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# GILBERT ACADEMY

AND

# AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

WINSTED, LOUISIANA

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## SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS

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SELECTIONS FROM JOURNAL

[ *W. L. Godman* ]

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DEDICATION.

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WE ARE UNSPEAKABLY GRATEFUL TO GOD FOR HIS  
ANSWER TO OUR PRAYERS.

OUR HEARTS ARE FULL OF THANKSGIVING TO THE MANY FRIENDS WHO  
HAVE AIDED AND ENCOURAGED OUR LABORS IN EIGHTEEN  
TOILSOME, GLADSOME YEARS.

THIS HUMBLE VOLUME,

THE IMPERFECT SIGN AND RECORD OF LABORS, CARES, AND SUCCESSES,

*We Dedicate*

TO THE ENDOWMENT OF

GILBERT ACADEMY AND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,

W. D. GODMAN,  
A. H. DEXTER GODMAN,  
INEZ A. GODMAN.

461166

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## PREFACE.

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WE believe that the magnitude of the work in progress among our fellow-citizens of African descent in the Southern States is not known to the people of the United States. The reports of the several societies that direct the work of uplift by educational and missionary movements are not read. So far as read they are not fully appreciated. Imagination, guided by some analagous experience, must associate itself with the apprehension of figures and general statements before anyone can grasp the situation and comprehend what teachers and missionaries are actually doing and achieving.

In effect we workers are in a foreign land. In fact, our work is home work of the most intimate kind. The economic and the moral conditions of the people of the United States are as directly and as effectually influenced by the status and the habits of life of our colored citizens as by the activities and the character of any other seven mil-

lions in our great aggregate of population. Peace, good order, strict morality, temperance, and thrift signify in Louisiana just what they do in Massachusetts. It is just as vital to the integrity of the American republic to reduce vice to a minimum among the blacks of Mississippi, Louisiana, or Georgia, as to do the same thing in the slums in the city of New York. The nation has just as real and serious an interest in making lynching in the rural districts of the South impracticable as it has in correcting and preventing riots and bloodshed in the city of New Orleans.

In view of such considerations it is well the people of North and South should study the problem, or problems, that we are trying to solve. To help them in this study is a leading aim in the presentation to the public of this unpretending volume. Many things herein may seem to the casual reader quite trivial and very personal; yet we are modestly inclined to think that every item and every incident will give the intelligent inquirer some real and valuable light on the situation. This is, at least, our hope. We hope, too, that this little book may find favor with all lovers of humanity and with all truly patriotic citizens because of the end to which it is devoted.



Gilbert Academy and Agricultural College is already a great power for good in Louisiana. In the language of Hon. D. Caffery, a very distinguished and influential citizen of that State, "No people on the globe stand more in need of the stimulating effects of mental discipline than the colored people. Any endowment of schools established to educate them by large-hearted and big-brained philanthropists reflects as much luster on them as it confers incalculable benefits on the beneficiaries. Gilbert Seminary will be a power in the land to elevate the ignorant and enlighten the benighted."

This institution has furnished to State and Church as many influential, capable, and useful men and women of the colored race as any other institution that can be named in Louisiana. We earnestly desire to see its usefulness increased. We desire to enlarge its facilities. We aim at stability and perpetuity. It must not be left dependent on the fluctuating offerings of charity. These have been and are rich, and causes of much rejoicing and gratitude; but in addition to these pleasing, gracious contributions, that speak so much for the loyalty, humanity, and benevolence of American Christians, there should be a perma-

ment, imperishable fund. This will keep away adversity in days of poor crops and changing markets, and will substitute the consciousness of strength for the fears of weakness.

Trusting, therefore, in God's goodness and in the large-heartedness of the American people, we launch our little ship.

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
HON. WILLIAM L. GILBERT.....	13
WHY HELP OUR COLORED BROTHER?.....	29
REV. EMPEROR WILLIAMS.....	46
THE STORY OF GILBERT ACADEMY AND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.....	49
EXTRACTS FROM A HISTORY OF THE ORPHANS' HOME SOCI- ETY.....	53
AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS.....	68
THE ORPHANS' HOME SOCIETY OF LOUISIANA.....	73
REV. J. T. B. LABAU.....	78
OPENING OF LA TECHE SEMINARY.....	80
FATHER GREEN (REV. HENRY GREEN).....	83
A FATHER.....	85
THE PREACHER'S SEVERITY.....	90
A PUZZLE.....	90
A TOUCHING RELIGIOUS SERVICE.....	91
A NOISY MEETING.....	92
SOME PREACHING.....	93
THE DEVIL TAKETH AWAY.....	93
SOME SAYINGS.....	95
REV. STEVEN DUNCAN.....	95
NEW ORLEANS UNIVERSITY.....	103
CONVERSATION ON STEAMER—TWO SOUTHERN WHITE MEN.....	103
A DAY'S OCCUPATION.....	105

	PAGE
A PREACHERS' MEETING IN NEW ORLEANS .....	110
CONVERSATION WITH MR. R——, IN NEW ORLEANS.....	115
CONDITION OF SOME.....	117
NEW ORLEANS, 1877.....	117
A CRANK.....	118
A LAD WHO BECAME A CHRISTIAN.....	119
BOY SOLDIERS.....	122
A PRESCRIPTION.....	123
DAILY GLEANING.....	124
REV. J. W. E. BOWEN.....	132
LA TECHE TRACT, NO. 1.....	141
REV. ERNEST LYON, A.M.....	149
FRESH BENEFACTIONS.....	151
FINANCIAL HISTORY, 1875-1892.....	153
PROPERTY.....	156
PLANS OF DEVELOPMENT.....	157
AN ENTRY IN THE JOURNAL.....	165
A VISIT.....	179
CASTE.....	183
POWER.....	184
SUPERSTITION.....	189
A NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.....	191
ART AND CHARITY.....	196
SOMETHING FOUND.....	202
BIRTHDAY.....	204
PRAISE.....	205
GLORIES.....	206
SUFFERING.....	219
A STRUGGLE UPWARD.....	220
THE VOICE.....	227
REV. MADISON C. B. MASON, A.M.....	234
BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.....	236
REV. E. B. RICHARDS.....	246

## CONTENTS.

I I

	PAGE
ISAIAH EUGENE MULLON, A.M., M.D.....	247
A BASKET MEETING.....	250
PATSY.....	267
CHAPTER I.—CHAOS.....	268
CHAPTER II.....	274
LILY.....	286
THE DIARY.....	287
LETTER.....	292
TO MRS. D——, IN PHILADELPHIA.....	293
STORY OF THE LITTLE WHITE BABY.....	293
NOTES ABOUT THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.....	296
WAITING.....	301
GENERAL SHOWING OF RESULTS OF ELEVEN YEARS.....	303

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## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

	FACING PAGE
GILBERT ACADEMY AND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, FRONTISPIECE	
HON. W. L. GILBERT.....	13
REV. EMPEROR WILLIAMS.....	46
DOWN THE BAYOU.....	61
REV. J. T. B. LABAU.....	78
REV. J. W. E. BOWEN.....	132
REV. E. LYON, A.M.....	149
INDUSTRIAL BUILDING.....	159
REV. MADISON C. B. MASON.....	234
REV. E. B. RICHARDS.....	246
MRS. E. B. RICHARDS.....	247
PROFESSOR I. EUGENE MULLON, A.M., M.D.....	249
TECHE LILIES.....	274
RESIDENCE OF S. M. BAKER.....	303
GILBERT HALL AND ANNEX, CHAPEL, SMITH HALL.....	305







HON. W. L. GILBERT.



## GILBERT ACADEMY AND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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HON. WILLIAM L. GILBERT.

GILBERT, WILLIAM L., of Winsted, Conn., was born in Litchfield, Litchfield County, Conn., December 30, 1806. His father, James Gilbert, was born in the same State, in the town of Woodbridge. He was by occupation a farmer, and died in Litchfield in the year 1840. His mother, Abigail Kinney, was born in Washington, in the same county, and died in Winsted in the year 1873, at the advanced age of ninety-four years.

The first twenty-two years of his life William L. passed chiefly at home, employed during the summer months in labor with his father on the farm, and in winter in such district or academy schools as the country at that time furnished.

The domestic life of Mr. Gilbert may be briefly told. He was married in the year 1835 to Clarinda K. Hine, of Washington, Conn., who died in

the year 1874. The fruits of this marriage were three children, all of whom died previous to 1860. He was married to Miss Anna E. Westcott, of New London, Conn., in the year 1876. As a citizen, although never a violent political partisan, he always acted with the Republican party, and was twice elected to represent that party in the Legislature of the State, and was largely instrumental during his first term in gaining from that body the charter of the Winsted Bank, and in his second that of the Connecticut Western Railroad.

But the sphere in which Mr. Gilbert was most widely known and respected is business. It may be instructive to notice those personal characteristics of his to which he is indebted for eminent success. Endowed by nature with an excellent constitution, capable of the most intense and protracted exertion, with good habits and correct moral principles inculcated by his parents, Mr. Gilbert brought to the business of his life great concentration, an indomitable will, unwearied industry, strict integrity, and common sense. To these qualities he owes his success rather than to exceptional advantages of birth, wealth, friends, or fickle fortune.

