in doing, and that is in loving God supremely and in loving your fellowmen." (fn. Nov. 6.) "I would say to you and your ~~best~~ company, as you go to your field of labor, Go in the name of Jesus of Nazareth." (fn. Nov. 6.) W-80-1894

CHAPTER XIII

EN ROUTE

From the harbor of Saugatuck, at the mouth of the Kalamazoo, the "Morning Star" ran out one August afternoon to find, at Douglass, three miles down the shore, the lake boat "Bon Ami," which was to tow her across to Chicago. On the "Morning Star" were J. E. White and W. O. Palmer and their wives, B. F. Richards as engineer, Captain Reed (an old seaman of Saugatuck), and Professor F. S. Hafford.

The weather was threatening, and the captain of the "Bon Ami," fearing a storm that night, required that the ladies make the passage on his boat, for the little river steamer was ill fitted to brave the storms of the inland sea. Night had fallen when the "Bon Ami" cast off and headed across the lake, with the little "Morning Star" following, 200 yards behind, at the end of the cable. A light set at the stern of the "Bon Ami" marked to the bow of the "Star" a path of light in which the cable lay.

After they had been out two hours, the storm came, hard. The huge waves pitched the little steamer fearfully, and within a few minutes the furniture was thrashing inside the cabin and staterooms, and waves were pounding over upon the decks and tearing in through the doors. Palmer set to work lashing the furniture down and trying to fasten canvas at the bow to ward off the heavy waves, but the canvas was stripped from his hands into the night. White was at the wheel, steering to keep the bow straight on, a position on which the safety of the "Morning Star" depended.

Seven hours thus they pounded on, the river boat waving like a lily leaf,

and the woodwork of the cabins inside twisting and screaming like fiends. Palmer came up to the pilot house and shouted, "The water is gaining an inch every fifteen minutes in the hold,"—which was only three feet deep.

"Are the siphons working?"

"Yes! I don't know what to do!"

"You come up here and take the wheel," said White, "and I'll see what I can do."

Captain Reed, who had brought his chair up to the pilot house, where he might observe, objected to having an inexperienced man take the wheel.

"You stay and see how he does it," said White; and went down to the main deck. He found the siphons throwing out only steam, no water; and he knew they must be clogged. By this time the water in the hold was half way up to the main deck. Stripping, he took a lantern (whose light the water quickly extinguished), and crept forward through the water for twenty feet to come to the siphon mouths. He found them clogged with chunks of oakum which the water had washed down from the deck. Clearing them out, he crept, shivering, to his stateroom to get warm, then back at it again.

Richards, at the boiler, was staggeringly feeding the furnace between his fits of seasickness. Still the water gained, and White crept in the second time to clear the siphons. Then he routed out Professor Hafford to help him bail, until the professor was overthrown by seasickness, whereupon he requisitioned Captain Reed, who reluctantly left the inexperienced steersman alone. After some hours, with four clearings of the siphons and constant bailing, the water gained no more.

From the deck of the "Bon Ami" the anxious watchers in the early morning saw the little steamer tossing and pitching, and more than once, as it mounted a great wave and then pointed its nose downward, the ladies saw the captain bury his face in his hands, sure that it was going to the bottom.

Fourteen hours they were in making the voyage that ordinarily takes but five, and it was a thankful if haggard company that stepped upon the pier at Chicago the next morning. Said Captain Reed, as they all stepped ashore, "It's something besides human power that has kept that boat. Here's a thank-offering," and he handed Mr. White a ten-dollar bill.

Two or three weeks were spent by the company in Chicago, and there three or four young men joined them,—Walter Cleveland, Walter Halliday, and Louis Kraus, the latter taking the place of engineer, under Palmer, who expected to get engineer's papers.

The steamer was then passed through the Chicago Canal into the Illinois River, and went on down toward the Mississippi, stopping at the principal towns. At Ottawa, Ill., the boat was tied up for some time, while its crew canvassed the city with "Gospel Primer." Walter Halliday one morning stopped at a house whose owner, a young man, soon recognized the canvasser, from his words, to be a Seventh-day Adventist.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Walter Halliday."

"Mine is Fred Halladay," said the other. "Where are you staying?"

"On the boat."

"The boat?"

"Yes; the 'Morning Star,' which is a missionary steamer that is on its way to work among the colored people in the South."

The young man Halladay was invited to visit the boat's company, which he did, and he became so interested in their work that he decided to go with them as far as Peoria. His mother also became interested, and gave to the company an old melodeon, which, with the organ donated by Story and Clark, a music firm in Chicago, made the little craft, if possible, more harmonious than before.

During the hundred-mile trip to Peoria, F. W. Halladay was getting acquainted with the boat's people and their mission, and becoming more impressed every day with its importance. At Peoria the company went out to canvass, but Halladay stayed on the boat, and read through the Testimony of 1891, "Our Duty to the Colored People." This decided him, and when the young men came back, instead of bidding them good-by and going home, he said, "Boys, I'm going South with you!" Whereupon they all shook hands with him, and shouted their welcome. Thus was added to the enterprise a man whose name has honorable mention in connection with this work through its every experience, who has served in every capacity from mechanic to preacher and teacher, who never was known to desert his post in the face of danger human or natural, and who is remembered to-day for his quiet and earnest service, by hundreds of the people to whom, that solitary afternoon, he dedicated his life.

There were now in the company six young men. These were housed in a little cabined barge, 42 x 9 feet, which had been purchased at Ottawa, and which the "Morning Star" took in tow. They called it the "Dawn," because it followed the "Morning Star."

At Havana, Ill., which they reached about the middle of October, the boat had to pass an examination by the government inspectors of river craft. The boat's company had been prepared by reports for great rigidity on the part of these officials; but they proved to be Christian gentlemen, who, when they came on board and had listened to the statement of the boat's mission, were greatly pleased, and they were as lenient in their inspection as it was possible for them to be. The added equipment they required cost no more than four dollars. They accepted an invitation to supper on the boat that evening, and offered, if the brethren would call at their office in St. Louis, to get for them free dockage in that city, and to give them letters of introduction which would gain them favor and save them expense in ports down the river.

"We had been praying," wrote Mr. White, "that this inspection might be so overruled as to avoid hindrances, but our faith had not gone so far as to look for the favor we did receive from these men. They did not neglect important matters involving our safety, but they took pains not to be technically rigid, and in every way tried to suggest things that would lessen expense. We felt that the Lord, who had been with us in all our work, was by our side directing the inspection."

Their company were growing in Christian life and consecration, and in enthusiasm for their work. Three of the young men had not been Adventists when they joined: one was a Catholic, and two non-professors, while the other three were either new in the faith or without previous experience in religious work. The leaders themselves were in a sense new recruits. Thus, for this untried enterprise they were drawing off none from the older established lines of work, but were creating a new corps of workers, who were, moreover, paying their own way. It was, many thought, a motley and uncertain crew which "Ed White had gathered for his junketing expedition." To some minds occurred the suspicion that "everyone that was in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him,"—not, perhaps, reflecting that of those men of David who first endured that evil report, it came to be said that "they be mighty men."

Daily Bible studies were held in the company, almost daily experience was gained in the places where they stopped along the way, and their souls were cheered in different places by evidences of God's blessing as they met the people with their books and the story of their mission. These young workers, new recruits though they were, were soundly converted, and growing daily in Christian life. The leader was himself going through an experience that deepened his hold upon God. In a letter to Elder R. M. Kilgore, he wrote:--

"I have felt that we had God with us, and so have stuck to the determination that we will not fail nor be discouraged, and we have pushed through all obstacles until we have, by the blessing of God, got this outfit ready for its mission and on its way to its field. But through all this burden we have been carrying, there is one mistake I have made; and that is, I have felt it my duty to vindicate our cause and correct those who were misjudging us. And I verily believe the devil would about as soon drive me into this kind of work and feeling as to drive me out of the work. I find that the more one thinks about them, the larger they grow, the deeper they cut and hurt, and in the same ratio they drive away the tender, loving, sympathetic spirit of Jesus from the heart.

"The last letter from Mother has been one of the greatest revelations to my heart that I have ever had in my life. For as soon as it opened up to me my danger in this direction, it also gave me, as I began to take in its real meaning, an insight into the love, the pity, the tenderness, the forbearance of my Saviour. He has endured all my indifference, rebellion, and wickedness for these many years; and yet, with all power at His command, He has not laid His hand on me in chastisement, but in pitying love and tenderness has He called after me year after year. He has borne with my indifference and neglect patiently, and (what has been and always will be the greatest source of surprise and astonishment) when I did listen to His voice, He met me with no reproaches, no coldness or indifference, no delay for my long years of lingering, but with arms outstretched received me, with wisdom divine instructed me, and opened to me the glories of His love, His truth, His blessed gospel, and of Himself, which I could not have learned by a lifetime of study; and, wonder of wonders, He accepted me as co-worker with Him and with heavenly intelligences in carrying His glorious gospel to a sin-cursed and devil-captured earth.

"And now what am I, that after all my Saviour has borne for me and done for me, I should attempt to bring my brethren to time because they can not see

me as my Lord sees me, because they cannot appreciate my motives, can not see as I do how my God has led us step by step in our preparation for this work, how He is softening our hearts and fitting us for service for Him? What have we to do with their opinions, anyway? My Lord has forgiven me everything: shall I now take my fellow servant by the throat for some little failure on his part?"

In a study on the Lord's Prayer while with the church at St. Louis, "Questions were asked by some in the congregation: 'Must we forgive before we are asked, and our forgiveness is sought?' We then turned to Matthew 5:44, and read it together, and soon decided that we could not obey that injunction while holding a grudge against any person living or dead, that no unforgiving spirit, in the light of that text, could find any place in the heart, even against our worst and most persistent enemy. Then the question came up, 'How can we love our enemies?' And candidly, on the subject of love, this has been the hardest problem for me to wrestle with. But right there, like a flash of light from above, the true meaning of the last clause of that verse came to my mind: 'Pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.' I knew of the power and efficacy of prayer, for I had tried it over and over again; and I knew at once that I had the key to the situation that was sure to bring the victory. One good, heartfelt prayer for an enemy or one at variance with us, will take all the enmity out of our hearts, in spite of the devil and all his earthly representatives.

"Well, I went home and tried it, and I thank my God for the peace it has brought to my heart. I feel now that I have a weapon that will beat the devil every time."

The first days of November, the "Morning Star" ran down to St. Louis, and after a little time spent there, took a pilot to Cairo, Ill., at the junction of the Mississippi and the Ohio Rivers. Here the company stayed about six weeks, canvassing the town. They had expected, at this place, just before they entered Southern territory, to meet Elder R. M. Kilgore, the superintendent of the dis-

trict, and Elder H. S. Shaw, the director of the Negro work; but circumstances made these men postpone the meeting to Memphis at a later date.

When the boat was ready to leave Cairo, a pilot could not be found. Among the hangers-on around the docks was a Negro boy in his 'teens, who came asking for work. After helping them in their vain search for a pilot, he told Mr. Palmer that he had worked on the government snag boats, knew every inch of the river, and could safely take them down. He had no license as a pilot, that being a white man's job, and he, besides, was too young; but he said if they could not get a pilot, and they merely wanted to go safely down the river, he could, for a consideration, get them there. His name, he said, was Finis Parker. That settled it: if a boat must go, and to go must have a pilot, and a pilot can not be secured, but one is found who is a pilot in all but the name, and his name, moreover, is Finis, there is an end to the matter.

Finis climbed to the proud eminence of the pilot-house, and on the 300-mile trip to Memphis proved sufficiently the truth of his assertion that he knew every inch of the river. He was as competent a pilot as they could have gotten, his only drawback being that when they came in sight of another boat, he must resign the wheel to Captain White, and dodge out of sight until the danger was past of being seen by the man in the other pilot-house.

But trouble lurked in the situation. The Federal laws require every steamer to carry a regularly licensed pilot, but the inspectors at St. Louis had assured Captain White that if they were deprived of a pilot between ports, they were permitted to take on such help as they could get, and run to the nearest port. Cairo, however, is a port of entry, and the scarcity of pilots at that particular time proved to be a misfortune rather than a vindication.

The "Morning Star" reached Memphis on Tuesday, November 26. The customs officers came on board, and the owners told them the circumstances of their trip and their failure to get a pilot. A reprimand was given for running without a

pilot, but not till four days later, after another boat had come down without a pilot and had been fined, was action taken against the "Morning Star." They were then assessed a \$500 fine for violation of the marine laws, and they felt, like Joseph, that they had fallen into evil case in Egypt. They set to work, however, to get a reversal of the decision, as they held that they did not come within the provision of the law, which relates to boats carrying passengers. They appealed to the Navy Department through Senator Burrows of Michigan. There was also in Memphis a friend of Palmer's who introduced them to a federal officer in that city named M. R. Patterson (afterwards governor); his father was a senator, and through him intercession was made.

Meanwhile, they began work in and near the city, the canvassers going out with their books, and the others visiting the colored churches. A First-day Adventist colored church was found in the city, whose pastor, Mr. Freeman, welcomed them into his pulpit, and there for several weeks, while their case was pending, they studied with him and his congregation. Finally the pastor and most of the church accepted the seventh-day Sabbath and the other distinguishing truths of Seventh-day Adventists.

Here the "Morning Star" workers gained their first experience in meeting some of the practical difficulties of the Negro work. Mr. White sent in an appeal to the Tennessee River Conference for a worker to come to Memphis and follow up what had been begun; and after the "Morning Star" had left, a minister and some other workers were sent there. The colored minister, Freeman, appeared an earnest, sensible man, with considerable ability, and it seemed that he might be developed into a good worker for his people. But his little church was poor, times were hard, and this combination of facts had been putting the pastor into straits; for he had not been receiving enough from them even to pay his board, and now that he had accepted the Sabbath, some of his small flock were alienated from him.

He might have been told to go to work with his hands and support himself under his new conditions, but that would have been a severe test even to the most sensible and consecrated white minister, and Mr. White felt that this man was not yet so much more than a fledgling as safely to be thrown out on his own wings. So, after some consideration, he decided to pay him from his own slender income two dollars a week, that he might be able to attend the meetings and engage in visiting and instructing his people.

Some weeks afterwards, Mr. White received word from the white minister that Preacher Freeman had acknowledged that he did not attach much importance to the Sabbath, and asserted that it was impossible for working people to live and keep the Sabbath, and that he had not himself been keeping it. Upon further instruction as to the obligation of God's law, however, he acknowledged being at fault, and promised reformation, and the small subsidy was continued.

The experience of Seventh-day Adventist workers at that point in their history, having been gained chiefly in communities with a sound moral basis and Biblical training, had led them to trust to a brief period of spiritual instruction, and then to leave new converts to develop by themselves. This system, applied to the Negro converts, was very largely a failure. Their advancement under instruction and encouragement, however rapid, was not enough to place them where they could be safely left alone after a few weeks; on the other hand, Northern workers, growing tired of their continued helplessness and unreliability, would become impatient with them. The result was in this case, after a few months, the conference having assumed charge of the Memphis work, and J. E. White's resources more than straining to meet his growing work, that the Negro minister and his company were neglected, and at last dropped out of knowledge.

The influence of the boat's workers, however, was not limited wholly to the colored people to whom they addressed themselves. Some years afterwards, when Mr. White was going through the type-room of the publishing house in Battle

Creek, a young man stepped up to him and asked, "Do you remember me at Memphis?"

"No, I do not."

He said, "I remember you very distinctly. I had been reading in the daily papers about the 'Morning Star,' and was considerably interested in it. I came out of the custom-house, and stood on the steps and looked over at the boat, and finally my curiosity was such that I went down. And when I came there, you people gave me some tracts and talked about your mission and your work. I began to study, and I made up my mind that was the truth. Then I got other books and read them. I was engaged to be married. I took these things to the girl I was engaged to, and she read them with me. We both accepted the faith, and began to keep the Sabbath. And finally we came up here."

The matter of the fine on the "Morning Star" was at last settled. The owners had pleaded innocence through ignorance, and their mission, moreover, appealed to some men of influence. The authorities at Washington had referred the case for settlement to Mr. M. R. Patterson, at Memphis. He called the culprits before him, and said, "I have received word that the matter is left for me to decide. I decide that there is no cause for action, and the case is dismissed."

Thus the delay that seemed at first a disaster, had served only to give them time for work in an important city, a place where they had the most favorable opportunity for learning their first lessons in the work to which they were new.

The little barge, "Dawn," with some of the canvassers, left Memphis several days before the "Morning Star." They canvassed at several points along the river. One evening, just at dusk, when they were opposite the mouth of the St. Francis River, they saw a flock of wild geese come down on a sandbar across the river, on the Arkansas side. Not yet vegetarians, they decided to row over and shoot some of them. They pulled across, until, about two hundred feet from the shore, the bow of their boat struck bottom. It was now dark, and they feared they

might be permanently stuck if they stayed there all night; so they succeeded in shoving off, and started for the other side. But row as they might, they could not find land; and, being only novices in river navigation, they felt some trepidation in drifting, perhaps into bayous and swamps, in the middle of the night. So they knelt down and prayed for a port. Halladay then stepped to the bow of the boat, and looking up saw a bright star, and said, "Boys, we'll row by that star." This they did, and in less than half an hour the boat struck the bank. They sprang out, staked and tied, and waited for the morning.

When the light came, they found they had made a landing right by the town of Friar's Point, twenty miles below the St. Francis. They went out that day and canvassed the town with good success. The next morning along came the "Morning Star" as if by appointment, and made a landing just below them. From there the "Dawn" was towed by the "Morning Star," as far as Grenville, where they were to canvass that town and then visit plantations along the river on their more leisurely progress toward their final destination. Thus it was two or three weeks after the "Morning Star" reached Vicksburg, before all their company joined them.

CHAPTER XIV

IN VICKSBURG

In the time of the Civil War, Vicksburg frowned down upon the river, but it does so no more. In the high water of 1876, the Mississippi carved out for itself a new channel across a neck of land below, leaving the city two miles away. The old bed of the river, however, just below the bluffs of the city, remains to form Centennial Lake, whose southern connection with the river is still kept through a narrow waterway, and which is also connected with the Yazoo above by a canal.

About a mile from the center of the city, the bluff above this lake gathers itself into Fort Hill, on which one of the principal batteries was erected in 1862. The steep sides of this hill are cluttered with Negro houses and cabins, the streets—some of them—mere paths cut into steps that climb to the overhanging cabins. Upon the crown of this hill stands Mt. Zion Church, the center of a Baptist community that covers the hill and the inlying district. The Baptist faith is by far the most popular among the Negroes of Vicksburg, no fewer than a score of their churches being within the city limits; and it holds, consequently, both the advantages and the disadvantages of numbers. The Baptist crowd might be the largest, but it was also likely to be the most promiscuous, the sinners in Zion outnumbering the saints,—though the pious sinners were by no means confined to the Baptists, among either people or pastors.

Mt. Zion Church had for its pastor Emmanuel Churchwell, a good old man, an exceptionally pure and upright leader. He had never used either tobacco or liquor, and in practical godliness he was an influence among his people, as he

had been from his early life. As a slave he had received five hundred lashes on his bare back, for being in possession of a hymn book which he could not read. But though deprived of his literary badge of spiritual authority, he continued as an exhorter among his people, and as their minister after freedom.

Greater even in power than the practical piety of their minister, was the influence of two white ladies, Miss Maggie Scott and Miss M. M. Osborne, sent as missionaries to the Negroes in Vicksburg by the Woman's Baptist Home Missionary Society. These two ladies had been working, the one for six, the other for two years, not only in Mt. Zion Church, but all through the city in the Baptist churches. They taught practical piety, going from house to house, and also instructing the people in public gatherings. They organized Sunday-schools, and during the week held Bible classes with the people of the different congregations. In the midst of all sorts of difficulties caused by the poverty, the ignorance, and the negligence of their people, these tireless workers pressed on their way, refusing to be discouraged or turned aside.

They organized mothers' meetings, in which they taught the women their duties in their homes, in neatness and order and in the care of their children, teaching them always to base their faith upon the Bible. They created sewing classes for the children, and in their various classes throughout the city enrolled a thousand girls and boys. And there was always pressing upon them a Good Samaritan work because of sickness, poverty, and distress in the homes.

Where there were Sunday-schools, they encouraged them, either taking classes themselves or teaching the teachers. The Mt. Zion Sunday-school was organized by Miss Scott, and she and Miss Osborne had complete charge of it. Their practical, earnest Christian work was a seed-sowing which was speedily to ripen when the "Morning Star" workers should come.

There began in 1893 in this church a deep but quiet work of reformation. A sense of great need for more truth and a higher life took possession of many

church members, and some began special meetings in their homes, to pray that the Lord would send them truth and truth-bearers. They felt keenly the degradation of their people and the iniquity and hypocrisy that stained the profession of religion. They looked upon ministers whose lives were a disgrace, who drank and swore, and lied and stole, who debauched their women and quarreled with their men. They knew preachers who constantly carried their whiskey with them in special leather bottles, out of which they would sometimes take drinks even in the pulpit between the acts of stirring up their people in the terrible frenzies that they called "gittin' religion." They knew the words some ministers spoke to licentious men who yet were financial pillars of the church: "It's all right! Have your fun, but keep quiet about it, and nothing will be said." And their souls, hoping, groping, for light and truth and purity, revolted at these things.

A leader among these earnest ones in the Mt. Zion Church was Katie Holston, deaconess and teacher; and with her her friend Hannah Washington, and Lavina Nash, and Sylvia Cyrus. There was also Louise Jackson, and Will Maxey with his mother and her married daughter Maria Shipp. And there, too, was old man Astrap with his sober, serious-minded son William; and Jennie Dickson and her two daughters, Belle Cromwell and Synthia Evans. Over in King Solomon Church was old Uncle Creasy, the shoemaker, whose large family had been greatly stirred by a chance book called, "Bible Readings." His son-in-law, Joe Street, a fireman on the railroad, had found the book with a family somewhere in Louisiana. As he was examining it, they said to him, "You can have that book if you want it; we ain't no use for it." "That's just what my folks will want," said Street, and carried it home, where it was a Sunday study for many a month; and if it did no more, led them to earnest prayer. And there were young men like Grant Royston, who hated the evil about them, and Tom Murphy, the barber, who despaired at last of the Baptist church, and went over to the Presbyterians, hoping to find greater purity, but yet kept on praying for the greater light he felt there must be.

They were, indeed, like the lone household of Chloe, nineteen centuries before, in that beautiful and unholy capital of the Grecian isthmus, who beheld around them their brethren scarce separated from the pollution that made Corinth a by-word in the heathen world, and whose sorrowful complaint brought forth from God's apostle the Corinthian warning: "Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you." (fn. 1 Cor. 6:9, 10.)

There had come to Vicksburg, a year or so before, a Negro preacher from Arkansas, who owned no church nor creed, and who was sent by no society, but who came impressed by the Spirit to preach the Word as he found it in his Bible, by the aid, also, of that same book Joe Street had found, "Bible Readings." His name was Alonzo Parker. He possessed marvelous power as a preacher of righteousness, and at first had a great following, despite the fact that he never induced nor sanctioned the wild orgies of emotion that the common preacher sought. He saw evil living eating out the heart of the church and home, and he fearlessly denounced the licentiousness, and drunkenness, and theft, and lying, that marked both priest and people. "The truth shall make you free," he cried, "but not unless you take it into your life, and live the things you say and preach."

At first the churches were open to him, and he preached in many of them, but as his words cut into the hearts of deacons and preachers, they turned against him, and shut the doors of the churches in his face. Next he hired a hall in the city, which was packed with eager hearers, till that was closed against him. Then he preached in the streets, and labored from house to house, but the fury of the people began to be roused against him. His following grew smaller; the cold sneer and the hateful glance followed him; and at last the climax came when he was set

upon by a mob, and beaten, so that he died. But before he died, he uttered this prophecy: "There will come to you people of Vicksburg just one more chance from God. He will send you other messengers, who will have a stricter message to bear than I have borne. And if you shall refuse to hear them, your fate will be sealed." "Bury me," he said, "with my Bible upon my breast. It shall be a witness in the resurrection against the evil men of this city. And it will be a witness in the mouths of those who come after me. I charge you, Hear them, if you would be saved."

His words were yet in the minds of the people when, on January 10, 1895, there came steaming up into Centennial Lake the "Morning Star," and cast anchor just below Fort Hill. The first Sunday, the "Morning Star" workers, spying the meeting-house above them on the hill, went up to Sunday-school, and there they became acquainted with Miss Scott and some of the members of the church. After this visit, the word quickly passed through the city that the steamer lying there on the lake had brought men and women to teach them the Bible, that thus the dead preacher's prophecy had been fulfilled, for these were the ones who were to give the colored people of Vicksburg their last chance. So deep was this impression that even some weeks afterwards, when great opposition had become manifest, when the "Morning Star" left her moorings for a short trip up the river, the word flew with the speed of the "grape-vine telegraph," and in a few minutes the hillside was covered with men, women, and children, shouting and waving, and crying, "She's going away! Our boat is leaving us! O God, we ain't got no more chance!"

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His words were yet in the minds of the people when, on January 10, 1852, there came steaming up into Genesee Lake the "Morning Star," and cast anchor just below Fort Hill. The first Sunday, the "Morning Star" workers, spying the meeting-house above them on the hill, went up to Sunday-school, and there they became acquainted with Miss Scott and some of the members of the church. After this visit, the word quickly passed through the city that the steamer lying there on the lake had brought men and women to teach them the Bible, that thus the dead preacher's prophecy had been fulfilled, for these were the ones who were to give the colored people of Vicksburg their last chance. So deep was this impression that even some weeks afterwards, when great opposition had become manifest, when the "Morning Star" left her moorings for a short trip up the river, the word flew with the speed of the "grape-vine telegraph," and in a few minutes the hillside was covered with men, women, and children, shouting and waving, and crying, "She's going away! Our boat is leaving us! O God, we ain't got no more chance!"

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Church was thereupon thrown open for the studies. The studies dealt with such subjects as "The Word of God," "What Faith Is," "Love," "The Mission of Jesus," and incidents in the lives of such men as Daniel and Joseph. These were hailed with delight by those who had been praying so long for help, who also found that their new friends were not only ready to tell them Bible truths, but to help them gain greater power to learn and to live a higher life.

It was soon seen that but few could read at all, and they for the most part but imperfectly, and so the "Morning Star" people suggested that a night school be opened. Not only were the city schools overcrowded, with hundreds of children unable to attend, but there were very many old people who were anxious to learn to read their Bibles. So the night school was inaugurated, being held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

The first night there were fifty-two present, and rapidly the numbers increased to over one hundred. Forty-five minutes of the session were given to reading and spelling, in which the workers first had the pleasure of testing the value of their "Gospel Primer" as a text-book. Then came fifteen minutes given to music,—learning to sing gospel hymns; for the musical ear of Edson White had been oppressed by "one drawling, snake-like tune for long meter, one for common, and another for short meter,—a repertoire of three tunes to which they fit all the hymns they sing." After this came prayer, and then a half hour of Bible study.

They soon had twelve classes in this night school, in which many old people were learning to read, children were becoming more orderly and progressive, and good talent in the most advanced classes was being developed. One very intelligent young colored woman, about to graduate from the public school, was deeply interested in the Bible studies, and when a night school was asked for a mile and a half up the road, she offered her help there, and gladly walked both ways twice a week to teach.

Not only on these four evenings of the week were the boat's workers busy, but during the day; for they quickly found themselves employed in giving Bible studies in various parts of the city. These studies, bringing out not only the simple duties of Christian life, but the glories of the reward to come, were wonderful revelations to these poor souls, and with many delight and devotion seemed growing together.

Nothing was said about the Sabbath. It was not known that they kept any other day than Sunday. They had felt it unwise to hurry that matter. But on the Sabbath they would themselves gather in the "Morning Star," which was now moored out in the middle of the lake, and there hold their Sabbath-school and Sabbath services.

One Saturday in February, Katie Holston, out hoeing in her garden, heard singing from the "Morning Star" down on the lake. Will Maxey was there, patching her roof.

"We're working on Sabbath," she called up to him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Hear that singing?" said Katie Holston. "They sure are keeping Sabbath down there."

Nothing that the "Morning Star" workers could say or do was now escaping these people of the prayer bands of Fort Hill. They attended every class and Bible study, they caught every word of instruction that was given, and they took home with them the outline lessons that were furnished, and pored over them for hours. More than that, they watched with eager senses every word and look and action of these whom they counted their God-sent teachers.

So now, as these two stopped their hoeing and hammering to listen to the singing out there on the lake, they discussed its possible meaning (for this was not Sunday!), and they decided that these people must be keeping this day as the Sabbath. What Bible they knew that bore on the subject was earnestly discussed

that afternoon; and then the two went seeking for facts in a characteristic way.

After Sunday-school the next day, Maxey came up to Mr. White and asked, "How is it that we are keeping Sunday for the Sabbath?"

"Why do you ask me that?" said Mr. White.

"Why, I don't know, but I've been thinking about it, and I thought I'd ask you."

"Well, Will, when was the Sabbath made?"

"When God made the world."

"What was it meant for?"

He had to find a Bible then, and read in Genesis 2, in which he saw that the Sabbath was made to commemorate God's creation, and that it was the seventh day.

"Have you ever read in the Bible of any change being made in it?" asked Mr. White.

He said, "No. But why then are we keeping Sunday?"

"We are not," said Mr. White, "we are keeping Sabbath down on the boat."

"Then I'm going to keep it too," said Will Maxey.

The next day Katie Holston saw Mr. White, and she asked him, "On what day did the Lord begin to make the world?"

He answered, "What does the Bible say about it?"

She replied, "The first day. Well, then, what day was it He rested and made the Sabbath?"

"Count up," he suggested. She counted on her fingers: "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. Saturday! Well, then, why are we keeping Sunday?"

"I do not know," he said; and then went on to explain to her what the Sabbath really means, and how man had pretended to change it, but that it never could really be changed.

Then she spoke up: "And to think I've been keeping the wrong day for the Sabbath all this time!"

"Don't let that worry you, because you did not know of it. Your only question is, What are you going to do about it in the future?"

She looked startled, as though the thought of her obeying the commandment had never come to her, but she said, "I reckon I'll have to think about it."

Will Maxey had been out of work for a long time, but toward the last of this week he found a job in a shingle-mill. On Friday afternoon, he pushed his work hard to get his job done, but just before supper his boss came and ordered a special lot made the next day. On his way home he met Captain White. He said he didn't know what to do, but he thought he would go back that night and try to finish the job.

"That will not do," said Mr. White, "because the Sabbath begins at sundown on Friday, and closes at sundown on Saturday. The first chapter of Genesis tells us when the day begins."

Then he was troubled. "I'll lose my job if I don't do them," he said.

Mr. White advised him to go to the foreman and see if he would not let him off; and when he did so, much to his surprise the foreman granted his request.

So the next day he came off to the boat and joined them in their meeting. Katie Holston had also made up her mind to keep the Sabbath, but that day she was ill, and she could only announce afterwards that she "kept the Sabbath in bed." However, when the second Sabbath came, she prepared to go out to the boat. But just as she was to start, her friend, Hannah Washington, came up, and asked her where she was going. Katie Holston explained to her about the Sabbath, and that she was now going to meeting out on the boat.

"I'm going, too," announced Hannah Washington, and hurried away to get ready. But Katie Holston, fearful that she had no right to take anyone else without notice,

went off and left her. Hannah Washington, however, was not to be put off in any such fashion, and going down to the shore, she found a boat, and went out to the steamer, where she soon settled it in her mind that she too would keep the Sabbath.

There was on the boat a young colored man named Albert Green, who had joined the company at Ottawa, Illinois, and acted as cook. Less judicious than the rest, he had, despite cautions, begun talking about the Sabbath to some he met, among whom were two intelligent young colored men, Grant Royston and William Astrap, and they, too, arrived this morning to join the boat's company as Sabbath-keepers. Here, then, were five new and unexpected Sabbath-keepers.

Thus begun, the company rapidly grew. Mr. Palmer, with his wife and Walter Cleveland, had been holding Bible studies with the Sunday-school teachers of King Solomon Church, in another part of the city. As they presented the necessity for obedience to God's law and the importance of every word God has spoken,—though they were striking at the common evils of society and were seeking to avoid new points of doctrine,—the minds of some of their hearers, going over the ten commandments, were quickly attracted by that violated Fourth, and they, too, propounded the question, "Why are we keeping Sunday for the Sabbath?" Mr. Palmer had no choice but to present the truth, and from among them almost immediately there were ten who declared they would keep the whole law of God. So, the second Sabbath from the one when Will Maxey stepped upon the boat's deck a Sabbath-keeper, there was a company on the "Morning Star" that required, to contain them, three Sabbath-school classes.

In the meeting that followed there was great rejoicing. Scarcely had the prayers been offered, when the new converts rose, one after another, to testify to their joy in the new-found truth. Said Will Maxey, "This is the third Sabbath I have kept, and the light it has made on my path is growing brighter every day." Said Sallie Washington, "This is the second Sabbath I have kept, and it seems to

me twice as good as the first." And then rose another, who had but come that day, and said, "This is my very first Sabbath, and it's a brand new day to me, bless the Lord!"

The hearts of the white workers were filled with emotion. It was an early and unexpected harvest, and they felt that it was of the Lord's ripening and reaping. So said Mr. White to them at the closing of the meeting: "It is a wonderful day to us. For over a year we have been preparing to come down to do this work. We have had disappointments and hindrances at every step of the way, but at last we reached our field of labor. And now we have been toiling away here for weeks, not daring to open to you the Sabbath and many other truths, for we felt, as the Saviour expressed Himself, 'I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye can not bear them now.' But we have found out that the Lord has a hand in the work, and when His time came, He pressed the question upon us through you. And now to see so goodly a company of Sabbath-keepers present on this day, who have come to a knowledge of the truth through our labors, is such a joy to us as you can hardly understand.

"To you, also, is given the privilege of being standard-bearers for Christ, showing by your lives,—your every word and thought and deed,—that you are the children of God. Let the Sabbath be over you a banner, the emblem of King Jesus whom you serve, and let no act of yours ever put a blot upon its sacred folds."

And the little cabin of the "Morning Star" resounded with "Amens!" that floated like sacred cheers up the heights of Vicksburg.

CHAPTER XV

WAYS AND MEANS

The enterprize of J. E. White and W. O. Palmer had been started as a self-supporting work. That work was now developing in a way to test their slender resources. It may be that they did not appreciate from the first, and could not, all that the development of such a work would entail, but it was not long until they were made to see that it was not only the building and equipping of a boat as a home for themselves and assistants, but also the building of churches and school-houses, and the support of an increasing number of workers.

It was not long after the first Sabbath-keepers were brought out in Vicksburg until, in the words of one of their number, "the hill was on fire." The cautious fears of the leaders were in some degree justified. They had not desired to present startling truths which would create excitement, because a state of religious excitement is not favorable to spiritual growth, and hinders rather than helps the progress of the gospel. The fault is not in the truths, but in the education of the hearers. Yet the history of the Christian religion has shown that some times of intensity, in small or in great degree, must come. When all Christendom had for ages held the truth down in unrighteousness, there followed the mighty upheaval of the Protestant Reformation. Conversion of the individual sinner is the more of a cataclysm, the farther he has gone from the innocence of childhood. So in the entrance of new-old truths into the life of this Negro community, there was a decided convulsion.

There were among the Negro ministers of Vicksburg three or four worthy, upright, stable men, but the majority were such as have been described, and their

chief business was to gain and keep as many followers as possible for the sake of their financial support. And to find his parishoners now in danger of being scattered, and with them the coin, was enough to disturb the equanimity of every kacklet preacher in town. They declared a boycott on the "Morning Star." They said to their people, "You ain't got the education to know what the Bible means. That's what we're paid for, to tell what it means. So you come to us for anything you want to know about the Bible, and we'll tell you right. And you stay away from them river rats, or we'll church you. You ain't going to give your souls and your money to the devil while we're around to get them."

The result was that every church was closed to the boat workers, the majority from animosity and the others from fear of the majority. The most of the Negroes now shunned them, but yet the number grew of those who decided to keep the commandments of God. Despite the boycott, the workers found some homes open for their studies, and it was naturally the more intelligent and capable who were willing to abandon a blind following of their blind leaders, and turn to the Scriptures, which alone were able to make them wise unto salvation. Of these followers of truth, J. E. White wrote in June:— "I am surprised at the firmness manifested by those who accept it. They have all been subjected to the most trying influences I ever saw imposed upon new converts. Everything which the ingenuity of wicked men and women, led on by Satan, can invent, is brought upon them, and I do not see how they bear up under it as they do. But they have learned to bear it patiently, and to point to the pure Word as their standard, and many of them are becoming very apt in the use of their Bibles. People who otherwise appear very dull and ignorant, seem to be guided in their knowledge, and I am sure that God is opening their minds to be able to grasp His Word with keener insight than their limited ability, unaided, would enable them to do. In every case, so far as I have seen, they stick right to the Word, and are able to give an 'It is written' to the persons who are pressing them."

Not only were those immediately within reach affected, but many farther away. The literature suited to these people had to be created, and its beginnings were humble. The company had no printing outfit as yet, but they made one for half a dollar. Here is the process:

"To six ounces of melted glue and thirty-six ounces of heated glycerine, add one-third teaspoonful of carbolic acid. Take six common slates, and pour the mixture upon them. After standing twelve hours, they are ready for use. Write the copy with hektograph ink, and place it face down on the slate for two minutes, then remove, and reproduce, to the number of fifty or so, by lightly pressing sheets of paper on the slate."

