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* * EDITORIAL. * *

Mr. W. P. Plant is no longer connected with the Home Mission Society in any capacity; correspondents will please take note of the fact.



Rev. A. R. Griggs, D.D., of Texas, has been severely afflicted in the recent loss of two daughters, one twenty-one and one seventeen years of age. We extend to him our profoundest sympathy.



We are sorry to learn that our dear friend, Dr. William Howe, of Cambridge, Mass., is confined to his room with a sprained ankle, but he maintains his wonderful equanimity and is patiently waiting the call to a higher service. Not many men live to so advanced an age as he, and not many men make such splendid use of opportunities as he has made. The Home Mission Society has been a frequent recipient of his benefactions, and extends to him its most affectionate regards.



According to the census of 1890 there were in California 72,472 Chinese; the census of 1900 shows 45,753, a decrease of 26,719. This would seem to indicate that the exclusion act really excludes, and also points to the time in the near future when the number of Chinese in California will be quite insignificant.

In 1890 there were present in California 1,147 Japanese, whereas by the census of 1900 there are 10,151; a very significant increase. These figures apparently shift the emphasis of missionary work from the Chinese to the Japanese in California, at least. We shall look with interest for the revelation of the census as to the numbers of these two classes in other States.

The summer of 1901 seems to have broken all previous records for the intensity and continuance of its heat. In one week during July nearly one thousand persons perished from heat in the City of New York alone, while the number of deaths in the entire country from this cause is appalling. The long-continued drought, which at one time threatened to utterly destroy the vast crops in the West, was fortunately broken by the welcome rains in time to save a considerable portion of the crop.



District Secretary Proper, writing from Kansas, says that thousands and thousands of acres of corn will not yield a bushel to the acre, and that the same condition obtains in a large portion of Nebraska. The loss of this great crop will be very severely felt by the farmers, and will necessarily interfere with all missionary collections.



Quite a unique series of Home Mission meetings were held in the Tent Evangelist in Buffalo during the week beginning August 5th. On successive days the Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists and Presbyterians set forth the work of Home Missions conducted by them. Tuesday, August 6th, was Baptist Day. A very appreciative audience gathered at half past ten. Dr. A. S. Coats gracefully presided, and interesting addresses were made by President A. C. Osborn, of Benedict College; President George Sale, of Atlanta, and Mrs. William Scott. In the evening, notwithstanding the severe rain storm that prevailed, a deeply interested audi-

and writes, therefore, from a most intimate personal knowledge of his inner life. He is happy to bear this tribute to the man whom he loved and whose fellowship was most helpful. He was held in warm and affectionate esteem by hosts of his brethren and co-workers throughout his native State.

He was an optimistic, hopeful, inspirational man. It was this characteristic of the man which helps to account for his large degree of success in whatever he undertook. He had a large faith and believed in doing things in a large way. And his hopefulness encouraged his brethren to larger endeavors.

He was a man of deep piety and devotion—a man of God, mighty in prayer. He walked and talked with God. He was often asked to lead the Annual Sunday Afternoon Prayer meetings of the West Virginia Baptist General Association. And such prayer meetings as these were: Pentecostal seasons of refreshing and endearment which were usually followed by a gracious revival throughout the State. His brethren will never forget the spiritual influence and power of this man's life.

He was a forceful speaker and preacher, richly endowed with a good voice and a fine presence. His Home and State Mission addresses were probably never excelled, at least in West Virginia. He often grew eloquent especially on patriotic themes when he pleaded for American institutions and for the evangelization of his own State and country.

He was also an indefatigable worker. For years he did the work of two or three ordinary men. It is conceded that no other man ever did so much for Christ and for Baptist interests in West Virginia as did Dr. Powell. He was leader, builder and organizer. He traveled thousands of miles when there were but few railroads in the State and endured all sorts of hardships. When he began his mission work, there were many counties in the State without a single Baptist Church. He assisted in the building and dedication of nearly two hundred Baptist churches, and raised for the building of new churches about \$170,000. In addition to this he secured large sums of money for other lines of work. He placed religious literature and periodicals into hundreds of homes every year aside from preaching and delivering addresses. Men believed in his strict honesty, business integrity and deep consecration and, therefore, readily responded to his appeals. No other man could raise so much money for the Master's work in West Virginia as Dr. Powell, and no other

man did as much to develop a missionary interest in the hearts of the people.