Mr. Gilbert commenced business soon after

reaching his majority without a dollar which he could call his own or a single relative or friend on whom he could call for pecuniary aid. In the year 1828, at the age of twenty-two years, he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, George Marsh, for the manufacture of clocks. His contribution to the capital invested in the firm was three hundred dollars, all of which was borrowed. With these small means the firm commenced business in the town of Bristol, Conn. For the want of capital they began by making only parts of clocks for the older firm of Jerome & Darrow. This fraternal association continued three years, during which, by industry and economy, the means of these young men had been so far improved, and by close application to business so much experience had been gained, that they thought themselves competent to the manufacture of a whole clock. With these larger views the firm removed to the adjoining town of Farmington, where they became regular clock manufacturers, and prosecuted the business successfully until the fall of 1835, when Mr. Gilbert returned to Bristol and resumed the same business in a new firm, entitled Birge, Gilbert & Co. This firm continued to prosper until 1839, when he became

a member of the firm of Gilbert, Grant & Co. This last was only a temporary arrangement, and in 1841 Mr. Gilbert removed to Winsted, purchased a clock factory, and formed a partnership with Lucius Clark and Ezra Baldwin. At the end of four years he bought out the interests of his partners and conducted the business three years alone, when Clark repurchased an interest, forming the firm of Gilbert & Clark, which continued three years. In 1851 Issac B. Woodruff was admitted into the partnership, and continued a member of the firm until Mr. Gilbert's death. From the year 1857 to 1862 they were associated in manufacturing clocks in Ansonia, Conn., in addition to the business continued in Winsted. They were also extensively engaged in the manufacture of clock movements in the city of Williamsburg, N. Y., from 1863 to 1871.

In the year 1866 he organized a joint stock company, called the Gilbert Manufacturing Company, for the prosecution of the business in Winsted. The business of Mr. Gilbert had now become large, increasing, and prosperous, and continued so until 1871, at which date the factory buildings were consumed by fire. Mr. Gilbert then obtained a special charter of the State for

the manufacture of clocks under the name of William L. Gilbert Clock Company. The factories were rebuilt on a much larger scale, better adapted to their object, and containing all those improvements suggested by long experience in the business. The buildings were of brick, built in the most substantial manner, four stories high, and between three and four hundred feet in length, furnished with the best machinery known, and accommodating four hundred operatives. It is one of the largest and best factories for the manufacture of clocks in the State. Mr. Gilbert held the presidency of the company as long as he lived. It has had a continued prosperity, even through those financial revulsions preceding the year 1857, which, with a single exception, proved fatal to every rival firm in the State.

Since he commenced the manufacture of clocks the material of which they are made has been changed from wood to brass; the clock and the processes of its manufacture have been simplified, the clock greatly improved, the cost of manufacture reduced, and the article sold for one fourth of its former price. The varieties now made are almost innumerable, and the clocks are sent to all quarters of the globe. Mr. Gilbert

twice visited the other continent in the interest of the business, which has thus been enlarged, and was one of the first to open a foreign market for American clocks. He was engaged in a great number of other kinds of manufacturing business in various places, most of which proved successful.

In 1867 Mr. Gilbert formed a partnership with Henry Gay, late president of the Winsted Bank, under the name of Gilbert & Gay, and immediately commenced business in the building formerly occupied by the old bank. They carried on a large and successful general banking business, also making loans on real estate in the West to a very large extent. They continued in that location until 1874, when Mr. Gilbert was elected president and Henry Gay cashier of the Hurlbut National Bank. They then stopped their general banking business and removed their office to the Hurlbut National Bank, where they continued business until Mr. Gilbert's death.

Soon after Mr. Gilbert embarked in the banking business came up the project of building a railroad from Hartford west to the New York State line at Millerton—an undertaking of no small magnitude. Mr. Gilbert entered into the

work with with his accustomed energy and persistency, and to his ability and capital is due, in great measure, the successful completion of the road, which, although not as yet a paying investment, has been a great advantage to the towns in western Connecticut. The earnest endeavor of Mr. Gilbert to promote every honorable enterprise was always marked and noted; and with his clear head and unwavering purpose, together with his ample means, he did his full share in building up the thriving community in which he so long resided. At eighty-three years of age, more than half a century of which had been devoted to an intensely active business life, Mr. Gilbert had survived most of his early competitors, and by his own unaided efforts fairly earned a place among the foremost business men of the State.

Mr. Gilbert was eminently a self-made man—using the phrase simply to express the fact that he did not receive aid for his education. In truth, every man that is made makes himself. This did Mr. Gilbert. He attended district school when a boy in the winter. In time he knew enough to teach a school himself, which he did in old Winchester, receiving six dollars a month for

salary and boarding round among the people. He always looked back with pleasure to that period, and uttered the opinion that the school work done in those days was as good as that done now. He could not see but that the early education fitted people for life quite as well as does the modern education.

Being poor at the beginning, and compelled to the strictest economy, he acquired the habit of saving. He could not brook the unnecessary expenditure of a penny. He exacted great economy of others, and sometimes declined to help those whom he thought able to help themselves. If he was very "close" he nevertheless, by that very trait of life, saved and accumulated the vast fortune by which he was enabled to do so much good in his last years. To leave eight hundred thousand dollars to the town where he had so long lived, and to give fifty thousand dollars toward the uplift of the colored race in the South—these are the things that made him happy in the winding up of his career. He said he gave a large amount on one occasion with more satisfaction than he would eat his dinner.

Mr. Gilbert's natural affections were warm and his moral convictions very decided. A lady friend



at one time gave way to intense grief in his presence, and said she wished to die and be rid of the burdens of life. He said to her: "It is wrong for you to talk in this way: you have no right to; we must all live as long as the Lord wills. It is wicked to wish for death. Do you not suppose that when my little boy died the world looked as dark to me as it now does to you? I did not feel that there was anything left to live for; but I had to go on and live, and so must you." His early sorrows drove him the more eagerly to business.

Not long before his decease, as he lay ill on his couch, he opened his heart to a friend, and spoke with a degree of freedom concerning the past and the future: "I've been a hard-working business man; I've given very little attention to my states of mind. Have been too busy for that. Have thought I could serve God by doing things that ought to be done. I never exactly belonged to the Church, but have been, in all my manhood years, connected with it and have supported it. I can't say that I believed everything that I heard preached. As for some people being saved from all eternity—foreordained I believe they call it—and some being damned from all eternity, I don't

believe a word of it. I have put my case in God's hands, and there I leave it."

His eightieth birthday was observed by his friends as a day of rejoicing, and many assembled at a dinner in his honor. On that occasion prominent citizens rose to testify to the generosity with which Mr. Gilbert had aided them in the business ventures of other years. At this festive board Mr. Gilbert, though an octogenarian, made his maiden speech. Comparing the luxuries of the present day with the hard fare and simple living of his early life, he said: "In the winter I used to get up before daybreak, but I did not have a furnace-heated room to dress in, nor hot water in a marble basin. I went out of doors and broke the ice, and dipped up the water in an iron skillet, and washed on a bench under a tree with the whole world for my dressing room. But," he added, after a pause, "those times were the best. The people were healthier and happier than with all your modern improvements."

There was mirth in the stern man, and many a flash of keen wit or dry humor. He enlisted with some of his fellow-citizens in the manufacture of shoes at one time. Some young men carried on the business, older persons, like Mr.

Gilbert, furnishing the bulk of the capital. At the expiration of six months the directors were assembled to hear a report from the managers. The business seemed to have opened well ; contracts were numerous ; great profits were looming up in the near future. All the directors wore a smiling, cheery look. Mr. Gilbert relaxed his stern countenance enough to say, " Well, gentlemen, I'm really afraid these men are going to make some money."

He visited us in Louisiana in 1885. Said he, " I had hard work to find you ; these railroad fellows pretend they don't know you." " They know well enough where the freight belongs," was the answer. When he and Mrs. Gilbert visited the school—all being assembled to greet them—Mr. Gilbert said rather privately, " You really think you can teach these folks?" " No doubt about it ; you will see." He made a little speech to the scholars, and Mrs. Gilbert said a kind word. On leaving he said, " Why, they have souls very much like ours, eh?"

Kindness with him was something forbidding in the outward expression. " You thought I was rough last fall, did you not? I was rough, but I meant to give you the money all the time." We

had to love him. A Christian black woman from Louisiana once sought an introduction to Mr. Gilbert. When he had finished saying "Good morning," to her and was proceeding with his breakfast, she said, "I ax your pardon, Mr. Gilbert, but I'd like to plead with a man who has done so much for others to be kind to his own soul." A tear glistened in his eye. He was silent and crowded down his morsel of bread.

Mr. Gilbert was a strong temperance man. He used to say, "I drank grog until I was twenty-one; but everybody did then, and there were fewer drunkards than now." He thought it a useless habit, and gave it up for that reason. At the age of eighty-two years he made a forcible speech before the county commissioners against the granting of licenses. He was an enemy of tobacco. He berated the folly and extravagance of the times. He yielded willing homage to true goodness always. He loved his family, and was kind and generous in his household. One who was very intimately related and had the best opportunities to know his private life says: "He was a very amiable, good-tempered man, wonderfully forbearing and patient under provocation. He had a remarkable self-control. No one ever

heard him use profane or violent language. He never brought home his business cares, but would look as serene as he sat in his easy-chair as if nothing weightier than plowing or planting had taxed his brain that day.\* The man who was so careful to save even twenty-five cents was perfectly composed under great providential losses. When it was useless to worry he did not worry. He was once aroused at night with the message that his clock factory was on fire. "Well," he said, "I don't know that I can help it." He turned himself over and went to sleep. In adversity he was at his best and kept undaunted courage and a hopeful spirit.

Like many others Mr. Gilbert enjoyed the excitement of new ventures and investments. He often said that the pleasure of watching the developments of enterprise and of seeing things grow was more than the money profit. As years accumulated he gave much thought to the ultimate disposition of his large fortune. Two objects presented themselves to him as having paramount claims on him. They were (1) the boys and girls who had not the opportunities of education of any kind; (2) the city (Winsted) where

\* Mrs. Mary B. Mix, niece of Mrs. Gilbert.

he had so long lived and where he had made the greater part of his fortune.