With this "printing press" the Bible studies were multiplied and given to the members of the class. Some of the women had husbands who were working in the swamp woods, in the interior, and these women not only studied the lessons themselves, but gave them to their husbands when they came home on flying visits. The men took them back to the swamps, and there groups would gather at the dinner hour or in the evening, while they laboriously read the simple questions, and with slowly moving finger followed down the pages of the Bible the words that told them truth. The Negro laborer might not be the highest example of Biblical holiness, but he had, almost universally, a reverence for the Bible, and if he could be sure of its teachings, would not dispute them. As a result of these leaves scattered thus far out in the swamps, there soon came to be a number of earnest Sabbath-keeping men among the cypress gangs.

In Vicksburg, the interest was continually growing, and it soon became evident that further steps must be taken in education. The cabin of the "Morning Star" was scarcely large enough to contain the number who came to the Sabbath meetings, not to mention the crowds that could be drawn by preaching. But the churches were closed; and the lectures and the night classes closed with

them. Yet there was the greatest need of education among these people. "The hardest thing with which we have to contend," wrote Edson White, "is the ignorance of so many, and their inability to read. They want to learn." (fn. To E. G. W., June 11, 1895.)

And it was evident, moreover, that this work could be no transient one: the shepherds must stay by their flock until, a long time in the future, under-shepherds had been trained. This, a practice new to Seventh-day Adventist evangelists, was the third great lesson learned in this new work. "In countries where education and a high standard of morality are the birthrights of the people," wrote Edson White, "The people have a certain amount of education and training that enables them to weigh evidence and act upon it. They can read for themselves, and have literature suitable for their minds. Here many, very many, can not read at all, and for the rest our tracts and other publications are so far beyond their comprehension that they can not study them and grasp the truths they contain. All work for them has to be done with them. But they have a deep reverence for the Bible, and if you can lead them along step by step in what the Bible says, you can do something for them,—but just so far as you lead them, and no farther. This makes the work difficult; for when a place is entered, it will not do to leave it till the truth has all been taught and the converts are drilled till it becomes a part of them. I see no light in going to a place and persuading a number to accept the truth, and then leaving them before one knows they are rooted and grounded in the truth. Better spend a lifetime with a few and have them finally saved, than to run from place to place and tear up the ground, and then leave it for the devil to sow his seed and reap the fruit. There must be a system of work for this people such as our people have not yet seen. There must be a corps of workers who will go into the field and stay by it. Afterwards a few experienced ones can superintend a number of these companies, while pioneer work is done farther afield." (fn. To E. G. W., June 11, 1895.)

It soon became evident that a suitable place for church and school purposes could be had only by building. After much trial, White and Palmer succeeded in leasing for a short term of years a lot on the corner of Walnut and First East Streets, just across the street from the site of the old whipping-post, and here they began erecting a simple structure that should answer for chapel and school. Though they did not have ten dollars between them when they started, they arranged for the lumber to be paid for in installments, and went to work. But on the morning of the second day, they were interrupted with the information that they must get a building permit. In the effort to obtain this, they were referred to the alderman of that ward. As soon as he learned that the building was to be for colored people, he said he would fight it as long as he lived. That was a letter from Artaxerxes the king, and the building ceased.

The little company went to praying, and for ten days they prayed that the way might be opened. Then, in an interview on the tenth day, the objecting alderman turned completely around, and favored the project. He told W. O. Palmer that if he could get the signatures of the white residents near the property facing the building, he might go on with the building.

This was a difficult thing to do, because a Negro church, with its frequent midnight meetings, its shoutings and carousals of emotion was not popular in any white neighborhood, and this property was immediately across the street from a white section. White and Palmer went out to get the signatures, and while Mr. Palmer went into interview the people, Mr. White stayed out on the street praying. On the second day they obtained the needed signatures, by explaining the nature of their work, and how different the services of this church would be.

The work began again. The building was planned to be 20 x 40 feet, made of upright boards battened, unceiled, but the joists and boards planed and

kalsomined; and the material was to cost \$100.00. (fn. Letter to L. T. Nicola, July 15, 1895.) The little company of Sabbath-keepers were enthusiastic over the prospects of a church home of their own, however humble. They offered their labor free, and put in every nickle and quarter they could command. Old Uncle Creasy, a shoemaker, down in his little shop would cobble shoes awhile, and then, his anxiety about the building overcoming him, he would hobble down to the corner where was the sound of hammer and saw. He would go to the north side of the building, kneel down and pray out loud that the Lord would bless the work; then to the east side he would go, where, kneeling again, he would pray that the work might not be hindered; over on the south side he would bow to beg that the Lord would see this building right through to the finish; and he would conclude on the west side with the prayer that the Lord would complete this building, fill it full of sinners, and pour them out all saints. Then he would go back to his cobbling until, perhaps the next day, the spirit of prayer would send him forth again to dedicate the chapel with his petitions.

The work was pressed as fast as the donated labor permitted, White and Palmer directing, and climbing up on the roof to set the example of fast shingling. White and colored in the company lifted all they could, and some donations were sent from Battle Creek,--\$25 from the General Conference, from the church and sanitarium \$79.25, and from other places, \$30. The total cost was \$160.

Elder O. A. Olsen and Elder L. T. Nicola, the president and the secretary of the General Conference, made the dedication of this church on the 10th of August, 1895, the occasion of their first visit, and Elder Olson preached the dedicatory sermon. After he closed the colored pastor of the Methodist Brick Church, upon invitation, spoke some earnest words. He was an Ohio man who had been acquainted with Seventh-day Adventists in the North. His words were few, but cordial and to the point, closing thus: "Now I have some words to say to

this congregation. You have a standard, when you join this people, that is higher than any standard of any church in Vicksburg, or in the South. But the people around are saying here that it will not make you any better Christians, or better people, or better neighbors, than you were before. I want you to prove that those people are liars." And he sat down.

After this came the itemized report of the treasurer, W. O. Palmer, showing the cost for lumber, paint, seats and pulpit, and the little labor that had been hired; and the whole came within \$160. Moreover, the treasurer reported on hand \$20 above the complete cost. It took the breath of the little church company. It was the first church they had ever known to be dedicated free of debt. They had expected a long, hard uphill pull to pay for their building; and now they responded with fervent hallelujahs. (m. J. E. W.)

The visit of Elder Olsen at this time was advantageous to the infant work. His simple, earnest, Christian spirit had been marked in all his dealings with the "Morning Star" enterprise, and to his favor the brethren ascribed very largely their ability thus far to maintain their difficult footing. (m. Letter to W. C. W. Dec. 17, 1894.) It had not been so with all his subordinates, nor with some officials in auxiliary organizations. There is some history here which the chronicler might be glad to omit, but the omission of which would hide the cause of some of the heroic struggles made by these Southern workers and cover up lessons which it is well for future workers and their supporters to consider.

The "Morning Star" workers, as has been said, began their enterprise with the expectation of self-support. They did this because the general organization was not in position to finance such an enterprise, and besides, many of influence in that organization had no faith in the new plans and methods it proposed, nor in the men who proposed them. But before the "Morning Star" had

passed out of Illinois waters, White and Palmer were called to a council in Battle Creek, in which a modified arrangement was made: they were to receive each a salary of \$8 a week, and to be under the direction of the General Conference. They stated, however, that they could not expect upon this salary, not only to maintain themselves, but to finance the work which they were certain would open in unknown directions when they should begin. They therefore retained control of the royalties from the sale of "Gospel Primer," the little book which they had prepared for this purpose.

The Review and Herald Publishing Company, of Battle Creek, were under contract with them for the publishing and handling of this book. It was having a good sale, and had chiefly furnished the funds for the building and equipping of the "Morning Star," which, however, was not yet all paid for.

With this understanding, they went their way. But they had no sooner reached their field at Vicksburg, than they found their base of supplies was not secure. In February, 1895, Palmer returned to Battle Creek to consult with the Review and Herald concerning the book, and was informed by the manager that they proposed to print no more "Gospel Primer." The book was at that time having a sale of ten thousand a month (m. Letter to O. A. Olsen, July 19, 1895), representing a royalty of \$200, and such a sum continued would have enabled them not only to settle all outstanding debts, but to press forward in the work which was opening before them. The position taken by the Review and Herald was a flat repudiation of their written contract. They had produced another book similar in size and price to "Gospel Primer," which they believed might take the place with greater profit to themselves, and of course with injury to the men whom some among them had no desire to help.

This repudiation of the contract for "Gospel Primer" left the "Morning Star" workers in evil case. Palmer turned for help to the General Conference

men. Two among them were willing to help him. The General Conference, somewhat dissatisfied with the management of the publishing business by the Review and Herald, had recently taken upon their legal body, the General Conference Association, the burden of publishing; and there was a third, affiliated, body, the International Tract Society, then under the management of Elder A. O. Tait, which was also engaged in publishing,—these two bodies dealing, however, chiefly in publications in foreign languages.

With the favor of Elder Olsen, Palmer was enabled to get a proposition from the General Conference Association for the publication of "Gospel Primer," but the hostility of some of the members, who were also connected with the Review and Herald, limited the edition on which royalty should be paid, to twenty thousand, which would little more than pay the debt on the boat. Finding that he could do no better, Palmer signed the contract, and forwarded it to J. E. White in Vicksburg, who at first refused to sign it, and finally did sign it under protest,—which protest he had to withdraw before the contract was accepted.

This seemed to promise practically an end to the extension of the work they were attempting. In August, however, immediately after the dedication of the Vicksburg chapel, J. E. White went to Battle Creek, and to him came A. O. Tait (who, it will be remembered, had helped them at the beginning), and suggested that the contract which the General Conference Association had already invalidated by transgression of a technical point, might be transferred to the International Tract Society on a mere advantageous basis. This was done, and the circulation of the little book, though it had been by this series of misfortunes reduced to a few hundred, was continued on as favorable terms as had been given at the first by the Review and Herald.

J. E. White, however, had projected a second book, the original material

for which was largely furnished him by his mother from her writings on the life of Christ. This book was entitled, "Christ Our Saviour," and it was also published by the International Tract Society, with a lease to the Pacific Press Publishing Company in California for their territory. While this had a large sale, it never equaled "Gospel Primer," and for many months the finances of the "Morning Star" company was a most difficult matter with which to deal.

It was not merely the cost of living (which, in the matter of provisions and other necessities was comparatively high in Vicksburg), but the many demands made upon them for the carrying on of the work, that made the pressure heavy. The burden of the mission was put upon them to carry, with a weekly salary of \$16. Their workers might make their way for awhile in canvassing, but that practically prevented their doing anything else in teaching or studying with the people. The boat, to serve its purpose, must run at some expense. There were innumerable supplies to be gotten, and aid to be extended to various ones. Now it was a young Sabbath-keeper seeking employment, and then a poor man who needed a little help lest his house be lost on a lien; first it was the advisability of connecting a valuable young convert with the work at the cost of two dollars a week, and next the need of fifty dollars to help a college student through his year in New Orleans; sometimes an unexpected cold snap would threaten scores of families with freezing, and a little fuel was required; the sick needed to be nursed, and the children to be clothed. It was through such acts of mercy and kindness, indeed, that the workers, with no design but to relieve suffering, gained favor when the voices of the preachers were raised against them. In every situation, and especially under such conditions of need as existed here, the hand of Christian helpfulness is not only the duty of Christ's representatives, but the surest means of opening the hearts of the people.

To meet the varied needs, the resources of the workers were scanty enough.

While the royalties were coming in, there was enough for maintenance, and something to apply on equipment, but as they dwindled, it became a serious question how to maintain the mission. The General Conference assisted, to some degree, by assuming certain of the expenditures made in extraordinary cases, and by placing Brother Halladay upon the payroll, and several times sending small sums for other workers.

During a part of the summer and the whole autumn of 1895, indeed, there were left in the company at Vicksburg only Fred Halladay, Albert Green, and Walter Cleveland; the last of whom, after almost dying of malaria, returned to the North. The enterprise seemed at low ebb, but the company of believers was maintained and strengthened by the faithful work of the lone lieutenant. It was a fact most favorably remarked by Elder Olsen at his visit, that the new-found faith of these Negro converts was as efficacious in their lives as in those of converts elsewhere. Men who had had no idea that it was wrong to drink whiskey morning, noon, and night, gave it up, the almost universal tobacco habit was uprooted, meat was seen infrequently on their tables, and grease and condiments began to disappear, though the needed cooking school was not begun till the last of the year. Personal cleanliness was more fully regarded, and the cabins began to partake more of the nature of homes.

J. E. White and W. O. Palmer were detained in Battle Creek, the former in writing, editorial work, and business. Palmer was at this time separated from the Southern enterprise. The solicitation of men at headquarters in Battle Creek prevailed upon him to accept the management of the General Conference Publishing business, and his connection with the missionary steamer and its mission was brought to a close. Of this change J. E. White writes:

"Our company now is all broken up. Brother Palmer has been chosen by the General Conference to take charge of its book business. This is fortunate for him, I think, for his little daughter is not strong, the climate in the South

was trying to her, and I fear she would not do well there. But it is leaving me pretty much alone. Brother Palmer has a wonderful gift in winning the confidence of people, and influencing them. I never saw his equal in his work as he meets the people. He has had little experience in public speaking, and is not what might be termed a preacher, but his work is among the very most important. Brother Olsen is planning for some one to work with me there, in the place of Brother Palmer, but I fear it may be some one who "knows not Joseph," and that not having the valuable experience we have passed through, he can not take hold of the work as intelligently as he might. But I shall hope and pray that efficient help may be sent." (To E. G. W., Nov. 7, 1895.)

Miss M. M. Osborne, one of the white lady missionaries whom the "Morning Star" company found working in Vicksburg, had, after long study with Brother Palmer, decided upon accepting the faith of Seventh-day Adventists, and working in connection with them. While, following her practice, she returned to the North for the summer, she was, before her departure and afterwards, of the greatest help in the work at Vicksburg. Her experience and her devotion have ever since been put to the most favorable proof in work for the colored people in various of the Southern States.

While in the North, Brother White aroused very great interest in a number of churches which he visited, to help in the work he had begun. Several persons were ready to enter the field, with no assurance of more than a living, and some who were able proposed to do more than this.

While in Battle Creek, his mind was drawn out specially in plans for educational work. He and his workers sensed the importance of private schools in each station of the field they were occupying, and he looked forward to the need of a central training school for workers. Upon this matter, indeed, Elder Olsen had himself been pondering and planning.

The work of J. E. White and his fellows was, of course, not the only efforts being put forth by the denomination. And their enterprise, though it had peculiar features, and was destined to have the greatest influence upon Seventh-day Adventist Negro work, was not at that stage the most extensive or the chief part of that work. Kentucky had several colored churches and companies, Tennessee—particularly Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Nashville—swelled the number of Negro Seventh-day Adventists; and other states in that district, as North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, had scattering adherents to the faith, while Elder H. S. Shaw, the Southern superintendent of Negro work, was developing considerable strength in Louisiana.

The General Conference, spurred by the reports of Southern workers, and especially by the Testimonies from Sister White, had begun to lay plans for the establishment of a training school in some central location in "District No. 2." In his consultations with Elder Olsen in the fall of 1895, Brother White's heart was cheered with the assurance that there would be established such a training school, and he was earnestly encouraged in his plans for small schools, whose students, as they were prepared, might be put in training at the new school. (fn. Letters to E. G. W., Oct. 10 and Nov. 7, 1895.)

When in December J. E. White and his wife returned to Vicksburg, it was with courage to believe that, despite the difficulties which had attended the work so far, there was to be a forward movement, with the injection of new force.

CHAPTER XVI

A WORK OF EDUCATION

It was with renewed courage, despite the difficulties and the changes which had been met, that Mr. White went back to his work in Mississippi the last of the year. While there remained with them only one or two of the original workers, there had been accessions of others. Miss Ida Wekel, an undergraduate nurse of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, accompanied them. The first of January, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Kynett, of Battle Creek, came to undertake medical missionary and industrial work, and a month later their daughter, Lydia Kynett, a graduate nurse (now Dr. Kynett-Parmelee, of New Orleans), arrived as his helper.

Mr. White had felt especially encouraged by the messages received from his mother during this year. In July, 1895, she had written him:—"You will meet many who can not even read the divine Word, many who are slaves of superstition; and yet these poor, ignorant beings, degraded by sin, may be saved, elevated, sanctified, ennobled, through the divine power of God. Every soul that you are the means of saving, is worth more in the Lord's estimation than is the whole world.

"Those who are ignorant must be educated; and this means much. Instead of making superabundant provision for educating a few, we should devise ways and means of helping the ones who have been neglected and oppressed by the will and power of man. The colored people need simple books. They have been left in ignorance when they should have been taught; left unconverted when they should have had every advantage possible to rescue and save them. Let us now

redeem the time. In the place of expending so much upon a few, let us take in all who need help, and especially this race that has been so strangely neglected."

The efforts of the "Morning Star" workers were henceforth directed more fully in educational lines: in schools for teaching the rudiments of learning, in public addresses teaching rather than preaching, in their care for the sick not only healing but teaching proper habits of living, and in efforts to foster or create remunerative industries.

At first, suspicion and dislike met them, a consequence of the attitude of opposing ministers. The little company that had been left with Mr. Halladay had developed in character and devotion, but apart from them there were few who would either attend the meetings or allow the "Morning Star" workers in their houses; for they had been threatened with expulsion from the churches if they should do either.

The workers, after talking over the situation, decided to meet every noon at Mr. White's house for prayer, and this they did and continued to do. Soon the opposition began to melt to a surprising degree. Sunday night meetings were being held in the chapel, preceded by a half hour's song service; and as they had a fine organ and soon obtained help from two cornetists, and also took pains in training the singers, this became a very attractive field.

Mr. White had brought with him a very small hand press, and a few fonts of type. With this outfit he printed small hand bills, the first week in black, the next in two colors, and succeeding weeks with other variations, which caught the attention of the people; and the chapel was shortly filled to overflowing.

Oratorical methods gave way to pedagogical. The speaker used a big blackboard behind the platform in his chalk talks on the promises, the parables,

and the prophecies of the Bible. He had charts little and big, of all sorts and descriptions, from the Law chart to history and health charts. There were diagrams of the 2300 years, pictures of the Dark Day and the Falling Stars, and representations of healthy stomachs and drunkards' stomachs, clear eyes and rum blossom noses. There were charts of the image of gold-and-clay, the four woes and the seven trumpets, the woman clothed with the sun, and the great red dragon. When the regular published charts of Seventh-day Adventists failed to supply his subjects, he made special charts. Pictures appealed where words would not; and, moreover, they made the Bible so plain that none need fail to understand. The people would go away and tell of what they had learned; they "knowed; done ben thar an' seed it!" Mr. White and his helpers soon gained the reputation of being the plainest-speaking preachers in Vicksburg. Some of the best class of Negroes in Vicksburg were attending the lectures. "Never mind," one preacher consoled his fellows, "They're only getting the scum." "I'm afeared," replied one of his hearers, "they're getting the kind of scum that comes off milk set over night. Some folks jest nacherly love that scum."

The night school, which had been interrupted by the closing of the churches some months before, was reopened in the Seventh-day Adventist chapel, being held Monday and Wednesday evenings. The first night there were 35 present, but within a few weeks the attendance had grown to over 150. In a building 20 x 40 feet, it may be supposed that this meant crowding. The students were sometimes packed three deep in a seat. The pulpit held one class, and the organ platform another. The teacher would stand in the midst of his large and eager class, whose only division from the next class was their backs, and in the inevitable hubbub they would teach, with the aid of pictures and printed cards, slates and paper and pencils, the subjects of language and arithmetic and spelling. Reading came largely from "Gospel Primer," though advanced classes required other books.

Boards were hinged to the backs of the seats, and when the time of penmanship came, all eyes were directed forward to the blackboard, while, bent over their improvised desks, old and young, little and big, labored to make the curves and angles of Spencer. The seats, however, were too crowded to accommodate all, and many a night the floor and the platform presented the spectacle of little black fellows (of whom there were thirty-five in the one bench of Miss Wekel's class), sitting on the floor or sprawled flat upon their stomachs like serious young alligators, with slate and pencil following the marks of the chalk.

There were six old women, ranging in age from sixty to eighty years, who came to this night school, determined to learn to read their Bibles. They were placed in a class by themselves, with Mrs. White for their teacher. One of them may be seen in the accompanying photograph taken some years later. Tired with a day's work of washing or ironing or scrubbing, they would faithfully drag their weary feet to the chapel to report: "I's so tiahed I thought I couldn't come, but I ain't missed nary night school yit, an' I don't reckon to." Their weariness and their age required frequent change of subject,—a few minutes with "Gospel Primer," then a little turn at reading and writing numbers and doing simple sums in addition and subtraction, then to their beloved Bible, to find the chapters through the puzzling veil of Roman numerals, and at last to the writing exercise. These old ladies were a source of increasing interest and affection to Mrs. White, and they all became able to read their Bibles fairly well.

Down on Street was a barber shop run by two young men, both of them musicians, who made their place a very popular resort. These young men, and Thomas Murphey, were studying for the ministry, and expected soon to enter Tuscaloosa Theological Seminary. Murphy, like the

praying group of Fort Hill, had been praying earnestly for light. He had grown disgusted with the evil in his church, and had left them for the Presbyterians, among whom he hoped to find greater purity.

One day, J. D. Grimes, another theological candidate, who had attended the Walnut Chapel services, persuaded Tom Murphy to go down, just to hear the music. He went once, and again, and took his partner with him. Before long, he was playing the cornet for them, along with . . . Shipp, the husband of one of the early converts. They all attended the night school and the lectures, and soon they came to the decision to ask Mr. White to teach them Bible; for they felt he could greatly help them in preparing for their theological course. So four of them, J. D. Grimes, Thomas Murphy, Grant Royston, and, made their request. Said Mr. White to them, "I should gladly do this for you boys, but as we hold school from 7:30 to 9 o'clock, the only time we can get is after the school closes. If you want to stay then, I shall be glad to study with you." They agreed that they would do this, and so the Bible studies began. For some weeks they studied, their class growing constantly larger. Lesson sheets were printed on the little hand press, and taken home to be studied between the evenings of the night school.

It was not only in Bible doctrines that they were instructed, but in the ways of right living, morally and physically. One evening, in the course of talks upon the first commandment, Mr. White took up "The Tobacco God," and showed that this filthy habit was by many being chosen before the God of their salvation. He illustrated his talk with the health charts. Said Thomas Murphy long after: "That was the last time I was thoroughly converted. Elder White had a chart there with a picture of tobacco cancer in a man's mouth, a great red, raw patch that looked worse than a buzzard's head. That thing did look hard to me. That looked awful to me. I made a covenant with God that I would never use

tobacco again. I went out without stopping to talk that night. A few steps down the street I met a young fellow who asked me for a cigarette; I gave him the whole pouch, and said, 'You can have it.' That was sixteen years ago, and I've never had any desire for it since."

Nearly all of the class of a dozen or more made good progress. Two or three went back when it come to the Sabbath. Among these was the partner of Thomas Murphy. This made things hard in the shop, and Murphy proposed to dissolve partnership. He went to Mr. White for advice. "He promised me no money," said Murphy, "but told me he would give me enough to earn my bread. I thought over the matter. I knew he had what I wanted: I had prayed God for three years to give me light on the Bible, things I wanted to know, and now He had answered me. I made my decision quickly. I told my partner, 'I'm going up there,' and I let him have what I had." Murphy and Grimes were both given work, and attended the day school, which opened in March.

The day school required tuition of ten cents a week, and its numbers were therefore fewer than the night school's. E. W. Carey conducted this school the first year, coming from the North the first of March. The difficulties were great, the children not being used to discipline or habits of study. None of them thought they could study other than aloud, few had any idea of punctuality or obedience, and while nearly all were eager to learn, ambition was greater than application. There were some older students who were earnest and self-controlled, but the half grown youth were difficult to manage.

Though in May there were two branch night schools established in different parts of the city, the crowded condition at the Chapel night school made it evident that more room must be provided. (Letter May 18, 1896.) Across the back of the chapel they therefore built an addition 26 feet deep and 30 feet long. The new building was called the chapel, as the Sabath meetings were held there, while the old chapel was called the schoolroom, but both rooms were

required for school purposes. Double folding doors connected them. The new building was prettily wainscoted four feet high, and the rest of the wall and the ceiling were covered with cloth and papered.

Cornering on both these rooms, was built a library room 12 x 16 feet. This room was designed for a homelike place for these people, so many of whom had no true homes. It was papered and carpeted, and hung with framed paintings and prints which had been donated by friends. Dr. J. H. Kellogg gave a full set of his health books, a good library of religious books was donated, also other works, until there were 1500 volumes, including two or three hundred of illustrated magazines. This room was very popular with young and old, and was one of the best educators, not only in knowledge, but in discipline, the rules for quiet and order being strictly enforced. A boy in school might be obstreperous, not greatly caring if he were whipped or given a holiday, but to have the right to the bright and cheery library was a privilege which none would forego for the sake of having one's own way in noise and riot.

With these additions to the chapel, it became possible to classify the night school better,—The primary division, with three classes, containing the children. The intermediate division consisted of grown people without education, whom Mr. Halliday led along the thorny paths of knowledge with more individual than class help. The old ladies' class, under Mrs. White, also belonged in this division. The seniors had four graded classes, and contained some well advanced pupils.

Elder H. S. Shaw now joined the Vicksburg workers for some months, and among his other duties, took charge of one of the night schools in the suburbs, which contained from twenty to thirty students. The third night school was conducted by Mr. Halliday. (Letter May 18, 1896.)

Dr. Kynett and the nurses, Lydia Kynett and Ida Wekel, besides having work in the night school and the Bible studies, were not unoccupied with medical

work, in which they were often assisted by the other workers. Very soon after Dr. Kynett arrived, he, with Ida Wekel, called to see a sick woman, the wife of a tailor whom the hard times had reduced to a very low state. It was a snapping cold morning in January. The house was neat and tidy, but cold as a stone: they had not a stick of wood nor a lump of coal. The doctor drove back to his house, brought some coal, and kindled a fire, and then gave medical attention to the sick woman. Inside of half an hour that act was heralded over most of the town among the colored people, and the doctor and his helpers thereafter found their hands full in the relief of suffering and destitution. He had rented a large house of sixteen rooms, and this was made the headquarters of the company. March 31 they reported for three months' work:--

Number of visits,	289
Number of treatments given,	109
Medical prescriptions given,	66
Office consultations and examinations,	34
Garments distributed (No. of bbl.)	14
Dorcas Society meetings,	5
Cooking-schools,	4
Bible readings held,	117
Sermons preached,	26

Here was organized, in March, as a non-legal body, the Southern Missionary Society (letter of March 25, 1896.). It was felt that the spread of the work required some effective organization, and as all but two of the workers were self-supporting, and not in the employ of the General Conference, this organization was effected, its officers being, J. E. White, Pres., W. H. Kynett, Vice Pres., Lydia Kynett, Sec. Of course no property could be held by this body, its sole purpose being to foster and direct the efforts of those composing it, and to interest others in the work it was trying to do.

Mrs. E. G. White, realizing that the poverty of the people among whom they were laboring, brought many opportunities to the workers to accomplish much by judicious financial help, had sent her son one hundred dollars as a fund

for this sort of work. The purpose kept in sight in the use of this fund was to assist needy persons until they could get upon their feet.

"Our experience shows," wrote Mr. White, "that it is not best to give much money out, but rather to help these people to depend upon themselves. Many times when people have been in need, I have set them to work when I did not really need them, for I have considered this the very best way to help them, and this money I have used for that purpose. I have also loaned sums of from two to five dollars, and as high as ten or fifteen dollars, and with few exceptions they have come back to me in due time. This money has done much good. I often find it of advantage to keep people who are interested near me and employed, while I study them and learn their peculiarities; and to do this I have used a little of this money from time to time. The result so far has been excellent, and there are good people now connected with us, who would not be, had not such interest been taken in them."

Friends in the North were sending barrels of old clothing, and to put this material into proper shape for distribution, a Dorcas Society was formed among the colored sisters, which met once a week and as often besides as necessary. Most of them were already fairly skilful menders, having had plenty of practice in the art, and such as needed instruction were given it. The garments thus prepared were sold for small sums, from five cents to twenty-five, this price preventing the abuse of free giving and the danger of pauperizing, and making also a small fund for charitable purposes. (Letter March 25, 1896.)

A cooking school was begun early in the year, and the art of healthful cookery, which is an important department of Christianity, began to find its way into many homes in Vicksburg.

It was also seen that some provision must be made to provide occupation for many. The possession of small paying enterprises would not only provide

for the support of Sabbath-keepers out of work, but might do much to solve the problem of the support of the day-school.

A number of businesses were proposed, and beginnings were made of two. It seemed that a bakery might be made a success, for good light bread was a much prized novelty in the city. A bake oven was therefore installed, and the business begun. Elder H. S. Shaw, besides his duties as minister and teacher, took upon him the immediate oversight of this enterprise, and he might be seen in the early morning for the first few weeks, with bread-basket on his arm, delivering orders. As the business grew, the delivery was turned over to Negro boys and girls. It never attained the dignity of a delivery-wagon, nor indeed was that the design; for to demonstrate its value to the colored people, it must be kept within the limits of the average family resources. The business flourished for a considerable time, and might have continued a demonstration of its value, had it been possible at that time to secure permanent and competent help.

Dr. Kynett had been a manufacturer of a rug loom, and was well acquainted with the art of weaving rugs and carpets. He installed a loom in his house, and tried to open the business. It proved difficult, however, to obtain the material needed,—rags, which seemed to have greater popularity for more immediate necessities. The rug business never got a good start, especially as the doctor and his family returned to the North in July; and though he returned in the late fall, he remained only a short time longer in Vicksburg.

These attempts at making small businesses profitable for the Negro people in the city had no very favorable trial in Vicksburg. The idea upon which they were based is sound, and should yet receive the attention and devotion of competent people. Upon the success of numerous enterprises of this nature, largely depends the solution of the support of Negro mission work.

During the summer of 1896, J. E. White began writing "The Coming King," a subscription book of low price which has proved one of the most popular of religious works, the sales within a few years mounting to a million copies. The summer was a very busy one, the "Morning Star" being in process of remodeling, and the care of the growing church and of the interested companies entailing much labor in the hot season. A number of the workers returned to the North, but Mr. and Mrs. White felt that it was impossible for them to leave, and so remained until in August, when they were both stricken down with fever, and Mrs. White's life was almost despaired of. They managed to get away to Michigan, but Mrs. White was unable to return until the next spring, and her husband was held not only by ill health but by business and book preparation, from returning to Mississippi until December.

The fort, meanwhile, was held as before by Mr. Halliday, whose nerves were always steady and whose blood malaria feared. Two or three other workers remained with him.

The work had resolved itself into a persistent educational campaign: teaching the rudiments of learning to young and old, teaching them habits of right living in person and home, teaching them habits of industry and self-reliance, teaching them to follow without reserve the instructions of the Bible, teaching them, above all, to have in their lives the principles of the gospel as it is revealed in Jesus Christ. No more fitting close can be made than this statement of their deep concern for the spiritual advancement of their people, written by Mr. White in December:—

"I can not speak too highly of the book, 'Mount of Blessing.' (fn. By Mrs. E. G. White.) I have been using it as the foundation of a series of sermons. Until I began to study them, I did not see how I could speak more than twice from the beatitudes, but I have never been able to get over more

than one at a sermon, so much crowds into my mind as I study them. Last Sabbath I took, 'Blessed are the peacemakers.' The colored people are great on holding a grudge. They are constantly in a fuss over something, and are quarreling and wrangling all the time. In this I do not refer so much to our own people, as to the colored people in general. The truth has taken the best class of them, and then they have had many lessons on Love and Forgiveness which have softened them much. But there is occasionally a root of bitterness, and also a tendency to make the points of truth a little obnoxious to others, and to make certain points very prominent.

"I took Christ as the Prince of Peace, and ourselves as members of His family. As children, then, we must partake of the characteristics of the family to which we belong. I then referred to Romans 8:9, "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." Then I turned to Luke 2:9-14, and repeated the song of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Christ came to bring the peace of heaven to earth. We can have it if we want it, and unless we do have it we are none of His. I feel that the Lord led me in my remarks. I took up many points where they needed to trim down their lives. Some made health reform obnoxious, and some the Sabbath.

"From the remarks in the social meeting that followed, I felt sure that the words had come in the right time. I know the meeting did me good, and I feel sure it will be helpful to those who attended."

CHAPTER XVII

UP THE YAZOO

The Egypt of the South is that great spindle-shaped territory between the eastward bowing bluffs and the westward bending river, sixty miles broad in the middle and two hundred miles from its tip at Memphis to its foot at Vicksburg. A land it is netted by rivers and bayous and lakes and swamps, left behind by the great river in its milleniums of lazy wanderings from bluff to bluff; a land whose deep, black, silty soil, the gift of that great river from the plundered lands of the North, has never shown signs of exhaustion from the corn-and-cotton monotony of generations of planters. Its half a billion acres, were they put to the test and the development of ancient Egypt, could feed another world in its seven-year famine. Standing on the bluffs that make its eastern boundary, one sees, stretching away to the horizon, a vast level floor, wooded so thickly that, despite the open fields in the foreground, it is difficult to think of it as anything but a great primeval forest. The forest, indeed, is no small part of the great domain, furnishing, in its cypress brakes, one of the most profitable lumber industries of the nation.

The Yazoo River, which empties into the Mississippi about five miles northwest of Vicksburg, gives its name to this section, the Yazoo Valley or Delta. That river, in fact, as it hugs the bluffs to the east, forms almost as complete a boundary on the one side as does the Mississippi on the other, winding a sinuous course of four hundred miles from the northern border of the state. All the important streams of the Delta flow into the Yazoo rather than the Mississippi, and as a number of them are navigable for long distances, practically the whole of this territory is opened to river travel through the

historically the more of this territory is opened to travel travel through the
the Mississippi, and as a number of them are waterways for long distances,
state. All the important streams of the Delta flow into the Delta rather than
forming a general course of long unbroken miles from the northern border of the
as complete a boundary on the one side as does the Mississippi on the other,
Delta. That river, in fact, as it runs the Delta to the east, forms almost
northwest of Arkansas, gives its name to this section, the Delta Valley of

The Delta river, which empties into the Mississippi about five miles
one of the most important timber industries of the nation.
Indeed, it is no small part of the great domain, lumbering, in its various branches,
difficult to think of it as anything but a great business interest. The forest,
itself, wooded so thickly that, despite the open fields in the foreground, it is
its eastern boundary, one sees, stretching away to the horizon, a vast level
field another world in its seven-level landscape. Standing on the Delta that make
scenes, were they but to the east and the development of such a field, could
the corn-and-cotton monopoly of generations of hunters. Its soil a region
from the hilly lands of the north, has never known signs of exhaustion from
to plant; a land whose deep, black, stiff soil, the gift of that great river
left behind by the great river in its magnificent of vast meadows from Delta
Arkansas. A land it is watered by rivers and valleys and lakes and swamps,
in the middle and two hundred miles from its top at Memphis to its foot at
the eastern boundary Delta and the western boundary river, stretch miles broad
The field of the Delta is that great fertile-irrigated territory between

OF THE DELTA

Yazoo system. And, while the Delta is now crisscrossed with railroads, the steamboats yet find much traffic for themselves from the cotton plantations and the lumber mills.

Almost all of this great land lies below the high water mark of the Mississippi, and when, in the spring floods, any part of the great system of levees guarding the valleys gives way, or when the high water backs up the sluggish Yazoo, there is devastation on the plantations,—lands drowned and houses invaded, crops damaged, stock lost, and human lives endangered, until the river retires, leaving injury incalculable and the only blessing another deposit of silt to fatten the already rich land. If the season is not too late, the crops may be replanted, and perhaps with several years before him ere another failure of the levees, the planter can expect to weight the credit side of his ledger.

More fully, perhaps, than anywhere else, the old plantation system of the South is retained in the Yazoo Valley district. The large plantations of from five hundred to several thousand acres, are either worked by hired laborers under overseers, or, more usually, farmed out to Negro tenants, in "one-mule" or "two-mule" farms. These tenants may be renters, paying a fixed rate and controlling their own produce; but more often they are "croppers," working upon the share system. The crop is usually required to be cotton, though corn may sometimes be included, and the share is almost always one-half. As the planter furnishes not only land and buildings, but work-stock, implements, and seed, and the tenant has only his time and labor to give, the arrangement is most favorable to the latter when he is industrious and saving, and when the planter is fair. Every acre of his twenty or thirty, is capable, anywhere in the Yazoo Valley, of producing a five-hundred-pound bale of cotton, which will bring from thirty to sixty dollars; and, says one whose experience entitles him to speak with authority, "The Delta Negro, by the exercise of common thrift and economy, can become independent as the result of two or three years' labor." (fn. A. H. Stone, in

the American Race Problem," page 103.)