But the man has broken down in the midst of his usefulness, and has gone from us. As he closed the beautiful obituary to his own mother, whose death occurred less than two years ago, so we close this study of his life. Brother, "we all miss thee, but thy work was done, yea, well done, I the Master hath called thee home."

Review and Outlook.*

BY CHARLES L. THOMPSON, D.D., SECRETARY
OF THE BOARD OF PRESBYTERIAN
HOME MISSIONS.

Years ago I had a vision from the summit of Pike's Peak. Through the lifting gates of the morning mist the landscape to the East lay revealed and splendid; towns, villages, farms, plains stretching to the eastern horizon—startlingly distinct in the dry mountain air. It was a vision of civilization. Then turning about to the West the mountains rolled in frozen billows to the sky. The snowy ridges suggested valleys that could not be seen. The vision ended in a teasing haze, through which to the South the Spanish peaks towered distant, dim and concealing. It was a vision of the unknown. It comes back to me to-day. We stand on the ridge of the century. Behind us, distinct and splendid, a hundred years of home missions unroll to the horizon. Before us, vistas of opportunity, sentineled and concealed by great events, whose white foreheads rise toward heaven as if owning allegiance to Him who shapes the future.

Let us amplify this vision. Out of that which lies open in yesterday—as the palm—let us forecast what to-morrow holds in its closed grasp.

When the historian writes the history of national progress in the nineteenth century, he will first of all take account of the Home missionary. The march of our civilization is to the music of our religion. That gave the inspiration. Without that music the pioneer had not marched to such victory.

Three Nation-Building Ideas.

Look at our country at the dawn of the century. The ordinance of 1787 had just given the central West to the three nation-building ideas—liberty, education and religion. Supreme courts have decided that these principles were imbedded in that ordinance. They gave it power to transform a wilderness into great states. When those triple signal-

*An address before the General Assembly in Philadelphia, May 21, 1901.

lights rose over the shadows of the Alleghenies, a resolute young nation accepted them as the marching orders of Almighty God as reverently as the Israelites broke camp when the Pillar of Fire rose and moved. The children of the pilgrims from New England hills saw the signals and pushed through the Mohawk wilderness. Men like Eleazar Wheelock, first President of Dartmouth; Samuel Kirkland, descendant of Miles Standish and graduate of Princeton; William Allen, afterward President of Bowdoin; Jedediah Bushnell, Seth Williston, Jed Chapman, headed the march. Religion and education went hand in hand. Presidents of Bowdoin, Yale, Union and graduates of Princeton were the pioneer leaders.

See them push on, preaching the gospel to the Six Nations and to the scattered settlers, until in daring missionary adventure they had crossed the Empire State. See the little Connecticut colony carve the Western Reserve out of the woods of northern Ohio and establish Christian institutions whose power has been mighty in shattering slavery, in promoting new educational ideas and in stimulating an evangelical spirit which has permeated our religious life.

See Governor Rufus Putnam and his little band of Massachusetts pilgrims, drifting down the Ohio on the second "Mayflower" of our history and founding Marietta, put the seal of Christian principles on southern Ohio.

See James Hoge, under a commission from the Permanent Committee on Home Missions bearing date 1806, crossing the Alleghenies to preach the gospel—(so the commission read) "in Ohio and adjacent parts." Do we smile at the breadth of such a commission? But it was carried out. That one missionary, with the fiery force of an apostle, sent his life with telling power into "the adjacent parts" even as Paul flung his life into "the regions beyond."

See the march of the Scotch-Irish from the Virginias and Carolinas—rifle in one hand and the Bible in the other—crossing the Blue range and claiming the mountains and fields of Kentucky and Tennessee for their King. What though some became stranded in those perilous fastnesses and lost for half a century their heritage of truth and Christian hope? Home missions penetrating those mountains, finds one of its most fruitful fields among those whose ancient faith had indeed been buried but could not be wholly lost. For treasures of the blood there is always a resurrection.