For the indigent boys and girls he had the profoundest sympathy, by reason, as he often said, of the painful experiences of his boyhood and early manhood. He could not think of laying down his earthly trust without providing for these objects of his pity. He did plan nobly for them. He erected, with much study, care, and labor of his own hands, a home for poor boys and girls on about twenty acres of suburban land, in a beautiful spot overlooking West Winsted. He saw this home completed, furnished, and partly filled with happy children. His plan was to secure the co-operation of the towns of Connecticut. The overseers of the poor were invited to send children to the home, they paying one dollar per week for the living of a child, and he paying one dollar per week. This was the estimated cost.

After furnishing the home complete he left it in his will a legacy of four hundred thousand dollars for endowment. The interest of this sum was to be divided into two equal parts, one half for current expenses and one half to be reinvested; this policy to hold for one hundred years, at which time the endowment would amount to one million dol-

lars. A similar plan was adopted and ingrafted into his will for an educational institution in Winsted.

Mr. Gilbert spent his last Christmas—December 25, 1889—with the children in the home. He gave them a Christmas tree well laden with things to please them, held them on his knee, trotted them, chatted with them, laughed at their merriment, enjoyed their singing—could not sing himself—and, when he sat down at home after it was over, he said in his happiness, “I believe those children were as happy as if they had hung up their stockings in their own homes ; and very likely it was the first time that many of them ever had a Christmas to know what it meant.”

But it is within due bounds to say that nothing ever done by Mr. Gilbert made him happier than his gifts to the institution known formerly as La Teche Seminary Agricultural College. He contributed at different times ten thousand dollars for buildings, and in his will left a legacy of forty thousand dollars for endowment.

In 1883 the Rev. W. R. Webster, then of the New York East Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now of the New Hampshire Conference, was agent of La Teche Seminary, having been appointed in the spring of 1882.

After a long silence—in the minds and of our labors with crops and school—we received from him the following telegram :

“Hallelujah! Five thousand dollars promised conditionally ; will write. W. R. WEBSTER.”

He had found Mr. Gilbert, had prayed with him and his family, and had received his promise in the presence of witnesses. In due process of time this promise was fulfilled. Referring to this gift afterward Mr. Gilbert said, “It gave me more pleasure than any one thing I have done.”

After making his will he visited his friends in Canada, where he had some business interests, and there, having heard the Master’s call, he surrendered his trust of life and labor. On his dying bed he told friends of what he had sought to do for the colored people in Louisiana, and said, “They love me down there.” This stern, peculiar man wanted love, and he had it.

The world has need of men like Mr. Gilbert. The more of them the better. He employed many men, never quarreled with them; had no strikes. He was strict in fulfilling his own engagements, and required them to be equally so. He built houses for them to live in, gave them



time wherein to pay, and aided them to fulfill contracts. By his own severe example he taught them how to save their earnings.

In the ages to come his memory will be green. Of the colored race especially untold numbers of future generations will "rise up and call him blessed." \*

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#### WHY HELP OUR COLORED BROTHER?

WE assume that the man of African descent is our brother. If any deny, we do not write for him. Our word is to those who hold the brotherhood of men. If any refuse the Negro a rank in the brotherhood such might still feel themselves bound to help him when in need, just as they would a lame horse or a sick cow. But we do not stand on that plane nor address ourselves at present to any who may stand there.

The question is, Why should we help our colored brother? It is not questioned that he needs help. But what help? As to material and economic aid, Nature, Providence, and the American people have spread a table, and he can help him-

\* Many facts in the above sketch are taken from a sketch by the Rev. John Andrew.

self. He is as free as the foxes and the birds. He can go to any part of the country and anywhere find work and remuneration. He is rapidly forming habits of thrift, learning to appreciate his opportunities, and acquiring a diversity of industries. In this direction true helpfulness is to employ and to pay him. On this line he has hosts of friends. He may complain that his pay is small and that it sometimes fails by fraud or accident. But so complains the workman everywhere, and the Negro simply shares the common lot.

“’Tis true, ’tis pity, and pity ’tis, ’tis true.”

Among those who were placed on plantations are many who were trained as “men-of-all-work,” and are to-day able to turn out good jobs of blacksmithing and carpentry. Among the young men who have been at the schools not a few are demonstrating the utility of the Slater Fund by building houses, making wagons and buggies, and striking off jobs of printing. There is a considerable number of the educated youth who are establishing an excellent record as teachers, both men and women. One, just to-day, said: “When I came here at the beginning of last year I knew nothing but to read and write. I went through

the 'Graded Lessons in English' and the 'Intermediate Arithmetic,' and so on; and this year I have taught school four months at thirty dollars a month, and I am here now to spend the balance of the year in study." Another young man who finished the grammar school course two years ago, including two years of carpentry, writes: "I have contracts for building seven houses."

This same man is able by his success to support two younger brothers at school. Multitudes of comfortable homes are now occupied by families that twenty years ago lived in old-time cabins. These colored people are thrifty.

There is as much difference between the new and old Negro as between the new and the old South. The Yankee has a world-wide repute for splitting a sixpence. The Irishman's genius for the same style of achievement will not suffer by comparison. But the new Negro is not far behind either of them. As for politics, he seems as if born to it. The best political trainers might go to school to the Louisiana colored man. So then, in point of worldly wisdom our colored brother can look out for himself. The answer to our

question is that we should help the colored brother for the same reason that we would help any other brother who is in need.

We do for the colored brother for the same reasons as for some other brother. We leave our homes, forsake our friends and every dear association of life, traverse the seas and brave the dangers of unknown climes, encounter the painful toils of untried tasks, and the prejudices, the superstitions, and the hostilities of the men that are wholly savage, or but little civilized—all for Christ's sake. We have been baptized with his baptism, have felt the cleansing fires of his Spirit coursing in flames through our souls; we burn with the passion that courts death for a brother's sake. We plead with our fellow-men face to face, "O come, ye that are perishing with thirst in the parched and weary desert, come to the Fountain of living waters. Ye are dying of hunger; here is the bread of life. The poisonous breath of the deadly serpent has filled the air ye breathe. O escape for your lives." We heed not danger; we take our lives in our hands. When the palsy smites our limbs, when death lays his icy hand on our vitals, when the voice

wavers with the last agonies, and we can toil and suffer for lost men no longer, then the beatific vision of Him who died on the cross and afterward ascended to glory ravishes our souls, and we are glad we left all for him; we would do it again if we could. We lie down in a jungle or in a thatched hut and find a short passage to heaven.

There are those who are doing thus in the Southern States among the Negroes. The conditions are not essentially different. The main difference in favor of the Southern missionary is that he can occasionally run to the North and see his friends; or they can come South and see him. But this advantage is offset by the peculiar and sometimes dangerous complications in which his work is involved by popular politics. He loves the Negro soul, beholds his true manhood, foresees his going to judgment with the responsibilities of a man on him, discerns the preciousness of his soul, as capable as any other soul of the cultured intellect and the beauty of holiness. He grieves when he beholds this immortal being deceived by men who only desire to use him for their personal ends and corrupted by those who have no regard to the final judgment of God.

Here is one who is a good mechanic and can point to many monuments of his skill in the city. Here is another who so skillfully practices medicine that he is sought by both white and black for the cure of the sick. There is another who walked like a giant through Euclid, wrought out clearly and comprehensively the problem of lights in algebra, and calculated the elements of the moon's orbit in astronomy; there is still another who reveled in classic studies, and while serving in a gentleman's dining room daily was reading in the original the orations of Demosthenes and the *De Officiis* of Cicero. There are numbers who preach Christ with understanding and with power, and will give you a good critique on a chapter in the Greek New Testament or a capable tractate on the Nicene Creed. What then? These men not worth saving? These men incapable of education? These unfit for citizenship? These not of equal natural endowments with white men?

One says with tears in his eyes, "I'd rather die than do wrong." A woman writes: "I saw your letter in which you say, 'You honor the colored race enough to wish them pure.' How thankful

I am for that message! My heart is agonized at what I behold in this city. Ah, how sad that some of the ministers of our own dear Lord should so betray him to the demon of uncleanness."

We cannot find in color nor in previous condition a reason to prefer him to some one else. But is he in need? Is he in deeper need than some other brother? Than any other? If his need be not along the line of material things is it in the direction of spiritual things? If he need moral uplift and spiritual renovation shall we strive at once to uplift him, or shall we wait for others to do it? Is it any injustice to others that we should essay to help him? Is there not more sin and sorrow than all of us can possibly alleviate? Shall we not be thankful to anyone that will lend the helping hand? Let an intelligent Christian survey the situation and penetrate to the bottom facts, and we assure you he will find, among the masses, two dark—unutterably dark—and baleful conditions.

The first is the dense intellectual night. The free, honest exercise of thought among these untutored masses, in the search after truth, is unknown. You cannot discover a recognition of

truth as existing, attainable, or desirable. There is no evidence of a desire to know the truth about anything. If it be farming, the traditional way is pursued, and the suggestion of a better method is scouted as folly. If it be medicine, the hum of the voodoo, burrowing underground, is preferred to the advice of a scientific physician, and the stewing of an "auntie," who is authority in "drawin' up the pallit," is deemed far more potential than the formulæ of the pharmacopœia. If it be morals, and the law of chastity be commended and urged, it is deemed a sufficient answer to all appeals to say, "We's not white folks."

"Having eyes they see not." This scriptural description of an ancient people is most fitting here. We write of the masses, not of the noble few who have lifted themselves up, or have been graciously lifted up, to the realm where there is a vision of "the things which are not seen."