But, unfortunately, fair-minded employers are not universal; and, still more unfortunately, the tenant with stable character and frugal habits is rare. The love of change makes many move from place to place without much regard to their real advantage, and their ability to waste money on lodges, excursions, gewgaws, gambling, and other vices, is limited only by their resources and their credit. Besides, practically every Negro laborer is running on credit from the first day of his contract. He draws his supplies ahead, either from the planter or from a local merchant, giving security by a lien on his crop, expressed or understood. As every one knows, a credit system is more expensive than a cash system to both debtor and creditor, and especially is this so with the Negro. As the planter, and especially the merchant, are not sure he will not disappear before his crop is made, they seek to protect themselves against losses by charging high prices, and the consequence is that the whole Negro population is in the position of paying the bad debts of its worthless element. The average Negro laborer not only pays high prices, but, ignorant of his financial standing, he follows his natural bent in extravagance, with nothing but his creditor's judgment to check him; and at the end of the year he is liable to find himself in debt rather than with cash in hand.

There are exceptions, and these exceptions make what there is of the stable and property-owning Negro population of the Yazoo Valley. There are hundreds of Negroes in this section who own homes and small farms, a few who own larger tracts; but in an overwhelming proportion the whites own the land, just as in overwhelming proportion the blacks form the population.

For this is the blackest of the Black Belt. Taking the Delta as a whole, the Negroes outnumber the white people ten to one, in some sections twenty to one, while on many large plantations they are in the proportion of twenty-five to one and even one hundred to one.

It is a point to be noted that, with this large Negro population, the crimes which most commonly stir race feeling have been conspicuously few. Writing in 1901, the authority just quoted said that in the Yazoo country the Negro rapist (outside his own race) was unknown, the assassin rare, and lynchings few. And seven years later he had but slightly to modify his statement. "Nowhere else is the line marking the social separation of the two races more rigidly drawn, nowhere are the relations between the two more kindly." (fn. Studies in the American Race Problem, Stone, p. 86.)

The cause is ascribed to the absence of a white laboring class and to the retention of much of the antebellum relation of dependent and master. "The plantation owner or manager expects to do more than merely see to the physical needs of the Negroes under him, to provide for their wants and look over their work. He is called upon to settle family quarrels, to maintain peace and order between neighbors, to arbitrate disputes, to protect wives from the punishment of irate husbands, frequently to restore broken conjugal relations upon terms satisfactory to both parties, to procure marriage licenses, to advise as to divorces, to aid in the erection of churches, to provide for the burial of the dead, to give counsel in the thousand and one matters peculiar to the plantation Negro's life, whether whimsical or grave. Every plantation Negro expects the discharge of these functions as a mere matter of course. Yet further, when in more serious trouble, he looks to the white man as to a friend, and appeals to him as to a protector, when a possible term in jail or the penitentiary looms up before him, and lawyers and bail are to be provided. All these things are mere incidents to the plantation system, the commonplace affairs of its daily routine. The Negro regards them as his due, in return for the proprietary interest and pride he feels in the plantation at large, his sense of being part and parcel of a large institution, and the

certainty, in his own mind, that he himself is necessary to its success. Then, too, there is his never failing assurance of ability to pay his account, no matter how large; his labor, when it is not too wet or too cold; his respect, and his implicit, and generally cheerful obedience." (Ibid., pages 91, 92.)

But it is precisely this paternalistic treatment which by some is charged with partial responsibility for the Negro's inefficiency. Another citizen of the Yazoo Delta, Mr. Walter Clark, president of the Mississippi Cotton Association, is reported by Ray Stannard Baker as having said:— "The credit system has been the ruin of many Negroes." It keeps them in hopeless debt and it encourages the planter to exploit them. That's the truth. My plan is to put the Negro on a strict cash basis; give him an idea of what money is by letting him use it. Three years ago I started it on my plantation. A Negro would come to me and say: 'Boss, I want a pair of shoes.' 'All right,' I'd say, 'I'll pay you spot cash every night and you can buy your own shoes.' In the same way I made up my mind that we must stop paying Negroes' fines when they got into trouble. I know planters, who expect regularly every Monday to come into court and pay out about so many Negroes. It encourages the Negroes to do things they would not think of doing if they knew they would be regularly punished. I've quit paying fines; my Negroes, if they get into trouble, have got to recognize their own responsibility for it and take what follows. That's the only way to make men of them." (fn. Following the Color Line, p. 105.)

The need of creating a more stable and dependable working force has stirred some of the Yazoo planters to experiments in placing the Negro tenant upon his own responsibility, but the results have varied. Mr. Stone gives a very full report of his extended and certainly disinterested effort on his plantation at Dunleith, to develop a self-reliant and dependable tenantry, by placing more responsibility upon the Negro, and experiment abandoned after

six years' trial, because of its unfavorable results. (fn. Cf. chapter, "A Plantation Experiment," in Studies in the American Race Problem, A.H. Stone.)

Not many miles from Mr. Stone's plantation, however, near Greenville, Major R. W. Millsaps began in 1900 a similar experiment, and in 1904 reported to Mr. Baker his complete satisfaction with his new plan. "I have never lost one cent," said he. "No Negro has ever failed to pay up, and you couldn't drive them off the place. When other farmers complain of shortage of labor and tenants, I have never had any trouble." (fn. Ray Stannard Baker, Following the Color Line, pp. 102, 103.)

But, however wisely and well the white inhabitants of the Yazoo Valley may have dealt with their Negro problem, the conditions are not altogether reassuring to the visitor from whiter sections. It appears an inevitable result of a heavy Negro majority, that the blacks shall be more completely under the dominance of the white race, and that in a large class of the whites themselves shall appear a watchfulness, a suspicion, and an intolerance that are not comforting to the stranger. The visitor, who can not fail to come in contact with some phase of the race question, is impressed with the lessening of personal liberty for himself as well as for the working class. There is an evident if not insistent curiosity about his business, a sensitiveness about personal honor and white supremacy, far more noticeable than in any other considerable sections except the blackest parts of Louisiana and South Carolina. He feels that it behooves him early to gain some native white friends, and especially to avoid the errors, if he would escape the woes, of the carpetbagger Morgan, who, after the lapse of forty years, is still remembered in Yazoo. (fn. Cf. Yazoo: On the Picket Line of Freedom, by Col. A. T. Morgan.)

Up this valley of the Yazoo, in the latter part of 1896, the Southern Missionary Society turned its eyes. Elder G. A. Irwin, who had taken the place

of Elder Kilgore as superintendent of "District No. 2,"—the Southern field,—visited the workers at Vicksburg in the latter part of November (m. Letter of Irwin, to O. A. Olsen, Dec. 20, 1896). The "Morning Star" had been rebuilt during the summer, giving it stronger engines, and making it 105 feet in length, 19 feet broad, and with two enclosed decks, a far larger and heavier boat, yet drawing but twenty inches of water.

It was now proposed to take a trip in her up the Yazoo River, prospecting for new places of labor. The start was made on the afternoon of December 7. Besides Elder Irwin and Elder White, there were Captain Orton, a Northern man who had superintended the rebuilding of the boat; the pilot, who, in the view of the reverend district superintendent, was decidedly in need of a work of grace; and several boat hands. E. W. Carey, having closed his day school in Vicksburg, also accompanied the party. There were left in the city Mr. Halliday in charge of the night schools, Ida Wekel, Dr. Kynett and family, and perhaps one or two other workers. About this time, also, L. A. Hansen and wife arrived from Battle Creek. He had had experience in Indiana as a licensed minister, and had taken a special course in health lines at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. He and his wife now came as self-supporting workers, under the recommendation of the Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association. They proved, for the time they were permitted to remain, among the strongest and most efficient workers of the Southern Missionary Society.

The "Morning Star" with few stops en route, proceeded to Yazoo City, one hundred and ten miles by river, though but half that distance in a direct line. This city, of six thousand inhabitants, is the largest town in the southern part of the delta; and, with Greenwood, sixty miles to the northeast, Greenville, sixty miles to the northwest, and Clarksdale, over one hundred miles to the north, represents the main centers of population and the points of a rough diamond that embraces the major part of the Valley. These places were afterwards all to

figure in the operations of the Southern Missionary Society.

Elder Irwin had just come from Birmingham, Alabama. Mr. Sturdevant, director of the Negro Mission in that city, had given him the address of a young colored woman who had just begun the observance of the Sabbath there (m. Irwin to Olsen, Dec. 20; White, Dec. 13, says she accepted the Sabbath in Atlanta), and had gone home to Yazoo City to attend her sick mother. The family of this young woman welcomed the visitors, and arranged for a meeting that night; and though the day was stormy, a small company gathered in their home to listen to a talk from Elder Irwin on "The Love of God." They were eager for further meetings, and an appointment was made for the following evening.

Elder Irwin turned back the next day for New Orleans. That evening Elder White held a study with a larger company, on "The Word of God," and they were very anxious for further meetings. "I have been a Christian all my life," said one man, "but I've learned more about the Lord this night than I have ever heard of before."

Elder White was greatly pleased with what he observed of the colored people at Yazoo City. They seemed to him more intelligent than the majority in Vicksburg, better educated, and having a higher standard of living. The advantage of a steamboat to reach most parts of this new field became more than ever apparent. "There will soon be workers," he wrote enthusiastically, "all along the line of this river, and the boat will ply from place to place where there is no possible way of getting in and out except by steamer. In this way the country can be opened to our work as it could in no other way. There are nearly two thousand miles of navigable water on the Yazoo River and its tributaries, the heaviest population is at no great distance from the water, and the most of it entirely cut off from outside communication except by steamboats. I am so glad that I have the facilities for reaching such a section of country." (fn. To E. G.W., Dec. 13, 1896.)

Mr. Carey remained at Yazoo City to develop the work, while the "Morning Star" returned to Vicksburg.

On the next trip up the Yazoo, soon after, the "Morning Star" was laid up for repairs about half way to Yazoo City, at Bliss' Landing. On Sunday a considerable company, both of white and black, came to the boat, where a service had been announced. Some of these men had not attended divine service for fifteen years, there being no church for either race within ten miles of that place. They asked that meetings be held every Sunday.

While at Bliss' Landing, Elder White and Capt. Orton inspected a tract of timbered land three miles above, containing 240 acres, for sale at \$4 an acre. Capt. Orton had been anxious to connect with the enterprise, and as he was a practical saw-mill man, he now urged the purchase of this tract, when he would devote himself to getting out the timber, which would far more than pay the cost of the tract. The land lay thirty-five feet above the stream, and, by different ones they were assured it never overflowed.

It seemed to Elder White, as also to Elder Irwin (m. See letter to Olsen, Dec. 20, 1896), that it would be wise to purchase such a tract, where Sabbath-keepers out of employment could be given profitable work, and the foundation of an industrial training school could be laid. This tract above Bliss' Landing could be had on easy terms, and Elder White finally engaged to take it. This was in January. (m. J.E.W. to Irwin, Jan. 18, 1897.)

The "Morning Star" returned to Vicksburg, and brought up lumber and tools. The timber had been cut from two or three acres, but the spot was a tangle of brush and small logs. Dr. Kynett and family came up with Elder White and his workers, and all hands set to work to clear the ground. A barn was built, and the carriage and horse put into it. A vegetable garden was planted, and strawberries, raspberries, and some fruit trees were set out. The soil was the typical black land of the Valley, and prospects for permanent work at this place

seemed bright. Men were set to work chopping cord wood to be towed to Vicksburg. The getting out of the cypress timber, however, was another thing. It lay mostly at the back part of the land, around swamps and lakes, and to haul out the logs was an impossibility. The usual plan in that country is to wait for a flood, when the logs may be floated to the river. However, a shingle mill was set up, cypress blocks were cut for this, and the shingle-making industry got under good headway.

At Calmar, a few miles below Bliss' Landing, lived a land-owner named Albert Jones. His wife was a member of a Baptist church, but he, though he tried hard to "get religion," could never command that frenzy of feeling which would enable him to "come through." After a great revival meeting, fruitless for him, he would go off by himself into the cotton field and roll on the ground, and moan and cry; but for all of that he could not "get religion." Finally, in great fear, he made a solemn vow to the Lord, saying, "If you will help me to get religion, I will serve you as long as I live."

The thought came to him at once, "What is it to serve the Lord?" "Why," said he, "it's to obey Him and do what He says." "How are you going to know what He says?" "By reading the Bible."

He went home and told his wife that they must read the Bible, so that when he should get religion he might know what to do. They read together through Genesis, and finally came to the Ten Commandments in Exodus 20. The Fourth Commandment said, "The Seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work."

"Why," said Albert Jones, "the seventh day is Saturday. Why are we keeping Sunday?"

Some twelve years before, a canvasser had stopped at their house and told them that Saturday, the seventh day, was the Sabbath. They had forgotten

all about it, but now they remembered: "That's what that man said to us."

Albert Jones studied on the matter for a long time, turning it over in his mind; and he could get no rest. At last, one day, he came in and said to his wife, "I've decided to keep the Sabbath of the Bible." "Then," she said, "I will, too." So for two or three years they kept the Sabbath alone, without knowing of any other Sabbath-keepers. Without ever "coming through," Albert Jones found happiness in his heart that made him cease seeking for frenzied religion.

One day his grown daughter went to the river to get passage to Vicksburg, and found the "Morning Star." On the way down the river, she fell to talking with Mr. Halliday, who told her of the Sabbath. "Why," she said, "my father believes just as you do." As soon as she came back, she sent her father down to the boat, and he was overjoyed to find some who could teach him. He at once, upon instruction, gave up tobacco, and his wife, after a long struggle, prevailed through prayer to the giving up of her snuff. They began to stir their neighbors, and in a few weeks, when the boat stopped at Calmar to hold some meetings, there was a very considerable company ready to receive the truth. (m. J. E. W. and F. W. H.)

The work in Yazoo City was progressing well, but Mr. Carey's health began to fail, and in March he had to return to the North for treatment. Mr. Halliday then went up to take his place at Yazoo City, and the interest there grew at a tremendous rate. Miss. M. M. Osborne had returned to Vicksburg, and, with Mr. and Mrs. Hansen, took the burden of the work there, including the day and the night schools, as well as Bible study.

Meetings at Bliss' Landing had been held every Sunday, and both white and colored attended, provision being made for their accommodation in separate parts of the boat. This attendance of both races, which in the beginning was

an accident, it was not the special care of the Southern Missionary Society workers to change so long as no one objected. The first of March, however, they started a night school on the opposite side of the river, at L'Argent, where there was a large population of Negroes with no school advantages whatever.

The next week, when they started from Vicksburg for their run up the river, Capt. White was informed that the planter at a certain landing in that section had something to say to him. Upon arriving there, he found a small company of white men, with the deputy county school superintendent as their spokesman. He declared in few words that the boat's company could take their choice of which race they would work for. "The white people of this part of the country," he said, "need preaching enough, God knows, and no matter, sir, to what denomination you belong, you are welcome to come and preach to us, and we will give you our support. But in that case, you must quit preaching to the Nigros. The Nigros, sir, outnumber us sixteen to one, but we've always succeeded in keeping them down, and we intend to do it in the future, sir." He stated that the white people had held a mass meeting over the matter, and this was their ultimatum.

"Are we to understand," asked Elder White, "that we shall not be permitted to work for the negroes?"

"This is a free country, sir," replied the spokesman, "we shall not tell you what you must do. But you must understand that if you devote yourselves to the Nigros, sir, it will not be possible for the gentlemen of this country to receive you socially, nor to have anything to do with you whatsoever. The interests of the country will not permit it."

The workers, after this interview, met for counsel and prayer. Mr. Halliday was with them, on his way to Yazoo City. The question seemed a

serious one to them. They had come to work for the colored people, because they were neglected, but here was a situation where the white people seemed in as great need of spiritual help. Further than that, if they should persist in the face of opposition in working for the Negroes, whose employers had now warned them to keep away from the boat, their action might result in closing not only the door there, but openings farther afield in places yet to be visited.

The instruction they had received counseled them to avoid arousing prejudice, and they earnestly prayed to know the right course here. They finally decided to continue at this place to work for the whites, and wait until, at a later time, they might have colored laborers to put in charge of the Negro work.

Their decision was wise. It is evident, not only from their experience and that of workers at other places, but from a common-sense view of the situation, that the proper course, when white workers are to do anything for the colored people, is to see that the needs of the white population are first met. In this way co-operation, instead of opposition, may be gained, and the whole work strengthened.

But how it would be possible for the Southern Missionary Society to follow this policy at this one place alone, is a question. If at other places in this section they should adhere to their avowed object of working for the Negroes, they could not expect to be in favor long in their work here for white people. They must either abandon completely the object for which they had come, or wait for other workers to pioneer the work among the whites.

Among the people of this section, there was more feeling than was known to the boat's company at the time. While the better class were civil and courteous, some of the baser element were making threats of violence. Some voiced wishes that the boat might be dynamited; one man offered to "hold the

Winchester on old White while you-all fetch the rope." But before the effect of either factor in the problem had had time to show results, the face of the situation was changed by another occurrence.

About the middle of March, Elder White and his crew had run down in the "Morning Star" to Vicksburg, to meet Mrs. White, who was returning from Colorado. While waiting there, they saw the Mississippi begin to rise with the spring floods, and they received reports of high water on the Yazoo. When they steamed back up the river, they found themselves running with the current from the Mississippi for thirty miles up the Yazoo. At their plantation, they found the river high, but not yet over the banks. Every night they measured the rise of the water, as it crept up the thirty-five-foot embankment, and soon began to credit the rumors that reached them that in times of high flood their land would be overflowed. They then built staging up in the trees, and piled their lumber there, took their wagon apart, and stowed it, with all the farm implements, on top.

By this time, the land all about them was flooded for miles up and down the river. The highest land in the neighborhood was a hill called "Indian Mound," comprising two or three acres. To this place the planters were now driving their cattle and work stock. To feed them, they would go up and down the river in boats, and cut willow boughs just beginning to leaf out. This was all the feed their animals had. Soon the waters rolled over the Southern Missionary Society land, and, except for Indian Mound, there was no land nearer than fourteen miles.

When it became evident that the flood would cover all, the planters thereabout besought the "Morning Star" to carry their stock to Vicksburg. So a square face was built to the bow of the "Morning Star," and a barge lashed thereto. Steaming from place to place, they would take off, now a cow, now a span of mules, and when the barge was full, push it on ahead down the river to Vicksburg.

The river was now a torbid sea, filling all the lower valley. Here and there the roof of a house appeared, sometimes with its tenants seated thereon, begging to be taken off. A few barnyards, behind embankments, yet held beleaguered animals, and trees and stubs in the swirling stream were often decorated with writhing masses of snakes, to whom, if any attention was given, it was without quarter.

As the steamer approached Vicksburg, they saw, along the broken levees of the Mississippi, crowds of Negroes, sometimes for miles, who had to wait, many of them for days, till government boats could take them off. The city was filled with refugees. The water had risen above the strip of land at the foot of the bluffs, covering the railroad tracks and the government road. The bank above was lined with household stuff of every description, which had been brought down the river in skiffs. There were piles of bedding, and nondescript beds, and quilt-covered bundles that were veritable curio shops of clocks and spoons and photographs, family Bibles and pinchbeck jewelry, while big-mirrored dressers and fine new sewing machines stood all exposed to the weather. Around and among them camped the miserable refugees.

The few white people quickly found shelter, but hundreds and soon thousands of Negroes had no choice but to live in the open. The Southern Missionary Society opened their chapel, and the refugees poured in, piling their few effects in stacks, and crowding among and upon them. The Methodist people did the same, and a number of other churches followed suit; but with all the places opened, the great army of homeless, starving people could not be cared for. Vicksburg citizens opened their pocketbooks, but the flood of the homeless overwhelmed them. In a few days relief began to flow in from other quarters, and shortly the United States government took a hand, sending army tents and rations, and establishing in the vicinity a refugee camp.

In a few days, the "Morning Star" ran up to Bliss' Landing, and found the water high over their land, the cord wood they had cut floating about. With a little steam launch, the "Mayflower," they ran in through the woods, gathering the cord wood, and towed it to the "Morning Star."

Now was the time to get out their cypress logs. Men standing in skiffs sawed down the trees and trimmed them up. Then they fastened fifteen or twenty of them together in line, and the little "Mayflower" snaked them out along the crooked run-way that led through the woods to the river. Capt. White at the bow handled a pike, Mrs. White was at the wheel, Capt. Orton at the engine, and two men behind on the trailing logs. With many stops and starts, the string of logs would finally be brought into the river and confined in the boom there. They were made up into rafts, and started down the river. But coming into a place where there was a terrible cross current, the rafts were torn to pieces, and two thirds of them lost. The "Morning Star" ran up from Vicksburg, and gathered up what could be found. But the venture was a financial loss. The shingle mill, however, established on the barge "Dawn" ran on during this time, and made a success.

When the river began to rise, there was a great demand for skiffs. The only supply of lumber through that country was with Elder White. And to him came planters from far and near for material. Among these was the man who had offered to hold "old White" at the point of a Winchester until he could be hanged. He had had no personal acquaintance with Elder White, but now he came in contact with him, and his kindness in giving him help through the flood quite changed the feelings of the gunman. He was thereafter one of Elder White's staunchest friends on the river. The work of the "Morning Star" in rescuing persons and property during the flood, gave them friends all up and down the river.

As the water subsided, the refugees at Vicksburg became anxious to return, and different ones were brought up by the "Morning Star." Another white man, whose houseboat the "Star" towed up the river, was as ready with his rifle for defense as the other had once been for offense. Some months later, when threats were made to mob the "Morning Star" workers, this man let it be known that his Winchester was ready, and any mob that attempted to board the "Morning Star" would find him there prepared to fire. But there was better protection than that of Winchester, and his offer to guard the boat was gently refused.

The land contracted for at Bliss' Landing did not now seem so desirable. It evidently might be overflowed almost any year, and while they could live there and raise corn and cotton, they could not profitably plant fruit; and a diversifying of crops was one of their objects. But they felt they must stand by their agreement. It soon appeared, however, that the agent for the land could not give clear title, and he finally refused to furnish a deed. Thus the deal fell through, and Elder White, not without relief, was released from his bargain. By the first of May the floods were gone, the crops were being replanted, and life along the Yazoo fell back into its routine. The "Morning Star" quietly resumed its work along the river. Meetings at Bliss' Landing were not continued, but frequent visits were of benefit to the earnest ones there, and at several other places along the river. The year 1897 saw Negroes in this section. Companies were growing at Yazoo City, Calmar, and several other points, and chapels and schools were being planned. Meanwhile, the facilities for training workers were developing elsewhere.

CHAPTER XVIII

A TRAINING SCHOOL

A charming place is the Oakwood Manual Training School. From the grassy groves that make its campus, one looks away four and a half miles to the beautiful little city of Huntsville, backed by the long ridge of Monte Sano. Huntsville is a historic old town, having been the territorial capital of Alabama in the days when Andrew Jackson marched through to whip the Creeks at Tallapoosa. Along with a hundred other ancient houses and inns of Tennessee, Alabama, and their sister states, the Beasley mansion on the Oakwood estate boasts of having had "Old Hickory" stretch his long legs and spread his hands before the leaping flames in its great fireplace, ere he went out to watch for the victory of his entry on its famous race-track.

The estate was purchased in the latter part of 1895, by the General Conference Association of Seventh-day Adventists, for the purpose of founding an industrial, normal, and theological school for the Negro race. Its farm lands, which contain 358 acres, for the most part lie in a level or rolling stretch on three sides of the school campus. A tract of eighty acres across the road, cornering with the main body, is a wooded hill with outcroppings of limestone rock.

The old plantation had once been a beautiful and fertile place, but it had fallen on evil times. The grove of great oak trees which gave the school its name, had been neglected until it was a mass of briars and brush and low-hanging limbs. The old mansion house was in sad disrepair, and the long row of slave cabins, built of squared cedar logs planted upright in the ground and

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The old plantation had once been a beautiful and fertile place, but it had fallen on evil times. The grove of great oak trees which gave the school its name, had been neglected until it was a mass of briars and brush and low hanging limbs. The old mansion house was in sad disrepair, and the long row of slave cabins, built of squared cedar logs planted upright in the ground and

clapboarded (fn. Five were so built; the other four were ordinary log cabins), were decaying and dropping to pieces. Even the well nearest the house, which rumor said had been the burial place of a Yankee cavalryman, was broken down and choked with debris, and the old barn was leaning to a threatened fall. The land, mostly a heavy clay, had been so long and continuously cropped with cotton, and so robbed of humus, that some of it was as barren as a rock. It was a place in which to begin at the bottom.

The first worker to arrive was J. J. Mitchell, of California. He came with Elder Olsen in the night, and his first sight of the place the next morning was so discouraging that he at once resigned as manager, though he remained on the place for about two years. Elder Grant Adkins was sent from Atlanta to take temporary charge, and an effort was made to get another permanent man. Finally S. M. Jacobs, of Iowa, was induced to undertake the work.

Mr. Jacobs and his family came in the early part of April 1896. Two students had already arrived: George Graham from Birmingham, and Grant Royston from Vicksburg. The president of the General Conference and the district superintendent, Elders Olsen and Irwin, put on their overalls and worked with the others in the first efforts at improvement. One of the prime necessities was a good supply of water. At first they had hauled it in barrels from a spring on the hill; then they set a windmill up over a well in the field, but two hours pumping ran it dry.

Then they began on the old well by the house. They worked for two days clearing that well, digging through seventeen feet of mud, mixed with knives, pitchforks, clevises, plow-points, rocks, and whatnot. All that gave evidence of the Yankee cavalryman was a spur that appeared on the second day, an object that induced the telling of the story, whereupon the two Negro boys declared they would never go down in that well again. Mr. Mitchell finished the job.

The log cabins were fitted up for the students, and the old mansion underwent considerable repairing, besides having an addition made. Here the family of Mr. Jacobs and the other white workers lived. The house was also used for class work until West Hall, the first new building, was completed at the close of that first summer.

The grove was cleared of brush, and the trees were trimmed up, but attention had chiefly to be given to the farm, for on that dependence must be had for a living. Only fifty acres were in cultivation when Mr. Jacobs took charge, the rest being grown up in brush. All but fifteen of these fifty acres had been farmed out to renters, who of course had taken all they could out of the land, and yearly impoverished it.

The worst piece was a bare ten-acre plot that lay out to the sun, washed and gullied, red as paint, and with not even a weed to clothe it. Mr. Jacobs plowed and finely harrowed it, but manure being scarce and needed on the garden land, the ten-acre plot gave no returns for the first year from the seed sown. The next spring it was sowed to cowpeas, which struggled up about four inches, only to wither in the July sun. They were immediately turned under and another crop sowed, which, blessed with rains, made a good showing, and were also turned under for manure. The third year another sowing of cowpeas produced a third of a ton to the acre. Manure was hauled upon the stubble and turned under; then winter wheat was sowed; and the next summer, three years from the first treatment, that ten-acre plot gave a harvest of 270 bushels of wheat. Something of an anticlimax came the next season, in a dense crop of weeds, ten feet high, up which ran the most ambitious of the cowpeas. But they made excellent green manure.

Other parts of the farm had to bear more responsibility the first years in furnishing food, and those parts received the most of the fertilizer. All

the corn stalks were chopped fine and fed, the barn manure was scrupulously saved, and with hundreds of loads of forest leaves and weeds, was mixed with air-slaked lime. The garden land, being fall-plowed, and disked and smoothed in the spring, received generous supplies of this fertilizer, and the crops, which at first were negligible, steadily grew in quantity. A partial system of rotation was inaugurated as soon as possible, the general planting being twenty-five acres each of cotton, cowpeas, and wheat, and seventy-five of corn.

The most of the land was a very stiff clay, in which no turning-plow would easily scour. Elders Olsen and Irwin, who had been farmers in Wisconsin and Ohio, tried their skill at plowing the first spring, but after an hour or two both confessed that they had a burden to see the building progress, and went to take up hammer and trowel. The third year the newly invented disk plow was advertised at Huntsville, and Mr. Jacobs arranged for a demonstration on the school farm. The new tool was a complete success on his worst ground, and he promptly purchased the plow. In due time news filtered through to Battle Creek that the Oakwood manager had bought a riding plow to save his Negro students from walking; and the General Conference treasurer, Elder I. H. Evans, a former Michigan farmer, was deputed to call there as soon as convenient, and investigate this and other matters. In due time he came. The result is graphically told in the words of Mr. Jacobs:--

After dinner Elder Evans said, "Let's get right out now on the farm."

Before dinner I had told Grant, "You hitch the black mules to the walking plow, and go out to plow on that red clay."

"Oh," he said, "You ain't going back to those old walking plows, are you?"

I said, "You do what I tell you, and I will explain later." I said to George Graham, "You take three mules and hitch to the other plow,

and go to work where those thick cockleburs are."

So after dinner Evans and I walked out. "Where do you want to go first?"

"Let's see your machines," he said.

We went down to the machine shed, and I showed him the binder, and the harrows, and one plow.

"This the only plow you have?" he asked.

"No," I said, "we have another out in the field. Let's go out and see that."

We went out where Grant was plowing with the walking plow. Evans had no more than gotten there than he noticed the plow was not scouring. He walked along watching it, and finally he said, "Young man, that plow isn't scouring. Why don't you clean it, and get a move on those mules? You can't do anything that way. Let me take hold of that plow."

He took hold, threw it out, got his heel on that red clay, and he couldn't move it any more than putty. He fussed with it quite a little bit. Then he said, "I'm surprised at you! I've heard you were a good farmer. This plow—that mold-board, not a bit of polish on it. It's had dirt on it so long you can't clean it. Is this the way you farm?"

"Yes, that's the way we farm down here," I said.

"I tell you that's no farming," said he. "I wouldn't stay over night in a place where they had a plow like this."

He threw it into the ground and slapped up the mules. Before he had gone a rod, the plow was in the same fix. He threw it out again, and pulled his coat and vest off. I said to Grant, "Give him the paddle there, and help him get that clay off." He rubbed off the clay, and tried it again. It didn't go a rod till it was just as before. He said, "Doesn't a plow ever scour here?"

"Never!" I replied. "Ask Elder Olsen."

He threw that plow away in disgust, and picked up his coat.

"Well," he said, "is this all the plow you have?"

"No; we have another; let's see that."

We started down to the disk plow. George had just come through a hundred rod furrow. Elder Evans walked around that thing, and he said, "You call that a plow, do you? That beats all the things for a plow I ever saw."

"Get on it and go along, Brother Evans."

"No, no!"

"Yes, you will; get right on there. This is Oakwood Industrial School. When a fellow comes here, he has to work."

He mounted it, and drove down the field. He went clear through the whole length, saying never a word; the mules turned around and started back. When he reached us, he got off, went around and looked at it, and never a word.

I said, "Get on again, and go another round."

"No, sir! Won't do it! If I went another round with that, I'd be quitting the business I'm in and go to plowing."

"Blame me for buying that plow?" I asked.

"No, sir, I don't."

"Well, now," I remarked, "that doesn't quite correspond with a little company that met up in Battle Creek the other day, and took S. M. Jacobs and his plow for their text, and condemned him and hung him and quartered him right there."

He said, "How do you know a little company gathered there in Battle Creek?"

"Oh, a little bird flew over here and told me."

He laughed. Then I told him how I had learned before-hand of his intended visit. Said he, "Brother Jacobs, I have learned a lesson that I believe will do me a lot of good. It is a fact that we will get together up there at Battle Creek, and take somebody a thousand miles away to task, when we have no more idea of what they ought to do than anything in the world. I have learned a lesson. I will quit that thing."

"Well," I said, "do you blame me for buying it?"

"No, I don't," said he, "buy another if you want to." I did; we had two plows after that.

Most thorough cultivation of the soil was practiced. For instance, the cotton land was plowed in the fall, and in the spring crossplowed two inches deeper, and then harrowed fine. The laborious practice of ridging the cotton and chopping out with hoes, was changed into level cultivation and thinning by cross-harrowing. This plan was scouted by cotton planters; the students said they would get no crop, and that thinning could only be done with the hoe.

One day as Mr. Jacobs was driving the spike-tooth across his cotton, he overheard the talk of two men who were coming down the hill. "See that infernal Yankee," said one, "chopping his cotton with a drag!" They met at the gate. "You fellows don't think much of the Yankee who chops his cotton with a harrow," Mr. Jacobs greeted them. They laughed. "Well, it does look mighty out of place to see a man do that sort of thing. But I tell you, there are hundreds of men watching that cotton."

And there were; they came from miles about to watch that cotton. Today it is not so uncommon a sight in the South as then to see men "chop cotton with a drag."

But Mr. Jacobs sought help and information as much as he offered it. It was not always easy to break the ice this Northern invasion seemed to have

formed about the place. The first neighbor on the west, an old man, felt somewhat bitter toward these Yankee teachers. One rainy day Mr. Jacobs took a saw for filing to the old man's son, who was a carpenter. The two were in the shop talking, when the old man came out. He stepped into the doorway, filling it with his tall frame, and gave this greeting: "Another damned Yankee come South to teach us Southerners how to farm!"

Mr. Jacobs walked up to him deliberately, put his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Mr. B---, I have just been wanting to get acquainted with you, and wishing that I could make the best friend of you that I could possibly get in this country. Now in the North I thought I knew how to farm, but when I come here, and see your soil, and see how differently you farm, and your different tools, I am persuaded I don't know how to do it, and I want some friend who will advise me, to go over that farm and show me how to plant, how to thin, and what to put in. I have just hoped I could find that friend in you, for I'm not acquainted with any other white man, except two or three merchants."

That made a friend of him. In a few days he visited the school farm, and went over it with the manager, telling the peculiarities of every piece, and giving advice freely as to its cultivation. He always remained the best kind of friend, and so did his sons. One of them, John, was much of an experimenter with new seeds, and one season Mr. Jacobs requested him to save him seed from his harvest. One day in the fall, as the father was driving past, Mr. Jacobs asked him if John kept those seeds. "Kept 'em!" he exclaimed, "he's got 'em in a band__box. Anything you want he puts in a bandbox, and stores it away in the house."

One chief reason why the farmers were suspicious of these new-comers was that they disliked the establishment of a Negro school, because they believed it would bring or create "biggoty" Negro young men. They were to discover a very different case, and their discovery came both through explanations of the managers and through the acts of the students.

Moses Jones, a Negro neighbor and Baptist deacon, one day came to Mr. Jacobs, and in a voice of mystery advised: "Never go over west without going armed."

"I never do," said Mr. Jacobs.

Moses looked surprised. "What do you carry?" he asked, "revolver?"

"No; I know nothing about them. I just carry a sword."

"A sword! Why, I never see you carry a sword."

"Now, Jones, if that's not the unkindest thing for you to say that for all you've been with me, you've never seen me carry my sword!"

The deacon dropped his head. "What do you mean," he asked, "the Sword of the Spirit?"

"Sure."

"Well, you are the queerest set of people I ever saw," said Moses.

"But I'm not a fool; I mean what I say."

"So do I, Moses. Now what is going to hurt us?"

"It's those M--- boys," said Moses. "They've been at the head of three lynchings I know of."

"Then," said Jacobs, "I'm going over to see them."

He drove over to the farm of the M--- brothers. They knew him, though he was not acquainted with them. Tall, black-bearded, dark fellows, they eyed him closely as he walked up and inquired, "Is this Mr. M---?"

"Yes," said one of them harshly, "it is."

"I've come to see if I could buy some shingle timber."

"No," they said, "we haven't any to sell."

But Jacobs sat down on the woodpile and talked on with them; and the longer they talked the more shingle timber the M--- brothers discovered they had. They grew friendly, and talked of their farm, and then of the Oakwood farm, and of the Yankees and of the war.

"Fact is," said the older brother, "I feel right clever toward the Yankees. I learned to, over there by your place. It was in '63. I was a boy 14 years old. I was driving an ox-team home, and I came upon the Yankees there by your place. They were rounding up stock, and before I knew it one was behind me in the road and three ahead, down by the pond. Those Yankees had me scared to death; I knew they would kill me. They shot three dogs fooling around that pond, and I knew I would be the next dog. When I got down to them, I was bawling like a calf. One of the Yankees says, 'Boy, those oxen would make good beef,' 'Well,' I bawled, 'you can have 'em; let me go; don't kill me!' Those fellows laughed as if they'd bust, and they said, 'Go ahead! We wouldn't hurt your oxen, nor you either.' That laugh was the sweetest music I ever heard, and I've always felt mighty clever toward all Yankees since."

Then he asked about the school. Mr. Jacobs explained to him that the basis of education to be given in the Oakwood school was first to teach boys how to make a dollar honestly and then how to save it, and to teach the girls how to be useful.

"That's all right," said M---, "but don't you take white students too? Thought I saw some there."

"No," said Mr. Jacobs. "I have three children, but only the youngest of them is of school age, and I send him up to the public school at Walnut Grove."

"Mighty good of you to help out the old lady up there at Walnut Grove," said M---, "she sure needs every scholar she can get. We are glad to know about your school, Mr. Jacobs. You can count on us right along if that's your plan."

One of the neighbors, about a mile away, had indulged in some very harsh criticism of the school and its manager. Early the second summer, his barn took fire and burned everything he had,—mules, wagons, harnesses. He had fifteen acres of corn, and not a chance to cultivate it, and all his neighbors were busy with their teams and crops. One morning soon after, Mr. Jacobs took his boy

Bertie and four or five students, put six cultivators on the wagon, harnessed six mules, and drove over to his neighbor's.

He went to the door and told him he had brought the boys over to cultivate his corn. The man stood looking at him, dumbfounded. At last he said, "Is that the kind of man you are?"

"Yes, that's the kind of man I am. Why not?"

"Well," he said, "if that's the kind of man you are, I've got something to do." He stepped out of the door, and with a trembling voice he said, "Mr. Jacobs, I've said some mighty hard things against you for starting that nigger school. Now I ask you to forgive me for all I've said."