So it is in 1825. The old Northwest is being peopled under Home missionary guidance Churches, schools, colleges light up the wilder-

ness. And now, as the historian looks back and inquires why that central West is more typically American than even the eastern states, he finds the answer in the fact that typical American Christians from the East explored and stamped and transformed that wilderness before European ideas and customs had influenced, if not enfeebled, our national life. So in the time of our nation's peril it was to that old Northwest that we looked for leaders—and found them—captains like Grant and Sherman—a military genius like Stanton—a deliverer like Lincoln. So there have not failed us, in national or church councils, from that same central West, men who have been the builders of our greatness like him whom we yet mourn—at once the model President and the model ruler in the house of God, the illustrious Benjamin Harrison; and like him we honor as our Christian Chief Magistrate to-day.

It is 1850. The march goes on—the banner of the cross well at the front. It has crossed the Mississippi and the plains. It has staked out the central empire of the continent and by missionary enterprise so effectively claimed that land for Christian liberty—from which only at the beginning of the century the Lilies of French monarchy had retired—that in a single generation two thousand Presbyterian churches were organized west of the Mississippi.

That march was made hot and furious by the rush for California gold, as now for Alaska. At the foot of Pike's Peak is a lonely little cluster of graves, marked as the graves of the '49-ers. With their passionate eyes on the rocky barriers, they had not strength to climb, they slipped under the tent of the prairie grass and rest in unmarked graves. But beside them marched and rests on many a prairie, in many a cañon, another company who sought not gold but men—graves of our missionary heroes—every leafy mound of which has angel guarding. Those unmarked graves punctuate a national advance that has been ever upward, that in a century has swung its lines over the Alleghenies and over the Sierras and has given to the ideals of our forefathers the validity of history.

The Dream of a Christian Republic.

We began the century, a feeble folk on this coast, great only in great souls and lofty purposes, with France, Spain and Mexico holding three-fourths of the country. We have closed the century with an unchallenged national do-

main—not only ocean-bordered East and West, but piercing eastern and western seas as with the push of the Almighty's hand—and wherever on this vast domain the stars and stripes have gone, there the Home missionary has unfurled the flag of our King. Whoever says we are a nation without a religion has forgotten the Home missionary. But history will not forget him. The pen that writes out the story of our greatness will own that neither armies nor navies had saved us to humanity if the voice of the messengers of God, ringing always on the front line of our advance, had not held us true to our origin and our faith.

Thus has the land been pre-empted for Christian truth. It has been staked out. But that is all. There may be some who think the Christian line has covered the ground—now that our Christian pickets hold the outposts of our national domain. It is said there are churches on the Pacific, in Alaska and Hawaii; therefore the Church can address herself wholly to other duties or other lands. Such superficial views are charged full of peril. I do not hesitate to say the most eminent duty of the Church of the new century will be to convert into a fact the old century's dream of a Christian republic. The outlines of that dream lie fair and entrancing from Key West to Neah Bay. This new age must translate it into national virtue, into communities ordered after the pattern of the Ten Commandments and the seven Beatitudes. To do this is the coming work of Home Missions.

Weighty Reasons.

1st. For our own salvation. The American people are in a very optimistic state of mind just now. We are roseate about our politics, our business and our religion. But let us not be blind. We have claimed this land for God in our constitution and ordinances. We have claimed it in the heroism of our missionary pickets. But no optimism can make it appear that we have claimed it in fact. Our principles are right but they do not control. Our institutions are properly baptized, but they do not shape the national life toward God. Our gospel is yet little more than a voice crying in the wilderness. It has not evangelized the people. We punctuate our creeds with stately spires in great cities, but even under their shadow the people die friendless and unregarded. By all the misery and wickedness, by all the doubt and despair of our congested populations we are not a Christian people. By the infidelity and ungodliness of a thousand new communities in which the Church is but a feeble protest against con-

ditions she has not changed—we are not a Christian people. By all the sodden sin and cruel crime of mining camps, by all the fever of mammon, regardless of whom it consumes—in gay capitals—or lonely hamlets or moving tents—we are not a Christian people. By all the menace of incoming tides of population, East or West, infidel or pagan—we are not a Christian people.