We know whereof we affirm. One man, confronted with his habit of lying in the pulpit, said, "I no lies when I preaches; only when I 'zorts." Another said, "De Lawd, he do me bad; he say, 'Serve me, 'n I'll do you good.' I do jes' as he say: whole year I go to church; I steal nothing;



I pay my debts ; 'n I ax the Lawd to give me sumpin', and he didn't done it. No; it don't pay to serve de Lawd. He don' keep hes word."

A man who is in many things intelligent, and who has had opportunities above many of his fellows, sees many visions of future events after they have come to pass. One who finished a college course and was pastor of a church in an intelligent community prescribed for a sick youth thus : " Stand beside a certain tree ; I'll cut a hole in the bark of the tree at your head and inclose under it a lock of your hair tied with a woolen thread. After twenty-one days you will be well." He applied to the writer for permission thus to use the tree.\* One said he saw in a vision a keg of gold un-

\* It were slightly presumptuous if one should think that we arrogate to the Negro race a monopoly of superstition. The privileged Caucasian may claim preeminence therein as in so many other things. And to-day, in the noontide glory of his civilization, his millions are walking, working, suffering, according to signs in heaven and earth and all the mysteries of occult lore. The writer knew a distinguished divine who had brought many souls out of spiritual darkness into light, who also guarded his steps so carefully that if he were about to enter a gateway by the left foot immediately turned about, went back to the starting-point of his excursion, and walked the distance over again, scrupulously compelling himself to reach the gate on his right foot. He said to do otherwise would bring him ill luck. There are multitudes of both white and colored who at this moment wear amulets and charms as protectives against " the evil eye," evil spirits, and various diseases.

der ground at a particular spot in the field. He told the writer, with all the authority of a prophet, to dig and find. When we made him an offer to divide the treasure equally if he would dig and find he departed meekly and never appeared again. Another, when scourged for his violation of the seventh commandment, said, "What's the matter? Any harm in that?"

We point to these facts, not with exultation, not with fault-finding, but with deep and pungent grief. The thought that our brother, in whose veins flows the "one blood," should be so benighted gives us "inward pain." O, our Father! how comes it that any of thy children should be so far from the truth? We read libraries of African tradition, adventure, and travel, finding there the same things. Here they are relieved by the better environments. The fact that this terrible night has come hither, like a Tartarean fog, from the "Dark Continent" relieves not in the least its gloominess, and furnishes no excuse for its longer brooding over our land.

The second gloomy fact is the absence of moral feeling, the want of moral sensibility, the

irresponsive conscience. That one thing is right and another wrong seems to signify only that one is harmful to us, the other beneficial. If, therefore, the harm of sin may be avoided or escaped, that sin becomes righteousness. There is no essential difference between the right and the wrong. We are at perfect liberty to do the wrong; we are fools if we do it not, when we may hope to escape punishment. This is not with them a philosophy of wickedness but moral stolidity—the conscience deep sunken beneath the burdens of the flesh and the animal instincts cultivated, on the one hand into shrewdness, on the other into ferocity.

Illicit connections of men and women are not regarded as foibles even, and therefore to be pitied; much less are they regarded as crimes, and therefore to be condemned. They seem to be viewed as normal until the moral law is thrust forward and disciplined into them by years of patient drill.\* Thankfully we can say that loving

\* The colored race cannot claim the social vice as their exclusive heritage. Among all the races, from the beginnings of recorded history, the dominant sin of the world has been sexual uncleanness. When St. Paul enumerates the works of the flesh that militate against the Spirit he places, emphatically, at the head of the list "adultery."

instruction and consistent discipline do ultimately create a better sentiment and bring about such a social uplift as to make it disgraceful in their own eyes to commit fornication and to establish in a young man's mind a feeling of compunction if he has wronged a woman. Lawful marriage comes to a premium, and a father says with pride, "My daughter was married like a lady."

A clean house becomes a glory and a blessing, and a minister of the Gospel who stands up for the family as God made it, and denounces men's sins, prevails over his enemies, commands universal favor and confidence, and sees his Church going forward under heavenly leadership to glorious peace.

An orphan boy with a charming countenance, a superior brain, and a moral nature budding into purity under Christian training is converted into a thug by the drink demon and the gambling hell. He goes with reveling companions, and one morning his lifeless body lies by the railroad. An honest man that once sought to do him good and to keep him from evil ways stands by and declares, "That man who keeps the gambling hell is the murderer." But no one cares.

Two colored youths quarrel at a ball. One shoots and kills the other. The murderer is taken up by the crowd and hanged. Some are terror-stricken, some are pleased. All seem to regard the whole business as regular. None mourns before God and pleads for mercy. None send appeals to the tribunals of human justice. Men sell their votes at an election, some for one dollar, some for five dollars. "It pays to vote, boys." None seems to think God is displeased. None questions whether it is right. Even the Gospel minister takes his five dollars and says, "It would be a fine thing to have election once a month."

A man is a lay preacher in one of the churches. Something is said from the pulpit by the pastor against drunkenness and the habit of tippling. The favorite bottle of "gin" that travels to the store and back again so many times a week—the family palladium—is denounced as the occasion of ill-temper and the waster of the family means of support. The said lay preacher denounces the pastor to the merchant as the man that intermeddles to the injury of his (the merchant's) business. For the next step the wife comes to

the pastor, holding in her hand a printed document of familiar look, and says, "Hyur's yer license; Tom don' want it, it's no 'count."

Such are characteristic facts of frequent occurrence, and not by any means those of darkest hue. There are such things as would make the very paper blush to record, and some that would too violently shock the finer feelings of the cultivated reader. Our aim in saying what we do is simply to show how deeply Satan is seated here and how truly this is missionary ground. We write of the colored people and of the discouraging facts among them. It is not our purpose to attempt an exhaustive statement of these things. We omit all reference to the embarrassments that originate in politics—embarrassments often most perplexing, and such as no missionary on foreign grounds is likely to encounter. But having indicated briefly the subtleties of darkness involved in this knotty problem of uplift we take great delight in setting forth some of the brighter spots in the field of our outlook.

No one capable of an intelligent judgment in such matters would for a moment expect us to

grasp an entire community as a father lifts his child by the arms, put them into our Gospel elevator, and raise them *en masse* toward heaven. No agency has ever yet been known to do a thing like that. Men do not rise in crowds—possibly they do fall that way. Here, as everywhere else, the way to destruction is broad; the road to life is narrow. Here, as elsewhere, are those who will not change for the better—will not lift a foot to go up hill. They are stubborn reactionists whenever you propose to improve them or their children. They are apt in framing excuses for indifference, ingenious in devising schemes of opposition. “We’s got along ’dout eddication. De chil’uns can do jes’ as we done. De white folks hab der way; we colo’d folks mus’ hab ourn. As de book say, ‘Ebbry tub mus’ stan’ on its own bottom.’ Dat school don’ me no good. Dey fence up der lan’; now leg’slater say no stock run out; man shut up yo’ cow, ’n yer have to pay dollar to git her agin. ’Twarn’ so ’fo’ dat school cum. Wat dat school fur? Don’ wan’ no pay school. Public school good ’nuff for my chil’un. I buys one book for my gal dis yur. Nex’ yur do same. Dat’s all it cos’.” One who has had some school training and is under great obliga-

tions for aid rendered says, "The white folks are bulldozing the colored. I'm going to stand up for my race."

Yet good and permanent results appear. A high standard of morality among students is manifested in the cordial acceptance of rigid discipline, in the serious and manly defense of it, and in the jealous but kind watchfulness over each other. When students object to the admission of applicants whose moral character may be open to question it is evident that social ethics are ranged along the line of righteousness.

When the Church is jealous of her purity, eager as the bride of Christ to keep her robes "without spot or wrinkle;" when ministers and members are required to keep the commandments of God and are brought to account if they do not; when it is brought to light that the pure Church and the blameless ministry secure the public confidence and support, then it is evident that here, as elsewhere, the truth of the Gospel of Christ becomes the leaven of saving health to the people.

A vigorous temperance organization in the seminary, composed of two hundred young peo-



ple, men and women, with the prohibition badge and the triple pledge, enthusiastic in the maintenance of their principles here and at home, organizing branch societies during vacations, and, wondrous to relate, capable in the Christmas recess of resisting the fascinations of eggnog—this state of facts is a note of marvelous progress. There was recently organized a union of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in our community. There came some who once were slaves and signed the pledge by making their mark; some of fewer years, unknowing slavery, who wrote their own names to the pledge, one acting as secretary and one as corresponding secretary. In the public congregation the opening prayer was made by a colored young lady. A white lady on the platform declared that the prayer was one of the richest inspirations of her life.

There are public schools in this State, many of them, especially in the larger towns, very good. They are usually, in the rural districts, open three months in the year. In the schools for colored youth the large majority of the good and capable teachers received their training in schools like Gilbert Academy, which have been established by private munificence. The conclusion is that we

should help our colored brother—1. Because he needs the help; 2. Because he appreciates it; 3. Because he is bringing forth good fruit from the assistance already given.

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REV. EMPEROR WILLIAMS,

*Vice-President of Orphans' Home Society.*

REV. EMPEROR WILLIAMS was born a slave in 1826, in the family of General Gaines, Nashville, Tenn. He went to Louisiana in 1839, and in 1840 was sold for six hundred dollars to a Negro, who treated him badly. He was sold in 1841 to James McIntosh, a builder. Williams was a master mason, and from 1846 to 1858 was the trusted foreman of his owner. He joined the Church in 1845. He had been promised his freedom for years, but that boon came in 1858 under peculiar circumstances. His master had a difficult piece of cornice work on the corner of Perdido and Carondelet Streets. None of the white men could put it up. Williams said he could, and his master replied that if he did he should have his freedom. He took the plans of the difficult piece of work, laid them on the floor of his cabin, and studied



REV. EMPEROR WILLIAMS,  
Vice President of Orphans' Home Society.



them all night until he got every part perfectly in his mind. The next day he took his gang of men and accomplished his difficult work. The promise was redeemed, and our friend was a free man.