"Why, I had forgiven you long ago," returned Jacobs. "If not, I wouldn't have been over here."

Out into the field they went, and Jacobs said to his boys, "Now boys, if you have ever done an honest day's work, do one today." And they did. Noon came, and Jacobs directed the boys to bring in the dinner from the wagon.

"No sir," said the man, "my wife is getting dinner. We have something to eat, at any rate. And you shall eat dinner at my house." The evening saw the job of cultivating completed, not only in the soil but in the heart of a neighbor.

The very next day they went over to Byrd Terry's, a colored brother's, and helped him with his wheat, and the twin reports of these acts of Christian grace to white and black alike went arm in arm about the country.

Another neighbor that summer saw his wheat spoiling in the shock because of the frequent rains, while he had no help to break it out and dry it between showers. With astonishment and gratitude he accepted the help of the Negro students one sunny day, and they put his wheat in the barn before night. When he came to Jacobs with offer of payment, Mr. Jacobs said to him, "You owe us nothing. I haven't time to do this for money; I have all I can do; I have done it only to help you out." The man looked hard at him, but said never a word.

This man owned a thrashing machine, and a few weeks later came to thrash on the Oakwood farm. As he climbed up on his engine to leave, Jacobs called, "Hold on; I want to pay you." "Well," he said, looking down from the foot-board, "You'll never pay me nothing. I didn't have time to thrash for you for money; I had all I could do; I did it just for accommodation."

There were jewels among those colored students. Some of them had come from good homes, some from no homes at all. Some had been used to an upright life, some had been evil in word and deed. But what might be accomplished with even the most unpromising, was an inspiration.

There was Oscar Sinclair, whose twenty-five years had been spent in vagrancy. He had never had a home that he could remember, he had had nothing to attach him to any one place, he could neither read nor write, he had no trade. A Seventh-day Adventist woman down in Florida found him at her door one day, begging for food. She talked with him a little, and something in him attracted her interest. She befriended him, gave him work while she studied him, and finally sent him up to Oakwood. He had to learn his A B C's, but with the revelation that someone had an interest in him, his ambition had awakened. He worked faithfully, on the farm. He would mark his letters with a pencil on his hands, and study them while he held the plow handles. By the end of his first year he could read his Bible fairly well, and he took rank with the fourth grade. In the spring he was baptized; and in his testimony afterward, he said, "When I came here, I didn't know A from B, but I have learned that, and best of all, I have learned about Jesus, who is everything, from A to Z."

One day Mr. Jacobs and a neighbor who had become a Seventh-day Adventist, were standing out by the gate, when along came the dirtiest fellow either of them had ever seen. Said he, "Is this Oakwood school? I want to see the head man."

"I am the man," said Mr. Jacobs.

"My name is Willie Freeman. I want to go to school," said the lump of dirt.

Mr. Jacobs looked at him with a doubtful eye: he seemed so impossible as an object of grace. "Why haven't you written us?" he inquired. "Don't you know we require students to write beforehand?"

"I can't write," said the boy.

"Why are you so dirty?"

"Well," he explained, "I ran out of money when I got as far as Decatur, and I left my trunk there. But I got a chance to come up on a coal car and unload coal at Huntsville for my fare."

"You were hobbing your way through, were you?" said neighbor Brandon.

"No, sir, I wasn't," he answered. "I left my best clothes in my trunk, and put on these dirty clothes to handle coal with."

Mr. Jacobs gave no credit to what he said; it seemed a usual enough tale of a vagrant Negro boy. "My boy," he said, at last, "I don't believe we can do anything for you."

At that the young fellow began to cry, and the tears, rolling down his coal-dusted cheeks, made streaks of grimy cleanliness. His evident sincerity of grief touched the superintendent's heart. And then the boy said, "Mr. Jacobs, you say you can't do anything for me. Won't you let the Lord do anything for me?" That struck Brother Jacobs hard. "All you have told me," he said, with the last shreds of his doubt, "is it the truth?"

"Yes, sir, every word I have told you is the truth."

"Go right into the house," said Mr. Jacobs, "and we will get you something to eat."

The girls in the kitchen, ordered to give him food, took their pay in good-natured raillery of the dirty fellow, but he paid no attention. Then Mr. Jacobs took him to some of the boys, and asked them to see he was well scrubbed

in the bathroom and to lend him some clothes. His story was proved true when his trunk was found at Decatur.

If ever a mind and a soul grew, it was that boy's. He proved to be one of the most earnest, the most spiritual boys that ever entered the school. He was a hard worker, and a good student, and his influence among the students was an asset to the school almost as great as that of a teacher. He progressed well with his studies for several years, and gave great promise of becoming an influential worker, but he died of tuberculosis the year before he would have finished his course. Nevertheless, he had done something of a life work there in the school, and his quaint plea at the gate of the school ever remained a motto for those who were laboring to help those Negro youth: "Let the Lord try to do something for me."

The school work, the first summer, was given in night classes, which were conducted by Mr. Jacobs' two older children, Lewin and Clara. There were only four students until the fall, when a number of others arrived. About twenty were in attendance the first year. In September Mr. Arthur Hughes arrived from Michigan to teach, and in November Elder H. S. Shaw joined the company. Mr. Hughes remained for one year, and Elder Shaw for two years, the latter having main charge of the teaching for that period. The second fall, Miss Hattie Andre arrived, and remained as teacher and preceptress for three years.

West Hall, a two-story building, was completed the first summer, and served for recitation rooms and dormitories for the young men. The cabins, which had at first been used, were but a make-shift, few of them being fit for use. They were therefore abandoned and torn down as soon as possible. One of them, the old cook-house, had a longer life of service, through being converted into a laundry. Its huge old brick chimney was torn down, furnishing five thousand good bricks besides twelve wagon-loads of rubbish; it was moved back some distance, and devoted to its second career of usefulness. The laundry was a very primitive affair.

An iron caldron set in the top of a brick furnace served as a boiler, and kerosene barrels sawed in two made the wash-tubs.

At one side of the old cabin was built a lean-to for the boys' bathroom, 8 by 14 feet. A box stove was drilled to admit two pipes which ran to and from a linseed barrel filled with water. Three or four stalls, ranged along the wall, each held a half-barrel tub. Despite its crudity, the bathroom was a popular place; for cleanliness was taught as a cardinal virtue at Oakwood.

In 1899 Chapel Hall was erected. This, a three-story building, 30 by 65 feet, was built by student labor. The boys drew the stone from the hill, laid the foundation, erected the frame, and put on the shingles they had themselves split. This hall was then made the boys' dormitory, while West Hall and the addition to Old Mansion were occupied by the girls.

A new barn, 50 by 74 feet, was put up in the fall of 1897. The timbers were hewed out of the school's woods, and the whole barn, which was also put up by students and teachers, cost but \$350 for material. There were four teams, one of horses, and the others of mules; and there were ten head of cattle.

The industrial work of a school which charged low tuition and board, which had no endowment, and which allowed as many students as possible to work out their expenses, had to give first attention to the doing of necessary and profitable work. Yet this work was made educational. The young women were employed in the housework, the cooking, the laundry, and light work in garden and fruit. They were also taught sewing. The young men, employed chiefly on the farm, were taught improved methods of agriculture; and some of them had opportunity to learn carpentry and masonry in the building work. Some very efficient workers were developed during those early years, who have since been of great use in the helping of their race. Their testimony is that the disciplinary value of hard practical labor, of making the best of meager facilities, while providing better, was fully as great as that which came

through the study of books. In seeking to build up the institution where they were receiving a training for service, they themselves were built up spiritually. Day by day they gained in strength of character, and in the ability and inclination to do with their might what their hands should find to do.

So marked were the results of the early years of the Oakwood school, that to this day, hard work has characterized every feature of school life. At Oakwood the students hear proclaimed, daily, the "gospel of work,"—work in the classroom, work during study. Diligence, application, perseverance, faithfulness, carefulness, thoroughness,—these are tenets of faith at Oakwood. Some find it necessary to toil for several years in order to make these qualities a part of their own selves in daily life; but among those who come to the school are a goodly number who remain long enough to develop into men and women who can be entrusted with responsibilities. The influence of the training they receive, goes with these faithful ones long after they have left the schoolroom for the larger school of practical experience in active service for their fellows.

CHAPTER XIX

TROUBLOUS TIMES

The Southern Missionary Society continued its work in Mississippi. In the fall of 1897, Miss Anna Agee, who had been connected with the work for Negroes in Knoxville, arrived in Vicksburg to take charge of the mission school. The school growing rapidly under her skilful handling, another teacher was required, and Miss Anna Jensen was sent from Battle Creek College. These ladies conducted for two years a very successful school, which numbered at times one hundred and fifty pupils.

The Society, meanwhile, having established a strong base at Vicksburg, vigorously pursued its work in the Yazoo Valley. The "Morning Star" ran frequently between Vicksburg and Yazoo City, stopping at landings along the way to allow the workers to hold meetings, distribute literature, and assist the people in various ways.

Mr. Halladay had continued his work in Yazoo City, being joined in July, 1897, by Miss Ida Wekel, who became his wife. They held studies daily with the people in many homes, and night-schools and Sunday schools at the Baptist church in Wilsonia and at Annie Smith's house in Lintonia. These places are two suburbs of Yazoo City, the latter being just across the railroad tracks on the west, and the former across the river to the south. Elder White and the workers on the "Morning Star" were also at Yazoo City often. Meetings were held in the Baptist church at Wilsonia for some time, till Elder White began to teach against the use of tobacco, when some of the younger deacons turned against him. Coming up the river one week, he learned that his appointment to preach at the church Sunday evening had been set aside, and a Negro preacher had been given the use of the

church. He then brought the "Morning Star" up to the landing, and printed handbills announcing that the meeting would be held in the chapel of the boat. These bills were widely scattered, and brought many from miles away. At the appointed hour, the bell on the "Morning Star" was rung to announce the meeting, and immediately its cracked rival at the church began to clang. A merry fight went on for a time between the bells, but all, it appeared, to the advantage of the boat bell; for the "Morning Star" chapel was speedily filled, and hundreds crowded upon the banks, while at the church only two old women convened to listen to the preacher. All the staunch church members were down at the boat, including the deacons, and the preacher looked dubiously at his audience of two. Pretty soon even they rose and hobbled down to the boat, and ere long the preacher followed them, and, leaning against a telephone pole, listened to the sermon he had expected to prevent.

Elder White's style of plain preaching, with the use of many illustrations, captivated his simple auditors. To this day there are many who remember and talk of him and his fellow-workers of the early times. "White's the man!" exclaimed one tall fellow who had listened to him fifteen years ago, "White is the great man! He could do anything: preach, and teach, and work. One day he had us all guessing how long a stick was. He was showing 'em how guessing wouldn't do. They guessed everything,—ten inches, and twenty inches, and two feet. Then he took his rule and measured it: it was eight and one-fourth inches. So, he said, are the Ten Commandments the rule of our lives. You can't just guess at what is right; you can't just come somewhere near what is right. You have got to lay down the Ten Commandment rule to measure your living."

"Look up theah," directed old Uncle Joe Miller, pointing to a crayon portrait of Elder and Mrs. Edson White on his newspapered wall, "You know dem? Dat's Bruddah White. He was along heah wid Bruddah Halladay, dat brought us de

trufe. Fust ting, he got in touch wid ouh dautah, Sallie Watkins; spec's yo's hea'd of huh. She used to tell me, w'ite man come dah, want to teach Bible lessons; didn't have no time to fool wid him. 'Oh well, go on now,' huh muddah say, 'he mought lea'n yo' somethin'.' Bimeby, one day she heah, an' she say, 'Yo' see dat ole man go by? He got a heap o' sense; he lea'n me a lot. Yo' bettah have him teach you.'"

"I lea'ned to read at Bruddah W'ite's school," confessed Aunty Miller, shuffling her apron through her trembling fingers. "I was 'bout fifty yeahs ole. Nevah had no chance to read nor nothin'. But I sta'ted, an' in a month I could read, but I couldn't undahstan'. I used to cry ovah it, but den Sistah W'ite—she's de blessed woman!—she'd encou'age me. Come set right down by me, she would, an' he'p me. An' in two months I could read an' I could undahstan'. Sistah W'ite shu' was a good woman. An' she could sing. Bruddah W'ite an' she suttinly could sing! Dey sing good togeddah. I reckon she was de bes' singah dat evah went out!"

"Whah's Bruddah W'ite now?" pursued her husband. "I don't reckon I'll nevah see him no mo'! Long time aftah he went away, he kem back once. Joe Lee tole me he was goin' 'way tonight. I say, 'I can't see him den, lessen mebbe ef I'll stay at de station dis ev'nin'.' An' I goes down to de station. Bimeby he kem in wid anuddah w'ite genman. He walk right pas' me. I touch him on de a'm. He drop his grip an' grab me; like to knock me down. We set dah an' talk till he plumb had to git up on de train. Aftah he gone, some w'ite people come by an' say, 'Millah, who dat ole man look lak he love you so?' I say, 'Well, I do love him.' 'Well, who was it?' 'Oh, dat's Bruddah W'ite.' 'What! dat ole Advent preachah used to be heah?' 'Shu' am de one,' I say. 'But I don't reckon I'll nevah see him no mo'."

A very complete little printing plant was established, in the spring of 1898, on board the "Morning Star." A room on the main deck was fitted up as the

printing office, and two small power presses were installed, run by an engine close by, which was supplied with steam from the big boiler. A monthly paper, "The Gospel Herald," of eight to sixteen pages, illustrated, was started in May of this year, and proved to be a fortunate and excellent means of communication with friends all through the country. There was also printed a collection of Mrs. Ellen G. White's writings on the work among the colored people, bound into a little booklet entitled, "The Southern Work," and circulated all over the United States. These with some other small works, and the handbills and other job work of the Society, kept the little printing establishment busy, whether the steamer was running or moored.

When autumn came, the growth of the interests at Yazoo City seemed to warrant the establishment of a permanent school, and plans were laid accordingly. A chapel, which was also to be used as schoolroom, had been erected in Lintonia. It measured 21 x 48 feet. It was built in panels, which were made down near the "Morning Star" landing, and then brought up to Lintonia and bolted together. The purpose was to make it a movable chapel, which might sometime be moved elsewhere and its place be taken by a permanent structure. It was a common saying among the colored people that "It was like the Jerusalem temple; for it went together without sound of hammer and nails."

To take charge of the school, two white teachers, a man and his wife, were employed. They arrived in the latter part of November, 1898, and opened school the last day of the month. Unconsciously they were facing a serious condition. The report that the mission school was to have white teachers, had been jubilantly spread by the Negroes of Yazoo City, and it had stirred resentment among a large class of whites, who were determined that no Yankee was to come to teach them "social equality." The first week or two they contented themselves with riding close to the windows and peering into see that the promised Negro school was actually begun. But their wrath was rising.

On December 8 there arrived by train Elder G. A. Irwin, then president of the General Conference, and Elder I. H. Evans, its treasurer. It was planned that they visit the principal schools and places of interest, and with this in view, after visiting the Lintonia school, they were taken on board the "Morning Star," and, with White and Halladay, left early Friday morning, the 9th, for down river points.

The hostile feeling at Yazoo City culminated this day in the coming of a party of seven masked men to the "Morning Star" landing to blow up the boat, but they found the steamer gone. Somewhat cooled by this check, they contented themselves with sending one of their number to the school to warn the teachers to get out. It was in the early afternoon when he rode up, rapped on the chapel door with the butt of his whip, and delivered an ultimatum to the effect that the school must be closed that day, and closed forever.

The sunset hour that brought the Sabbath that evening was solemnly precious to the little family, new to the field, and without any of the older workers present to counsel them. Their appeal to the city authorities to protect them had received no encouraging response; and knowing there was no help for them on earth, they turned to God. To Him they prayed, not for their own protection merely, but most of all for the preservation of the threatened work.

About seven o'clock, a colored man knocked at the back door, bringing the word that the mob had come into Lintonia and were searching for the teachers. Several Negroes came bringing rifle, shot-gun, and revolver. But their teacher said to them, "No, I can't use those guns. I am not here to kill people, but to save people. The only gun I trust in is this Bible."

The mob, however, did not believe the statement the teachers had made that they lived in the white quarter, and were proceeding to search for them in the Negro houses. Two Negro men were taken out and whipped, to make them reveal

the whereabouts of their white friends, but they, with all the rest, persisted in saying they did not know. Every house in Lintonia was strictly searched; but concluding that the teachers had made their escape, the mob finally turned its attention to the chapel. Seizing raw cotton from the porches of nearby houses, they piled it against the chapel at the rear, drenched it with coal oil, and set fire to it. The flames shot up to the roof, and, convinced that they had fired the home of the school, the mob rode off whooping.

But scarcely had they disappeared,--so affirm the Negroes who stood about watching,--when the leaping flames were smothered down as though a great hand had swept upon them, and only a slight scorch was visible upon the building. This report, coupled with the character of the school's teachings, at once gained for the institution the name of "The Holy School," by which title it was acclaimed for twenty miles up and down the river. From such distances, in the following weeks, Negroes of every age, from children to women sixty years old, came into Yazoo City, almost invariably inquiring for "The Holy School," and thereupon getting directed to Lintonia Chapel. The attendance ran up to one hundred ninety, though not more than one hundred fifty could comfortably be packed into the chapel. As the result, another section of the same size was added to the building.

"The Morning Star" returned in a week or so, and made occasional visits thereafter. The mob feeling did not greatly subside, though the mayor had threatened the leader with prosecution if there was any more disturbance. The best element in the city held aloof from the mob, and there were influential men who were favorable to the Southern Missionary Society workers, but they generally felt that to place white teachers among Negroes in this blackest of the Black Belt was unwise, and that such teachers could not be assured of protection from the more violent spirits. It was the purpose of the Society to put colored workers in charge as soon as possible, but they had at that time no such teachers trained. The events of this time at Yazoo City and other places hastened their efforts to substitute

Negro teachers for white, a haste that was responsible in some cases for the admission of teachers not wholly competent to carry their work.

During the second year of the school in Yazoo City, two colored teachers, J. W. Dancer and Franklin Warnick, were introduced to the work under white supervision, one of them carrying on a school in Wilsonia and the other helping in Lintonia. The city papers had been consistently hostile, and public opinion was by them again heated to boiling point. At the close of the school in June, 1900, it was felt that the situation in Yazoo City demanded the introduction of colored teachers, and as it was possible now to supply them, the work there was left with Dancer and Warnick. Though they were threatened, they were never really molested, and the school in Yazoo City has flourished ever since, being now wholly supported by the local Negro church.

The winter of 1898-9 was one of unprecedented severity. Nearly the whole South was frozen up, and in the Yazoo Valley, where it seldom freezes, the temperature in January dropped below zero. At Vicksburg a woman was found frozen to death between her bed and the hearth; another was burned to death crouching over her fire; and theirs were not the only cases of death. The frail board shanties, often with immense cracks between the boards, were little protection to the miserable inmates, who, fearing to go to bed, would huddle at night around their fireplaces.

The Southern Missionary Society had received from their friends in various states clothing and other supplies. Through "The Gospel Herald" and correspondence many were stirred to help. About seventy-five barrels of clothing were shipped to the Society, and the "Morning Star" and a barge were turned into receiving, assorting, and distributing agencies. Some of the barrels contained excellent garments, shoes, and hats; others were so worthless that they could only be dumped into the river. But the shivering, freezing inhabitants had cause to bless

their kind friends when they were fitted out with warm clothing, better in many cases than any of them had ever before known.

Not only were they suffering from cold, but often from hunger. The crops had been a partial failure, and many of the Negroes, as usual, saved almost nothing from their previous year's crop. And the more improvident a man was, the more difficult he found it to get credit in winter at the merchant's. Some were almost starving. Mr. White bought several barrels of molasses, corn grits, meal, flour, and dried apples, and running down from Yazoo City in the steamer, distributed the supplies where he found them most needed, particularly at Palo Alto and Calmar.

These supplies of food and clothing were not given out promiscuously, but after investigation of needs. When a large number applied for help, some responsible persons among them were selected as a committee of recommendation. At Calmar, for instance, N. W. Olvin, who was well acquainted with the circumstances of his people in that vicinity, was the agent through whom the Society received recommendations for help. The previous spring, when Olvin decided to keep the Sabbath, his preacher and others warned him against it, telling him that he would be cast out from among them, and no one would have anything to do with him, that he would lose his stock by mortgage, that he would have nothing to eat and nothing to wear, and that then he would appeal to them in vain for help.

But when the winter's freeze came, it was not Olvin, but his advisers, who were in need of neighborly sympathy and help. Olvin and his family were provided by the "Morning Star" with necessary food and with clothing far better than they had ever known before. His mortgaged stock were rescued, and he bade fair to weather through the winter better than anyone else thereabouts. When his former preacher and his neighbors saw how well it fared with him, they also came with appeals for help. The workers were very ready to grant help to them if they should prove worthy, but not knowing them all, they ruled that the needy ones should go

to their Brother Olvin and get his written recommendation. And so this black Mordecai, clad in royal apparel, and with the king's signet ring on his finger, played graciously the part of the magnanimous victor while his humbled Hamans proclaimed, "Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor." And the whole community was blessed through him.

But this charity was not altogether welcomed. The white population in general felt that this relief work by outsiders was a reflection upon themselves, and was inspiring the Negroes to look for undue sympathy and help to the "Morning Star" people.

In the fall of 1898, a building had been erected at Calmar, one part to serve as chapel and schoolhouse, and the other end as a home for the teacher. Mr. Dan G. Stephenson, a native Mississippian, was engaged to take charge here, and as there was a great interest among the Negroes at Calmar, it was felt that the prospects were flattering for a good school, with possibly an industrial development.

Prof. E. A. Sutherland and Prof. P. T. Magan, the president and the dean of Battle Creek College, visited this field in the autumn, and especially at Calmar were interested in making plans for co-operation of their college with the Southern Missionary Society. It was proposed to purchase land here, and besides training an army of young people in industrial education, to influence the neighborhood along the lines of more diversified agriculture.

This program, however, was never carried out, as local sentiment against such an enterprise proved to be very strong. Those who came to pioneer the industrial school, learned that it would be difficult to gain a foothold, and so they retired to labor elsewhere. Two, however, Mr. Vincent Crawford and Miss Mary Mitchell, being soon united in marriage, chose to remain in Mississippi, and are still engaged in labor in that state. For some years they have been laboring for white people.

The school had been progressing very satisfactorily when, in the month of May, a mob of white men came one night to the chapel, secured Mr. Stephenson, put him on a mule, and taking him to Redwood, the nearest railway station, put him on board train for his home in the northern part of the state. They took all the books, maps, and papers out of the schoolhouse and burned them, and nailed a board across the door with a sign painted in red, "Never to be opened again."

They then went to the homes of Casey and Olvin. The former escaped, but Olvin was taken out and whipped. In the excitement at his home, a pistol was discharged, accidentally it is said, the ball striking Olvin's wife in the leg, a wound from which she was ever afterwards lame. Olvin, a strapping big Negro, who before his conversion had been a violent as well as fearless man, went to Vicksburg, purchased a Winchester rifle and ammunition, and was with difficulty prevailed upon by Elder White not to go back and pick off his assailants. He was particularly bitter because his wife had been shot; and in response to representations that he, a Christian, should leave vengeance to the Lord, he remarked that he could trust the Lord to look after him, but he thought it his duty to look after his wife! It was represented to him that if he started a war on his own account, he would rouse the white people not only against himself but against the work of the Southern Missionary Society, whose work would be wiped out of existence in the Yazoo country. Finally he was persuaded to drop the matter and take back his rifle to the dealer, Elder White paying the loss of three dollars made in the double transaction.

The company at Calmar, however, remained firm, and even increased for a time in numbers, but persistent opposition following induced them, after some years, to sell out and remove elsewhere. The work at Calmar has never been reopened.

From experiences met with at Calmar, it became evident that the success-

ful prosecution of school work among the Negroes in the Southern States depended in large measure on the employment of trained colored teachers. The Southern Missionary Society exerted itself to procure such. Two have already been named who were stationed at Yazoo City. A little later, M. C. Strachan and W. H. Sebastian were employed; and in two or three years some of the early converts of Mississippi who later on attended the Oakwood school, were ready for service. Among these were Thomas Murphy, Frank Bryant, and W. J. Astrap. N. B. King, a public school teacher of Yazoo City, was another to enter the ranks about this time. Anna Knight, of Gitano, Miss., having received a thorough training as a teacher and nurse, joined the force of laborers about this time, first beginning in her own neglected community. The majority of these and other workers remain to this day, broadened with the years of experience, and serving now as capable leaders of their race. During this time, also, several Negro ministers who had been connected with the evangelistic work, came into closer co-operation with the Southern Missionary Society. Among these were Elders A. Barry, C. M. Kinney, and T. B. Buckner.

Shortly after the visits of Professors Sutherland and Magan, several white workers were sent by Battle Creek College, with the primary intention of beginning an industrial school work, probably at Calmar. The disturbances at Calmar, however, coming quickly after their arrival, disconcerted the original plan, and the most of the company returned to the North after short terms of service. Two among them, however, Mr. Vincent Crawford and Miss Mary Mitchell, being soon united in marriage, stayed by the work, and have remained in Mississippi ever since, at the present time being engaged in the white work. Mr. Crawford, besides being a teacher, was a skilled carpenter, and was employed not only in Mississippi but elsewhere in erecting many of the schoolhouses and other buildings of the Society.

In Vicksburg, the first chapel, on Walnut Street, proving too small, was sold, and another lot was purchased, on which was erected in 1900 a large and sub-

stantial church and school building, also a mission house for the teachers and other workers. A number of changes were made among the workers in the years 1899 and 1900, a complete shift being made in Vicksburg.

Miss M. M. Osborne was called at this time to pioneer another work. The General Conference planning to open a work in the city of Atlanta, Georgia, asked for Miss Osborne's release from the Mississippi work; and, with Elder M. C. Sturdevant of Birmingham, she went there to open the work. In this place she remained ten years, a fixture in the midst of a stream of more transient workers, and succeeded in establishing a permanent mission work and a thriving church.

Her work in Vicksburg had been most important. In the first place, her teaching and that of Miss Scott had prepared the favorable field to which the "Morning Star" workers were providentially directed; and afterwards, her influence upon the work was broad and deep. When Dr. Kynett and his family left Vicksburg, she took the large house which they had leased, and conducted the work from the same headquarters. A depot for special health foods and for clothing was established here, and here the Dorcas Society met every week, and the large Bible class for women every day. The day school work was continued, sometimes in emergencies with Miss Osborne in the schoolroom, though other teachers were for the most of the time available. The Christian help work was fostered under her direction and example, and the Vicksburg church was made an effective working force. The thorough understanding of the faith, the Christian activity and the stability of the church members, evident to this day, is largely due to the constant training and encouragement given them by Miss Osborne.

CHAPTER XX

A BROADENING WORK

In May, 1899, Elder White was called to Battle Creek on business connected with his book work, and this kept him in the North for many weeks. The health of himself and his wife had suffered severely, and as the hot weather came on, it seemed injudicious for him to return immediately to Mississippi. Occasional visits were made to the Yazoo field by Elder White, but, as the event proved, his close personal connection with that part of the field was now closed. The work there was in the hands of competent men, and though the presence in the field of Elder and Mrs. White would have been of great advantage, there were other considerations which upheld a different course.

It had become evident that the Southern Missionary Society faced a broadening work, and it must either lay plans for meeting it, or ignobly lie down before its responsibilities. Not only were strong schools operating at Vicksburg and Yazoo City, but companies had been developed at various other points, and calls for schools were being made from a number of places, large and small. But the resources of the Society were not equal to the demands made upon it. The teachers in the schools already established could hardly be provided with necessities of life. The Society itself had no regular income. A few small gifts, mostly through the Smouse enterprise, had been made, which were invested in school properties; but the maintenance of its working force was a very serious matter. A small tuition of ten cents a week was charged pupils in the mission schools, but often this could not be collected, and the income from this source was seldom more than enough to meet the current expenses of the school itself. The teachers

had no regular salary, and while, by the exertion and personal sacrifice of Elder White, they were supplied with food, they were often in great want.

Appeals to the General Conference to assist these workers were not favorably received, this organization (which was itself embarrassed financially) turning a deaf ear to these appeals. Indeed, there was not in official circles much inclination to countenance or assist this enterprise, which lay under the opprobrium of being "a private enterprise." Yet, notwithstanding it was a private enterprise, it had results that were telling for the upbuilding of the general work. Good churches had been organized in several places, and their members were paying their tithes and offerings, which were duly transmitted to the treasury of the General Conference, Mississippi being at that time under its direct control. The grace of cheerful giving was not unfamiliar to the Negroes, and met with a faithful response from them though the method of quiet, unostentatious, and systematic giving was very different from their usual spectacular church collections. But their eagerness to observe the duties as well as share the privileges of Christian communion, was illustrated in the man and wife who came from the interior one Sabbath day to the church at Vicksburg, introducing themselves as Seventh-day Adventists, and producing in evidence thereof twenty dollars in nickels and dimes which they had slowly saved as tithe from their earnings. No one had ever visited them at their home, no one seemed to know of them; but in some way they had learned and accepted the two outward distinguishing forms of Seventh-day Adventists, the Sabbath and the tithe.

True, the money received from the negro converts was little in comparison with what was being expended by the Southern Missionary Society in mission work, but it was the earnest of a solid foundation now being laid, in which the general organization might well invest. Aside, however, from the small salaries paid Elder White and Mr. Halladay, and for short periods to one or two other workers, and an occasional bequest for a special purpose, there was no financial support

accorded this growing work. It was difficult, certainly, perhaps impossible, for the General Conference, with an almost empty treasury, and harrassed by the needs of a world-wide field, to do more directly for this small if destitute field. There was, however, as was well known and soon proved, a sufficiency of money to be obtained from the people, if sanction might be given to a direct appeal. It was the refusal of the general organization to approve of such a course, while on its own part unable to meet the needs, that caused the distress in this work.

But either it must be supported, or it must be abandoned. The private income of the president of the Southern Missionary Society, small as it was, was constantly being used up, even in advance, by the demands of the work. The broader grew the opportunities, the narrower grew the prospect for using those opportunities. It was with deepening concern, and often with anguish of mind, that Elder White contemplated the present situation and the future prospects.

In Battle Creek he found some friends. Dr. J. H. Kellogg, superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium and president of the Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association, sympathized with this work, and often extended aid, sometimes of money, sometimes of workers. It was at Dr. Kellogg's suggestion that in May, 1898, the "Gospel Herald" was started as a medium of communication with the public. But the initial policy of the paper was not to make direct appeals for money, but simply to represent the character and needs of the work. Through its columns, as has been stated, appeals were sent out for clothing in the cold winter of 1898-99; and in a general way the need of funds for the prosecution of the work was kept before the readers.

After having had the circumstances laid before her, Mrs. E. G. White, under date of August 14, 1898, wrote from Australia to her son:

I know how hard you are striving to push the work forward; but so long as you have that portion of the field to work, perplexities will

arise, and your only relief will be to take these matters to the Lord in prayer. Dwell not in silence; speak to the Lord, and He will say, "Here I am; what will you that I shall do?"

You are the Lord's agent. God has ways and means, and He will surely fulfil His word. . . . God has not purposed that there should be an organized board of directors having supervision over the Southern field who shall carry stones with which to hinder and block every turn of the wheel. The stones which they carry should be put behind the wheels, not before them, that every advance move may count. The neglect of doing the very work that ought to have been done in the Southern field, and that could have been done years ago with much less difficulty than now, clearly reveals the stubbornness of the men who should be carrying forward this work.

You ask me what you shall do, in view of the fact that so little help is given to the portion of the field in which you are working. I would say, Trust it all with the Lord. There is a way opened for you in regard to securing help for the Southern field. Appeal to the people. This is the only course you can pursue, under the circumstances. Send no statement of the situation through your religious papers; because it will not be honored. Send direct to the people. God's ways are not to be counterworked by man's ways. There are those who have means, and who will give both small and large sums. Have this money come direct to your destitute portion of the vineyard. The Lord has not specified any regular channel through which means should pass.

Instruction from this source is recognized as authoritative by all Seventh-day Adventists, but Elder White was loath to employ this means to the extent his work demanded. To take such a course could very easily be construed by those bearing the heavy burden of denominational finance, as a sort of

spirito-commercial brigandage. Such appeals as were made by letter and through the "Gospel Herald" for the following year were far within the limits of the instruction received.

In April, 1899, Elder White wrote the president of the General Conference in detail concerning the experiences of the Southern Missionary Society in the Mississippi work, and said: "I have waited long before writing you what I am about to write, hoping that something would be done, but as you are leaving for Australia, and I do not see how matters can be arranged in your absence, I must say that I shall be driven to appeal to our people, giving them an understanding of the situation. . . . But I am looking for Elder Allee [superintendent of the Southern field] very soon, and if he is prepared to relieve the situation immediately, I shall be glad, for I do not want to take any steps that may seem to be aggressive."

When he went to Battle Creek the following month, Elder White came in close contact with the College people. There was a very considerable sympathy in that institution for the work of the Southern Missionary Society. Among the undergraduates a "Southern Band," organized by students who had been in the South, were making a study of the field, and a number were prepared to enter the South as workers.

President Sutherland and Dean Magan entered with sympathy and energy into the needs of the Southern Missionary Society, and with their assistance there was inaugurated a systematic appeal, with a follow-up plan, to Seventh-day Adventists in the Northern states. The response of the people was deeply encouraging. Several thousand dollars came to the Society within a short time, and the prospects for the energetic prosecution of the work became bright.

Close co-operation between the College and the Southern Missionary Society continued. Though the College people who went South in the spring of 1899 were unable, on account of unsettled conditions there, to carry out the original

plans for establishing an industrial school at Calmar, and though other circumstances finally destroyed the prospects for its establishment elsewhere in the state, the connection of this vigorous college with the Southern Missionary Society has had, even to the present time, a very telling effect in general influence and in providing workers both for the Negroes and for the whites.

At the invitation of the College, Elder White established a printing shop in quarters provided by the institution, and here, from August, 1899, to December 1900, the "Gospel Herald" was printed, and other literature in regard to the Southern field and Christian education. During this time an excellent seller was produced in the child's book, "Best Stories from the Best Book."

In view of the prospective extension of Southern Missionary Society operations, it was felt that a more central as well as more healthful location might be obtained than in the Yazoo Valley. With these points in mind, Elder White and his co-workers finally decided upon Nashville, Tenn., a city with a large Negro population, where Negro educational work was already well known and favorably regarded. This decision was reached in February, 1900, (m. Letter E. G. W. Feb. 18) and a place was rented in the outskirts of Nashville, at 1909 Grand Avenue, to which the headquarters of the Southern Missionary Society were removed. Various hindrances, however, kept Elder White for the most of the time in the North and West until November, and the "Gospel Herald" continued to be published in Battle Creek till the first of 1901.

In a communication from Mrs. E. G. White a little later, this change was approved. She wrote: "The Lord has set the seal of His approval on the efforts to establish memorials to His name in the city of Nashville. He has signified that from this important center, the light of the truth for this time shall radiate to every part of the Southern field. Nashville is a natural center for our work in the South. And the influence of the various educational and

publishing institutions established there, makes the city a favorable place in which to carry on many lines of our work. In Nashville much interest is taken in this race. In and near the city are large schools for the colored people. . . . There should be given a representation of our work that will be an object-lesson in genuine Christian education and medical missionary training." (M. Collection, p. 233.)

The "Morning Star" was brought up to Nashville, with the intention of its being used on the Cumberland as it had been used on the Mississippi and the Yazoo. But it was never thereafter employed to any great extent in evangelistic work, and in 1903⁶ was by accident burned to the water's edge.

*Not
1903*

Elder F. W. Halladay, who had not been ordained, was called from Mississippi to connect in successively different capacities with the general work of the Southern Missionary Society, and the work in Mississippi was left under the immediate charge of Prof. F. R. Rogers.

Shortly after Elder White's arrival in Nashville, a permanent site for the work was found in property at 1025-27 Jefferson Street, on the north side of the city. The money for the purchase of this property was donated by Mr. B. A. Rogers, who about this time, having sold his farm in Michigan, with his wife joined the Southern Missionary Society in Nashville. A two-story double brick store, 38 x 48 feet, was on the place, and the Society soon erected an addition in the rear, making quite commodious quarters for the printing work.

Mr. White had now, with the counsel of others, determined to establish a publishing house in the South, the profits of whose work could be devoted to the benefit of the Southern field. The plant established on Jefferson Street was termed the Herald Publishing Company. This name it kept for over a year, when the business was incorporated under the name of the Southern Publishing Association, the title which it has ever since held. It engaged in the publishing not only of the monthly "Gospel Herald," but of several of the books which

J. E. White had produced: "Gospel Primer," "The Coming King," "Best Stories from the Best Book," "The Story of Joseph," etc., and other simple literature at low prices.

In the autumn of 1900 Mrs. E. G. White returned to America. She remained in California for some months, and then, in the early spring, came east to attend the General Conference of 1901. With her son, Elder W. C. White, her secretaries, and several others, she stopped on her way in the South. They first visited Vicksburg, where delegates from Yazoo City, Calmar, and other places met them, and the new church and school building was dedicated, after an address by Mrs. White. From there the party proceeded to the Society headquarters at Nashville, where a council of Society and Conference officers was held on March 19 and 20.