And a Christian people we must become if we would not add one more to the wrecks of republics along the path of history. To this result there is only one road. Christian missions must do the work they have so splendidly outlined. The army must follow the flag. Institutions, the lengthened shadows of good men, must raise their fortifications against all threatening tides.

And this must be the growth of generations. Our progress has been majestic. We need not despair. We will have cause for despair only when we lightly estimate the work that is before us. The missionary must go into the slums of the city and stay there till they brighten into Christian homes. He must camp on the trail of the advancing line of every population till the new settlements become the abodes of virtue and religion. Less than this would be to heal the hurt of the people lightly and to cry, "peace"—when the heavens and earth are full of the signs of war.

2d. Home missions is needed for the beneficence of our international influence. We are suddenly a nation among nations. The fact came not by the madness of Spain—great historical positions are not brought out by madness. Rather our God is marching on. We are drawn into the line of that march. The crash of sudden guns booming over the seas has changed our front. But the lips of the guns were the voice of the Almighty. We are no longer a refuge merely. We are that indeed. I trust we never will fail to keep open the gates of this city of refuge. But we are more than that. We are a force among nations. Not more signally did we out-fight Spain on two seas than did we out-general the allied powers in the field of diplomacy. But power means peril. How shall we make it secure for ourselves and blessed for others? What is the greatest obstacle the foreign missionary meets among pagans? Not their superstitions nor their philosophy—but the unholy influence of nominal Christianity. What brought about the uprising in China? What but the fact that nations flying Christian flags were blockading ports and openly planning the partition of the

empire. The Boxer movement was the savage outbreak of uncivilized patriotism. Because Christian nations were unchristian—hence the martyrdoms. The influence of sailors, soldiers and merchant-marines in ports of heathen nations—these are the severest obstacles our missionaries encounter.

I was in Porto Rico when the army was leaving the Island. And the Porto Ricans said, "It is not our people whom you have seen drunken on our streets and insulting the people in their behavior. It is your soldiers." And I was dumb. We double-freight our vessels to Africa and the Philippines with missionaries on deck and rum in the hold. What message can the missionary bring as he steps from the gangway that is not paralyzed by the cargo rolled out on the wharf.

If we would save ourselves from the contempt of rude people unused to fine distinctions and from the failure of our best endeavors on their behalf, the touch of our life on theirs must be consistently Christian, as it never has been. And this it never has been because we are saints in our documents and sinners in our behavior. Christian must be the manhood with which we touch the nations. Christian must be the principles we fling into their darkness, and Christian the institutions with which we would supplant their own.

So I anticipate to-morrow and plead for foreign missions when I plead that we may do the job to which a hundred years ago we set our hands and make this the Christian land we vauntingly and often inconsistently proclaim it in theory.

A Review of the Year.

This much as to the paramount importance of this work. Now a rapid review of the year just closed. Let us regard it geographically, beginning at the mission station under the shadow of the North Pole. The Presbytery of the Yukon is represented on this floor by an elder from the First Presbyterian church of Point Barrow. Four years ago he was an Esquimeau pagan. If the heroic lives we have put into that lonely station had had no other fruit it had been well. In these days of doubtful sentiment as to the force of religion to do swift work it is worth all it costs to bring such an object lesson before the Christian Church. It ought to revive the faith of apostolic times.