In 1849 he married a slave woman who was, like himself, a remarkable character. After he was free he offered two thousand dollars in gold for his wife, but her owners would not sell her. Not long after, in 1862, General Butler took New Orleans, and Emperor Williams got his wife for nothing, and took his money and bought him a home. We have many times enjoyed the hospitality of that home; we sat by the deathbed of that wife, and a more beautiful and triumphant deathbed scene seldom occurs.

While a slave Williams sometimes carried a pass, written by himself, which read as follows: "Permit the boy Emperor to pass and repass, and oblige Mr. Williams." His master, whose name was Williams, saw it, and the following colloquy took place:

"Where did you learn to write like that?"

"When I was collecting your rent, sir."

"My name, is that?"

"No, sir; that is not your name, but mine. I would not commit a forgery."

His master gave him a seventy-five dollar suit of clothes and a nice cane, and said, "Go preach until you die; I am tired of you and your God bothering me any more." Afterward, when dying, he sent for Williams and told him that slavery was wrong and bade him good-bye.

In 1866 the Methodist Episcopal Church was reorganized in New Orleans, and Emperor Williams was one of the original twelve. From that day to this he has been one of the trusted advisers of the Conference. A large portion of the time he has been a presiding elder. He was a member of the General Conference of 1876. He is a man of great natural ability, thoroughly trustworthy, and impartial in his judgment of men and measures. His education from books is limited. He is thoroughly loyal to his Church, and is free from race prejudice.

When we broke ground for the new university building on St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, he was one of the speakers. He is not a fluent speaker, except occasionally. In times of great enthusiasm, and when deeply moved, the few words he utters make a profound impression. Here are some of his sentences on that memorable occasion. Lifting his hands to the heavens

he said: "I wonder if this is the world I was born in! For twenty years I was a slave on these streets. It was a penitentiary offense to educate a Negro. I have seen my fellow-servants whipped for trying to learn; but to-day here am I on this great avenue, in this great city, with the bishops and elders and people of the great Methodist Episcopal Church, speaking at the breaking of ground where a building is to be erected for the education of the children of my people. I wonder if this is the world I was born in!"

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#### THE STORY OF GILBERT ACADEMY AND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

GENERAL N. P. BANKS laid the first stone. By a General Order, in July, 1863, he required the commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in New Orleans to gather the neglected and perishing orphans of colored Union soldiers and maintain them. The mothers of these orphans having to work out by the day—often for the "Yankee soldiers," often finding no work at all—the children were scattered and lost, or died of starvation. Some were found dead by the roadside, famished while the mothers looked for work.

General Thomas Conway, a Baptist minister, a commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, laid the second stone, putting the children, about one hundred, first in the confiscated mansion of Pierre Soule (who had represented the Confederate States in France), and afterward established them in the Marine Hospital. How gladly, in those days, did the lovers of the Stars and Stripes rally 'round the orphans as a center of Union feeling, a mark of loyalty, a sign of gratitude to the nation's defenders! People of every extraction and of every creed went with joy to the hospital to contribute aid and to express their devotion to an imperiled and rescued nation. And now the third stone of the wall was laid. M. de Bossier, from Marseilles, France, went with others whose hearts beat to the music of freedom, beheld the recovered orphans with grateful tears, and came forward with the offer of ten thousand dollars, if the friends of the orphans would add twenty thousand dollars, to purchase a farm, remove the orphans to the country, maintain and educate them.

Dr. (now Bishop) Newman laid the fourth stone by securing the twenty thousand dollars, and the orphans were provided a delightful home on a sugar plantation in St. Mary's Parish, La.



Many stones have since been laid, perhaps the largest by the Hon. W. L. Gilbert, of Winsted, Conn., after whom the institution has been named. It is now not only an orphans' home, but more than that. It is an academy of thorough character and a manual labor school. Its aims are expressed in its name, Gilbert Academy and Agricultural College. Mr. Gilbert, besides ten thousand dollars for buildings, has given forty thousand toward endowment. As the result of the expansion of work and the great increase of members it is now indispensable to have about one hundred thousand dollars endowment and fifty thousand dollars for buildings. Those who are grateful for the preservation of the Union, they who rejoice in the liberation of the slave, they who, for love of Jesus, desire to see all men renewed in the image of their Creator—all these should find joy in aiding this institution. Let it not be forgotten that this is the only institution for the education of the blacks that had its origin in the patriot's gratitude to our colored soldiers, dead defenders of the flag, who, when they fell, did fall with faces toward the foe. The letter on the following page from General Banks explains itself.

“BOSTON, MASS., *June 25, 1879.*”

“The Colored Orphans’ Home in Louisiana was originally established by my order in the mansion formerly owned by Pierre Soule, in the city of New Orleans, in 1863, where it was maintained for nearly three years in a prosperous condition. Madam de Mortier, a colored lady of high culture and character, well known to philanthropic ladies of Boston, and liberally aided by them in her labors in Louisiana, had charge of the home and managed its affairs with great success. When the government withdrew its protection it was temporarily discontinued, and the orphans narrowly escaped being apprenticed by the government to their former owners until the age of twenty-one years. It has since been re-established, and is under the charge of Rev. Dr. Godman, a white clergyman, on the plantation in the rich and fertile valley of the Bayou Teche, the scene of a memorable history preserved in Longfellow’s ‘Evangeline.’ Disasters of various kinds have endangered its continued possession by the orphans of colored soldiers and others who have so long profited by its instruction and protection. It is a deserving charity, and ought to be permanently and liberally maintained. N. P. BANKS.”

EXTRACTS FROM A HISTORY OF THE ORGANIZATION AND GROWTH OF THE ORPHANS' HOME SOCIETY.

THE Freedmen's Bureau, that strong arm of the United States government stretched forth to protect the freed people of the South, initiated this society. When Mr. Conway was the commissioner in Louisiana, appointed by President Lincoln, he instructed the officers throughout the parishes to gather the friendless and destitute little colored children and send them to the city. Here he provided them with a home, fed, clothed, and educated them for future independence and usefulness. Most of those little ones were either orphans of soldiers who fell in the Union ranks or such as had lost their parents in the confusion caused by the retreat of the Confederate armies and the hasty removal of slaves to Texas or elsewhere as the army of freedom advanced. When the assassin struck down Mr. Lincoln and a new ruler arose who had no sympathy with freedom, Mr. Conway was removed, and, his successor making no provision for the colored orphans, they would have been turned out in a destitute condition to become vagabonds upon the earth. But

God put into the hearts of some kind ladies to rent a building in the third district, New Orleans (the Soule mansion,) placing it in charge of Mrs. Clarina Hyde, where, amid difficulties of every kind, they struggled for a brief period.

The first meeting for organizing the society was held early in 1866, and Madam de Mortier, an intelligent colored lady, who came to New Orleans to do something for the orphans, was placed in charge of the children. By her influence considerable sums were collected for the work. A few months after this a division took place in the society. Some of the members, wishing to have the children trained up strictly as Roman Catholics, separated and organized a society of their own. There was a providence in the event, for, about the same time, M. de Bossier, a wealthy French gentleman of Marseilles, France, whose name we delight to honor, being in New Orleans and hearing of our society, proposed to give us ten thousand dollars provided twenty thousand dollars more were raised and invested in lands and buildings and that the children be educated in the Protestant faith. This happy circumstance at once inspired the friends of the institution with hope, and

begat in them an earnest purpose to use every means in their power to secure the generous Frenchman's donation.

The orphans became now again the guests of the Freedmen's Bureau, and occupied ample apartments in the Marine Hospital and were sustained by the bounty of the United States government. General Howard was also taking a deep interest in the enterprise so congenial to his noble nature and his Christian heart, and Dr. Newman made an appeal to him for ten thousand dollars, hoping to raise the other ten from other sources. The general promptly responded, and now twenty thousand dollars were secured. The remainder came more slowly and with much toil. Madam de Mortier traveled through the North and obtained donations in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Dr. Newman also traveled, preached, and lectured for the purpose, pleading eloquently for his beloved orphans, and at last, not, however, without another smaller grant from General Howard, the whole amount was on deposit and the orphans were sure of a home.

The property was bought for fourteen thousand dollars. Buildings were prepared, and last

February, 1867, when the Freedmen's Hospital had to be broken up and the Marine Hospital turned over to the State, our large family of one hundred and two children, with officers, furniture, etc., were transferred to the home on the Teche. As fast as the funds would permit work has been done to make the house comfortable ; and if our expectations of help from the friends of the institution are not disappointed we shall, before the present year closes, see it in complete order and be prepared to accommodate a larger number of orphans. From the first an excellent day school has been kept on the premises, the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church providing the teachers. At the present time one hundred and two children are under instruction ; sixty-eight are able to read, and about fifty are well advanced in geography, writing, arithmetic, and grammar.

One of the older boys has entered upon the study of law under the direction of one of our managers. In 1871 the Rev. Dr. Conway, then president of the Orphans' Home Society, a Baptist minister, said in a public address : " We hope to make the Orphans' Home the equal of any

similar institution in the South. Our State may be proud of having made this provision for the colored orphan, though the society is not organized with any spirit of exclusion of any orphan because of his race, color, or previous status in society. We have built on the banks of the Teche a home to which they can come, and where they can be clothed, fed, instructed, and fitted for the activities and responsibilities of the present life and for the enjoyments of that higher life which is to come. It is our purpose to make our Orphans' Home a model institution, especially in the matter of rendering it self-supporting."