Mrs. White vigorously advocated advanced action to meet the needs of the colored people, urging especially the fostering of the school and the medical missionary work. This council was of great help to the cause of the Southern Missionary Society. Not only were the infant enterprises already begun encouraged to develop, but plans were laid for new and aggressive work in other lines. Hydropathic treatment-rooms for the colored people had already been established in the heart of Nashville, and this work was commended. The publishing work received approval, and its extension was planned. The health food business was begun by the establishment of a bakery, an enterprise which developed into the now flourishing Dixie Food Co.

From this council the party proceeded to Battle Creek, Michigan, where on April 2 was opened the most important General Conference, in some respects, ever held among the Seventh-day Adventists. At this conference a general re-organization was made. Elder A. G. Daniells was elected president. An important change was inaugurated by the delegates from the South, who, at the suggestion of Mrs. White, petitioned to be set off with their four conferences and three mission fields into a Union Conference, with a greater degree of local self-government.

The action creating this Union Conference was followed by a similar treatment of the rest of the world field.

Elder R. M. Kilgore was returned to the South as president of this Union Conference. A cordial co-operative basis was established between the new Union and the Southern Missionary Society, the latter not only being given general charge of the Negro work throughout the South, but being assisted by a general collection each year, and by having a free field for the gathering of funds, the distribution of literature, and other methods of creating interest and securing help for the Negro cause. The next eight years were a period of rapid development in the work of the Southern Missionary Society.

CHAPTER XXI

AT THE CREST

The new arrangements gave the Southern Missionary Society both a wider field and heavier financial burdens. Before the organization of the Union Conference, its work had been almost wholly in Mississippi, where it had charge of four mission schools and several Bible and ministerial workers. Two or three of these persons had been on the payroll of the General Conference. Now not only were these workers released, but several other ministers engaged in the Negro work, and two or three schools which had been partially self-supporting, were given over by the General Conference to the Union Conference, by which they were referred to the local conferences, several of which were formed out of mission territory at this time. But these local conferences being new and weak, were unable to care for these workers, and referred them to the Southern Missionary Society, which assumed their support. The mission school teachers and the ministers accepted the lowest possible living wage, none, though heads of families, receiving more than \$10 a week, and the majority of single teachers existing on salaries as low as \$3.50 a week. Yet, in the outset, it was with the greatest difficulty that the Society could get money to meet its weekly payroll. No direct appropriation had been made it from the general treasury. The money it had gathered from the field had been required for building, equipment, and wage, as fast as obtained, and its treasury was empty when it shouldered the new burdens. It was for the time being relieved by a loan of \$1,000 from Mrs. E. G. White, who herself borrowed the money, but this was only a temporary expedient.

The publishing house, which had been started in 1900 by J. E. White,

was at this time incorporated as the Southern Publishing Association, and the business of the Review and Herald branch office, previously located in Atlanta, was united with it at Nashville. The earnings of this company no longer accrued to the Southern Missionary Society.

The treatment rooms which had been begun in Nashville were expanded into a fairly well equipped sanitarium. Two experienced nurses were obtained from the Battle Creek Sanitarium; and F. M. Young and wife, from Ottawa, Ill., were engaged as business manager and matron. The services of a teacher in the Meharry Medical College were secured for consultation and surgery. The purchase and furnishing of this sanitarium called for a large outlay of money, the property being bought for \$3575, and the cost of equipment, despite the donation of valuable apparatus by Dr. Kellogg, bringing the investment to over \$5,000. Only a small portion of the purchase price was paid, and the remainder must be raised in \$500 installments semi-annually.

The plans of the Southern Missionary Society, moreover, included the establishment of an industrial school near Nashville. The need of such a school at Nashville was strongly urged by Mrs. E. G. White, and was keenly felt by the Society's managers. This object, however, though always kept in mind, and several times planned for, was never accomplished by the Society, but languished until the establishment of the Hillcrest School in 1907.

The Society at this time, besides, upon solicitation, assumed control of a white school at Hildebran, N. C., which it managed for two years. While it eventually disposed of this obligation, misfortunes connected with the work there entailed upon the Society a heavy loss.

The management of all these enterprises required a large and steady income. The resources at that time consisted of the proceeds from the Smouse enterprise and personal gifts from interested individuals, with whom an extensive correspondence was carried on.

At the General Conference of 1903, held in Oakland, Cal., the president of the Southern Missionary Society stated that, "For two years no advanced work has been done by the Society. All that we have been able to do is to continue the work previously established." (m. Southern Missionary, No. 2, p. 7.) Nevertheless, while this may necessarily have been the policy of the Society, in order to avoid debt, there could not be an absolute standstill, and we find about this time the report of the erection of two churches and schoolhouses, one at Nashville, the other at Jackson, Miss.

Eight years had now passed since the "Morning Star" first tied up below Fort Hill. In those eight years we find, by the report of the president, that "Five ordained ministers have been developed in the work of the Southern Missionary Society. None of these were workers for any conference when they were taken up by the Society. In their subsequent experience they became so well fitted for their work that they were ordained as ministers, two of them by the General Conference and three by the Southern Union Conference. All these ministers are now doing efficient ministerial work in the South. Two other public speakers are also doing good work, and it is expected they will soon be ready for ordination.

"Thirteen school-teachers have in different ways been fitted for their work. Some have been brought from the North, some who were qualified have been converted to the truth; and some have been educated to the work, beginning in the mission schools and finishing in the Huntsville Training School. Some of these are principals of our important mission schools, and some are filling positions as intermediate and primary teachers. Several teachers of special ability and sterling worth are among this number.

"The superintendent and matron of the Nashville Colored Sanitarium were brought from private home life in the North. Two nurses are in training, and others are soon expected to begin a course of study in this department. One young

man is being educated by the Society as a physician, at the Meharry Medical College, of Nashville, and another is being assisted in his course at the same school. Both are intelligent, well-educated young men. One will graduate in eighteen months, and the other one year later.

"A number of good Bible-workers have been developed. Some of the teachers are also becoming proficient workers in this department."

A financial report of the Society was made at this time, which showed that it had used over twenty-one thousand dollars, the larger part of which was invested in real estate and equipment. "We have," said Elder White, "the records showing the names of the donors, and accounting for every cent that has come to the Society for eight years, and these have all been published periodically in the "Gospel Herald." The statement given "includes all received from Restitution Fund, gifts, legacies, and from all other outside sources. It covers donations for a period of eight years, with the exception of something over \$300 assistance received for the building of the first church in Vicksburg. It is given to January 1, 1903:--

"Total received from donations, appropriations, etc.	\$19,448.59
Profit on sales and business enterprises,	2,193.92
Total receipts,	<u>21,642.51</u>

Resources.

Vicksburg property,	5,000.00
Hildebran school property,	3,400.00
Yazoo City school property,	800.00
Columbus school property,	500.00
Yazoo City lot,	300.00
Wilsonia lot,	100.00

Total real estate, 10,100.00

Invested in Nashville colored sanitarium,	2,109.50
School and industrial equipment, etc.	400.00
Office fixtures,	160.25
Stock in business enterprises,	54.69
Bills and accounts receivable,	815.33
Cash in bank,	135.64

Total, 13,775.41

<u>Liabilities</u>		
Bills payable,		\$ 1,768.00
Accounts payable,		1,060.73
	Total,	<u>2,828.73</u>
Present worth,		\$10,946.68

"It will be seen that the present worth of the Society represents more than half the entire receipts for eight years. The remainder has been paid out in the necessary expenses of the work. Out of these running expenses we would mention the following:—

Aid given to the needy,	\$ 2,299.35
Headquarters expense,	2,210.37

"The remainder of all receipts have been expended in the field work of the Society. This includes several hundred dollars given by the Society to different schools not under its control. When a school was in need, even though carried on by private individuals, we would send them help if we could."

A strong appeal was then made by Elder White for moral and financial assistance, for workers from the North, and for the education of prospective workers in the South. "We do not want," he said, "we do not want our colored workers sent to the North for their education. It is the worst thing you can do for them. The greatest trouble we have had in the South is with those who have gone to the North to receive education, who have then come back with a desire to do down there just as they did in the North. It is not possible to do this, and their work is generally wrecked before they see their mistake. Do not think you are going to reform the customs of the South. You might just as well attempt to change the course of the Mississippi River. If you can not come down there with the simple object in mind to work for souls, and take the conditions just as they are, in the name of our Master, stay away. We do not want reformers on social equality to come down into our Southern field."

Following the address of the president of the Southern Missionary Society, Mrs. E. G. White made a strong plea. She commended the evangelistic

efforts of the conferences, the training schools for both white and colored, the various sanitarium interests, and the publishing work, and urged their development. But especially for the work for the Negro, which had been shouldered almost wholly by the Southern Missionary Society, did she present an earnest defense and a fervent appeal:--

During the time of the end the activity of Satan's servants will greatly increase. The activity of God's servants is to increase proportionately. Christian is to unite with Christian, church with church, in the accomplishment of God's work, and all are to be under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Angels are ascending and descending the ladder of shining brightness, arrayed for the defense of God's people. They are commissioned to draw nearer and still nearer to those who are fighting in defense of their faith. Will you seek to pull the weapons out of the hands of those who are fighting in the warfare? Will you hinder them because they are not doing just exactly what you think they ought to be doing?

A good beginning has been made in the Southern field. Impressions favorable to the truth have been made, and prejudice has been removed. In the forward march of events, the Lord has wrought wonderfully for the advancement of this work. Battles have been fought and victories won. The work is to be supported and vindicated, for God is in it. By His blessing many will see that it is being done in fulfilment of His purpose, and will say, It is of God: let us not be found fighting against Him.

When God's people are willing to follow the path of providence where Christ leads the way, their numbers will increase and their boundaries will be greatly enlarged. But as yet the reformation that God requires has not taken place. The Lord has gone before His people, but unbelief has pressed in on every side. Not one-thousandth part of the work has been done

that should have been done for the colored people, who need help more than any other people in America.

What excuse can be given to God for the awful condition of the colored race? God asks, "Why are those living in this part of My vineyard left to become the sport of Satan's temptations?" He calls for united action. But no blind zeal is to be shown. Nothing is to be done in defiance of law; but the truth is to be proclaimed and lived.

Angels have hushed the music of their harps as they have looked upon a people unable, because of their past slavery, to help themselves. And yet those who have the torch of truth kindled from the divine altar have not carried the light to this sin-darkened field. There are those who have turned from the work of rescuing the down-trodden and degraded, refusing to help the helpless. Let the servants of Christ begin at once to redeem their neglect, that the dark stain on their record may be wiped out.

Let the work in the Southern field go forward. Let no one say: "Money is not needed in this field. It is needed more in my part of the vineyard." Let God's people begin at once to redeem their neglect. Let the gospel message ring through our churches, summoning them to universal action. Let no one look upon the work that has been done for the colored people as of no account, for the Lord has said, "I accept it."

Those who place themselves under God's control, to be guided and controlled by Him, will catch the steady tread of the events ordained by Him to take place. A holy, consuming emulation will take possession of them. Let the church have increased faith, catching zeal from their unseen, heavenly allies, from the knowledge of their exhaustless resources, from the greatness of the enterprise in which they are engaged, and from the power of their Leader. Let them gain from God strength for the accomplishment of the

great work to be done for the most needy people in this Christian nation. Let no man lay his hand upon the means and resources, saying, "They are more needed somewhere else."

When God's people heed a "Thus saith the Lord," the dearth of means brought about by transactions that do not bear the stamp of divine approval will be removed. When they catch the spirit of Him who gave His life for the life of the world, they will no longer stand still in impotency, pointing to what they can not do, and forbidding others to work. Putting on the armor of Christ's righteousness, they will go forth into the warfare, willing to do and dare for God, knowing that in His omnipotence He will supply their need.

Brethren, shall not the work for the colored people go forward? Will you not say "Amen!" to this?

The General Conference responded with an appropriation of \$200 a month to the Southern Missionary Society, and an endorsement of its efforts to secure funds by other means. Elder George I. Butler, a former General Conference president, but long resident in the South, and now for nearly two years president of the Southern Union, wrote his endorsement of the work of the Society in which he said:—

The Southern Missionary Society was organized to assist, sustain, and develop this work. Its work is still in progress, and never did its prospects for good seem brighter than at the present moment. It is needless to say to many of the readers of this article that Elder J. E. White and his co-laborers were the ones who planned and engineered this movement. Like every other good movement, its progress has been beset with many difficulties. None but those connected with the movement can ever realize their magnitude. One of the difficulties has been that many of our people have failed to comprehend the nature of the work being done, resulting in a consequent indifference to it, or even suspicion of it.

An appeal is now being made to our people to sustain the work of the Southern Missionary Society. This appeal has my hearty sympathy and endorsement. I would gladly have our people everywhere know that my sympathies are with this Society in its labors of love for the needy colored people."

Elder White, shortly before the conference, had dedicated "The Story of Joseph," a new and beautifully printed book, to the cause, all the proceeds from its sales going to the Society. This work was advertised through "The Southern Missionary," a paper irregularly published by the Society, and the plan was also broached in the denominational church paper, "The Review & Herald," receiving in the same number the endorsement of the General Conference president, Elder A. G. Daniells, who said:—

In another column will be found an appeal from the Southern Missionary Society in behalf of the work among the colored people in the South. This is more than an appeal; it is an appeal accompanied by a simple, feasible plan by which the appeal can be made effective. I believe this will commend itself to the judgment of every thoughtful reader of the Review. The need of this teaching and gospel ministry in the South is certainly very great. Our love and pity for the millions there in darkness will surely help us to respond to this appeal in the way suggested in the plan accompanying it. . . . As a result of these efforts, many sheaves may be garnered for the kingdom. (m. R. & H. Nov. 12, '03.)

"The Story of Joseph," in the next six years, brought to the Society over ten thousand dollars, thus being a large factor in the financing of the work.

Another plan which appealed to all classes was that of the Self-Denial Boxes. This plan was instituted in January, 1904, upon a suggestion contained

in a letter from Mrs. White, as follows:—

My Dear Brethren and Sisters Everywhere: I wish to ask if you would not regard it as a privilege to lay aside a certain sum weekly for the Southern field? Will you not put in a prominent place in your home a box with the inscription, "For the Work Among the Colored People of the South"? Will you not ask your children to put into this box the money that they would otherwise spend for candy and other needless things? When visitors come to your home, they will see the box, and will ask in regard to it. Let the children tell the story of their effort to help a needy missionary field by denying self.

The Society, upon this suggestion, prepared neat little folding paste-board boxes, attached to a calendar card. This attractive little box, bearing upon its face scenes in the black belt, from the white-haired old uncle to the jolly little pickaninnies sporting in the cotton piles, were received into thousands of homes, where, hung upon the wall, they were a daily reminder of the needs of the South and a suggestion of greater simplicity and self-denial. For into them was to go the money that the children might save from coveted candy, or firecrackers, or ribbons, or amusements, and what the older ones might save by more careful thought of necessities versus luxuries.

"This box is a new pet to our children," wrote one mother. "Very often they put in a nickle on the sly. Then they are anxious to know how much is in it, and can hardly wait until I empty the box to count it." "My Self-Denial Box," writes another, "hangs in my dining-room, and you would be surprised to know the interest taken in it by many, even unbelievers, who call at our home. Some leave a penny, others five cents, and some ten cents. All think it is a good thing, and appreciate the work we are doing for the colored people in the South. My box is almost worn out with handling." A little girl wrote, "Here is one

dollar out of my Self-Denial Box, for the Southern Missionary work. It is not all self-denial, though. I earned fifty cents bringing in wood, and picking berries, and washing dishes, and grandpa gave me fifty cents more. I am six years old." Two little sisters, "Ruita and Tavita C.," wrote, "Dear Workers in the South, Please find enclosed the contents of our Self-Denial Box. Last summer mama gave us each a hen to set, and the chickens were to be for this work; but as chickens were cheap when we sold ours, we had only one dollar and ten cents. We asked the Lord to bless it, but very much wished it was more. Papa sent us on an errand to a neighbor's, who asked about how our missionary box was getting along, and gave us fifty cents to put in it, saying that he wanted to help in that work too. We were very thankful for this. This man was not one of our people, but had been watching our missionary chickens and asking how they were getting along all summer."

These Self-Denial Boxes were for some years a very considerable source of revenue to the Society, and not only did they help the colored work, but they were the means of assisting a Christian grace in the lives of many thousands.

From 1903 the work of the Society progressed rapidly. Elder J. E. White, while remaining upon the board of the Society, retired from the presidency in 1905, Elder G. I. Butler becoming the president for two years. In 1907 Elder C. F. McVagh was elected president. From 1903 to 1909 Elder C. P. Bollman was the secretary of the Society's facilities and field of operation. At different times tours were made in the North and West by Elder White, Elder Bollman, and Professor Rogers, for the raising of funds and the creating of interest in other respects, and the regular channels of the Society were kept open through correspondence.

The last two presidents were at the same time the presidents of the Southern Union Conference. Their selection to head the Southern Missionary Society was in line with an effort to unite the Society more closely with the Conference, that there might be greater co-operation and more success.

At the quadrennial General Conference of 1909, held in Washington, D.C., there was organized a national Negro Department, which was designed to assume and foster all work of the denomination for the Negro in America. Into this department the Southern Missionary Society was merged, and with this merger the separate activities of the Society ceased. While the corporation has not been dissolved, and the property is still held in its name, all operations are in the hands of the Negro Department, to whom the properties belonging to the Society were delivered.

The chief part of the Society's real estate consisted of church and school properties. It was through their system of primary schools that their influence had been greatest. Beginning with the school at Vicksburg, at the end of six years of strenuous labor there were five such schools. But in the last half of its life, the Society increased the number tenfold. These primary schools were the first step in the training of Christian workers; they were the means of starting fully a hundred persons upon their preparation as technical Christian workers, not to mention many hundreds of others whose useful lives in their communities make them in God's sight not less His workmen. The training school at Oakwood was for several years chiefly filled from the primary schools of the Society, one school alone, that of Yazoo City, having the record of sending seventy-five students to Oakwood. This policy of education,—not only intellectual, but practical and religious education,—was in accordance with instruction given concerning the Negro work:—

Promising young men and young women should be educated to become teachers. They should have the very best advantages. School-houses and meeting-houses should be built in different places, and teachers employed.

Those who for years have been working to help the colored people, are well fitted to give counsel in regard to the opening of such schools.

So far as possible, these schools should be established outside the cities. But in the cities there are many children who could not attend schools away from the cities; and for the benefit of these, schools should be opened in the cities as well as in the country.

The children and youth in these schools are to be taught something more than merely how to read. Industrial lines of work are to be carried forward. The students are to be provided with facilities for learning trades that will enable them to support themselves.

Our churches in the North, as well as in the South, should do what they can to help support the school work for the colored children. The schools already established should be faithfully maintained. The establishment of new schools will require additional funds. Let all our brethren and sisters do their part wholeheartedly to place these schools on vantage-ground. (fn. Testimonies for the Church, Vol. IX, p. 201.)

When in 1909 it placed its work and its facilities in the hands of the Negro Department, the Society had over fifty of these primary schools in operation, of which the following make an incomplete list:—

Alabama
Gadsden
Mobile
Montgomery
Sylacauga

Arkansas
Devall Bluff

Georgia
Atlanta
Brunswick

Kentucky
Lexington
Louisville

Louisiana
Newellton
New Orleans

Florida
Daytona
East Palatka
Fernandina
Jacksonville
Plant City
Pensacola

Mississippi
Brookhaven
Canton
Clarksdale
Columbus
Ellisville
Greenwood
Greenville
Hattisburg
Jackson
King's Crossing
Natches

Palmer
Roseneath
Soso
Vicksburg
Yazoo City

North Carolina
Asheville

South Carolina
Charleston
Spartanburg

Tennessee
Chattanooga
Edgefield Junction
Knoxville
Nashville

Some of these were newly established; others were ten to twelve years old. Some of them held records of success and progress under most adverse circumstances. There are reports of schools held in log cabins and in barns, and very many in private houses, sometimes crowded to suffocation. As far as it had been able, the Society had erected school buildings, of which it had in 1909 eighteen. In the other places it provided suitable rented buildings as far as practicable.

The medical work of the Southern Missionary Society had not been developed as far as had its school work, but it was keenly alive to the need. Indeed, practically all its workers were trained in principles and practice of hygiene and simple treatments, and often reports came from the teachers and evangelists of remarkable cases of healing by rational treatment and prayer. The Society recognized that there is a work to be done by visiting nurses and itinerant medical evangelists, but such workers of the Negro race had first to be trained. As strong efforts as possible were made to begin this work. Students were assisted in getting a medical training, and the Nashville Colored Sanitarium was inaugurated. The property first purchased for this institution in 1902 was afterwards sold as unsuitable, and after two or three removals to rented quarters, in 1908 a property in East Nashville was purchased for \$3650. This property on the corner of Foster and Steward Streets, was an old-time mansion, whose owner desired to sell because of the encroaching colored section. Improvements were made in the form of an additional building containing treatment rooms, and here the Rock City Sanitarium, as it was called, in an excellent location and with good facilities, found at last a permanent home.

Dr. Lottie C. Isbell, who had for two or three years gone through the vicissitudes of the old Colored Sanitarium in the downtown district, was continued as its medical superintendent. Besides its ministry to sufferers, the

institution made a training school for colored nurses. Such a sanitarium, the only existing Negro sanitarium using the world-famed Battle Creek Sanitarium methods, was highly appreciated by the race. It has had for its patrons many men of prominence in business and educational circles, and has received their unqualified commendation.

A valuable medical missionary work had also been begun in connection with the school work in Atlanta, Georgia. Property close to two of the leading Negro colleges had been purchased, where not only church and school buildings were erected, but treatment rooms, in connection with which Miss Anna Knight, who was in general charge, established a branch Young Women's Christian Association.

These sanitarium properties were transferred, with the rest of the Society's interests, to the Negro Department in the merger of 1909.

The last six years of the Society's life constituted the period of greatest activity and increase. Especially was this true in the educational work, which from the beginning had been the foundation of its success. The Society had under its direction some ministers and evangelists, but its evangelistic work was educational, for it did not regard itself as a mere proselyting agency. While its workers prized highly the truths which particularly distinguish Seventh-day Adventists, as being agencies to fit men for better service, and while they sought to inoculate others with these truths, that they also might become soul winners, they felt their mission to be beyond that of proselyters; they regarded themselves as ministers of Jesus Christ to the physical and social as well as the spiritual needs of men.

There had, indeed, been considerable accessions to the ranks of Seventh-day Adventists as the result of the Society's labors. Whereas, when they began operations, there were scarcely fifty Seventh-day Adventists in the whole Southern field, at the close of their fourteen years of labor, there were over nine hundred,

the great majority of whom were their converts. And these converts, especially the young people, were very largely in specific training, both in church and school relations, for Christian workers. The words of the Southern Missionary Society management, at the time of the transfer of responsibilities, are still pertinent, in their larger sense, to the conditions in the field of Negro missions:-

Always the underlying method of the Southern Missionary Society has been to reach the people where they are. Its influence has ever been felt in the homes and communities where the people must live their lives. The motto has been to educate the head, improve the morals, make more useful and efficient the lives, preach a good Bible gospel, and make life more worth living.

To accomplish this, schools have been opened and centers of influence have been established in many places. The good fruit of such work is already manifesting itself. The tone of whole communities has been improved, homes have been cleansed and elevated, and for individuals the whole trend of their lives has been changed.

The Southern Missionary Society, during the ten years of its legal life, has proved itself indispensable to the Southern field. Its fifty-five schools with over eighteen hundred pupils, its beneficial, uplifting influence in the homes of the people, the clear religious sentiment instilled and maintained, are all grand evidences of the sound principles adopted early in the work, and to the conservative yet aggressive management which has brought this work into such a position that its usefulness and permanency can not be gainsaid.

Dear friends, the enumerating of the facilities now being employed in this important work shows that it is onward. We do not come before you with words of disappointment and discouragement, but with words of

hope and cheer. Not always has the work moved with the celerity which the workers have desired to see, but there has been no stopping, no retrograding, but always a steady, sound advancement. God has gone before the work along all lines of advancement, and He has cleared the way for a greater work in the future.

CHAPTER XXII

PROGRESS IN TRAINING

The Oakwood school grew slowly but solidly. A very large number of its students were able to pay little or no cash, and the profitable work the school could furnish them was limited almost wholly to the farm. In the first years, much of the labor was in the form of an investment,—the clearing of brush-covered fields and the erection of new buildings. The school property, under the management of a board of trustees, was held by the General Conference, and that body was often so hard pressed for funds that the lone Negro school had to suffer for lack of equipment and competent help. Nevertheless, in the face of difficulties financial, administrative, and pedagogic, the school has from the first made an admirable showing in the training of Christian workers. A large number of teachers and evangelists employed by the Southern Missionary Society received a part or all of their training at Oakwood, and of late years the various conferences have looked almost wholly to this school for their supply of laborers. The yearly enrollment since 1898 has run from forty to one hundred.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs remained as manager and matron of the school until 1903, when, their health demanding a change, they were reluctantly excused. During a part of this time Mr. Lewin Jacobs and Miss Clara Jacobs acted as instructors. Elder H. S. Shaw was principal in 1897 and 1898. In 1899 Prof. B. E. Nicola joined the school as principal, in which position he remained until 1904. Miss Hattie Andre acted as a teacher and as preceptress during her three years of service at the Oakwood school. Her Christian character and earnest devotion to the needs of her charges greatly endeared her to the students, and it was with the

keenest regrets that they bade her good-bye when in 1902 she was suddenly called to the Avondale school in Australia. From 1902 till 1904 Miss Jennis Williams, a graduate nurse, was an instructor, and did excellent and much needed work especially in health lines.

During the incumbency of Mr. Jacobs and Professor Nicola, there was progress in both material and literary phases. The farm was brought up to a good state of cultivation, considering its worn-out condition at the beginning. They made an average yield to the acre of thirty bushels of corn, a ton and a half of hay, and a half bale of cotton, an advance from ten bushels, half a ton, and one-fifth bale.

In buildings there had been erected a barn, a two-story addition to the old mansion, West Hall, and Chapel Hall.

The school from the beginning was forced to do elementary work, because many pupils came who had not the rudiments. The highest work during these years embraced the eighth grade, but besides the common branches belonging to that class, special studies were given in Bible, in teaching, and in nursing, as well as the industrial work in agriculture, carpentry, housekeeping, cookery, and dressmaking.

In 1904 an almost complete change was made in the faculty, the only one of the old teachers remaining being Prof. E. B. Melendy, who had then been with the school for one year. At this time Prof. F. R. Rogers was elected as principal, and the other teachers added this year were Mrs. Rogers, F. W. Hallady, O. R. Stains and wife, and W. J. Blake. Professor Rogers remained with the school only one year, when the general superintendency of mission schools, which he had retained, required his whole attention. Prof. G. H. Baber took the principalship the following year, and Prof. W. H. Williams was added to the list of teachers. Miss Olive M. Shannon was matron in 1906 and 1907. Dr. Lottie C. Isbell, the superintendent of the Nashville Colored Sanitarium, was also placed upon the

faculty as special lecturer. The resident teachers have always been white men and women.

In 1906 Professor Blake was elected principal, a position which he held for five years. Several buildings were erected in 1904-5, principally homes for the teachers. But on October 11, 1906, the school received a severe blow in the loss by fire of Chapel Hall, which was the main school building and also the boys' home. One student lost his life, by returning to his room after having escaped. This heavy loss was recouped within a few months by the energetic action of the management, who raised money for the building of a manual arts building and Study Hall, the latter a fine fireproof building of cement blocks. Within the following year, Butler Hall, a three-story building, was erected as a home for the boys.

Beginning in 1904, summer institutes for teachers were held on the Oakwood grounds, so long as the Southern Missionary Society retained charge of the teaching force. These institutes, under the charge of the superintendent of schools and the Oakwood faculty, were of great value in uniting and training the forces at work in the field. From twenty to fifty, the number increasing with the years, were in attendance at these institutes.

Upon the death of Mrs. Staines, the matron, in 1906, and the resignation of Mr. Staines, the business manager, in 1907, two new teachers were added, in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Boyd, who had been teaching in the South for some years. Professor Boyd became principal in 1911, upon the resignation of Professor Blake.

Under the direction of Professors Blake and Boyd and their efficient corps of teachers, great progress has been made in facilities and efficiency. The curriculum now is of high school grade, with the addition of particular studies, though an intermediate department is maintained, and the primary studies are taught by student-tutors.

Two large buildings have been erected, one, a sanitarium; the other, Domestic Arts Building, which contains the kitchen and the dining-rooms on the first floor, and the dressmaking department on the second floor. The printing office publishes monthly "Gospel Heralds" and school literature. The broommaking industry has developed into a paying department. The cannery, besides preserving sufficient fruits and vegetables for the use of the school, has proved its value in the open market. The blacksmithing and wheelwrighting department is under the charge of Professor Halladay, the veteran standby of the Negro work.

On the farm, a variety of crops has been introduced. Of the old stables, corn, hay, and cotton, the two former have had their averages maintained, in order to feed the stock, but less space has been given to cotton, greater profit as well as a more varied industrial education having been found in such crops as sweet and Irish potatoes, peanuts, sorghum, and broom corn. Considerable attention has been given to truck gardening and to fruit, as well as to special money crops. The growing of flower bulbs for the market, begun in the days of Professor Blake, a practical nurseryman, has been continued with good results.

The teaching of health principles and simple treatments has been a prominent part in the progress from the beginning, but after the work done by Miss Jennis Williams, little was accomplished in this line for a number of years. Messages from Mrs. White urged the establishment of a small sanitarium work at Oakwood, and the faculty which took charge in 1904 were awake to the necessities. Professor and Mrs. O. R. Staines were both graduate nurses of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and took hold with energy to develop this work. Mr. Staines soon raised enough money to purchase a fairly complete equipment for hydropathic treatment rooms, which was installed in the basement of Study Hall. Operations had only barely begun, however, when the fire came, completely destroying the plant. Thereafter facilities were not so fully provided, until in 1911 the present sanitarium was

built and equipped, and Drs. M. M. and Stella Martinson were put in charge. Dr. Amy Bascom had for four years previous been in charge of the medical work at the school. A thorough nurses' training course was instituted, and a number of competent nurses have been graduated. The sanitarium work has provided opportunity for observation and practice on the part of those nurses, and the calls for their services have been frequent in the community. The work of relieving the sick was very prominent in the life of the Saviour, and no more important auxiliary means of blessing and saving men has been found than that of the medical work. The value of the training at Oakwood has been greatly enhanced by the addition of this department. At the beginning of the school year of 1912 the Doctors Martinson were relieved by Dr. E. D. Haysmer.

Not only in relieving the sick, but in teaching the truth through Sunday-schools, Bible readings, and personal visits in the neighborhood, many of the students of Oakwood are gaining that practical experience which no classroom can give.

The school has now a very widely representative attendance from every state in the South, as well as several Northern states and foreign countries. One student, Weako Kiya, was a native African, son of a chief of the Kroo tribe. He spent three years at Oakwood in preparation for missionary work to his own people.

Mrs. E. G. White has had the deepest interest in the Oakwood school. It was because of her urging the necessity of training, that the school was established, and to her instructions have been due much of the support and the advancement of the school. She has visited the institution twice, in 1904 and in 1909. After her first visit she wrote:—

The Huntsville school farm is a most beautiful place, and with its three hundred and more acres of land, should accomplish much in the line

of industrial training and the raising of crops. Heavenly angels will be able to read, in the thrift and painstaking effort revealed in the care of the farm, the story of the improvement made by the students themselves in character-building. (fn. "The Huntsville School," pp. 13, 14.)

The facilities necessary for the success of the school must be provided. At present the facilities are very meager. A small building should be put up, in which the students can be taught how to care for one another in times of sickness. There has been a nurse at the school to look after the students when they were sick, but no facilities have been provided. This has made the work very discouraging.

The students are to be given a training in those lines of work that will help them to be successful laborers for Christ. They are to be taught to be separate from the customs and practices of the world. They are to be taught with the hands and with the head to win their daily bread, that they may go forth to teach their own people. They are to be taught to appreciate the school as a training for thorough service.

Wise plans are to be laid for the cultivation of the land. The students are to be given a practical education in agriculture. This education will be of inestimable value to them in their future work. Thorough work is to be done in cultivating the land, and from this the students are to learn how necessary it is to do thorough work in cultivating the garden of the heart.

The leading, controlling influence in the school is to be faithfulness in that which is least. Thus the students will be prepared to be faithful in greater things. Each student is to take himself in hand, and with God's help overcome the faults that mar his character. And he is to show an earnest, unselfish interest in the welfare of the school. If he sees a loose board in a walk or a loose paling on the fence, let him at once get a hammer and nails, and make the needed repairs. Nothing in the house or about the premises is to be allowed to present a slack dilapidated appearance. The

wagons and harnesses should be properly cared for, and frequently examined and repaired. When harnesses and wagons are sent out in a dilapidated condition, human life is endangered.

These little things are of much more importance than many suppose in the education of students. . . . If students are allowed to go through school with slack, shiftless habits, their education will not be worth half as much as it would be if they were taught to be faithful in all they do. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." Little things needing attention, yet left for days and weeks until they become unsightly, teach the students lessons that will cling to them for a lifetime, greatly hindering them in their work. Such an example is demoralizing, and students whose education is after this order are not needed in the world.

Should not our God be served most faithfully? We are called upon as teachers to rise up with firm purpose of heart, and discipline ourselves with sternness and rigor to habits of order and thoroughness. All that our hands find to do is to be well done. We have been bought with a price, even the blood of the Son of God, and all that we do is to honor and glorify our Redeemer. We are to work in partnership with the Father. (fn. Review and Herald, 1904.)

The sentiment prevails in some minds that when colored people are given an education, they are spoiled for practical work. Of the education given in some schools, this may be true to a certain extent; but it will not be so in the schools where the Bible is made the foundation of all education; and where the students are taught to work in the fear and love of God, as their Master worked. It will not be so where students follow the example of the One who gave His life for the life of the world.

There are among the Negro race those who have superior natural intelligence, and who, if converted to Christ, could do a good work for their own people. Many should be given the opportunity of learning trades. Others are to be trained to labor as evangelists, Bible workers, teachers, nurses, hygienic cooks, and colporteurs. Many can be taught to be home missionaries.

We ask our people to enlarge their gifts, that the training of workers may be hastened, and that the various lines of work so greatly needed may be established without further delay. Every church member should awake to the responsibility resting upon him. The colored people are to be shown that God has not left them, but that He is working that they may receive an education which will enable them to read, believe, and do the words of Christ, catching His Spirit, that in turn they may work for their own people. (fn. Review and Herald, Sept. 28, 1905.)

The importance of medical missionary training has especially been emphasized by Mrs. White. In 1909 she wrote:—

In no place is there greater need of genuine gospel medical missionary work than among the colored people in the South. Had such a work been done for them immediately after the proclamation of freedom, their condition today would have been very different. Medical missionary work must be carried forward for the colored people. Sanitariums and treatment-rooms should be established in many places. These will open doors for the entrance of Bible truth.

This work will require devoted men and means, and much wise planning. Years ago we should have been training colored men and women to care for the sick. Plans should now be made to do a quick work. Let promising colored youth--young men and young women of good Christian character--be given a thorough training for this line of

service. Let them be imbued with the thought that in all their work they are to proclaim the third angel's message. Strong intelligent, consecrated colored nurses will find a wide field of usefulness opening before them.

The Lord Jesus Christ is our example. He came to the world as the servant of mankind. He went from city to city, from village to village, teaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing the sick. Christ spent more time in healing than in teaching.

As our example, Christ linked closely together the work of healing and teaching, and in this our day they should not be separated. In our schools and sanitariums, nurses should be trained to go out as medical missionary evangelists. They should unite the teaching of the gospel of Christ with the work of healing.

The Lord has instructed us that with our training schools there should be connected small sanitariums, that the students may have opportunity to gain a knowledge of medical missionary work. This line of work is to be brought into our schools as part of the regular instruction. Huntsville has been especially pointed out as a school in connection with which there should be facilities for thoroughly training consecrated colored youth who desire to become competent nurses and hygienic cooks. Let us rejoice that the managers of our Huntsville school are now planning to carry out this instruction without further delay. Let us help them make Huntsville a strong training center for medical missionary workers. (fn. The Huntsville School, pp. 6, 7.)

The visitor at Oakwood is impressed with the religious atmosphere and the earnest, practical purpose of nearly every one of the students. They are there for business; most of them are working their way through school, and spend in manual labor seven hours a day during school sessions, and eleven hours the remaining two months. Their manual work is under the direction and with the

co-operation of their teachers, every one of the literary teachers also having charge of one or more industries.

A Sabbath evening in the chapel, at vesper service, is an inspiration, as public testimonies for Christ and consecration vows are uttered by practically every student. And if the visitor is so fortunate as to get some sight of the varied experiences represented among those young men and women, he will see far more deeply into the significance and the value of the work that is being accomplished for them. Some come from the midst of culture and the practice of high ideals; some have drifted in like derelicts; some have striven with super-human power against heavy fates, that they might maintain high character and obtain the privileges of a better education. A few experiences, told in the words of the students, will give a glimpse into the circumstances from which many of them have come, and the conditions which they face as they put to use the training they are now receiving.

H--- G---, a quiet, earnest, and capable young man, turned from his carpenter's bench to answer the visitor's questions about his life. He was a Roman Catholic, a native of British Guiana, when a Seventh-day Adventist missionary found him with the gospel. He was a worker in a foundry in Georgetown, but had received a fair education in the city schools.