Said an eminent minister to me not long ago: "Why do you make so much of Alaska? Is it an advertisement?" It is, praise God, it is! It advertises to an easy-going Christian public the tremendous grasp of the grace of God. It

shows that the power of sudden transformation does not lie back altogether in the first century. Why do you make so much of Alaska? Let two pictures answer the question:

Last fall there came to us tidings of a tribe of Indians on the western coast of the Prince of Wales Island who had heard about God from a zealous youth of the Salvation Army. We sent one of our missionaries to investigate. He reported a couple of hundred of Klawak Indians marching up and down the sands of the Pacific with fife and drum and a Christian flag inquiring how they might find and serve God. They had the dumb show and were waking to appetite for the reality. And this was the appeal that greeted our missionary:

"Send us a teacher—we walk in the dark, but we want the light."

So they said while the flag waved over them and the fife sounded and the drum throbbed its emphasis:

"You must pray for a missionary." Down on their knees they went. And to the music of the wild sea they lifted their cry. And God heard and made his Church hear. And to-day a consecrated couple in Park College are getting ready to answer the call.

For twenty years our church has heard this Alaskan cry out of the depths of degradation and sin. Hundreds of native Christians in a dozen churches are the result. And because the cry keeps up and because we would fain have the blessing of the Lord, of the poor and wretched and friendless, we are doing thus for Alaska. We are thinking if Jesus came to America he would turn away from our proud capitals and peer into Navajo deserts, into Nevada cañons, into Alaskan islands, to find his lost sheep—and when judgment comes we would like to be found walking with him there.

The other picture to say why we are doing so much for Alaska: I see a procession joining ranks from Christian homes in a score of States, from a score of colleges and from scores of purloins of vice and crime, saints and outlaws jostling elbows in the wildest crusade the world ever saw. Their blood is boiling—their step is quick—their hands are reaching—their eyes bloodshot and straining. See them tumbling, scrambling over Dead Horse and trail down the long icy slope beyond.

"Gold—gold—gold,
Beaten—hammered—molten—rolled
Price of many a crime untold."

In that rush human feelings are silenced—prudence is forgotten—virtue is tattered.

The Mad Rush for Gold.

They are our boys—from our homes and churches; they are crowding each other down the slope of ruin. If ever humanity called for pity and help, that gold-crazed throng demands it. We have put a few voices in there to cry "Halt!" ere they go over precipice worse than the White Pass, or are drawn down streams deadlier than the White Horse Rapids. Just a few—a Hall Young crying in the wilderness till fever-stricken he had to give up—a Kirk and a Koonce, gifts of Pennsylvania to the Yukon,—keeping their lonely vigil for the souls of our imperilled boys. This we have done, not for Alaska, but for the souls in solitude and for Him who in solitude died for them.

The next feature of the year's work to claim attention is that among the American Indians. It has been peculiarly blessed. Its signals of victory have been seen from the valleys consecrated by the labors of Whitman and Spaulding down to the cañons of Arizona and the prairies of the Indian Territory. James Hayes will tell you to-night of his mission from the Nez Percés of Idaho to the Shoshones and Bannocks and then to the Shebbits and other tribes of Utah and Nevada. Others could tell of evangelization among tribes of Arizona and New Mexico. One of the most pathetic cries that comes to the Church to-day comes from the Navajos of Arizona where twenty-five thousand peaceful Indians wait the answer to their call for teachers and missionary.

The World's Central Sea.

A third feature of the year's work is that on the Pacific coast, where a new empire is rising. When Seward said the time was coming when our Pacific coast would be the theatre of the world's greatest events, we eastern people smiled in our serene and satisfied conservatism. We were the people, and wisdom was in danger of dying with us. But something has happened. It requires no prophet to forecast the time when the Pacific will be the world's central sea. One-third of the human family already throngs its coasts, and they are getting ready for great affairs. The two dominant lines of the human march approach each other on that sea. The Anglo-Saxon is leaving the ancestral home. Most of them have pitched their tents on these American shores. The old world's camps are breaking up, and more are coming. They are moving westward, drawn by the events of Seward's prophecy. From

the other side another column is moving eastward; the soon-to-be second race of all races: the Slav—slow, stealthy, sturdy; moving like a bear, clumsily rolling over the steppes of Asia. He approaches the Pacific. China gasps, Japan doubles her artillery, and America may well ponder! What does it all portend? Shall these two great columns meet? The one armored with new ideas—the other heavy with the impact of the old. And if they meet—what then? If our lines bend upward along Aleutian Islands, those broken piers of immemorial history, if the Slavic lines gather across the narrow straits, what then but the world's Armageddon and the final conflict between liberty and tyranny, Christianity and superstition?