It is hoped that, after the present year, we will be able to support ourselves. We have seventeen hundred acres of land, of which four hundred are under cultivation, mostly in sugar and corn. Small tracts have been rented to certain freedmen, who live on the plantation with their families, and who give one third of their crops for rent. Enough cane has been raised the present year to enable us to secure a large crop the ensuing year by planting and cultivating it. By building a sugar mill, at a cost of about six thou-

sand dollars (considerable machinery being already in our hands and available for that purpose), we can consider ourselves fully able not only to care for the number of orphans already in our charge but to increase it considerably. We do not propose to make our asylum a poorhouse, where pauperism shall become a habit or a purpose. Our aim is higher, better, more noble, because it is more practical, more useful. We aim to receive poor little orphan children and give them a home. We aim to educate those who come to us in all the rudiments of a plain, practical, common English education. We teach industry and usefulness as mainsprings of a success in life. We take those of our beneficiaries who are able to work into the field and garden and then instruct them in the great fact that life and happiness are not to be separated from honest, earnest labor.

From the efforts thus put forth, under a workman whose employment is secured for twenty dollars per month, the home, with its extensive family, receives all its vegetables. Nor do we convey the idea that labor of the field or garden is the only one fitted to engage the attention



of our inmates. We have already prepared some of our orphans to be teachers of public and private schools. Those in some of our public schools in the country are receiving a salary of forty or fifty dollars per month. Fifteen of our number are pupils in a collegiate school on an adjoining plantation, one at least of whom is preparing for the profession of law. Seventy children have been attending school in connection with the home, and, under faithful teachers supplied by the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have made most gratifying advancement.

Five of our girls and one of our boys have been sent out to homes in Christian families, they being over sixteen years of age. Six boys have been discharged from the institution for the reason that they were old enough to take care of themselves. They are now earning an honest living. Three have been married and are now living in their own homes. The health of our orphan family has been good during the whole year, so that we have had but slight need of the visits or the medicines of the physician.

The religious culture of the children has been carefully promoted. Chapel services have been held every evening. Sabbath services and a Sunday school have been kept up during the year, on all of which the divine blessing has descended. A prayer meeting has been held every Friday evening, which is attended by the children and other inmates of the home. The addition of eighteen members to the Church in the place from among the older children is a noteworthy event of the year, and, indeed, the most gratifying of all.

It was reported to the Mississippi Conference that "in 1867 there was some uncertainty as to the financial success of this important enterprise. It is generally known that M. de Bossier, of France, had generously offered ten thousand dollars to the institution providing the same was increased to thirty thousand dollars by January 1, 1867." But January came, and we had failed to raise the twenty thousand dollars. It was a trying hour, but we were unwilling to submit to defeat without further effort. Impelled by the necessities of the case, I wrote to M. de Bossier for an extension of time, which he very kindly granted, and on the first of April, 1867, we had the great satisfaction





DOWN THE RAYON!

to deposit in the Bank of America, in New Orleans, the sum of twenty thousand dollars, which secured to us the ten thousand dollars offered by M. de Bossier. This achievement was a cause of sincere joy to the friends of the home and of devout gratitude to God. It is proper to state that the twenty thousand dollars was raised principally in the North, and we are especially indebted to Major General O. O. Howard for a munificent donation, and for lesser sums to dear friends in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois. May God bless them! As M. de Bossier stipulated that the thirty thousand dollars should be expended in the purchase of a farm and its improvement, we have accordingly complied with his condition and have made the purchase.

Down along the banks of the Teche are massive live oaks whose branches are covered with moss and which cast a grateful shade, and at intervals are lofty pecan trees laden with nuts. Here is to be the home of our orphans; here their schoolhouse, their workshop, and their playgrounds. On the opposite side of the parish road is a field of seven hundred acres, rich sugar land, inclosed with an osage-orange hedge on three

sides, while beyond are more than nine hundred acres of woodland, on which is much valuable timber. Amid the oaks and cypresses of this swamp flows a small bayou, wherein the garfish floats lazily along and the alligator basks in the scant gleams of the sun. On the eastern banks of this stream is a good steam sawmill and also draining machine, which may be used to redeem hundreds of acres of what is now swamp land.

On the 17th of last September this noble plantation was purchased by the managers of the Orphans' Home for fourteen thousand dollars. Here, on the verdant banks of the Teche, charity and education join hands for the elevation of a race, while religion shall sanctify and smile upon the union.

“THE ORPHANS' HOME, LA TECHE, LOUISIANA,

May 22, 1875.

*“To the Orphans' Home Board of Louisiana :*

“GENTLEMEN AND LADIES: In this my first communication since you were pleased to clothe me with responsibility, under your oversight, in the management of your affairs at this place, I desire to congratulate you on the blessedness and glory of your calling to administer so great a benevolence. I doubt not you feel as I do, that

this is the Lord's work and the great duty of our day. By this I mean that there is no mode of benevolence now so urgent on American Christians as that which is directed toward the elevation and the salvation of the freedmen. Let us unitedly pray that the Saviour of all men may so guide that we, in our sphere, may accomplish the greatest amount of good.

"I have endeavored, since I came to this work, to attain to an understanding of the wants of the freedmen and of the needs of this particular institution. I have arrived at some conclusions which I feel warranted in expressing to you.

"1. I am convinced that the freedman can rise in the scale of social existence, and, to some degree, into the enjoyment of even his political and civil rights, only through slow processes of education. Circumstances will not make him. He must be able to make his circumstances. Nothing but Christian education will enable him to do this. You have discerned this and evidenced your judgment in the plans you have heretofore laid out for execution.

"2. I have observed the need of a practical, everyday business education. This is just as

pressing as that which is higher and more generally cultivated in schools.

“3. I perceive that the home and daily surroundings of these, our dependent brethren, have an intimate connection with their intellectual and moral degradation. Until he can have a more comfortable and attractive home the freedman’s progress upward will be slow. His present style of abode is too like the den of his slave life to suggest fully the blessings and dignity of freedom. He has no glass in his windows; no paint on his house; few rooms in his dwelling, so that many have to crowd into a common sleeping apartment; his poverty forbids his burning artificial lights except when forced by necessity to do so; the warm climate invites out of doors. Consequently the entire family are inclined to be out at night. The young people are thus corrupted, and the older ones are not improved.

“4. The freedman, from lack of training, loses in business transactions, and when he is clearly defrauded he does not know how to defend himself, even if defense were otherwise practicable. He has not, therefore, as yet been in a position to see a fair chance of profiting by his labor.



He is not yet inspired with the prospect of gain. He will be, doubtless, when he sees the way to it clear, when he is presented with an offer, and has confidence in the integrity of those who present it. I beg leave, therefore, to present the following suggestions :

“ 1. That a church be built on this plantation. The Church Extension Society will probably aid. If they do not, let other aid be found. The work will all be donated here. I presume it would be necessary to raise three to five hundred dollars cash.

“ 2. That the La Teche Seminary be sustained *in perpetuo*, as preparatory to the New Orleans University. I presume that, for next year, a plan suggested by the Rev. J. C. Hartzell, your able and worthy treasurer, will work. It is to secure an able white minister from the North who, with his wife and necessary assistants, can give instruction and govern the seminary. This arrangement strikes me as feasible, and will meet the intellectual and spiritual wants of the place so far as the institution is called on to meet them.

“3. I would respectfully suggest that a good man and his wife from the North, whether minister or layman, be secured as superintendent of the home and the plantation, with the chance to make his living out of one third of the crops and the boarding house, on condition of keeping everything in repair, having oversight of all the farmers, teaching and directing them in all practical matters, keeping the orphans that may be here to a certain number, receiving and caring for any others that may be otherwise provided for, and giving necessary rooms to the teachers and their families.

“4. Let a company be formed in New Orleans with fifty thousand dollars capital, five hundred shares of one hundred dollars each. Let one hundred shares be paid in at first—that is, twenty per cent on all the shares taken, and this amount paid the Home Board for two hundred acres of land. Let this land be laid off in one acre lots and comfortable tenements be erected thereon and let to such colored men as desire to occupy them and can satisfy the company of their fitness. Let the rent be sufficient to pay for the house and lot in a given number of years, with a margin for re-

pairs. Let the men be told that at the expiration of the given time, if they have been prompt and faithful, the rent paid shall be accepted as payment for the property, and a deed be made to them. Let them have at the beginning a bond for such a deed. Details of the plan could be determined by the company. They need not be entered into now.

“I beg you to consider it earnestly and see at once if something cannot be done. Brother Hartzell, if instructed to do so, could solicit contributors to such a fund while he is North this summer. Now is the time for action. If we do not embrace this opportunity to enact some plan the power will go out of our hands. Land is very cheap, and many places about us are bidding for the colored man’s money. The men who are now here are making up their minds upon the issues of this year. Next spring they will either go elsewhere or decide to remain and bring their families here to reside. If we go forward we shall retain those we have and secure more.

“5. During this year quite a sum of money will have to be expended in repairing the home and the sugarhouse and mill.

“ Now, brethren, I will close this lengthy paper,  
begging your earnest and prayerful attention, and  
subscribing myself,

“ Yours very truly,

W. D. GODMAN.”

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### AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS.

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth forever.—Psalm cxii, 1, 9.

FELLOW-CHRISTIANS: Our appeal is to you. In behalf of five millions of the Lord's poor in the South, the colored wards of the nation, our brothers and sisters redeemed with Jesus's precious blood, we bespeak your candid attention. The colored people have nothing wherewith to help themselves. The means to educate and elevate them must come from the Christians of the North until the Southern Christians shall have the ready mind for their help. The time will come, we are persuaded, when the Lord will make them to be “pitied of all them that carried them captives.” While the Lord's time for this tarries he would give us of the North the heavenly privilege of ministering to the wants of these his chosen ones.

Shall we heed his call? If we do not, then as American citizens his retributions await us!