"I had never read the Bible," he said, "and did not own one; but I was at that time miter-bearer for the priest and about to be made crozier-bearer, and I felt that I knew enough to controvert heretics. Nevertheless, when I at last set to studying the Bible, in order to refute the missionaries, I grew so interested in it that I forgot about silencing the heretics, and my mother at last complained of my devotion to the Book. One day she snatched the Bible from me and threw it upon the floor, and she broke the furniture in the room, she was in such a rage. She cursed me, declaring she would rather I should stay out all

night, as I had sometimes done before, than that I should read that stuff. And she said if I would not obey her, she would take me before the priest.

"The next day, Sabbath, I went to work, but I could not keep my mind on my work. Given a four-inch brass pipe on which to braze a flange, I burned it and spoiled it, and had to pay four dollars for it. I then went to the foreman, and obtained leave for a holiday, on account of being sick. Then I went home, dressed, and went down to the Seventh-day Adventist church. Elder O. E. Davis preached, and I was greatly impressed with the sermon.

"For several Sabbaths, then, I went to the church, yet with no idea of ever becoming a Seventh-day Adventist. My mother threatened to drive me from home; and at last one Sabbath I came home to find my clothes hidden and my room locked. The next day, Sunday, my father and my mother took me before the bishop for discipline. We were taught greatly to fear and reverence the priests, and especially the bishop, but—I do not know why—I did not fear, but with courage I came before the bishop. My mother accused me of disobedience, and of learning heresy, and asked the bishop to restore me. I said, "Mr. Galton, if you will answer satisfactorily two or three questions, I will ask you, I will recant tomorrow, and be a Roman Catholic again," and I asked him how he could prove that the Virgin Mary had been translated to heaven and that we were commanded to pray to her. The bishop, instead of answering my questions, reviled me, saying, 'You poor, foolish boy, you don't know what you are doing or thinking. Your head is being whirled, and you haven't sense enough to know that a rope is being put around your neck.' My father and mother also cursed me in his presence. And then the bishop cursed and excommunicated me."

Driven from home, finally he went with a companion into the interior, intending to farm, but after spending some months on leased land, the agreement was broken by the lessors. Returning to the city, he was engaged in his old

place in the foundry, with the privilege of keeping the Sabbath, his father and mother also appearing reconciled to him. But the favor was all shown in order to inveigle him; and in a few weeks, upon refusing a promotion offered upon condition of Sabbath-breaking, he was discharged.

He then canvassed for religious books, first in Georgetown, then in Trinidad. Desiring a better education, he went to the school at Riverside, Jamaica, and remained there for a year, when the school was closed. He resorted again to canvassing, until he had some funds, when he came to America and entered Oakwood school.

"No," he said, in answer to a question, "I do not think now that I shall return soon to my own land. I did intend when I came to return as soon as I could get my education, but I have learned that the States have greater need of work than my own country. I find my people here much worse off than in the islands. How? In every way, in their lives and manner of living, and in their religion. In my country we do not have such scenes of excitement in our meetings as they have here: they have a better education and they are not so ignorant."

"Had you any special experience here that determined you?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," he replied, "I did have one special experience that helped greatly in my decision. I went to a funeral near here. I had been attending their Sunday-school, and they invited me to come to the funeral. It was the first one I had ever attended in the States. The preacher got very greatly stirred up; that is their way, that is what they want to do, to get the people into a frenzy. By and by he had preached the dead woman right into heave, and the people were crying and shouting and throwing their hands about. I did not know what to do," he continued, in his quaintly precise English, "but the woman next to me did know. She was a big fat woman, who weighed about four times as much as I weigh. She began crying and shouting, and then she grasped me, and jumping up, she began to dance me around out in the aisle. I could not get away, struggle as I might. But

three or four other people got after her, and finally pulled her away from me. And after that I have decided that my people need me more in America than they do need me in the islands."

A pretty, attractive girl is Carolina P---, whose story, told to a friend, is a picture of what thousands of her sisters in the South have constantly to face, a fact that is the cause, or the effect, of that false idea of many partial observers, that there is no virtue among the Negro women of the South. Like the white lily springing from the muck-bed, is the soul that maintains its purity under such conditions.

"I was born," she said, "in Louisiana. My mother had eight children, of whom I was the fourth. The three oldest were boys. My father had separated from my mother, and was married again, living in a town near us. My mother had been an orphan, and had been brought up by an old mammy, who also brought us up. I loved her as much as my own mother.

"The white man my mother had worked for thought a good deal of her. He was wealthy, and he gave her a place to live on, about ten acres. The house had three rooms. One we used for a kitchen, the other for a spare room. The two oldest boys worked away from home, and helped Mother with their money. Then we all worked out, especially Fridays and Saturdays. We went to school about three months in the year, but they were not always good schools. Miss L--- J--- was my teacher some of the time, and she is the one that afterwards, in New Orleans, brought me into the truth. She did not know the truth then. On Fridays and Saturdays we children worked. We picked cotton. I could pick one hundred pounds a day. All of us together would sometimes make as much as ten dollars in those two days. Besides this, my mother raised cotton on our land, and would make three or four bales. And then we had seven or eight pigs and some chickens, and as we had our rent free, we made a good living. When we left, my mother had five hundred dollars in money.

"When I was thirteen years old, my father wanted to give us children a home in Baton Rouge. He had gotten quite a good deal of property. He told my mother he would give this to us children, and let her live with us and take care of us. So she started with all the younger children for Baton Rouge, to select a place, but on the way she stopped in New Rhodes, and she thought she liked that place better, so she decided to stay there. So we did not get the home in Baton Rouge.

"When my mother decided to go, I determined to go to my aunt's in Nashville, but I had been there only six or eight months when my mother called for me. Her five hundred dollars was fast being eaten up. But I did not stay with her long; I went to New Orleans to work. My mother did not want me to go. She was afraid of the city; but the place she lived in was as bad as New Orleans. I think the country is just as bad in that way for our girls as the city is.

"I got a position in New Orleans with a white family, working,—yes, cooking and keeping house, and tending to the children. What kind of people did I get acquainted with? I searched out the best I could find. I was then fourteen years old. A little way from the first place where I worked, there was a Creole family, whom I soon saw, and visited. They had a daughter about my age, and she visited me in turn. I found that they were very careful of her company, almost never allowed her to be away from home in the evening, and I became friends with her and with them, and through them with some other good people. I stayed with my first white family for about a year; then, when I left, I went to live with that Creole family, though I worked elsewhere.

"After this I had to go home from my work often in the dark, because I had to stay till dinner was over, and that was at six o'clock. At one place where I worked, it was eight blocks to my home; at another place it was twenty blocks. No, I never got into trouble, though I was often bothered. Many times I would be stopped on the street by men, both white and colored. It was a good quarter of

the city, but the best class of white men were no better than the worst, so far as I could see. I would take another way home to get rid of them if I knew I should be likely to meet them. Once a young man followed me for blocks, putting his hands on me to stop me. I told him I should scream if he touched me again, and as it was in a good quarter of the city, I got rid of him. I often took the car to avoid walking, but often men would get on the car and ride until I got off, and then follow me. This was true also after I became an Adventist and was canvassing and selling papers. Sometimes I was followed as far as fifty or sixty blocks on the cars and the streets. No, I was not afraid, I think. I trusted God to keep me. I have been through so many worse experiences than that, and God has kept me.

"When I had been in the city two years, I went to live in the family of L--- J--- and her mother. She had been my teacher. She had now become an Adventist, and she taught me. When I accepted this faith, I stopped 'working' [a term used technically to indicate housework or family service], and began to sell papers and to canvass for books. Then, a year ago last fall, I came here.

"When I went home the first summer after being here at school, I was troubled by nearly all the white men in the little place where I lived. I went to live with the old mammy who raised us all. One evening a young white man came to the gate and called for me. Mama went out to see him. She didn't want to call me, but at last she did. So I went out to see what he wanted. He offered me anything I might ask in money or anything else, to take advantage of me. I told him I would not. He said he had been told I had become a Christian, and that Adventist girls would not do as the other girls did. I told him that was true, and I would not listen to him any longer. Then he asked if he could do anything for me. I told him nothing but to pray for me (!)

"I suppose he told the other young men of the place, and after that they

persecuted me, a number coming to me as he had done. I suppose they did not believe I meant what I said. At last five of them made a plot to catch me. The postmaster, who was little better than the rest, told me of this, but did not tell me their names. There was an Italian in the place, however, who told me their names and their plan. I decided I should have to leave the place, which I did, and went to canvass elsewhere.

"I always found trouble in the homes where I was at work, from both young and old men, married and unmarried. I think all our girls do. It was usually because of this that I changed places when I did."

"Caroline," said her friend, "you were not a Christian, you say, before you became an Adventist, and yet you went through such dangers and temptations then. What do you think made you stronger than other girls to resist? What training had you had to help you?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I think God just watched over me. I had learned the commandments when I was little, and the seventh commandment always came to me when I was in such danger; I always saw it just as plainly as print, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' Yes, I prayed; I always prayed. My mother used to warn us, too. No, she did not talk confidentially to us, but I heard enough from her to be afraid; and then I saw what consequences came to other girls who got into trouble. My mother taught me to pray. She never went to church herself, and was not a church member, but she taught us the Lord's Prayer, and had us go to Sunday-school and to church. But I just feel that God watched over me because I wanted to do right."

R--- R--- was born in Barbadoes, and was trained as a shoemaker. But shoemaking was too limiting an occupation to his adventurous spirit, and "wanting to see the world," he said, "I shipped as cabin boy on a boat plying among the islands." Later he was on a line running between Havana and Halifax, and

finally, landing in New Orleans, he made his way up to Birmingham, where, from idling around a barber shop, he made the acquaintance next door of Jim Pierson, a colored Seventh-day Adventist nurse, and finally obtained a job in his treatment rooms.

"One Friday he asked me if I ever went to church. I said, 'No.' He asked why. 'Because,' I said, 'preachers can't help me any. Every preacher I hear preach, I see somewhere else killing his preaching by his example. I haven't any use for them .' He asked if I read the Bible. I said, 'Yes,' though I never read it when I had anything else to read; and, in fact, I didn't own a Bible; but I wanted to shut him off in his talk. Then he asked me if I wouldn't come down to his church. I said, 'No; your church is no better than the rest of them.' 'Well, come anyway,' he said.

"Finally, to get rid of him, I did go that evening with him. It was a prayer meeting, and the spirit there was so utterly different from what I had seen before in the States, that I was greatly impressed. I had been greatly disgusted with the shouting and the dancing and the excitement I had seen; for in the Islands they have no such demonstrations. This meeting was quiet and earnest, and I went home greatly impressed. I had a plentiful supply of tobacco on hand; and, in fact, had kept Brother and Sister Pierson waiting that evening for church, while I stood outside to finish my cigar before going with them. But when I went home, I turned my tobacco all over to my roommate as a gift and I have never touched tobacco since.

"A short time afterwards, I learned of Oakwood (this is now four and one half years ago), and I came up here to school. I had been here only six months, however, when I went out into the canvassing work, in which I have been all the time since, until I returned here this fall.

"In the canvassing work I have had a good experience. I canvass only Negroes, unless some white person who may hear me shows an interest, in which

case I say, 'If you are interested in the work, I should like to show it to you.' And he may decide whether or not he will look at it. To tell where there are Negroes, I inquire right along from each one I canvass. If there are Negro servants in a white house, I ask permission at the door to see them, and I am seldom denied. If I do mistake a white house for a Negro house, I beg pardon for my mistake, but take the opportunity to tell what I am doing, and usually in such a case I am able to show the book.

"In the little town of Y---, Alabama, the sheriff approached me. Someone had informed him that I was going around. He wanted to know what I was doing there. I told him I was doing missionary work among my people. He said I was a liar. I told him I wasn't telling any lie. 'Don't dispute my word!' he said, drawing a gun on me, 'you dare dispute my word?' I said nothing. I remembered that I had a canvasser's license. I was praying quietly, and the Lord suggested to me to show him my papers, which I did. He read them; then he wanted to know who were these Adventists. After he had talked with me a little more (I could not convince him, or he would not show it), he said, 'Well, I don't want to see you here after three days, or I will arrest you for vagrancy. You ought to be out hoeing cotton!'

"I told him I would not be there for two days, but the third day I should certainly have to come back, for I had some work to do around there, and he would have to allow me to deliver my books, and then I would come back no more; that so far as lying around was concerned, I had a greater work than that to do. He said he didn't want me around there anyhow. I met him several times after that; he would look at me hard, but never said anything to me, though I worked around that country nearly five months, and had several times to stop in that town, which was a junction point.

"Nearly every plantation has signs against agents and peddlers. If you slip in and get orders, you have to slip in with deliveries. You can't take a buggy. These men have control of the post office, and your notification cards they will get. Then, this man may have charge of the road work, and he may summons every man to the road on your delivery day, or else make him pay his money for not working. A canvasser can not send notifications; he must keep still and go ahead. If he lets the owners know of his work, he fails; though some few planters are different.

"If a man has to go to his employer for the money, you have to beg him not to tell why he wants it. The planters declare they can furnish everything their hands need, and that the Negroes are too poor to buy books. They don't want a peddler to bring food, clothes, books, or anything the planter can supply. He has Bibles and other books in his commissary,—Pilgrim's Progress, Wild West, Neck Carters, almanacs, etc.

"It is the harder on a canvasser because of the way the agents of some big business houses act. Those agents go down there and take orders for big Bibles and cotton calculators and all sorts of things. They will give them a Bible and half a dozen other books, six books for twelve dollars, and mortgage the cow or the piano, the bed, the pig, or anything else. Yes, some of them have pianos in their cabins. Then there are quack doctors, with patent medicines, which they say will be good for everything; you may have all sorts of complaints, but it will cure them all. After a man has taken four bottles, he owes from seven to twelve dollars, and the agents will raise a fuss and take the mortgaged things. All this makes it hard on our agents, because the land owners dislike this, and they think we are just the same as the other agents. Some good ones wish to protect their people; others have a selfish purpose, wishing to get the money themselves. The planter may protect his people from that thief, yet he himself steals from him. Perhaps one-third of the Alabama planters cheat their

men, taking the cotton and paying what they wish for it. But I have met some owners who were good to their renters. The worst men are those who have the most land, sometimes five miles long. The only way then that I can get to the people is to go on Sunday to the churches, and canvass and deliver there. I have to deliver them on Sundays. Some of the people are sanctimonious, and object. But I find that to explain that I am trying to help them, since the book contains the Word of the Lord, usually stops their objections. If I get acquainted during the week with the preacher, and then he introduces me to the audience, then I have an influence. If I can not reach the preacher, then there is the superintendent of the school. I try to board with the superintendent; for often he is the best fixed man in the community, and can give good board."

A large number of the students assist themselves through school by canvassing a part of the time, and in this work they gain perhaps a wider and better knowledge of the field in which they are to work than they could in any other way. "From reading the papers," said another student, C--- C---, "I saw the need of workers, and I came to this school last June, but I went canvassing from August to December. Once I had an order from a colored servant in a white woman's house. When I went to deliver it, the white woman came and said, 'Here! what are you buying there? Books? What are you buying books for, when you can't read?' Then the white woman turned on me, 'Where you from?' I said I was from Jamaica, but had been going to school at Oakwood, and they had sent us out to sell these books in order to help us through school. 'Where's your license?' 'I'm not selling books, but taking orders,' I said, 'and now I'm just delivering. It is a religious book,' I said, 'You can see it.' 'Well, you can't sell a book to this woman in my house,' she said; 'You can go out to the road, and if she wants to buy a book from you there, she can. You get out of this house at once. I have a good mind to send down to the station and have my husband arrest you.' I went out to the

gate, and there the colored woman sent her little girl with the money; so I delivered the book."

It is an inspiring sight to sit on the chapel platform as the evening service comes on, and watch these seventy or eighty young men and young women, the girls in their neat, simple uniforms of blue and white, march in with that contagious rhythmic swing with which their race respond to music. And the inspiration grows as the eager faces of these men and women, mostly young, but some even with whitening hair, are turned toward the speaker. No reflective mind can view without emotion such a company, considering what the majority of them have faced, and what they must yet face, in their field of Christian service. One feels that he is looking upon a selected batallion in the army of Emmanuel. Their post is one of the most difficult, and therefore one of the highest honor, in the far-flung battleline. And if they shall prove faithful to their duty, faithful to the high ideals of Christ, and if they partake of the humility in service that characterized His matchless life, there will be a position for them near the throne in the kingdom of heaven.

The task that faces these young people is an earnest and an important one, not one that the world will applaud, but one that Heaven will approve. If they feel the peculiar responsibilities God places upon them, if they are enabled to see the vital work it is their duty to undertake, they will not be led by the hope of self-aggrandizement, by the love of applause on the part of secular or religious leaders, or by the hope of becoming great and famous in pulpit or platform or council-room. They will seek the lowly and the needy; they will be willing to bury themselves in the furrow of the great needs of their race, that there may spring up bountiful fruit for the kingdom of God. The uplifting of the home; that betterment of conditions which makes the mind and heart more capable of grasping truth; patient, persistent, undiscouraged work for the simple but terrible

needs of the poor and the outcast,--to such a work it is the high privilege of these young men and young women to devote themselves. It is not only their privilege, but, because of others' neglect, it is their stern duty, to give themselves to that work. Their faithfulness to the cause for which Oakwood was established, will be the highest justification of the struggles and the sacrifices that have been made to provide for them that training school.

CHAPTER XXIII

A FAVORABLE LOCATION

From the beginning of their special work for the Negro, Seventh-day Adventists had looked upon Nashville as an important center. The pressure there of important Negro institutions, and the favor shown to Negro enterprises and needs, pointed to that city as a favorable location. Mr. White and Mr. Palmer at first intended to begin their work in Nashville, but as the city was within an organized local conference, which could be expected to develop the Negro work, they finally decided to go to needier mission territory. Later, Elder White established the headquarters of the Southern Missionary Society at Nashville, and opened the publishing house. The Southern Missionary Society also began its health work there, which eventuated in the health food company and the Rock City Sanitarium.

But means were never found by that Society to establish the training school which was contemplated. Communications from Mrs. E. G. White frequently urged this. In 1903 she wrote:—

"I was instructed by the Lord that the Southern field was to be given every advantage. Especially was Nashville to be worked. . . . Memorials for God were to be established in this place, not only right in this city, but a little distance from it." "A school for colored people should be established outside the city of Nashville, on land that can be utilized for industrial purposes."

And in 1905 this word was given: "There is a great work to be done. Some will ask, What can be done to work effectively the city of Nashville? One way to success is to get a place a few miles out of Nashville, and there establish

a school and a sanitarium, and from these institutions as working centers, begin to work Nashville as we have not worked it yet." (m. Pam., Hillcrest School Farm, pp. 7, 8.)

The visit of Mrs. E. G. White to the Oakwood school in 1904, was made the occasion for vigorous testimonies upon the subject of correct ideals and plans of education for the Negro race. Especially was industrial education emphasized as the basis of the Negro's training, that students might be fitted to act as the right kind of teachers to their people.

"Men and women of the colored race," she wrote in the Gospel Herald, are to be educated to work as missionaries for their own people. This education and training is to be given them within their own borders. Schools for colored children and youth are to be established in many different places in the Southern field. I am deeply interested in the maintenance of these schools. I have often spoken on the importance of this work." (m. Gospel Herald, October, 1907.)

The faculty which took charge of Oakwood in the spring of 1904 felt it incumbent upon them diligently to study these testimonies and the methods they advocated. These were the principles, so far as they were comprehended, upon which Oakwood school had been built, and the new faculty sought to conform their work more closely to the ideals placed before them. In their study of this instruction, the minds especially of the principal and the business manager, Professors Blake and Staines, were called to the importance of a school work being begun in Nashville. And when, in 1907, Mr. Staines resigned from his position at Oakwood, it was with the hope, long cherished, of beginning such a work in Nashville. It was not deemed advisable to further weaken the strength of Oakwood by taking Professor Blake out at that time, and it was several years before he was able to join the Nashville enterprise.

A training school for white students had been established in 1904 at Madison, a few miles out of Nashville, by Professors Sutherland and Magan, and

Mr. Staines first went up to consult with them. It was decided that his proposals should first be laid for counsel before Mrs. White, and then before men of responsibility in the Southern work. Accordingly, Mr. Magan, who was just starting for California, agreed to bring the matter before her. Mr. Staines and his mother, leaving Oakwood in April, went for a visit to relatives in Michigan. While in Michigan he married the second time.

When the plans of Mr. Staines were laid before Mrs. White, she stated that they were exactly the plans she would be glad to see developed at Nashville, that he should be encouraged to carry them into effect, and that she would do all she could to help him. A score of institutions had been endeavoring to secure the services of Mr. Staines, but when one of these requests came to her knowledge, Mrs. White said: "Tell Brother R--- to let Brother Staines alone. The place the Lord wants him is in the colored work in the South, and Brother R--- is to keep his hands off."

This word reached Mr. Staines in Michigan the latter part of May, and he at once planned to return to Tennessee. But four days later, when about to take the train, he received word that at the Southern Union Conference in Chattanooga, Elder J. S. Washburn, who was deeply interested in studying and working among the Negro institutions in Nashville, had presented a memorial calling for such an enterprise, and that the conference had appointed a committee to raise \$25,000 for the founding of a school in Nashville. Mr. Stains thereupon felt ready to resign the undertaking into their hands, but later correspondence indicated that the successful issue of the Conference project was not very certain.

In July, therefore, after a conference with the faculty and several of the school board at Oakwood, he met a majority of the Union Conference Committee at Nashville. This council decided that, since the Union was already burdened with obligations, it would be best for them to withdraw, and leave the field open

to Mr. Staines. This action was confirmed at a full meeting of the Committee a little later, when Elder G. I. Butler, president of the Union, was present and settled the matter by his emphatic approval. The following resolution was passed:—

"That it is the sense of this body that Brother O. R. Staines be encouraged to go forward with the work he has outlined; that we approve of his starting a small school in the vicinity of Nashville on the plans stated in this meeting for the training of self-supporting colored laborers, as long as it does not financially embarrass the conference, and that he consult the proper ones relative to the matter."

With the approval, therefore, of the organization, and the encouragement of Mrs. White, Mr. Staines set to work to find a suitable location. From the Madison school, accompanied by Mr. Sutherland or Mr. Magan, every day for several weeks he searched for a place that would meet their requirements. They scoured the country for ten miles about Nashville, getting prices on scores of places, but none seemed to meet their needs. In the meantime, both faculty and students at Madison often engaged in earnest prayer that the Lord would lead the searchers to the place He designed for them.

Finally, one day, as Mr. Staines and Mr. Sutherland were driving out on the Albany pike, northeast of the city, they met an old colored man afoot, and Mr. Sutherland proposed to get his advice.

"Boss," replied the old man, when he had listened to their wants, "If you-alls will go northeast of Nashville,—I'd think on the White's Creek Pike, somewhere four to six or seven miles,—y'all will find those folks out there mighty friendly to we-uns." And he elaborated on the reasons why that was the most likely neighborhood. A few miles farther on, they met a white-haired ~~uncle~~ ^{aunt}, eighty years old, trudging along the road, and in reply to their question

she replied in almost identically the same words.

The next morning, as Mr. Staines was hitching up, Mr. Sutherland asked him where he proposed to go that day. "I'm going out on the White's Creek Pike," he said.

"Why, we've been out there several times."

"Yes, but I've been thinking about what those old colored people told us yesterday. We have all been praying for the Lord to lead us to the right place, and I'm not sure but He is answering our prayers through those old colored people. If you remember, we put the same questions to those two, and they answered in almost the same words. I think I'll go back and look on the White's Creek Pike."

So Mr. and Mrs. Staines drove in that direction until, about three miles north of the city, they noted a fine truck patch, and he said to his wife, "That's the kind of land I'd like."

"Why not turn in here and talk with this man?" she asked, "perhaps he can tell us about something."

The gardener was an old German. After he had heard what Mr. Staines had to say, he replied, reflectively, "Meester, I know where iss a farm shust what you are vanting, but it I had intended to puy for my poys."

That was sufficient to anchor Mr. Stains to the old German for the next two hours, working to get some information. At last, the old man said, "Vell, I vill tell you, meester, I egspect somepody vill pick oop that piece pefore I can puy it, and I egspect I might shust as vell tell you where it iss." He turned and pointed across the creek: "That's the place, and eef you can puy it for vun hundredt tollars the acre, I advice you to do it," in justification of which advice he pointed to his own land, no better naturally, for which he had paid that price twelve years before, and for which he had recently refused more than double the amount.

The place to which he directed them was found upon examination to contain

ninety-three acres, of which thirty were comprised in a wooded and grassy but rocky hill next the pike, the remainder being bottom land, bounded at the back by White's Creek. The house, a rather small but well built brick structure, crowned the hill. The only other building was a dilapidated barn some distance back on the hill.

The place was in bad condition, the buildings in disrepair, the fences all down, and weeds rampant. But this fact made its price comparatively low, and its situation seemed very favorable for the proposed school. It is on the White's Creek pike, two miles beyond the Roger Williams University, four miles west of a city car line, and six miles from the center of the city. It is near enough to the city for easy communication and marketing, and it is in the midst of an excellent community of broad-minded people, among whom there is a large number of Negro farmers and laborers. The place was examined by Professors Sutherland, Magan, and Blake, and all recommended its purchase, which was at last made, for \$6,250, on terms which gave possession November 1, 1907, and required the last payment in five years. Into this purchase Mr. Staines and his mother put what money they had, but there remained a large sum to be secured from friends of the work.

Mr. Stains left immediately for Michigan, to lay the need before his relatives and friends. The president of the West Michigan Conference, Elder A. G. Haughey, interested himself heartily in helping to supply the needs of the new institution, which had been given the name of The Hillcrest School. He himself gave a horse and some supplies. He sent Elder J. W. Hofstra with Mr. Stains to visit a number of churches, and a cordial response was made. Another horse, two cows and two calves, various farm tools, and produce, all sufficient to fill a car, were donated and shipped to Nashville.

Among these most appreciated were the gifts of two aged ministers, pioneers in Seventh-day Adventist work, but now old and feeble. In the early

days they had lifted hard on enterprises which had now grown strong in the North and West, and they felt the spirit of their youth in helping this new Southern institution. The first of them, Elder Rogers, of Wright, Mich., came saying that he had very little means at his disposal, but would Mr. Staines accept his buggy and harness, since, he said, doubtless he would not much longer need them? The other, Elder M. S. Burnham, of Otsego, as he watched Mr. Staines loading the car, noticed that he had a horse, a harness, and a buggy, but no laprobe, and he quietly went down to the store and completed the outfit by the purchase of a good robe, saying as he brought it, "You are going through much the same experience we old men met in our younger days, and I want at least to give you a token of my appreciation." Still a third pioneer, Elder E. H. Root, who had recently died, was represented by the gift from his son of his two-seated buggy, in which in the early days he had driven on his missions over a large part of lower Michigan. With some repairs the stout old buggy was made serviceable, and these gifts from the fathers were long in service as the only outfits for passengers on the Hillcrest farm.

While in the North Mr. Staines made a visit to Iowa, to meet Professor Floyd Bralliar, principal of the Stuart Industrial Academy, with whom he had been in correspondence, and arrangements were completed for Professor Bralliar to join the Hillcrest School as principal. He arrived in Nashville, with his family, the following October, 1908, after having spent the summer in the West, soliciting help for the school.

During the first year, there were no students, with the exception of two young men from the Oakwood school who came for two or three months to help in haying. In the fall of 1908 Robert Cook and his wife and sister came from Mississippi, they being the three first regular students. Two or three others soon arrived, and class work was begun the first of January, 1909.

Miss Amy Light and Mr. Charles Franz were among the first helpers, coming

in the fall of 1897. Mr. Franz took hold of the repairing and building work which began immediately upon securing possession. Miss Light has remained with the school continuously, attending not only to the clerical work, but doing a large share of the teaching, and for some time acting as matron.

The first year Mr. Staines spent largely in traveling in the North, securing funds. The payments on the lands (of which there were three within the first year), the repairing of the old brick house, and the replacing of the dilapidated barn with a neat new stable, were the first requirements. In the fall of 1908, two six-room cottages were erected for the families of Mr. Bral-liar and Mr. Staines, in both cases the buildings being erected on school lands from the personal funds of the teachers. At the same time, the first student cottage was built, and the following spring another was erected.

Mr. Staines found help among the churches in Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin. In the latter state he was warmly welcomed, especially by the conference' secretary, Mr. W. J. Pflugradt, and at the schools of Bethel and Hawthorne, whose teachers were deeply interested in the Southern work and whose graduates have become largely represented in the Southern field. Many hearts and purses were opened to this work in these states. Among those who have been enabled to lift most strongly in the burdens of Hillcrest, may be mentioned Mrs. Martha Kinne, Mr. J. D. Gowell, and Mrs. Marion Stowell Crawford.

The Hillcrest School is held by a body incorporated under the General Welfare Act of Tennessee, which provides for the legal ownership of nondividend-paying institutions, such as schools, hospitals, churches, etc. The charter of the "Hillcrest School Farm," states the object of the association to be the establishment and maintenance of a training-school for ministers, evangelists, nurses, missionary teachers, and missionary farmers, for the service of God and the betterment of humanity.

The property of this corporation is held by a board of trustees, five in number, named in the charter, who hold the property in trust for the purpose stated. Under the enabling act, this property is inalienable from its stated object, and the Hillcrest School is thus forever protected from misuse of the funds or property given it. The conduct of the institution is controlled by a board of fifteen counsellors, who are elected annually by a constituency of donors of \$25 or more. Thus all contributors have a voice in the management of the institution, within the rules of the charter.

The regular school work began with the first of the year 1909, and with short vacations has been regularly conducted ever since. The limited accommodations of the school would admit but few students. Beginning with five the first year, they have increased, as facilities permitted, to twenty in the fourth year. These students, though of mature age, range in studies all the way from the fourth grade to the twelfth, their small number largely permitting individual work. Not one in attendance has there been who has not caught the inspiration to become a teacher to his people.

The work had not been in progress many months when it became evident that sixty acres of tillable land was quite insufficient to furnish support for the growing number of students. Mrs. White advised the purchase of more land. The adjoining place, of ninety acres, known as the Webb Farm, was in 1910 vacated by its tenant, and the owner proposed to sell. This Webb Farm is a natural complement to the Hillcrest farm. The house of eight rooms is situated just at the foot of the hill, in close proximity to the school buildings, and it was seen that it could be well utilized for the beginning of a small sanitarium. The farm lands, almost wholly creek bottom, lie by the side of the school lands, and with them round out a natural estate within the bend of the creek.

The place was offered for ten thousand dollars. The passing of this property to an unsympathetic owner would very conceivably have been a serious

embarrassment to the Hillcrest School. Yet the question of purchasing it was a serious one, for the Hillcrest farm yet had a heavy debt upon it. The school board, after consulting with leading men, arranged to rent the Webb Farm, with an option to buy, and requested Professors Bralliar and Staines to go into the Northern and Western States and endeavor to raise the necessary funds by subscription. The place was purchased Nov. 1, 1910, for \$8,650.00. Professors Staines and Bralliar have had good success in their appeals to friends in Iowa, Kansas, Colorado, and California, as well as the states of the middle section, and the continuance a little longer of such favor will dispose of the immediate pressure upon the school. The addition of this property has given the school a much better basis for operation, and, with the Hillcrest farm, it will stand as a most practical endowment for the school. Hillcrest has thus far (1913) been enabled to pay for its first farm and to meet the annual payments on the second purchase, but not only is it in need of the remainder of the money for the Webb Farm, but of funds to increase its facilities of buildings and equipment.

Its buildings so far consist of the two original farm houses, new stable and tool house, two teachers' cottages, and five students' cottages. The building work, like all the rest, has been done by the students under the direction of the teachers. Mr. Arthur Hall, from the Madison School, has spent considerable time at Hillcrest as the teacher of carpentry; and at different periods great assistance has also been rendered, especially on the farm and in the domestic department, by Mr. Yance Houghsted and his wife, from the Oak Grove School, the first out-station of the Madison Training School. Aside from these, the teachers have from the first been Professors Bralliar and Staines, and Miss Amy Light. This group of workers was joined in the fall of 1913 by Prof. W. J. Blake, formerly principal of the Oakwood school.

In the spring of 1909, the Hillcrest School received a visit from Mrs. E. G. White, who was greatly cheered by the prospects for the successful accomplishment at Nashville of the school work she had so long urged. Her words of cheer to students and teachers were deeply appreciated, and her support has been of great material and spiritual help to the little institution. Writing in the Review and Herald, after her visit, Mrs. White said:—

During our visit to Nashville, I visited the Hillcrest School farm, where Brethren Staines and Bralliar are laboring to establish a training-school for colored workers. This farm of ninety-three acres is about six miles from Nashville. The location is excellent. Here the students can be trained to erect buildings and to cultivate the land as a part of their education. At the same time they can be given instruction in Bible knowledge, and be fitted by general study of wisely selected books to know how to do the work to which they are called.

As I saw the different parts of the farm, my heart was glad. The hill land is suitable for the buildings, for the orchard, and for pasture, and the level land will be highly appreciated when faithfully worked. A beginning has been made in the erection of cottages for students. They are plain and inexpensive, but comfortable and convenient. More of these cottages are needed. One cottage that I visited had just been built with money given by Sister Marion Stowell Crawford. Those who are bearing the burden of this work should be encouraged, and not hindered by words that would dishearten them or dampen the faith of those who have been helping them.

My heart was filled with thanksgiving to God that a place has been provided here near Nashville where intelligent youth, seeking to obtain an education that will fit them to help others, can have the advantages offered by the Hillcrest School. The Lord is indeed moving upon the hearts of His

people, and leading them to aid in the establishment of training centers for the education of colored youth to labor among their own race. Hillcrest is a beautiful property, and gives opportunity to provide for many to receive a training for service. Let us thank God for this, and take courage.

Brother Staines and his associates are engaged in a good work. I believe that the Lord has led them, and will bless them in doing conscientiously that which they have undertaken. It is my prayer that the Lord will move upon the minds of His people to take hold of this work and help it forward. We must not let the criticism and unwise movements of any dishearten the workers, and hinder the work. As the Lord has led Brother Staines to take up this work, so others will be led in various places to help. Men in different parts of the field, as laborers together with God, will search out promising colored youth, and encourage them to attend this school. And they will help in the providing of a suitable building with classrooms.

When we were ready to return to Nashville, the teachers and students all gathered in the classroom, and I said to them:—

"I am thankful that I have had the privilege of visiting this school. You all should appreciate it. Here you have high and low ground. You are to prepare the ground for the sowing of the seed; and in your efforts the blessing of the Lord will certainly be with you, if you will walk humbly with God. Trust in Him who understands the situation. Then He can work with you and in all your efforts, and you will see of the salvation of God.

"You will have our prayers, and our help as far as we can give it. Our interests will go with you. And the Lord will help you in making this effort, not merely because of the good that may be accomplished in

this school, but because of the many others who need the experience you are having. The work you do here may result in the salvation of hundreds of souls.

"If you will follow on to know the Lord, you may know His goings forth are prepared as the morning; and the blessing of the Lord will rest on parents and children. There is one point that we must be careful to remember. It is this, that the students in this school will carry away with them what they see and hear here. They will follow the example you give them.

"I am deeply interested in the work that is being done here, because special light has been given me regarding the neglect there has been to take up the work you are doing. I have specified in my writings what this work is. I have tried again and again to impress its importance on the minds of the people. I shall still talk of it wherever I go.

"You are not working alone. When you are tempted to become discouraged, remember this. Angels of God are right around you. They will minister to the very earth, causing it to give forth its treasures.

"This is the instruction I am trying to give to our people. I want them to understand what could be accomplished if we would work according to the will of the Lord. It is the Lord who has given the instruction. Let us follow His directions."

After speaking these words of encouragement, we bowed in prayer, and the blessing of the Lord rested upon me, giving assurance and hope regarding this work so humbly begun. I there decided to give one hundred dollars to help in equipping the school. And I now present to our people an invitation to join me in giving the means necessary to its work.

Let the teachers consider this message: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

CHAPTER XXIV

FOUNDED UPON A ROCK

The enterprise of the Hillcrest School is of no ordinary significance. Its managers say to the church and to the world: Assist us in paying for our land and in getting a proper equipment, and we guarantee that the school shall thereafter be self-supporting, providing for the colored people a practical education, enabling the students by their labor to pay for their training and their living while at the school, and meeting all our operating expenses from the proceeds of the school industries, without using for this purpose one cent of the funds donated to us.

When it is considered that there is no other school for Negroes which is doing this (so far as investigation has revealed to the writer), it will be seen that this school is striking out upon a new policy which, if successful, will make it unique among educational institutions for the Negroes. There are other schools which make and fulfil the same promise to students, that they may pay their way by work, but whose treasuries, in consequence, show an annual deficit in proportion to their attendance. Hampton and Tuskegee have every year to raise by popular subscription or other means, from fifty to two hundred thousand dollars, to meet their operating expense. And other institutions of their class have a similar experience. Few have a large endowment. The state industrial schools all receive appropriations from their legislatures. Most of the smaller schools charge some cash tuition, and even then are compelled to raise subscriptions to meet their expenses. Schools under denominational patronage must constantly receive help from their churches. This is true of Oakwood, the only other Seventh-day Adventist Negro training school, which for the first ten years had its

salaries paid by the General Conference, besides receiving moneys for equipment and improvements, and which since 1905 has received annual appropriations to assist its finances. Talledega College, the pioneer school of the American Missionary Association, to-day with its 1500-acre farm and its splendid equipment, receives from the Association four thousand dollars annually for salaries, besides which seven to eight thousand a year must be raised by subscription, a task to which its president's time is largely devoted. This experience is duplicated by dozens of other schools.