The Pacific shores tingle with possibilities. Great cities have taken their sentinel positions. Cañons and forests fill up with the ranks. What banners shall they fly? Christ's or Belial's? Now is the coign of vantage for the Church. To-day calls the opportunity whose knell to-morrow may sound.

The fourth feature of the year is the work of the central West. Though the limits of this review require that I dismiss it with a sentence, would that into that sentence I could put the weight which the subject requires. The work of the central West is to build the piers on which the nation's weight must rest. I looked recently at the new bridge over the East River. The shore approaches are long, the cables are anchored far back. But standing on granite feet out in the river are the great steel piers that will hold the strain of the mighty structure. Our national life has long approaches. It is anchored far back in traditions and constitutions. But the young States of the West must stand like steel piers on granite foundations if the arch of the State shall stand secure from shore to shore.

All honor to the men who build. And when we think of the heroes of wars let us not forget the missionaries who toil on disgraceful stipends—making Christian the States that will hold the balance of power. They are the true nation builders.

In our movement to the Southeast we may pause a moment at that mountain region in the enlightening of which our Church is having such conspicuous share. You remember when the Confederate army grew bold and by a swift march would sweep over the mountains of West Virginia and Kentucky and invade Ohio. The plan was well laid. It

failed because no account was taken of the mountain people who for generations had been disregarded by North and South alike. They rose from their fastnesses like an apparition and the startled Confederate army wheeled back on its tracks. Those mountain people were nothing to us till we needed them, and then they stood up. And now it has come to us—we may need them again even as they need us. And there is nothing in missions more dramatic than that stroke of our Christian hands on those hard palms—the federation of our Christian culture and their Christian inheritance to make rugged Christian character. A new generation is walking out of our schools there. The Appalachian range will yet bloom in as strong a Christian civilization as any the world has seen.

And now over the everglades of Florida, made more beautiful by the flutter of our blue flag, let us step into the new mission fields of the Caribbean Islands. Physical geography tells us those Islands belonged to America before ever there was a human foot to walk them. That whole semi-circle from Cuba to Venezuela is a partly submerged mountain chain, the Islands of the Antilles are the flowering summits. They are the bridge between North and South America. We are beginning to walk that bridge. Do you believe in a sphere of influence? That sphere binds to us the entire area of Latin Christianity on this continent. And we have not heeded it. Our most neglected missionary field is south of us. It was at our door and we regarded it not. Now God has put it inside the door and says, "Look out for the moral sanitation of your house. On that your own health depends."

The Grandest of Mission Fields.

We are beginning to wake up to the grandest mission field open to our enterprise. Millions of alert and capable people, with moral sense dulled by a form of Christianity that had no power, and intellectual life dwarfed by shameful neglect, now bid us come with the reviving breath of our gospel, the quickening stimulus of our schools. To say they give us welcome is to speak it feebly. I will not attempt the story. I content myself by saying—Cuba and Porto Rico and other islands claim us by a long tradition as well as by a new-born longing.

In 1492 and 1493 Columbus put on them the name of God. They have lived under its shadow. Their very names attest their Christian lineage. But they have not had the fruits

of Christianity—prosperity, intelligence and virtue—because they have had the name only. Now they long for its power. They have caught the signs of it from our shores. And we shall be false if for an instant we falter in response to their welcome.

We have done something in Porto Rico. It is less than two years since we began. We now have six missionaries, one medical missionary with dispensary, eight teachers with four schools, three organized churches, one good church building, and a dozen mission stations. To Cuba we are just going. We felt it necessary to call Dr. Greene out of San Juan to open our work in the Cuban capital. We hesitated—asking what will those poor Christians of San Juan do if we take away their leader? Their own loyalty to Christ rebuked our hesitation, when, on Dr. Greene's announcing his going from them, one to whom that mission had meant much and had become very dear, said, "We shall miss you, but you are a soldier, and must go where the Commander sends you."