Your attention is called particularly to the wants of this people in Louisiana. In this remote region of our country less has probably been done by the benevolence of Northern Christians than elsewhere in the South. Yet great enterprises for good have been undertaken and are in progress.

A benevolent man in Ohio gave ten thousand dollars to the American Missionary Association for the purpose of founding a college for colored youth in New Orleans. Straight University, a vigorous institution, commemorates his name and is fulfilling nobly his intent. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, of Brooklyn, N. Y., gave twenty thousand dollars for the establishment of Leland University among the same people. These godly people spend their winters at the university, and Mr. Chamberlain superintends, gratuitously, the finances of both university and boarding hall, counting himself and his means wholly the Lord's. O, noble examples! Are there lovers of Jesus who will emulate them?

At the close of the late civil war Hon. Thomas Conway, District Commissioner of the Freed-

men's Bureau, smitten, as many were, with compassion of the hapless lot of the orphans of deceased Union soldiers, gathered about a hundred of them together in New Orleans and rallied around him the active cooperation of the Christians of the city. These orphans were cared for a few years by the agencies of the Freedmen's Bureau. It became evident, however, that their permanent protection and instruction must be committed to other hands, and they were at length committed to the watch-care of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The orphans were in their new home, in the midst of that beautiful region styled in Longfellow's "Evangeline" "the Eden of Louisiana," by January 1, 1869.

For a few years the Board of Management received aid from the State of Louisiana. But this aid at length ceased, and the board found themselves, with a family of one hundred persons, rapidly accumulating debt. In July, 1874, the greater number of the orphans were distributed in homes procured for them among people of their own race, leaving only about ten at the home. Since that time the sugarhouse was entirely destroyed by

explosion of the boiler, and the debts, by accumulation of interest and by misfortune of one or two bad seasons, have grown almost to the sum of ten thousand dollars. The financial pressure of the times is doubly distressing to an already embarrassed benevolent institution. The danger is now imminent of losing this magnificent property to Protestant Christianity and to true benevolence. Some species of speculator will seize it if it go from us. Help must come quickly.

The good already done in six or seven years of care and instruction is great and strikingly visible. We cannot yield to the now threatening danger without an earnest appeal to the friends of humanity, to those who toiled and prayed for the emancipation of an oppressed race, and who still desire their improvement and elevation. We have three sources of power in our hands, which, with divine help, will be most efficient in improving our colored people :

1. The plantation, to train them to intelligent and productive industry.
2. The village, La Teche, to furnish the opportunity of civic experience and training, and still more, the blessedness of Christian homes.
3. The school, La Teche Seminary, preparatory

to the New Orleans University, which will furnish the intellectual discipline and literary culture so eagerly sought after by the colored youth, and so needful to make them a high order of citizens. One most crying need of the colored race is the home, the Christian home. We make a specialty of cultivating among them a home-life through our growing village. They buy lots cheap and have time to make their payments.

How grand an opportunity this for the colored race! Can you name any enterprise comparable to it in grandeur and in promise of success? A comparatively small amount of money will free this property from embarrassment, put it in good repair, and replace its destroyed sugarhouse. It seems to us that twenty thousand dollars will be needed for these several purposes. Trusting in God, we present our claims before an enlightened Christian public. The Rev. W. D. Godman and his wife, Mrs. A. H. Godman, are our accredited agents, who will faithfully account for all moneys intrusted to them.

GEN. CYRUS BUSSEY, *President*,

REV. J. C. HARTZELL, B.D., *Treasurer*.

Hon. H. C. Dibble, Hon. E. Heath, Hon. A. J. Sypher, *Managers*.



## THE ORPHANS' HOME SOCIETY OF LOUISIANA.

TO THE CHRISTIAN PUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES: We hold in trust a large and valuable sugar plantation on the Bayou Teche, in Louisiana, one hundred miles from New Orleans. The Southern Pacific Railroad passes through the property. The plantation consisted originally of fifteen hundred acres, which were bought in 1867. An additional large outlay was made in the erection of an orphans' home building and a school-house, in building sugarhouse and planters' quarters, and in fencing and putting the plantation in a condition to be remunerative. The whole amount expended was thirty thousand dollars; ten thousand dollars of this amount were donated by M. de Bossier, of Marseilles, France. A large part of the remainder was given by the Freedmen's Bureau, and the balance was raised principally in the North by the Rev. Dr. Newman and other devoted friends of the colored people, who labored with him in the South at the time.

The home, which had already been opened in New Orleans, was transferred to the plantation, and had, for seven years, an average of one hun-

dred orphans per annum. At first the orphans of colored soldiers were cared for, being fed, clothed, and educated. During these years the income from the plantation was not so large as was anticipated. The hard times, financially, throughout the country, cut off donations, and the sugarhouse was badly damaged by the explosion of the boiler, and had to be refitted. So it transpired that in 1874 we found ourselves embarrassed with debt, and we deemed it wise to find homes for nearly all the children, leaving always a few on the place with the matron, and to devote our efforts to clearing the property from embarrassment. The debt amounted to about ten thousand dollars and interest—in all, to nearly thirteen thousand dollars. Of this amount five thousand, with interest, was due the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the remainder was made up of local debts.

The Rev. Dr. W. D. Godman, our Corresponding Secretary, has had in charge the property since 1875. For two and a half years he and Mrs. Godman, who is also one of our managers, have been in the North raising money to pay the debts. During that time they have raised and paid on

the debts of the institution something over six thousand dollars. By a happy arrangement with the Freedmen's Aid Society and our local creditors, we have been enabled to provide for our remaining debts by the sale to our creditors of about one third of our plantation, leaving us nearly one thousand acres and all the improvements valuable to us. Had it not been for the terrific storm of last September, by which our buildings were destroyed, we could at once reopen our home and school. That storm, which destroyed millions of property in that region of the State, played sad havoc with our buildings and improvements. The main building, which was a two-story brick, two hundred and twenty-five feet long and fifty feet wide, was so badly wrecked that only a part of it can be utilized in rebuilding. The schoolhouse, the gift of the Freedmen's Bureau, was entirely destroyed. The barn, planters' quarters, and fences were nearly all swept away.

We have rebuilt such buildings and fences as we were able. Now that the debts are provided for our purpose is to reopen the home and the La Teche Seminary next fall. To furnish the

necessary buildings to do this will require about five thousand dollars. The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Godman are now in the North to raise this amount. They have already demonstrated their great interest in this work by their unselfish devotion to it, laboring continuously, without compensation, even at times bearing a part of their own traveling expenses. Through them, as our accredited representatives, we appeal to the Christian public of America for help.

A few orphans have all the time been under our care. But we hope to soon have scores to whom we can impart Christian culture, and whom we can send forth to lead and save their people. Our seminary embraces within its helpful influence a large number of pupils from a wide territory, the orphans being but a small fraction of the entire number.

We beseech especially the friends of the colored people to make Dr. and Mrs. Godman welcome, and to help them for the Master's sake, whose poor, through us, they represent. The opportunities for good, through this institution, are boundless. The poor and homeless children

of the colored people are numbered, in every Southern State, by thousands. From these can be gathered those who, after a few years of Christian training, can go among their people as teachers and leaders to aid them in their struggles for a better and higher civilization. Remember the words of the Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Your brethren and sisters in Christ,

REV. J. C. HARTZELL, D.D., *President.*

REV. JOSEPH MATLOCK,

*First Vice-President.*

REV. EMPEROR WILLIAMS,

*Second Vice-President.*

THOMAS G. TRACY, Esq., *Treasurer.*

JAMES G. B. WILLIAMS, Esq.,

*Recording Secretary.*

Rev. Henry Green, Hon. Edward Heath, Hon. John Page, Hon. H. C. Dibble, Mrs. J. C. Hartzell, Mrs. C. W. Boothby, Mrs. C. B. Drew, Mrs. J. Hayward, Mrs. T. G. Tracy, *Managers.*

*January, 1880.*

REV. J. T. B. LABAU,

*Pastor Baptist Church, Baldwin, La.*

REV. J. T. B. LABAU was born March 26, 1854, near Jeanerette, St. Mary's Parish, La. His mother was bought and brought a slave from Virginia; his father and master came from France. He did not have the chance of getting an education until the close of the war. His mother moved to Franklin, La., where young Labau entered the public school, under the tutorship of Mrs. J. C. Roberts, in 1866-67. He was a studious boy, and soon won the esteem of his teacher and schoolmates. Having been compelled to work in order to earn money for the purpose of educating himself, he was employed at the Orphans' Home, as it was then called. It has been succeeded by Gilbert Academy. Having earned money enough, he returned to school, and was greeted by his teacher and classmates. At the close of school he passed a creditable examination for the position of a teacher in the county public school, which he filled with honor to the school and credit to himself.

In all his early life he had a good religious training, having a Christian mother who taught



REV. J. T. B. LABAU.





him Christian truth, and prayed that her son might become a good Christian man and be a good citizen and neighbor. Her prayers have been answered, though the good Lord has taken her home to heaven. Her prayers and teachings, like bread cast upon the waters, are seen after many days. The subject of this sketch was always a great lover of good books, the Sunday school, and the Church. He was converted and called to preach the Gospel of the Son of God in 1874. About this time the Rev. Dr. W. D. Godman, a Christian gentleman, became acquainted with young Labau, and, apparently, the reverend doctor saw signs of usefulness in him. Though he, Labau, was a Baptist, yet Dr. Godman began to encourage him to study the word of God that he might become a worthy leader of his people and a preacher among them. Later on he went to New Orleans and entered that University, of which Dr. Godman was president, and pursued biblical and theological studies. The president points with pride to his former student because of his attainments and because of his ability to think for himself. At a later period the subject of this sketch was ordained. In 1883 he entered the Baptist ministry. He has been very success-

ful, both as preacher and teacher. He is married, and lives happily with his wife and five hopeful, happy children, in the town of Baldwin, La., near Gilbert Academy. One of Mr. Labau's charges is located at Baldwin, where the session of the Union Baptist Association, sixth district of Louisiana, met on the 14th day of June, 1892. The association elected Mr. Labau vice-president. With a strong physique and with favoring circumstances Mr. Labau has the prospect of a very successful career as a minister of the Gospel.