And this is a record consistently maintained for the last quarter century. To support the growing number of such schools has demanded, of course, an enlargement of popular charity. That such charities have increased is due, however, less to natural benevolence, than to improved systems of collecting, to the immense influence of a few striking personalities, and to the more strenuous, not to say desperate, efforts of all interested parties. While the laudable efforts of such bodies as the Southern Education Board are promising a more equitable distribution of charities to the enterprises they recognize, there is evidence that the future holds no rosy prospect for scores of small but worthy schools who have long depended upon Northern benevolence. Solicitors acknowledge that every year it is increasingly difficult for them to obtain money from the North, and they admit the probability of the ultimate cessation of Northern charity, except through centralized channels.

Thus, the principal of one of Alabama's most worthy and helpful small schools, who has to raise two thousand dollars a year to meet expenses, stated that she had little hope of maintaining much longer their present system. The school owns some twenty acres of land, but that is altogether inadequate for its support, and even more land, judging by the experience of other schools, would not solve the problem. This principal was facing the future with perplexity,

though with dogged optimism based on a "somehow." That there is a rapidly approaching crisis in the financing of Negro schools, dependent as they are so greatly upon popular charity, is a fact patent to every keen observer. Some may find shelter within sufficient endowments, coupled with industries, but such will be few; as yet, there are none. Nor does the status of government aid afford great encouragement that the need will be met in that way. The burden of Negro education has been gallingly heavy upon white taxpayers; and while some men of clear vision have seen that it is a profitable investment for the state, the popular feeling tends toward exasperation at its increase. On the whole, the tendency of appropriations to Negro education, as compared with white, has been to decrease during the past ten years.

In the face of this situation, such an effort as that of the Hillcrest School is of the deepest interest. Can it fulfil its promise to give the Negro youth his education while he is paying for it? And can it demonstrate how other schools can do the same?

It may be taken as settled, for the time being, that this can not be done by a large school. Such institutions as Tuskegee and Talladega and the normal and mechanical institutes of the states, which have an attendance of from four to sixteen hundred, have fairly demonstrated, under as favorable conditions as can be obtained, that they require outside financial aid. And this demonstration is in keeping with a long record of attempts at industrial education, for white as well as colored. It is, indeed, taken as an axiom by most educators that industrial education, as well as classical education, can not pay for itself while being given.

The attempt to prove the opposite, obviously must begin with a small school. The family, self-supporting, was God's first model of the school, and for financial no less than pedagogic reasons, the small school group is best adapted to a demonstration of original principles.

The success of the effort depends, further, upon the kind of education which is given. And here, again, the model God set in the beginning may be profitably studied; for, "under changed conditions, God's plan of education remains the same,—the plan of the Eden School." (fn. Education, Mrs. E.G.White, p. 30.) The world to-day has set a uniform standard of education, without much regard to the needs of individuals or groups. And though of late years tending more toward sanity, the popular standard is yet far from having that adaptability and elasticity that makes it ideal. If it is to be followed, the failure of self-support is certain, for their incompatibility has been sufficiently proved by the experience of generations.

The self-supporting school must make its own outline of education, embracing the requirements of the individual, the class, and the race, and in its curriculum so combine profitable labor with study as to produce a self-reliant, alert, well informed, and capable man or woman who knows how to give the kind and the manner of service his people require. The best dissertation upon the exact nature of such an education, will be a study of the operation of such a school as Hillcrest.

Has the Hillcrest School kept its promise? It has. It is incorrect to say that because the institution has received some thousands of dollars for purchase and equipment, it is therefore not self-supporting. Self-support means, not self-establishment, but the maintenance of self when once established. And the Hillcrest School, having constantly in training from ten to twenty young men and women, has never used for operating expenses one cent of the gifts made it. And this record it has made while under the disadvantage of an incomplete and imperfect equipment. To do this has required not only close planning, but sacrifice.

In the first place, its teachers have received no salaries. They have been given their board, and sometimes their clothing and other necessities,

though at times even their living expenses have had to be met from their personal funds. Obviously this fact would exclude teachers whose wants are elaborate, or who have no private income. The small income of the Hillcrest teachers, however, has been mostly from such side enterprises as writing for agricultural papers, or selling books. It is the design, however, to provide proper salaries for teachers when the institution has established an income that will permit.

The second consideration is the character of the education furnished its students. The school should be, not a preparation for life, but life itself. If application to books and lectures, which takes eight to ten hours of the ordinary student's daily program, were to be afforded the student at Hillcrest, it would be impossible for him to pay his way by profitable work. But refusing to follow such a system merely because it is in vogue, Hillcrest proposes to find the object of its students' education, and fit the means thereto. That object is the training of the Negro to meet successfully the conditions facing him out in the world, and to be able to train his brethren so to meet them. Such success demands of him, first, consecration to the highest ideals; second, self-control; third, skill in common pursuits; fourth, ability to impart his knowledge. And, this ability gained, he is to continue the program through life. In short, this scheme of education recognizes the school as real life, and life as a continuous school.

To these ends, the student is surrounded with an atmosphere of the most intense but practical religious influence; he is trained in self-government; he is taught to earn his money before spending it, to satisfy his practical needs before his luxurious desires, and to use every power of brain and muscle to gain accuracy, speed, and improvement; and he is trained to teach others what he himself has learned.

The third essential is profitable industries. In selecting these, Hillcrest has regard both to the general conditions of the race and to the opportunities afforded by local markets, and it teaches the student to observe

both these factors. Agriculture is the basic industry, including, besides field and garden work, fruit-culture, dairying, and the raising of live stock, poultry, and bees. A nursery containing fruit and ornamental stock has also been established on a paying basis. A cannery is a successful adjunct to the garden. In the domestic department are taught cooking, dressmaking, and laundering. Nursing has been taught in its elements (Mr. and Mrs. Staines both being graduate nurses of the Battle Creek Sanitarium), and as soon as facilities and help can be supplied, will be made a thorough course.

And finally, in and through all the work of the student, physical as well as literary, he is impressed with the idea that he is gaining this, not only to make himself more capable and therefore happier, but to teach others to be more capable, and therefore happier. This opportunity of imparting knowledge he is given constantly, by the presence of some one or ones newer to the school than himself, with whom he is encouraged to work as an industrial, social, and spiritual tutor. The all-pervasive ideal in the school is the obligation of helping others, through the knowledge of truth, to higher life and eternal salvation.

To get a concrete application of these principles, let us follow a student through the school. He comes, perhaps, a raw plantation-hand from the cane fields of Louisiana. He has had a little schooling, enough to enable him to read and write fairly, and to reckon or guess rather accurately with figures. But he has had no training in behaviour at the table, nor in keeping his room and his clothes in order, nor in neatness, care, and despatch in his farm work. Perhaps he is shiftless or forgetful or trifling, and altogether spendthrift.

He is given a room with an older student in one of the students' cottages, in which is only one other room, occupied by another pair of students. They make a family group. The new student is taught by his room-mate, as well as by daily

inspection on the part of a teacher, to make his bed, clean his room, keep his clothes neat and clean, to polish his shoes and scrape his brogans, to bathe daily, to be prompt in answering signals for meals, work, and classes.

He is instructed by the business manager that he will be given work in the field at six cents an hour, and by diligence may soon prove himself worthy of eight, ten, or twelve cents; that his school expenses will aggregate about ten dollars a month, depending somewhat upon how much he eats, board being on the European plan. And he is told that his first concern, besides doing his work faithfully, is to see that he runs ahead rather than behind his expenses, that this is one form of his study of arithmetic in which he may get help from his teachers. Perhaps his trousers or coat are ragged, whereupon he may be supplied with a serviceable garment out of Northern barrels, for which he pays a modest but educative price.

By examination he is found to need better training in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and he is also given a class in Bible, one-half the day being employed in study and recitation, unless his account suggests the need of a greater amount of work.

Somewhat abashed, probably, he comes to table, furtively watching the other students to learn how to handle his knife and fork, and coming after a few days to the point where his elbows do not touch the table.

In the evening he attends, with the other students, family prayers and chapel, and once a week finds himself a member of the "Union Body," where teachers and students together discuss plans and methods and improvements, and deal with ordinary cases of discipline. He finds it the fashion to report one's own infraction of the rules and regulations, and to receive from the Body an excuse or a penalty. If this system of self-government at first appeals too joyfully to his habit of license, he finds that he gets less of the privilege; for the management, though believing that training in self-discipline is essential

to proper development, recognizes that the previous experience of many of their students unfits them for the immediate exercise of self-government, and it retains the right to substitute paternal government.

On Sabbath the student attends the Sabbath school and the church service, and also the young people's meeting; and later, when he has become somewhat efficient and enthusiastic, he is permitted to join the small companies who on Sundays attend Sunday-schools, distribute literature, or minister to the sick in the neighborhood. He finds permeating the whole instruction, practice, and conversation of students and teachers, the great principles of salvation, and especially the supreme inspiration of the message that these are the last days of time, and that he, among the rest, is a messenger of Christ to teach to the world, by the best methods attainable, the truths of salvation and the coming Kingdom.

In course of time this student, as he grows more dependable and efficient, is blessed with more responsibility. He may be entrusted with a team, and attend to marketing and purchasing, he may assist the nurseryman and landscape gardener in the execution of orders in the city; and he takes the place of tutor to newcomers. He has received instruction not only in the elements of learning, but through literature and lecture and demonstration in one or more industries. He may have become experienced in the nursery, or the garden, or the fruit, or as a dairyman or poultry man or carpenter, and have selected some one or more of these special lines to add to his agriculture, in supporting him in a projected enterprise.

For without doubt he has joined the company of those who are planning to start a self-supporting primary school somewhere out among the great masses of their needy people. And to the solution of this problem he has next to set his powers. He may expect to canvass, as he has already done in vacations necessitated by the need of clothes or books. Through this canvassing he may find some

favorable locality for the opening of his school, if only he can get two or three hundred dollars to start him in on his own land. To the accomplishment of this last object he will be bound to give many serious hours of thought, and the solution may never appear except to his faith. Will some far-off friend of his race partake of his blessing by helping him make a start in his small self-supporting school? If so, he may make an earlier beginning. If not, he will work until he finds a way to start. For at Hillcrest he has learned, not to paint a watermelon and wish for a silver quarter, but to pick up a seed, plant it, water it, hoe it, and finally eat the fruit thereof.

To this extension work of the school system Hillcrest is committed. The school is at once the greatest civilizing and the best evangelizing agency of the Christian work. "No line of work," wrote Mrs. White in 1908, "will be of more telling advantage to the colored people in the Southern field than the establishment of small schools. Hundreds of mission schools must be established; for there is no method of giving the truth to these people so effectual and economical as small schools." (m. Oakwood Manual Training School, p. 5.)

This was the work of the Southern Missionary Society, and the Hillcrest School inherits the problem. That Society did a noble work in establishing many mission schools, but it found at the last the greatest difficulty in maintaining them; for even the meager support the mission school teacher received required thousands of dollars annually, to be obtained by popular subscription. The next problem of that Society, had it continued to exist, must have been to make those schools self-supporting. And to this problem, indeed, it had given some thought and had made some experiments, but without permanent results.

The Hillcrest School was established to fit teachers to solve that problem. The establishment of such a mission school involves, on a smaller scale, the same problems as the establishment of Hillcrest; it must be provided with facilities

before it can be self-supporting. If in the country, it must have land, buildings, stock, and implements. In the city there may be devised small industries, such as vacant-lot gardens, bakeries, woodworking/shops, rug looms, etc., which may require the investment of small capital.

The Hillcrest School has first before it the problem of establishing itself upon a safe foundation. It has to complete the payment for its land, to provide a proper school building and shops and more students' cottages. Nevertheless, it has, as the inevitable result of its teachings, already produced some young men and women who are out endeavoring to meet the needs of their people, by establishing self-supporting schools; and it has in its small body of students others who are rapidly coming to the place where they will take the same step. It has been a marvel to see the development of some of these students, the result of the educational methods of the school. They come from every class and every environment, from the Northeastern and the Northwestern states, as well as from every part of the South. Some are steady, capable, refined men and women, who have been used to the comforts and refinement of good homes. Others are from the cotton fields and shacks of the poorest classes of the South.

"I found James and Dill," said Mr. Bralliar, describing an experience in getting students in South Carolina, "at nine o'clock at night, just come in from the cotton field. They were living in a two-room cabin, rough-boarded, but floored. For furniture they had a poor grade kitchen table such as we would buy for \$1.25, and only two chairs. I took a chair, my guide another, and the others sat, one on a box, another on the floor. I never saw harder working people, very brisk and active. I inquired what they were getting. They hired out by the month through the busiest season. James was a big, strong, healthy young man, just coming of age, the very best time for work: he received fourteen dollars a month and house rent. Work was guaranteed him for four months, while the season was at its height. He got nothing else; had no place for poultry, or cow, or

garden. They furnished him his fuel if he would go and cut it. He boarded himself entirely, and took care of the mule he worked. He was at it from sunrise to sundown, and did his chores and ate his meals before and after. His wife was given work when they had any for her, and that was a plenty when I was there, hoeing cotton. For that she received forty cents an acre. She was the fastest hoer in all that country. I saw her work, and I could not hoe half what she did. She hoed two acres that day, following close after the plow; the average person would not hoe an acre. She was making much better wages than her husband, but she had worked only occasionally.

"I found afterwards that I had run a serious risk in seeking to get this newly married young man and woman as students; for they were embraced in a contract made by his father before their marriage, and the laws of South Carolina provides imprisonment and a fine of \$500 for seeking to entice away a hand under contract. Of course the law is meant to restrain interfering employers, but technically I was guilty. I might easily have been a victim of such popular feeling as was expressed by a man on my train, who told me, 'If I had a bunch of men, and some fellow came along to hire them away, I'd put him where they wouldn't find him. And as for a nigger, I'd just as lief shoot him as a dog!' Naturally, I said nothing to him of what I was doing."

"But I got three students from South Carolina," he continued. "We have to help some of our students to get here, for they simply have no money, partly, of course, because of their tendency to free spending, but also because many of them get almost nothing. Take Lizzie, for instance. She had no one to help her at all. She was 'working' and she received \$1.50 a week. She could save nothing from that. We had to pay her fare here."

What Hillcrest does for the plantation hand may be seen in the aggravated case of Archie B, a nineteen-year-old Georgia boy, who never had been out of his county, but who believed himself about the brightest ornament of that county,

which was the world! He was the typical "smart-Alec" young Negro, who carried his hat on the side of his head, wore bright-hued cotton socks and rainbow ties, and thought it a shame to answer any question without an effervescence of original wit.

His first six weeks at Hillcrest were a triumphant tragedy. He scintillated in color and conceit, and brought the faculty, by the advice of the more mature students, to the verge of sending him home as a hopeless case. He strutted and posed, made impertinent remarks, was trifling with his work, and learned nothing, not even how little he knew. But when he was faced with the prospect of being discharged, he was suddenly sobered. He really had a purpose; only his ignorance and conceit had been in the way of his using it. He was humbled by his danger and the reproof, and asked to be helped. He had to be told his particular faults, and shown how to avoid them. And he set himself to conquer them. From being most offensively impertinent, he became quiet and considerate of others' feelings and comfort. His pride was turned into the channel of service. He grew to be prompt in answering signals, punctual at class, quick and alert in every movement. He took hold of his work with greater vim, and grew very dependable. He studied hard, and made encouraging progress.

In the summer, his father called him home to help make the crop, and all the neighborhood, colored as well as white, remarked with astonishment what a change had taken place in Archie. While at home, he interested several other young people to return with him in the fall. But the cotton crop was bad, and most of them were disappointed. However, one neighbor boy was ready to come with Archie and his sister.

"He wrote us," says Mr. Staines, "stating just when they would leave Atlanta, arrive in Chattanooga, leave Chattanooga, and arrive in Nashville. We have never had another student so explicit. Most of them neither know when

they will start nor when they will arrive, and if they do state the time, they are just as likely as not to fail. But he and his sister were there to the dot. The neighbor boy had failed to reach their home the night he promised, and Archie would not wait for him. He said he had written he was coming just then, and come he would. He and his sister are among our most promising students."

At the opposite extreme was Charles D, a married man some forty years old. He and his wife owned a three-quarter section farm in Kansas. Before that, he had been prominent in politics among the Negroes of St. Louis, and was widely and favorably known. When Mr. Staines was traveling in Kansas, he visited them and laid before them the needy condition of their brethren in the South. For two days they studied with him the conditions, studied the appeals made by Mrs. White, studied their Bibles, and prayed over their duty. Then they determined that God was calling to them to help.

Immediately they began to receive advice from friends near and far, not to go South, and these friends depicted the terrible conditions they would have to meet down there. They were given three separate calls to go as foreign missionaries to different places. But their decision made, nothing could move them.

Then they had a difficult time to sell their stock, some of it being returned after being sold. Various ones who owed them money upon which they were depending, failed to pay. Then finally started for the South without enough money to carry them through, but they went to Kansas City, and there stayed with a man who owed them, until he could pay it, when they went on their way to Nashville.

They were already well equipped for starting a school, Mrs. D having been a school-teacher, and they expected to be able soon to sell their farm. This sale, however, was delayed again and again, but nothing would turn them back. They remained at Hillcrest, getting all the time further training and deeper experience, and doing there, perhaps, a work greater than they could at

once have done out in a school of their own. Quiet, practical, forceful, refined, and deeply spiritual, they have been leaders, father and mother, to the whole band of students. Their influence will be felt most deeply on the work at Hillcrest and in the future work they have to do.

The bringing together of such diverse elements as these is helpful to both. The uncouth plantation hand finds in the man or woman of experience a model and a help, while the other finds in him and his kind a preliminary experience with the conditions he must meet when he establishes his own school.

Watt Bryant was born near Nashville. His mother died when he was very young, and he ran the streets of that city, with the police after him much of the time. His father finally learned of the Oakwood school and sent him there. After some years at that institution, he applied to enter Hillcrest, and was received. In two years he developed into one of the best workers ever known there, being given charge of some departments of the farm and of other boys. He married while at the school, and with his wife soon began to think of doing a work elsewhere.

A school a few miles from Ellisville, Miss., had been conducted by the Southern Missionary Society, but was about to close. Professor Rogers applied to the Hillcrest School for someone to conduct it. It was in the country, and nearby was a forty-acre farm belonging to a widowed Seventh-day Adventist, a Bible worker, who was anxious for the school to be kept up. Watt Bryant and his wife decided to go there, and make a home on the farm for a teacher who was to follow from Hillcrest, and who was to be paid by the Negro Department. It was hoped that in time the farm might be purchased for a permanent school.

The Bryants reached there in the early spring. The summer was a disastrous drouth, and the crops shriveled in the heat. Mrs. Bryant fell sick, and had to be sent home to Knoxville, with her two children, and go into hospital. Watt stayed on, lonesome, but doggedly cheerful. "You know I never write you anything discouraging," runs one of his letters. "I have about $7\frac{1}{2}$ acres of corn

and 3 acres of sorghum, but most of it is burned up. My peas are not amounting to anything, but the sweet potatoes are. I planted my Irish potatoes twice, as the first crop did not come up well, and I will get back considerably more than the seed. And I shall plant rutabagas and fall turnips, which I think will make a good crop. I have been carrying my water as far as the tool shed is from your house, and when I get home with it, you see it's rather warm. I shall get me a well soon if I can. Now I am giving my very best down here, and doing all I can to make the thing go. I don't think I shall have enough to pay out on this year, but I will do my best."

The event of course proved that he had decidedly too little to "pay out on," but he picked up some jobs to keep going, and was happy that his wife was improving. He had no thought of deserting the place: the tide would turn in the Lord's own good time.

Fall came, and the prospect for a school seemed dubious. The Department had notified Mr. Staines that it could not support a teacher there. At the Mississippi colored camp meeting, Mr. Staines was telling the situation at Ellisville, and the probability that the school must close, as many others were doing. The next morning there came to him one of the best of the young mission school teachers, Lily May Woodward. "Why can't I go down and teach that school of Watt's?" she asked.

"I don't know that we could guarantee you anything, Lily May," replied Mr. Staines.

"I can get along on less than you think," was her reply.

He told her to go away and think and pray over it until the next day, and then talk with him. He knew she had not only herself to care for, but to a considerable extent her little orphan brother and sister, in a home in Atlanta.

The next day she returned and said, "I have figured it all out. I must

send something for my brother and sister each week. But I can teach for \$3.50 a week. I will pay Watt and his wife \$1.25 for board, send \$1.50 for my brother and sister, and after paying my tithe, I shall have 40¢ left, and I can do very well on that. I think we can make up the \$3.50 from the tuition we charge the children,"—ten cents a week.

She went, and taught a very successful school. And there Watt, on his drouth-stricken farm, and Lily May, on her forty cents a week, are working and praying that some way may be found to make a permanent station and a free school, so that the little children out in those pine barrens of Mississippi may not be deserted in their need.

Sturdy missionaries are there, in far off India and China, who, in the midst of strange faces and heathen customs, are staying their souls on the sacredness of their mission, the width of the ocean, and the shame of retreat. But it also takes a hero to live for a six-month on corn bread and sweet potatoes, when retreat would scarcely be noticed by the church, and would cause a journey of not a hundred miles,—it is a hero soul that will stand in its chosen lot in the face of failure and privation, held simply by the sense of duty and the love of souls. Friends, there is something solid as the foundation of that determined, cheerful course.

The education of Hillcrest is built upon a rock. It makes its student's course in school to be of the same character as his course in life must be. He is not given to feel that he is to be carried by the gifts and efforts of others through a training that will make him a privileged character. He is taught to earn his living by as efficient and skillful means as he can command, that he may have time for self-improvement and for giving of his best to the needs of others. He may not become skilled in the dead languages, but neither does he become skilled in dead-beating his way. He may not there develop the oratorical powers of a

Douglass or a Langston, but he does there learn how to give to his fellow men free service of eternal worth. What he does there, he learns to do in a way that will enable him to keep on learning and serving through the rest of time, and to prepare himself and others for an education through eternity. The principles upon which rests the structure Hillcrest is building make the bedrock of Christian education; for, "True education means more than the pursual of a certain course of study. It means more than a preparation for the life that now is. It has to do with the whole being, and with the whole period of existence possible to man. It is the harmonious development of the physical, the mental, and the spiritual powers. It prepares the student for the joy of service in this world, and for the higher joy of wider service in the world to come." (fn. Mrs. E. G. White, in "Education," p. 13.)

CHAPTER XXV

MIDNIGHT AND DAWN

What is the prospect for the ultimate solution of the Negro problem? Are the forces of civilization to triumph in the upward evolution of the race? Are the principles of Christianity finally to succeed in placing the Negro upon a recognized basis of friendship and co-operation with the white man? Or are the influences of degeneracy to drag the race to lower depths, and the powers of evil to precipitate race wars that will end in extermination? It is not out of idle curiosity that these questions are asked; for unless the workers for the race see clearly to some end at which their measures are aimed, they are working blindly. It is inevitable, therefore, that, however impossible of exact answer, these questions should come to every thoughtful man. And they are answered, partially, hesitatingly, by two very different schools of thought.

The optimists are of three classes, the most decided and active being the school men; following them the statesmen and publicists who preach the white man's responsibility for the Negro; and last, more faintly, the church people. The Christian church, it is true, may be accounted the greatest moral force among the Negroes. But church effort has become so closely identified with educational effort that the voice of the optimistic church is heard chiefly in the ranks of the educators: when it comes to the purely evangelistic phase of its work, there is little to be heard from the church of hope of an ultimate success. It practically says that the problem is beyond its powers.

While public platforms have rung with denunciations of the Negro, and legislative halls have hatched plots against him, it is nevertheless true that there have always been, in both these forums, clear-minded, sturdy champions of

his needs and his rightful claims. From the era of the Revolution and the days of Reconstruction to the present time, there have been southern men, chiefly of the aristocracy, who have felt and announced the responsibility of the white man to help the Negro up, rather than press him down. These men were distinct from both the blatant demagogue who claimed for the Negro the earth and the fulness thereof, and from the fire-eaters who, hating the Negro, clamored for his extinction. The list of these champions contains the names of some of the noblest men America has known, from Jefferson and Randolph to Lee and Grady. And every Southern state to-day, though it may have its Tillmans and its Vardamans, has also men like Aycock of North Carolina, pleading for equal education; Northern/Georgia, preaching mutual co-operation; Edgar Gardner Murphy of Alabama, soundly and dispassionately setting forth the basis on which the progress of the two races must be built; and John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, storming the tide of ignorant, demagogic denunciation and prejudice.

But all look with greatest hope for final success to the industrial and spiritual education of the race; and it is in the ranks of the educators that the most insistent optimism is to be found. It is natural that the teacher, who receives, for the most part, the selected elements of the race, should be most thoroughly cheered by his immediate surroundings, as he views the rapid, oftentimes amazing transformations of character in his students. And as he sees these students, some thousands in number, go out transformed and enthused, to leaven, as he helps, the inert lump of the millions of the race, it is not surprising if his estimate of their influence greatly exceeds that of the cold-eyed planter, or the contractor or judge, who comes mostly in contact with the yet unleavened mass.

There has, indeed, in the last forty years, been a curious whirligig revolution of opinion among the optimists, with the church and the school at opposite poles, and legislation sitting uncertainly in the center. Immediately after emancipation, hope and rosy expectation centered in the church, albeit

but a small fraction of that church; legislation was going forward or drifting backward, according to which side of the post it might happen to occupy, while the school, new, uncertain, often crude, was like an apprehensive child watching the ground slip under its feet. But -today the school, confident of its scientific footing, proud of its record, and confident in the powers and resources of its product, holds the most certain, forward-looking position; the church, depreciating and doubting where it once applauded the emotional heritage of the Negro, is apprehensively glancing behind for the obstacles its back may bump; while public policy is still shifting to one side and the other, but mostly preferring the sensation of riding backward.

When our eyes turn in the direction pointed by the optimists, we see, indeed, a hopeful picture. We are encouraged by the fact that the majority of the Negroes in the South have the advantages of a country rather than a city environment, and that about half of the race are farm laborers and servants, a large proportion of whom, we are assured, are efficient. Another three hundred thousand are workmen in skilled trades, and their aptitude at mechanics is registered by the granting of over one thousand patents.

They have fifty colleges, among them thirteen institutions for the higher education of women, twenty-six theological schools and departments, three schools of law, five of medicine, four of pharmacy, seventeen state agricultural schools and colleges, and over four hundred normal and industrial schools, all of which muster about eighty thousand students.

Their skilled workmen make a respectable list:—

750,000 farmers,
55,000 railway hands,
70,000 teamsters,
36,000 miners,
35,000 saw-mill employees,
28,000 porters,
36,000 teachers,
21,000 carpenters,

20,000 barbers,
20,000 nurses,
15,000 clergymen,
14,000 masons,
24,000 dressmakers and seamstresses,
10,000 engineers and firemen,
10,000 blacksmiths,
2,500 physicians,
22,400 employed in government work, 3,950 in postal department,
2,000,000 mistresses of independent homes

But little property was owned by Negroes at the dawn of their freedom; to-day they own five hundred thousand homes. Two hundred fifty thousand of these are farms, and their rented farms make a list five times as great. The value of the farm lands they own is \$273,501,665, and the area, 31,000 square miles, is equal to the combined area of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island.

They have four large publishing houses, and edit four hundred newspapers and magazines. They have three hundred drug stores, and twenty thousand grocery and general stores. Sixty-four banks, capitalized at \$1,600,000, are doing an annual business of \$20,000,000.

The roll-call in such a book as Max Bennett Thrasher's "Tuskegee" of successful, educated men who are acting an inspiring part among their people, as teachers, merchants, tradesmen, and farmers, sounds like the roll of a Gideon's Band. And that, indeed, responds the dubious observer, is what it is,—a handful, in the midst of a host as the sand of the sea for multitude. An estimated three million of capable men and women among the Negroes, leaves the menace of a triple majority of an irresponsible and often dangerous mass. Though they make over one-third of the population, they own no more than one-fortieth of the property, and one-fourth of the race own four-fifths of that. (m. Hart.) Eighty thousand students above the elementary grades means only eight-tenths of one per cent. of the race, and but two and two-thirds per cent. of the school population, with an average of less than three dollars each year appropriated for the education of

each child, while the conditions are too largely like those described by one state superintendent:—

The Negro schoolhouses are usually without comfort, equipment, proper lighting, or sanitation. Nearly all the Negroes of school age in the district are crowded into these miserable structures during the first term of the school. Most of the teachers are absolutely untrained, and have been given certificates by the county board, not because they have passed the examination, but because it is necessary to have some kind of Negro teacher.

Among the Negro rural schools which I have visited I have found only one in which the highest class knew the multiplication table. The teacher is attempting to use the books and follow the course of study provided by the State board of education and intended primarily for white schools. (m. Report of U. S. Com'r, 1912, p. 246.)

Admitting the value of the trained and progressive Negro, it is denied that his influence is great enough to direct the masses, and it is also denied that the round-number statistics of skilled workmen correctly represents the actual conditions; for it takes not merely knowledge of a trade, but moral force, to make a man a power for good among his fellows.

This is the composite view of the more pessimistic observers among whom the most numerous, if not the most decided, are the men who come in daily commercial contact with the lower classes of the race. They are the white working-men who are coming more and more into contact with the Negro, as they more steadily invade his ancient monopoly of labor; the merchants and landlords, who profit by, while they are vexed with, the improvidence of the Negro; and many among the employers, from the planter and contractor to the housewife, who are dealing with a labor problem always difficult, but fast growing impossible.

More in the public eye than this group are the orators and writers, a chief part of whose stock in trade is denunciation of the Negro. It is to be noted that this class of men--novelists, journalists, lecturers, legislators, and even governors--have come almost wholly from the previously submerged or half submerged classes of the white race, the poor whites, who in the days of slavery felt most bitterly the economic evils and the social restrictions of an aristocracy built upon slavery, and who, hating the institution, hated and despised yet more the innocent instrument, both because he was a slave and because he was of an alien race. The revolution in economic conditions and in politics wrought by the war brought the poor white into greater prominence, and from his ranks have emerged some of the soundest and most brilliant public men, as well as some of the most demagogic and virulent of ranters.

That there is sincerity in the feeling of the great mass of Southern men, is not to be denied. In sentiment toward the Negro they vary from mild reprobation mixed with much praise, to most outrageous and unreasonable denunciation. Their differing sentiments have been formed by their varying personal experiences as well as their different strata of society, and their different geographical locations. There is this at least to be said for this hostile class of Southerners, that long enforced contact with the Negro has made them both more intelligent and more tolerant concerning him than any equal mass of Northerners would be in similar position. With few exceptions, they find in their scheme of life some place for the Negro, if only he will keep that place; and many among them, the employers especially, protest against the idea of removing or supplanting the Negro in the labor system. This fact is partly the inspiration of Booker Washington's earnest advice to the Negro to stay in the South, because on the whole he will find the South his most favorable home.

Sincerity there certainly is in the critical attitude of the masses; but the fulminations of some of their spokesmen can not avoid the imputation of

bombast, class cant calculated to secure notoriety and attract support. The cheap tricks of long hair, cowhide boots, and pitchforks on the part of candidates for office, fit their twaddle about endangered white supremacy, and easily established their kinship to the lurid rhetoric with which the class writer sets forth in argument or in fiction his doctrine of clan and blood.

But, however exaggerated these forms of public statement, there is a solid sentiment of distrust and fear of the Negro which is perhaps the most potent factor in the whole problem. The planter tells you that it is growing increasingly difficult to secure dependable labor, that the once cheerful, docile field hand is becoming morose and insolent; that the average amount of labor to be gotten from the Negro day-laborer is four or four and a half days a week, for, knocking off work on Friday, he seeks the excitement of the town on Saturday, gets gloriously drunk over Sunday, and takes Monday to sober up. You are told, moreover, that there are coming to be more "rounders" and "eastmen," who will not work because they can live on the bounty of some Negro woman in the common house or the white man's kitchen. And the existence of these conditions, and the imperativeness of meeting them, are reflected in the laws of the states controlling vagrancy and breaking of contracts.

The moral menace of the vicious Negro has thrown a terror over the home in many sections of the South, a terror breeding lawlessness, as evidenced by the tide of lynchings, which in 1892 swelled to the terrible height of 235, (fn. Figures for the whole United States. The first sectional analysis of the figures, in 1900, gave the South 107, the North 3, and the West 5) (m. The Negro the Southerner's problem, p. 92) but which happily has ebbed in later years until it has reached below the half hundred mark. The increase of crime and disease is everywhere noted; and the settled conviction of the great majority of the white race who come in close contact with the masses of the Negro race is that degeneracy is having its rapid way, that the races are growing farther apart in sym-

pathy and that all indications point to greater and more desperate conflicts.

Nor can this opinion of the common observer be controverted by the results of wider study. For the ranks of the dubious are swelled by the investigators who have set themselves to a scientific discovery and sifting of vital statistics. It is, indeed, these cold calculators of scientific data who, disclaiming alike prejudice and emotion, profess to set forth an unbiased presentation of facts,-- it is they who make, with their tables and comments, the strongest arraignment of the Negro race. These investigations, of course, are based, or supposed to be based, upon no single class of the race. They acknowledge the cheer of the forward-moving few, the "talented tenth," but the great mass, being yet among the unprogressive, far overbalances the progressive, and gives color to the whole report. Where among ten millions, but seventy thousand, or .7%, are receiving an education above the elements, and a large proportion of the 99.3% are receiving nothing worthy of the name of education, it must be seen that in a general study the race will be judged by its vast majority of the untrained. And on this basis, the conclusions of one of the most comprehensive, fair, and sympathetic of the investigators, who expressly disclaims pessimism, are not reassuring as to race success. (fn. Howard W. Odum, in Columbia University Political Science Series No. 99, "Social and Mental Traits of the Negro.") The work is based upon a study of fifty representative communities in the South. Says the author:--

It would be a serious mistake to assume that all Negroes are alike in character and conduct. It is very likely that the great majority of Negroes in these communities possess the weaknesses and defects portrayed in the following pages, but there are many exceptions, worthy citizens among them who play an important part in the general life of the community. The other extreme which asserts that these characteristics are not representative because there are many exceptions is as ill-founded. So long as

the average of race characteristics and race capacity are of a proved order, exceptional cases of individual development will not suffice to characterize the race. (fn. p. 16.)

The present status of the race is indicated in the following excerpts:—

The conditions among the Negroes seem to be worse as the majority of the population is Negro. . . . The fact is undeniable that venereal and pulmonary diseases are the worst that afflict mankind, they are everywhere on the increase among the Negroes to an alarming extent. (F. 172.)

There is a brighter side to the picture of Negro home life in the form of exceptional Negro families. But it is extremely difficult to see the better side of Negro home life and environment, and the worse so predominates as almost to overshadow the better . . . Without detracting one bit from the credit due those homes which reflect honor upon the race, it must still be said that the bright side of Negro home life lives only in the probable possibilities. (Pp. 174, 175.)

The ante-bellum Negroes were noted for their cheerfulness and gait. . . . The Negro of to-day is fast losing his cheerfulness, and is far less disposed to manifest the spirit of gait either among his own people or among the whites. . . . Again, politeness and courtesy were among the most noteworthy traits of the older Negroes; especially was this true in their attitude toward white women. To-day the spontaneous politeness is far less observable, while in its place are found either rudeness and inconsideration for the welfare of others, or the assumed politeness of the valet. Respect and reverence toward the aged were marked characteristics of the old Negro, while this attitude is now very rare and perhaps almost gone. Kindness and attention to the sick and the care of children were especially marked characteristics of the slavery Negroes both old and young. Faithfulness to master or the family of the master constituted the fundamental principle of conduct. To-day

untrustworthiness seems to be an almost differentiating trait of the Negro. Again, the older Negroes could be entrusted with missions of importance, and with safety. Rarely did they steal things of value, even when there was every opportunity to do so. They were always noted for their petty thieving, considering that they were entitled to a share of the things with which they came in contact. The marked contrast manifested by the Negro criminal of to-day is seen in his tendency toward robbery, bold burglaries, and purse-snatching.

At the same time the Negroes of slavery days were equally noted for certain negative tendencies which have become magnified in the Negro of to-day. The proverbial laziness of the Negro in freedom has developed into shiftlessness and vagrancy to a large degree. The general carelessness with which the Negroes unrestrained performed their tasks is now manifest in a lack of efficiency in the Negro laborer. The improvidence of the slavery Negro is further revealed in his lack of managing ability and financial aptitude. . . . This trait may be observed much developed in the present-day Negro's tendency to conceal stolen goods and criminals, as well as in the effective and rapid methods of communication in matters of racial importance. The oversight of the white man in slavery days kept the home of the Negro in a more organized state, and the quarreling and fighting of man and wife were almost unknown. Likewise the open lewdness of their women was not known in the proportions of the present-day Negro. The more serious crime of rape was almost unknown. (Pp. 185, 186.)