And so he goes, with their blessing as well as ours, to claim our share in the regeneration of Cuba.

Behold the scope of Home missions. From the palms of Porto Rico to the iridescent glaciers of Alaska, the march goes on. A Christian army moves from the widespread camps to claim a great nation for God, that through it the world may come back to Him.

An Advance Urged.

And now have I not right to plead for an advance? And first in the churches. Only a small per cent. of them give an average of a cent a week per member to save our country. When a few years ago we set that standard, theorists sneered at it as an absurd requirement. But we propose to keep it until the Church comes up to it. A captain, having occasion to put the vessel in charge of an untrained sailor, pointed to the North star and said:

"Hold her head to that star till I come back," and went below. Pretty soon the sailor came rushing into the captain's room, calling out:

"Come up, captain, and pick out another star; we've passed that one."

Now we've picked out our star—a little one you may think it—but we're not going to change until you have passed that one. Of all our rich and prosperous churches, only 164 last year gave \$200 or more in the Church collections for Home Missions. There were

only 357 that gave \$100. Such a startling statement can find truth only in one or both of two facts.

First, the people do not know what Home Missions mean. They have not grasped its relations to national well-being and to the honor of the Church. They have not understood how it lies at the foundation of our safety. They do not realize that four-fifths of all our churches are the children of Home missions, and that, without such nurture, Christianity would have been swallowed up in the reckless adventure of an unrestrained spirit of the world. Or, second, there has been a lack of system in securing the people's gifts. There is not a business on earth that would for a single year survive the haphazard method, or the lack of all method that often characterizes our benevolent work. These two—knowledge and method—both dependent mainly on courage and leadership in the pulpit determine, next to the blessing of God, the success of all missions. Let me tell you how they may appear.

A Missionary Horse.

A year or so ago a pastor in a little country church up the Hudson, conscious his people were not doing what they should, conceived the idea of presenting to them a definite object. He heard of a missionary in Idaho whose work was hampered for lack of a horse. He presented the case to his people. To their surprise they raised enough to buy the missionary horse. They became interested in that field. The young pastor saw to it. Many a Home mission sermon he preached with that horse for a text. Last fall he came with the request that I would speak to his church on Christmas Eve. They were going to have a great Home missionary rally. The people were poor, but they had become so interested in the country the horse traversed that they were thinking of taking care of the whole outfit—horse, missionary and all. When the meeting came and the collection was taken from that little country flock of a hundred people, it amounted to \$600. In amazement I turned to the minister in the pulpit, and asked:

"How did you do it?"

"I have been at it for a year," was the answer.

Then he turned to his people and said:

"Now, you have done well, but I have one more request to make. Let me go. That far Northwest calls me. Many will be willing to take my place here. Few are ready to go.

The little church was stunned. They had

not counted on Home mission interest to that extent. But the young pastor's heart was roused, and would take no denial. And the church was roused as well. They gave him up. More than that, they said:

"You shall be our missionary in Oregon, and as long as your new church needs help, we will give it."

Swift advance: First to buy a missionary horse; then to take care of the missionary; then to give up their own pastor, and make him their personal representative—and all within a year.

And all because in the pulpit burned a fire, which, like a conflagration, soon covered the congregation. That spirit in the pulpit and pews would, in a generation, irradiate our land with gospel light.

2. There must be advance on the old fields. We must come to swifter self-support. A church, like a tree, should grow. If it fails, there is something wrong in the planting or the nurture. Profound is our sympathy for our under-paid missionaries. I know no better heroism than theirs. And if we press our mission churches to a larger measure of self-help, and if they transfer to the missionary that pressure which should come only on them, they have reason to be afraid of the judgment. And, if for a decade or two, a church makes no progress toward independence, there should be searching of heart to know the reason.

But I am happy to say there is progress in this. During the year just closed, the number of churches coming to self-support was more than double the record of the preceding year. Next year—our centennial year—we will ask Home Mission churches to celebrate the occasion by claiming their independence. We believe a multitude will join this roll of honor.

3. We must advance into our new possessions. Our southeastern islands, whether bound to us by civic or commercial and social bonds are strategically placed. They are in the very line of the world's commerce. They will be stations on the world's highway. Even now they are stations between North and South. When the Nicaragua Canal is opened, they will be stations on the line of the world's commerce East and West. Let us see to it that on that crowded seaway gospel lights are set.

Not Praying Hard Enough.

And finally, and deepest of all, I commend this cause to the prayers of all who have the ear of the Almighty. The best things are

wrought by prayer. One of our Alaskan missionaries, writing out of hard conditions said, "I fear you are not praying hard enough."

When I think how limited has been our chance to advance—how many fields have called in vain—when I think of a country half-frenzied with prosperity yet withholding gifts from the treasury of the Lord, especially when I remember how many devoted missionaries have planned and toiled all year without much harvest—over how many fields the clouds have gathered in promise and yet the blessing has failed—I am moved to say, "O, Church of God, thou has not prayed enough!"

There is no danger in these executive days that we will not plan enough and toil enough and haste enough—but there is danger that we will not wait enough on Him from whom cometh our help. When there falls upon us a spirit of prayer to match the spirit of enterprise, then will the dreams of patriarchs and prophets come to pass, and our country and the world lie fair and peaceful under the gospel light. Then will America become vocal with the praise of God.

The Temple of Latter Days.

In vision I can see here the temple of the latter days. Across its velvet prairie floors, down all its Gothic forest aisles, from all its mountain galleries—East and West—happy and triumphant millions lift their chants of praise.

"Our Father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing."

A thousand streams down hillsides and valleys ring accordant bells—from Alleghenies to Sierras,

"Wind—that grand old harper—
Smites his thunder-harp of pines"—

while the two ocean organs roll their diapasons down the shores—stately accompaniments of this chant:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in."

And the nations will hear and over the white lips of peoples

"Full of the spirit's melancholy
And eternity's despair,"
will come the antiphonal,

"Who is this King of glory?"

And then over the velvet prairie floors, down Gothic forest aisles, from bending mountain galleries, a redeemed nation will lift its shout, while rivers ring their silver bells, and harps of pines resound, and ocean organs thunder—

"The Lord of hosts,
He is the King of glory."

Industrial Education at Benedict College.

BY PRESIDENT A. C. OSBORN.

On the twenty-fourth of January, 1901, an investigation was made of the antecedents and future purposes of 92 male students of the college then present. It was found that, previous to entering the school, 65 had been farmers, 8 carpenters, 3 printers, 2, each, painters, shoemakers and blacksmiths, and 10 had served in various capacities in country stores. From this it appears that over 70 per cent. were farmers. Of those reporting as having worked at trades there was but one who could be regarded as a skilled workman.

The prevailing sentiment among the students is very strongly in favor of instruction in trades or skilled agriculture. In the investigation referred to, 55 per cent. of the students expressed their purpose to follow trades or farming after completing their education. Of these preparing to preach or to teach, nearly all expect to cultivate a farm or work at a trade in order to a support. That is the course followed by nearly all colored preachers and teachers, except in the large towns.

The students of Benedict do not expect an education to liberate them from manual labor. To mould sentiment in that respect, it is kept constantly before them that work is honorable. This is not only taught in theory, but every student,—male and female—of high grade and low, ministers with the rest—is required to work from one hour and a half to three hours a day, every day in the school year except Sunday.

Forming Good Habits.

One of our chief aims in all our work is to secure habits of regularity, punctuality, accuracy and thoroughness. To some degree this is attained. But at the best it is a difficult and slow task to develop these virtues in a people whose enforced methods of labor for two hundred years were such as caused them to look altogether to others for orders and directions, and to destroy all sense of personal responsibility, even for the providing of food for themselves and families. Experience leads to the conviction that these virtues can best be cultivated in the Negro by combining in a course of education the industrial with the intellectual. I am often impressed by the zeal and energy with which students of untrained minds turn from the wear-