Although the Negro population of the communities studied averages only a little more than forty per cent. of the total, the Negroes commit, nevertheless, eighty per cent. of the total number of offenses recorded on the criminal dockets. (p. 189.)

In addition to the fact that the growing tendency on the part of the younger Negroes to do as little work as possible is making the situation more acute, it is easily seen that the criminal ranks are increasing rather than decreasing because of these worthless Negroes. From idleness to recklessness and theft, the Negro easily develops from the vagrant, the bum, the hobo, the bully boy, the eastman, the rounder, the creeper, to the "bad man" and the criminal. Whiskey, beer, pistols, knives, and guns, taken with idleness, make the final combination. (P.221.)

And not merely from an analysis of race characteristics, but from a view of outward conditions, is the prospect dubious. In the South the political privileges of the Negro have been so greatly abridged as practically to be abolished. Educational and property tests embodied in recent legislation of the states, even if justly applied to both races, shut out the mass of the Negroes, and where applied with a white bias and enforced by intimidation, may amount to the shutting out of the entire Negro vote. However unimportant the possession of political rights may be to the progress of the race, the deprivation of such rights signifies more aggression and less sympathy on the part of the whites.

Add to this the growing discrimination in commercial and social privileges in hitherto favorable communities, and increasing impatience on the part of the general public with a discussion of the Negro's rights and needs, and the picture grows darker. In the North to-day there is coming to be a discrimination against association with the Negro, greater than before the war, and a late number of the leading Negro newspaper complains of the hitherto unknown indignity of such discrimination in England. These facts present a picture more forbidding than bright.

It is, however, to the inherent qualities of the race that the observer must look for the true barometer of progress. If the race as a whole has the

qualities that make for success in the fierce class and race contests of to-day, success may be expected, but if its weaknesses exceed the average of race weaknesses, it is heavily handicapped.

That the weaknesses of the Negro, among which are enumerated vanity, bombast, indolence, dishonesty, and unchastity, are also in some degree the heritage of other races, is everywhere admitted, though not always sufficiently emphasized. The average man, if he is honest with himself, must acknowledge from his own experience that the evil bequest was not made by the Negro's forebears alone. And the Negro deserves special forbearance because of the handicap he is under from being a race new to civilization, is granted in theory and largely in practice. It is, indeed, no common task in self-control and energy that is set a backward race, to attain the heights of a higher race in the midst of which it is placed. The weaker race, halting far down the road, is bidden, in order that it may catch up with the procession, to outrun the stronger, to strike a faster pace, to have a stronger purpose, to submit less to distractions of ease and pleasure, while bearing a heavier load. The stronger race, it is urged, because of its heritage of power, can afford to indulge itself, where the weaker must deny itself. The white man may buy a piano out of the plenty of culture and wealth provided by his hard-working, psalm-singing forefather; the Negro must put his dollars into an acre of red clay because his father was content with a 'possum and a banjo. That the weaker race, with the example before it of white self-indulgence, should fail to become at once the stronger race, is the very opposite from surprising. It could, of course, make faster progress if it were freed from the incubus of the example of the evil and major portion of the white race.

But granting all this does not touch the question before us. That question is, Does the present status and tendency of the race promise final success? Is an evident solution of race difficulties in process? An affirmative answer can

not be safely ventured. To challenge incontrovertible facts, to exclaim that investigators are prejudiced in their conclusions, to shut the eyes to unpalatable conditions, will make no sound basis for optimism. It is of no advantage to the bemired traveler to insist that there is solid rock beneath his feet, while he is unacquainted with the profound depth of the bog and ignores the stepping stones across its dangerous waste.

It is seen that there are forces for evil and for good arrayed against each other. The influence of ignorance, of debasing passions inherited and fostered by terrible conditions of life, of the impatience and injustice of members of the stronger race, are brutalizing the masses of the Negro race. Without question the period since emancipation has seen in them a lowering of the standard of morality, a lessening of apparent energy, and an increase of disease and crime. On the other hand, there has been a good record established among the progressive classes in literature, in administration, and scientific achievement, in the accumulation of property and the adoption of skilled trades, and in the training of its public servants,—teachers, ministers, physicians. If these influences of education are wide and strong enough to conquer the overwhelming tide of evil in which the masses are engulfed, then, whatever the present status of the race, we may look for its final success. If, on the other hand, these good influences are too weak or too slow to effect their cure before the evil becomes insupportable, the inevitable result must be such an exasperation as will precipitate war, in which the weaker race must go under. Or, as the only other possibility, there must come a third, a tremendous, factor not yet reckoned with.

Which of the forces, good or evil, is gaining, will of course be a matter of dispute between observers from different points of view. One thing is certain, that he who would work with good cheer for the race must be an optimist; for he who looks with gloomy eyes upon his task will have but sorry success, and no helpful following. It is therefore good policy for the Negro worker to

present a cheering picture. But it should be a true picture.

It is the practice of the optimistic Negro leaders to look on the bright side made by the many cases of Negro success which they automatically produce, to ignore so far as possible the dark side, and, in common with all Christians, to trust what they can not fathom to an inscrutable but beneficent Providence. Yet in their hope for the race they have been driven from point to point; and this because they have failed to catch the true viewpoint of the sane optimist. Long ago, with echoes reaching to the present time, it was declared that salvation could come only by segregation--deportation to Africa or allotment of American territory. These schemes were always impracticable, and to whatever extent tried have failed. The Negro's champions next trusted to the nation's conscience and guardianship, and sought a political regeneration. That vision has almost entirely faded. They looked then to a moral regeneration, to be wrought through the church, but the church to-day has less hold upon the Negro mass than ever before in its history.

To-day they trust in a broad education. Some hold for the class which they claim must produce the leaders; but the majority follow Booker Washington in his proclamation of a gospel of success through hard work. While urging also intellectual and moral training, Washington insists, with the deepest earnestness, that the solution of the race problem will come when the Negro has gained the respect of the white man by becoming industrially important. "Nothing else," he says, "so soon brings about right relations between the two races in the South as the commercial progress of the Negro. Friction between the races will pass away as the black man, by reason of his skill, intelligence, and character, can produce something that the white man wants or respects in the commercial world." (fn. The Future of the American Negro, pp. 86, 87.)

But to maintain that the increase of skill and proficiency will allay

prejudice, is to ascribe that prejudice wholly to the white man's sense of superiority, and not to racial antipathy. If it were true that the white man despised the black man simply because the latter was unskilled, then industrial progress would certainly substitute respect for despite. But it is not true. And while, so long as the Negro banker and mechanic and land-owner is the exception rather than the rule, he will, because of his unique achievement compel an unusual respect, let that position be occupied by a majority or a proportionate number of Negroes, and the strife of race against race in commercial rivalry will be more fuel added to the fire. Organized labor has had but little place in the South heretofore, but it is now gaining ground, and whereas at the present time white and Negro masons and carpenters and machinists work often side by side, there are indications that this will not long endure. The labor organizations of the North, where race prejudice is supposed to be quiescent, shut out the Negro, however skilled, for no other reason than that he is a Negro. And will this be less true in the South as the white workman becomes more numerous and the labor organizations more powerful? Or will the smaller capitalism which the Negro in his commercial rise must first encounter, face patiently that increasing importance which his success must bring with it?

True, the greater the Negro's skill, the more severe competitor can be become to the white workman, and the higher, therefore, will be his bid for employment, but also the more bitter will be the opposition he must meet. So long as race antipathy remains the chief cause for race friction, so long will the Negro's increased skill and economic importance tend to subject him, under normal conditions, to increased opposition. While, therefore, there is quite sufficient reason for the Negro's effort to increase his efficiency, in the personal power and happiness it affords him, as a solution of the race problem the industrial gospel is a delusion.

That any complete and happy solution of the problem is in sight does not, indeed, appear to be the opinion of the most hopeful of the race's champions. It is significant, at least, that no one has much to say about ultimate success. Such silence would of course be modest and wise in any advocate; for prophecy is a difficult profession. But it is certainly much easier, in view of history and present conditions, to utter woes than to prophesy smooth things. And the pessimists are not slow to fall into the temptation. They find it, indeed, a little difficult to hit upon any complete solution, except extermination, and that they shrink from expressing if not from contemplating, for it is nothing less than Armageddon. But their view of the difficulties and terrors closing in, does bring forth a chorus of dire predictions of strife, of bloodshed, of repression and restriction which tallies with the facts while it avoids the name of re-enslavement. Deportation, segregation, emasculation, secret miscegenation, ultimate race suicide, every sort of wild scheme may be found suggested by more or less responsible men.

Meanwhile, the subject of discussion listens, perhaps trembling, perhaps scornful, perhaps defiant, to the loud voices denouncing his fate, and keeps to himself his counsel. He may have visions of a glorious future, or he may be apprehensive of annihilation, or he may be simply oblivious to all but present problems: like the hero of Uncle Remus' tales, "Brer Rabbit, 'e ain't sayin' nuffin'." It is not likely that many amuse themselves with the hope of their race's advancement and victory. Even down to the lowest stratum of their society (impressed, indeed, more by present sordid conditions than by keen forward-looking) there has crept the sense of hopelessness, evidenced by the somber change so commonly noted from the old light-hearted creature to the sullen manikin of to-day. And the feeling is wrung as an unwilling cry almost of despair from the leaders. After his passionate plea for freedom of effort, for recogni-

tion of worth, for the common sympathy of a common humanity, DuBois, looking forward, can only cry in dubious hope: "If somewhere in this whirl and chaos of things there dwells Eternal Good, pitiful yet masterful, then anon in His good time America shall rend the veil, and the prisoned shall go free." (fn. The Souls of Black Folk, W. R. B. DuBois, p. 263.) Booker Washington is discreetly silent, his conclusion of a whole volume upon the Negro's future being no more than that, "If the principles which I have tried to indicate are followed, a solution of the question will come." (fn. The Future of the American Negro, Booker T. Washington, p. 243.)

This same wise reticence is manifested by that class of Southern men who are actively engaged in uplifting the Negro race. They content themselves, with Mr. Weatherford, in rallying the forces that should meet the overwhelming flood of evil: "What a call is this! Here at our very door is one of the greatest and most fertile mission fields the world knows. . . . Here is a great field ripe for the harvest. Here is a nation stretching out its hands to us. We know their life; we know their needs; we can help them if we will. God pity the Southern Christians, the Southern churches, and the Southern states if we do not awake to our responsibility in this hour of opportunity." (fn. Present Forces in Negro Progress, by W. D. Weatherford, pp. 164, 165.)

The medial Southern sentiment is voiced by Thomas Nelson Page: "The question is often asked, 'Now that the race problem in the South has been laid down and discussed, what solution of it do you offer?' . . . The answer is simple. None; but to leave it to work out along the lines of economic laws, with such aid as may be rendered by an enlightened public spirit and a broadminded patriotism." (fn. The Negro the Southerner's Problem, by Thomas Nelson Page, 1.286.)

But the more nearly universal Southern feeling is not one of hope: though often couched less reverently, it may be represented by the words of

"a lawyer of Birmingham," quoted in "The Southern South:" "If my heart did not go out for the Negro as a human being, or I cared less for my God and an earnest wish to walk in His ways, I would kill the Negro or die trying. God must intend that TIME shall work out His ways, and not the men of my generation; for after a longer life than most, and all of it spent with and among the Negroes, I give it up." (fn. P. 342.)

As hopeful a representative as may be found of the sentiment of Northern investigators, writes: "The Negro question has existed ever since the first landing of Negro slaves in 1619, became serious in some colonies before 1700, gave rise to many difficulties and complications during the Revolution, was reflected in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, later proved to be the rock of offense upon which the Union split, and has during the forty years since the Civil War been the most absorbing subject of discussion in the South. It hardly seems likely that it will be put to rest in our day and generation." "It is plain that the races are less friendly to each other, understand each other less, are less regardful of each other's interests, than at any time since freedom was completed. We have the unhappy condition that while both races are doing tolerably well, and likely to do better, race relations are not improving." (fn. Albert Bushnell Hard, in "The Southern South," pp. 77, 389.)

And the most hopeful words of the representative of the greatest missionary organization in the field are but these: "We feel the doubtful ebb and flow of the tide, but the strongest currents of the present are not so adverse as to deny to the brave man all he asks,—a fighting chance." (fn. H. Paul Douglass, in "Christian Reconstruction in the South," p. 126.)

Facing the future with an accurate knowledge of present conditions of the unequal forces arrayed against each other, of the swift approach of a conflict that forbids the alliance of time with the powers of good, the champions

of the Negro can not see the triumph of the race. Bright hope they may have for the salvage they may rescue, but the wreck is humanly certain. For in the world not only is there a Negro cause of right against wrong and good against evil. The same forces are joining battle in every land and in every race. Labor and capital, rich and poor, privileged and oppressed, weak and mighty, class and mass, are arrayed against each other for final settlement of age-old wrongs and rights. The time has come when prophecies shall have their last fulfillment, when "In the last days perilous times shall come; for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." Fierce, truculent, revengeful, everywhere the downtrodden of earth are upheaving the pavement into which they have been crushed, while the haughty ranks of the powerful are inventing new means to keep them enslaved.

As to that devoted band in legend, gentlest of knights with the worthiest of causes, so to the workers for good to-day, the scene is crowded with the threatening shapes of evil, black forms of passion and lust, streaked with the red of mortal strife, and swathed in the misty folds of uncertainty.

"And in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base. . . ,
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead."

Is this a picture of midnight? Let us turn to the dawn.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And God fulfils himself in many ways."

There is no true optimist but he who sees with God. "Christ can look on the misery of the world without a shade of sorrow for having created man. . . . He sees all the misery and despair of the world, the sight of which would bow down some of our workers of large capability with a weight of discouragement so great they would not know how even to begin. . . . He welcomes, as it were, the very condition of things that would discourage many ministers. . . . He works through those who discern mercy in misery, gain in the loss of all things. When the Light of the world passes by, privileges appear in all hardships, order in confusion, the success and wisdom of God in that which has seemed to be failure." (fn. Mrs. E. G. White, in "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VII, pp. 269-272.)

The bright hope that God sets before His workers today—workers in every department of human need: the teacher, the social worker, the evangelist, the parent—is the hope of His speedy appearing. Only in that hope is there refuge from certain ruin. To His tried soldiers, almost overwhelmed by the forces confronting them, Christ signals the message, "Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord, . . . for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." It is a hope that the world has lost, has thrown away. Once again, in their supreme folly, the men of science have followed in the track of that ancient world which by wisdom knew not God. Becoming vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart being darkened, professing themselves to be wise they have become fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the base image of deified man. Invaded by infidelity in the guise of evolution and "higher criticism," the pulpit has repudiated or devitalized the supreme doctrines of the Christian faith.

But in these days, when the nominal representatives of Jesus of Nazareth, bearing His name and posing as His expositors, presume to sneer at His commands, reject His divine claims, and despite His prophetic word, in these days when the faithful of His people through all the world, under many a name and in many

a guise, are manfully but almost despairingly bending to the oars in the fearful cross seas of heathenism and apostasy, there appears to their eyes the welcome vision of the Master, there comes to their ears the thrilling word, "Be of good cheer. It is I. Be not afraid."

The world will never be converted, the race will never be saved. But that is no cause for gloom and discouragement. To the question, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" the earnest response is made, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, but shall not be able." "For strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

With what relief does the sincere believer hail the promise of the coming Kingdom! With what joy does he observe the signs in nature, in politics, in society, that, by the word of Christ Himself, herald His speedy return! With what enthusiasm does he join that supreme effort for the evangelization of the world in this generation which is the church's response to the word of its Lord: "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come."

And here, in this hot crater of strife for the possession of a people downtrodden and oppressed, here where the devil has flung and is flinging his cohorts of vice and degradation and ignorance and contumely against the meager forces of good, here shall be no discouragement, no looking back, no faltering. If some for whom we work shall fail us, if only here and there we find a victory in the life of some rescued soul, still without loss of faith will we press the battle harder. And far and near, in every phase of Christian service, through every barrier of crime and shame, to every haunt of vice and misery, will we bring the word of salvation--salvation physical, moral, social, ministrative--salvation now, and glory soon. And though the shadows of night close down in

darker and darker array, though the voices of the thunders mutter upon the horizon or crash over our heads, though the agencies of degradation and death close round about us in the thickening murk, we shall not fail nor be discouraged; for our hope, set not upon the evolution of a race, but upon the salvation of individual souls, is firm as the Rock of Ages upon which it is built. And we hear the voice of the Comforter when we shout, "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" for the Watchman saith, "The night cometh, but also the dawn."

CHAPTER XXVI

FACING THE PROBLEM

Here before us, at our very doors, are ten millions of a backward race, nearly nine millions of them in the Southern States. (fn. The census figures for 1910 are, 9,827,736 in the United States; 8,749,427 in the Southeastern, Central Southern, and Southwestern States.) The vast majority of these nine millions are sinking in degradation and vice. While their economic condition is on the whole improving, their dissipation is not only offsetting that material advantage, but rapidly and immeasurably depleting their moral and physical capital. Disease is making fearful inroads: tuberculosis, syphilis, and insanity, the last two of which were almost unknown among them half a century ago, are now yearly taking greater and greater tolls. Their death-rate is increasing, while their birth-rate is diminishing or their infant mortality tremendously augmenting. Once a prolific race, they are now far behind the white race in increase of population, the rates for the last census decade being respectively 11.2% and 22.3%. In the decade closing 1860, the Negro rate of increase was 22.1%, double the present figures.

Vagrancy and crime are increasingly manifest, to check which legislation and supervision are growing constantly more stringent, a condition which, while necessary for the preservation of peace and order, makes life every year more difficult for the good-intentioned of the race and for their helpers.

Proverbially susceptible to the influences of emotional religion, the Negro masses to-day show an alarming tendency to distrust and abandon even this frail protection against immorality, and more and more to seek for gratification of their emotional natures in the low vices of a degenerate civilization. The

gospel in its purity has never been given to the masses of the race, and every year that goes by makes it more difficult to reach them with the truth.

These are the conservative conclusions of hundreds of investigators and observers, well-wishers of the race. The immediate menace of such conditions lies not in the ultimate demoralization and extinction of the race, but in the inevitable conflict they must produce between the races. Facts which have not been here adduced prove that everywhere in the world men are losing the self-control which is necessary to peace. The nations, armed to the teeth, are glaring across their boundaries at one another, and their posture is but the collective attitude of the persons that compose them. Slowly and sadly the Spirit of God is taking its departure from the hearts of men, and the spirit of strife is filling its place. When men so trained and prepared for war, face each other across long contested racial lines, and when conditions so tend to an increased exasperation of primitive passions, destruction waits not upon the slower processes of disintegration. Time only, and short time, stands between us and the preliminary skirmishes of Armageddon.

Here, then, is the situation facing us. The problem is one not of the conversion of a race, but of the evangelization of a race. The gospel must go to every soul of this neglected people, and that speedily. The thousands who have responded to the uplifting power of a practical Christianity beckon to us with encouragement; the millions who, like the demoniac of Gadara, can give no sign but the hostile mutterings of a tortured soul, plead thus for our succor. The problem is not growing smaller with the years: our responses have ever been below the needs, and with geometric progression the difficulties are increasing over our heads. A mightier, a more sustained effort, is required to accomplish what may be accomplished before the night closes down.

And what shall be the nature of this effort? Shall we send evangelists

by the hundred to preach the abstract virtues of Christianity and the doctrines of a righteous cult? Will this save? By all means send evangelists, but send them such as Christ sent: "As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick." "Go ye therefore and teach all nations."

It is easy for a preacher to gain a following among the Negroes. Lovers of oratory, they attach themselves in crowds to one who can attract them with the music of words. But preaching alone is but building houses of mist, to drift away or dissipate before the winds and the sun of opposition. The evangelist to the Negroes must be a teacher. He must be one who can build in a community the solid virtues of the home,—purity, order, frugality, government. He must be one who can teach and exemplify the principles of hygiene, who can minister to the sick and instruct the well. He must be a practical worker, who can take hold with his hands to cultivate the soil and to build the house; and in all his cultivating, and building, and healing, and governing, teach them through the principles of the Kingdom of God. Only by such means will he be doing a solid Christian work for the individual and the race. If such evangelists can be found or made, let them be multiplied a hundredfold. But if evangelists must be of the migratory, wordy, flashy type, let them not be sent; for not only will they fail to gather a worthy harvest, but they will be sowing seed that will spring up in distrust and hostility toward the people they represent. Better that the money spent on their support had been thrown into the sea!

The school is the great agency of permanent Christian evangelism. "No line of work will be of more telling advantage to the colored people in the Southern field than the establishment of small schools. Hundreds of mission schools must be established; for there is no method of giving the truth to these people so effective and economical as small schools." (fn. Mrs. E.G.White, in Special Testimonies, Series B, No. 12, p. 5.)

Direct Testimonies, Series B, No. 15, p. 2.)

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To this kind of effort should our resources largely be turned. Not retrenchment, but a great extension, should take place in the local mission school work. And the efforts of the training schools should be devoted chiefly to the training of practical teachers, thorough and competent in the elements of learning, well equipped in practical industries, that they may be the agencies through which these small schools may not only become self-supporting, but teach the solid virtues of industry and service to the children and the parents whom they reach. These teachers must also be trained in the principles of health and healing, that they may be able to relieve to some extent the heavy burden of disease with which the race is afflicted, and that they may know how to preserve their own health. They must be instructed, moreover, in the principles of family life and government. For unless the Negro home is brought up to the standard of high Christian living, there is no hope in any phase of work for them. This training in home-making, so neglected in the institutionalism and the classicism of the schools, should be regarded as the prime requisite in the equipment of the teacher, the evangelist, and the social worker.

Medical missionary work is of the highest necessity among the colored people. The neglect of this work is evident to-day in the fearful inroads of the most loathsome diseases. Far more stress should be put upon this work than upon some other lines which the church is prone to emphasize. "In no place is there greater need of genuine gospel medical missionary work than among the colored people of the South. Had such work been done for them immediately after the proclamation of freedom, their condition to-day would have been very different. Medical missionary work must be carried forward for the colored people. Sanitariums and treatment rooms should be established in many places. . . . Strong, intelligent, consecrated colored nurses will find a wide field of usefulness opening before them. The Lord Jesus Christ is our example. He came to the world as the servant of mankind. He went from city to city, from vil-

lage to village, teaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing the sick. Christ spent more time in healing than in teaching. . . . Let promising colored youth— young men and young women of good Christian character—be given a thorough training for this line of service." (fn. Mrs. E. G. White, Special Testimonies, Series B, No. 12x, pp. 6, 7.)

In such a medical missionary is presented the best type of the true Christian evangelist, who, like his Master, goes from place to place, not merely preaching, but teaching and healing, and spending more time in healing than in talking. He who, as a Christian worker, gets down into the seething mass of crime and disease and corruption, of helpless ignorance and innocence debauched, will feel the futility of mere words, and will pray for God to strengthen his hands to DO.

There is yet another department, and that is the department of community work. There are many Christians of middle age who have not the advantage of a special training for teaching and nursing, who yet can fill a not less important position by social and industrial work in Negro communities. The farmer who sets an example of Christian living by his honest dealing, his fruitful farm, his well-kept stock, his neat premises, and his sweet and orderly home, will find that he has an influence in the community which enables him to lift up his fellow men far more effectually than can many a public worker. There is also opportunity in the city for social work, but the greatest opportunities, as well as the best conditions of life for one's own family, will be found in the country.

"In the South there is much that could be done by lay members of the church, persons of limited education. . . . Our people in the South are not to wait for eloquent preachers, talented men; they are to take up the work which the Lord places before them, and do their best. He will accept and work through humble, earnest men and women, even though they may not be eloquent or highly educated. My brethren and sisters, devise wise plans for labor, and go forward,

trusting in the Lord. Do not indulge the feeling that you are capable and keensighted. Begin and continue in humility. Be a living exposition of the truth. Make the word of God the man of your counsel. Then the truth will go with power, and souls will be converted." (fn. Mrs. E. G. White, Testimonies for the Church, Vol. VII, p. 227.)

There should be hundreds and thousands at work in this department of practical Christian effort. The homes of communities may be elevated, the personal habits of its members improved, the moral tone strengthened, and inspiration given to many to apply to their lives the principles of truth. The Sunday-school and the church offer means of social and religious teaching, the distribution of suitable literature will have great influence, the care of the sick and the helping of the needy will be a practical demonstration of truth, and in everything the personal example of the workers will tell most powerfully for Christ. They will be yeast in the unleavened lump.

This is a work for families already in the South. Those who come from other sections should come with the idea that they are learners, and not at first teachers. The Northern or Western man has much to learn of conditions and customs, before he can venture upon teaching others. Let such men come, and they will find a welcome, but let them come in humility, not with the boast of superiority and the prejudice of sectional pride. In due time, having become accustomed to the South, they will be able to do most efficient work.

"Let Sabbath-keeping families move to the South, and live out the truth before those who know it not. These families can be a help to one another, but let them be careful to do nothing that will hedge up their way. Let them do Christian-help work, feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. This will have a far stronger influence for good than the preaching of sermons. Deeds, as well as words, of sympathy are needed. Christ prefaced the giving of His message by deeds of love and benevolence. Let these workers go from house to house, helping

where help is needed, and, as opportunity offers, telling the story of the cross. Christ is to be their text. They need not dwell upon doctrinal subjects; let them speak of the work and sacrifice of Christ. Let them hold up His righteousness, in their lives revealing His purity." (fn. Mrs. E. G. White, Testimonies for the Church, Vol. VII, pp. 227, 228.)

What is the truth that is to be given? It is the simple gospel of Christ. The seed must be planted, and tended, and watered; the tender shoot must not be forced: "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." The plant of religion is to fruit finally in service, but the fruit can not be wrested from the barren ground before the plant has grown. The great truth, the only saving truth of God, is the truth of salvation through believing in Jesus. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." No doctrine, no tenet, can take the place of this, nor add to it anything of salvation. Whatever of further truth God has entrusted to any people, He has entrusted, not to save them, but to make them of greater service. In due time, therefore, for the sake of fitting for service, additional truth is to be given to Christian converts, but slowly, quietly, it may be months or years apart: "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

There is no value in making proselytes to a particular cult before these converts have reached the point where they can use the truths of that cult. No man is saved because he keeps the Sabbath, or because he is immersed, or because he pays tithe: he pays tithe, or is baptized, or keeps the Sabbath, because he is saved. And every additional truth that comes to him prepares him to be a better servant, because he has already accepted the truth and the power of salvation by believing in Jesus.

It is worth while, then, for the Presbyterian, and the Methodist, and the Baptist, and the Seventh-day Adventist, to teach the truths that distinguish

them, not that they may add members to their church roll, but only that by teaching these truths they may prepare a better body of Christian servants. This is a truth to which Seventh-day Adventists must give heed; for the mission of Seventh-day Adventists is not to proselyte, but to serve. The truths that have been given them they have received, not to insure their entrance into heaven, but to make them of better service now to their fellow men. If they fail to become such servants, they repudiate the truths they profess. If they live a life of service, they prove that the truth dwells in them. And in their giving of the gospel, they are to hold first and foremost the one basic truth of salvation from sin, through the atonement of Jesus Christ. After this has wrought in the lives of converts, then may be added, as development permits, the additional truths which, further freeing the mind from superstition and false belief, and inspiring it with love and power, make of the Christian convert the Christian worker.

The giving of the gospel is a work of education, and it must be conducted upon the principles of education. "True education is not the forcing of instruction upon an unready and unreceptive mind." "The germination of the seed represents the beginning of spiritual life, and the development of the plant is a figure of the development of character. There can be no life without growth. The plant must either grow or die. As its growth is silent and imperceptible, but continuous, so is the growth of character. At every stage of development our life may be perfect; yet if God's purpose for us is fulfilled, there will be constant advancement. . . . The wheat develops, 'first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.' The object of the husbandman in the sowing of the seed and the culture of the plant, is the production of grain,—bread for the hungry, and seed for future harvest. So the divine Husbandman looks for a harvest. He is seeking to reproduce Himself in the hearts and lives of His followers, that through them He may be reproduced in other hearts and lives."

(fn. Mrs. E. G. White, Education, pp. 41, 105, 106.)

A whole people is called to service. There is a work to be done in the providing of funds on the part of those who can give. Sanitariums and school-houses are to be erected, industries established, lands, and implements provided for the earnest men and women who give themselves to that work. There will be salaries also--meager, pitiful salaries,--but gladly accepted--for those who are not yet self-supporting. But no amount of giving can take the place of personal service. The "Well done!" will never be spoken to those who have served only by proxy. The place of service of those who give may not be in the Negro field, but it will be somewhere. And many from the now inactive ranks are called to definite personal service in this particular field.

There is a call, first, to those of the Negro race whom God has blessed with a knowledge of the truth and a training that fits for service. There are hundreds in the South who have received these advantages above their fellows. The burden of service is laid upon them by the Master who has given them their advantages. There are hundreds more in the North whose lot has fallen in pleasant places, and to whom it may be a heavy cross to renounce those advantages and give their lives to humble, contemned service among their brethren in the South. But the way of the cross has ever been the way of life. "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, can not be my disciple." If the love of Christ has entered the soul, it will be manifested in the forsaking of personal pleasures, and in devoting the God-given talents to the service of the needy.

But upon the white Christian also rests with special weight the responsibility of uplifting, strengthening, and saving this people. And within the white race there is no section to whom the call comes with such force as to the Southern white man. He best knows the Negro, for he has lived by his side, has come in most constant contact with him, has more dealings with him, and the best opportunity to understand his peculiarities and to know his needs. To him should the cause appeal with the greatest force, and he should respond with the greatest earnestness.

It is, of course, for the most part in somewhat indirect ways that the white man must labor for the Southern Negro. As his employer, in country or town, he may find opportunities to help and inspire him in living conditions, in morals, and in true religion. This field of endeavor is open to almost every white man, and if every white Christian who has the opportunity would improve it, a mightier influence would be exerted than could be brought to bear in any other way. But there is also a field for active effort on the part of the white man for the Negro, in which not a few can find a place, and bring their full powers into operation for the helping of the race.

There is a duty, a huge duty, belonging to the white people of the North. Fifty years have passed since the shackles of slavery were struck from the Negro's hands, a half century of earnest, troubled, half-fruitless struggle on his part, and a shameful indifference on the part of the church of Christ. The church may point to its hundreds of workers and its millions of money poured into the cause of the freedman, but that gift of men and money, while honorable indeed to the few who have made it, but emphasizes, when the truth is known, the greater niggardliness of the vast remainder. Fifty millions of dollars in fifty years to the neediest of causes, in a land where billions of dollars are every year thrown away in pleasure! An average annual gift of one hundred Christian workers, but decreasing to the minimum in later time, while twenty millions of Christians stay at home!

And, to turn to the people who profess to be heralding the quickly coming kingdom of God, we see scarce a hundred workers for the Negro from the ranks that in this country are seventy thousand strong, and we see pinching need in institutions and in enterprises that ought to grip the hearts and tear loose the purse-strings of a generous people. True it is that, compared with many others, Seventh-day Adventists rank high per capita in their gifts; true, further, that individuals have given in generosity, often with self-denial, to

the needs of this cause. But with the tremendous significance of their message standing before their eyes, have they given the last ounce of strength they can put forth? What, then, mean these words, the significance of which has not lessened, but grown, in the years since they were uttered?--

There are many, many places in the South in which no earnest Christian effort has been made for the colored people. These unentered fields, in their unsightly barrenness, stand before heaven as a witness against the unfaithfulness of those who have had great light. When I think of the way in which this line of work has been treated, there comes over me an intensity of feeling that words can not express. Like the priest and the Levite, men have looked indifferently on a most pifitul picture, and have passed by on the other side. For years this has been the record. Our people have put forth only a hundredth part of the earnest effort that they should have put forth to warn the indifferent, to educate the ignorant, and to minister to the needy souls in this field. (m MS, p. 241.)

I know not how to describe the way in which the Southern field has been presented to me. In this field thousands and thousands of people are living in ignorance of the gospel, and they are right within the shadow of our doors. This field bears testimony to the neglect of a people who should have been wide awake to work for the Master among all classes, but who have done very little for the colored people of the South. A little work has been done there, it is true; we have touched the field with the tips of our fingers; but not one hundredth part of the work has been done that should be done. God calls upon His people to stand in a right position before Him, to heed the light given fifteen years ago--that the colored people be labored for and helped.

My brethren and sisters, I entreat you to arouse, and show a living

interest in the unworked portions of the Lord's vineyard. Catch the spirit of the great Master-Worker. His heart was ever touched with human woe. Why are we so cold and indifferent? Why are our hearts so unimpressionable? Christ placed Himself on the altar of service, a living sacrifice. Why are we so unwilling to give ourselves to the work to which He consecrated His life? Something must be done to cure the terrible indifference that has taken hold upon us. Let us bow our heads in humiliation as we see how much less we have done than we might have done to sow the seeds of truth.

To the members of our churches I am instructed to say once more, Take hold of this work now, at once, and resolutely put away all compliance with selfish desires. Come right to the merits of the case. The work among the colored people must be helped with an earnestness that is proportionate to its discouraging features. Many excuses present themselves for our not taking up this work, but these excuses are not prompted by the Holy Spirit. (m. MS, p. 250, 251.)

The days, the years, are passing. The great clock of time has whirred its warning, and the creeping hands are almost at the point that shall mark the advent of another day. Do we realize the duties that crowd upon us in these last few moments of time? Are we putting aside the follies and the pleasures that have burdened us until we have dropped our duties? Are we willing to assume the risks of further delay? Can we look longer upon a people hungry and naked and sickened at heart, and be content with saying, "Depart in peace; be ye warmed and clothed;" while giving them not those things that are needful? Can we pass over to an impersonal committee, or conference, or board, the duties that belong to individual Christians, and the work that only warm human hearts can do? Rather, shall not a personal interest be maintained in the welfare and progress of those members of this race who can be secured for Christ, whose

fellowship with the Master may help brighten the road through the valley, and flash with radiance around His throne? Shall not the hands be upheld of those whose lives have been given, with self-sacrifice and unreckoning devotion, to the ones who will be in the Saviour's thought when He shall say: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

We are living on borrowed time. Years ago in God's design the kingdom of glory should have been joined to the kingdom of grace. What is it that hinders, that bars the way? It is the indifference, the sluggishness, the blindness, the hardness of heart, the murmuring, that were the bane of the chosen people who journeyed from Egypt to Canaan. Let there be no more of Kibroth-hataavah, of Kadesh-barnea, of Meribah; for we have passed the desert, and are nearing the final struggles that lie before the boundaries of the Promised Land. The generation that began this message are seen among us as a few, gray-haired men. Upon the shoulders of the young and strong rest now the burdens that they have carried through the wilderness. The sacred ark of God is borne in our midst, and before us goes the pillar of fire and cloud that shall little longer be needed or known. There await us a few more struggles, a few more tests,--the cliffs of Edrei, the plains of Moab; but the journey is almost done for those who gird their loins, and grasp their staves, and stay their hearts on God.

And now, O Time, I challenge you! for the word of God
Is pledged to the failing few that saw the signs of old,
And they perish one by one, as the hosts that followed the Rod
Through Paran's sands gave way to their sons as the years were told.
O Time! O Life! I challenge you; for the word of my God
Shall not go down through the ages defamed with a broken oath!
I challenge you that ye show your cause why ye be so loath
To ease the agony, and the woe, on the road ye've trod.
Why hesitant still to yield the world to the hand of God?

And I challenge you, ye scribes that are wise above the law,
That dare to forbid the humble shepherds to feed the flock,
Exposing phylacteried brows that covet the people's awe,
And contemning the word of God as a message at which to mock,
Who sneer at the cheated host as the mob that know not the law!

And I challenge you, ye laggards, that loll in the tent's frail shade,
Because the lofty brows of the mighty have made you afraid!
Who shall excuse the laggards that back from the journey draw!
And who shall plead for the scribes that misinterpret the law!

And I challenge myself, that have come to the state my fathers held.
For I look on the stalwart youths and the maidens fair of to-day,
And I know the stony road on which their feet are compelled;
And my heart would burst should I keep them longer upon the way.
Yea, I have come to stand in the place that my fathers held;
And by Him that guideth us in the pillar of cloud and fire,
I will up with my staff and lead my flock to the land they desire;
And not by the recreant prince nor the priest shall my spirit be quelled;
For the challenge cometh to me from the Rod our Leader hath held.

But my God I challenge not; for His calm and patient hand
Hath held in the pillar of fire and cloud through the sin-cursed years.
And ever the fire hath gleamed on the path toward the Promised Land,
And ever rebellious hearts have dissolved the cloud in tears.
My God will I challenge not; for His lips and His crimsoned hand
Have plead with the sweat of blood and the gasp of agonized breath,
That He might close in a glory-burst the reign of death!
Have plead from the torturing cross that shall to the Judgment stand!
Behold, behold, my people, the plea of the nail-pierced hand!

Wake to the trumpet's challenge, ye men of the closing age!
Here, of a mightier hand than mine is the gauntlet thrown!
Who shall dispute the battle? Who shall accept the gage?
For the hand is that of the King, and His is the trumpet blown.
Now hero, and scribes, and youth, and ye of ancient age,
Ponder it well: will ye dare to hazard the perilous fight,
To prolong the kingdom of darkness, delay the kingdom of light.
Now shall be time no longer! Now shall the battle rage!
And out of the murk of the conflict shall emerge the golden age.

THE END