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#### OPENING OF LA TECHE SÉMINARY.

*April* 1, 1875.—Seminary opened this day at 9 A. M., in the schoolhouse, a building presented by the Freedmen's Bureau to the Orphans' Home Society. Present, W. D. Godman and Mrs. A. H. Dexter Godman, teachers; and fifty-six pupils, all of genuine ebony or snuff color and of various grades of attainment, some learning the alphabet and some studying algebra and natural philosophy. We formed nineteen classes, besides such as may require lessons in penmanship, and two advanced students, one in biblical science and one in Latin, who will need instruction in private.

To the color of the students two notable exceptions should not be overlooked, namely, the daughter of the principal and the son of the matron of the Orphans' Home.

We began with cheerful salutation to the house of eager youth and reading Psalm i, which was followed by singing and prayer and by two short addresses. After this we proceeded at once to enrolling the students and organizing the classes. In enrolling we found interesting names, some by grand historic association—for example, Martha Washington, Geraldine Calvin; some by coincidence with celebrities of fiction—for example, Adeline Bray; some by a queer combination of fine significance with burly, two-fisted suggestions—for example, Memory Bowser; and some by scriptural sanctity, as in the case of two little chicks, black as Pluto's pullets, the first names taken in enrolling a primer class, namely, Solomon Marshall and Rebecca Sims.

We were interested, and at the same time grieved, to find that quite a large number—and some of them not mere children—could not give their age, for the good reason that they did not know it. Quite likely their parents could give us

no more accurate information on this point than the children. They would say such a one was "bawn yeah 'fo' de wah," and such a one "second yeah after de wah." The misses showed, some of them, the same sensitiveness regarding their age that marks their fairer sisters. Quéry, Is this feeling, therefore, a pure expression of nature, or is it merely the fruit of education? One might suggest that such a feeling is a transmitted experience, the recurrence of what ancestors felt. If this were granted it would but remove the question for answer a little further back. Did the ancestor derive his feeling (or hers) from nature pure and simple? In the case of these poor children what education, except that of nature, have their ancestry received? One coal-black lad, with a broad square face and features contrived to hide expression, when asked for his age replied, "Three times seven." He did not allow his muscles to smile, but his eye twinkled.

One youth, giving his name with pompous manner—a talented fellow, by the way—rose near the close of the session to inquire in behalf of several persons who wished to labor part of each day what would be the regulation hours of school ses-

sion, the hours having been already announced as from eight to one. In answer to his inquiry the announcement was repeated. Whereupon he characteristically desired to know "if it was in de fo'noon." There was a ripple of laughter throughout the house, which the teachers quietly ignored, and the young gentleman was informed that they who wished to labor could be excused at 12 M., and "all was quiet along the Potomac."

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#### FATHER GREEN (REV. HENRY GREEN).

FATHER GREEN, the pastor of the Lord's flock in this place (La Teche), his "Southdowns," as some say, is an earnest Christian and very wise in the discernment of character and in the exercise of judgment in practical matters. Being much annoyed by hawks killing his chickens, instead of procuring a gun and going for *accipiter latro*, he set up a martin box on the top of a pole. Thereafter when the hawks came the-martins flew out and after them, as is their wont, and the hawks, annoyed, left for more congenial shores.

Father Green has a rich store of the memories of the time of bondage. He used to preach in slavery

days, and, being a good man, was often borrowed by his master's neighbors. This gave him opportunity to form extensive acquaintance among the slaves and to do good among them. On one particular plantation the slaves were of bad character, dissolute, profane, and violent. Green, being among these irreligious slaves, from whom all religious observances had been driven away, began to hold meetings secretly in a cabin remotely situated, and in the most quiet manner, so that no noise could be heard, even by one at the door, exercises being carried on *sotto voce*. (This would seem almost impossible, but so it was related.) This went on successfully for a time, but, to use Green's expressive language, "the Spirit of God cum from somewhar," and the excitement and noise drew the attention of the overseer. Most of the attendants had time to escape before the overseer entered the cabin; but the convicted souls, wrestling with God, "lay on the flo'." They were quickly hustled out to a place of confinement and reported to the master as "drunk." "Drunk?" said the master, "where'd they get the whisky?" No smuggling of whisky was allowed. However, the master's doubts were allayed, and the penitents were sentenced to work

in the field with an empty whisky bottle tied around the neck and swinging under the chin. This was said to have occurred in Mississippi.

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#### A FUNERAL.

*April 6, 1875.*—Down the road toward the schoolhouse, which is used as a church, comes a long, quiet procession of black people, old and young, men and women; the men, some with hats, and some without; the women, some with turbans, some with hats, some with mere flowing kerchiefs; girls and boys, some of them barefoot. Their friend, newly arrived and from a distance, looks on with a keen, sympathetic interest, waiting for indications of their sentiments toward death. If they have any thought of the presence of a stranger they would seem to think that he must be too familiar with death and grief to be out of harmony with the occasion. The humble procession arrives at the front, and there is a pause until the sexton has opened gate and doors. The coffin, without hearse or bier, has been carried a long distance in the hands of willing men. It is a plain box of cypress boards, but they are wholly

covered with black muslin, and grief is as appropriately and tenderly expressed as by a pall of broadcloth or silk. There is neither silver plate nor the deceased's name, nor silver-headed nails, nor silver-mounted handles. It is brought into the church quietly and placed endwise on two chairs.

There is present a large circle of relatives, but no show of sorrow, no moans and tears. These expressions, if indulged, are witnessed at the grave. The hymns selected are solemn and are sung with subdued feeling. There is no outward evidence of deep grief. But in the prayers and in the minister's words, as well as in the bearing of the entire assembly, is to be observed the language of relief and satisfaction. "The end of life is its best part" seems to be the sentiment of all. "He's gone to glory" is their comfort. The mention of his departure was responded to with "Glory to God." So everywhere the poor and lowly look on death as the escape from a sad lot.

These poor people find their blessedness in the anticipation of glory. They thus stand where stood the early Christians and the holy martyrs. They sing with fervor:



“O, bredren will you go?  
Will you, will you,  
Go wid me to glory?”

A protracted meeting, so called, or, as generally designated here, a mourners' meeting, was in progress. The evening following the funeral four persons presented themselves for prayers. As the exercises advance it is evident that the “mourners” are not very intelligently guided. Ah, poor, lost sheep! where shall ye find your shepherds? The kind of preaching in vogue does not seem to reach the young. They are not in sympathy with the religion set forth to them. They come to Sunday school and leave before the sermon begins. At night they sit as near the door as may be practicable, and look on with criticism and sometimes with sport.

The next generation will be very different from those who have come out of bondage. They will be either ruined by freedom or saved by knowledge and the grace of God. Which shall it be? The latter, we pray. To this end we shall labor. We shall hope to witness the disappearance of the superstitious notions about dreams, witches, devils, etc. We cannot, on the other hand, desire

the disappearance of the precious songs of this people. But go they will. They belong to an untutored age. They can neither be produced nor reproduced among an intelligent and reflective people. They are outbursts of childish feeling, conveying often beautiful and touching truth. Here are some specimens that we have never seen in print. When sung to their peculiar airs they are unutterably affecting.

“ The puttiest thing that ever I done,  
     I'm on my way ;  
 I served my God when I was young ;  
     I'm on my way.  
 I never can forgit de day  
 When Jesus wash my sins away ;  
     I'm on my way.

“ One mornin' at de broke of day  
 De Mornin' Star burst on my soul ;  
     I'm on my way.  
 Ef 'ligion could be bought wid money,  
 De rich 'ud lib an' de' po' 'ud die ;  
     I'm on my way.”

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“ You may hunt all roun' dis unfrien'ly world,  
 'Mong all de nobles' men you'll find,  
 Dere's nary 'nudder one like Jesus.”

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“ De preacher's gwine to preach aroun',  
 De preacher's gwine to preach aroun',  
 De preacher's gwine to preach aroun'  
     De new buryin' groun'.

“ De mourners gwine to mourn aroun',” etc., etc.

“My tiine is come an’ I mus’ go ;  
 Hope I may jine de ban’.  
 Don’ grieve for me ’n I’m dead an’ gone ;  
 Hope I may jine de ban’.”

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“He lied in de grave that sinners might be saved—  
 Dere’s nary ’nother one like Jesus,  
 Like Jesus,  
 An’ dere’s nary ’nother one like Jesus.

“You may hunt in all dis sinful worl’,  
 You may hunt it tro’ and tro’,  
 An’ dere’s nary ’nother one like Jesus.

“Go all among dem noble men,  
 You may search among dem all,  
 An’ dere’s nary ’nother one like Jesus.

“O, he hunged upon de cross  
 Dat de worl’ might not be los’,  
 An’ dere’s nary ’nother one like Jesus.”

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WE ALL SHALL BE FREE.

“De Father look at de Son an’ smile,  
 De Son he look after me ;  
 De Father redeem my soul from hell,  
 An’ de Son did set me free.

CHORUS : We all shall be free, we all shall be free,  
 When de Lord he set us free.

“He done more than Moses done,  
 Our Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
 From bonds of hell Christ freed my soul,  
 An’ taught my lips to sing.

CHORUS : We all shall be free, we all shall be free,  
 When de Lord he set us free.

“ When de moon run down in de purple stream,  
 An’ de sun refuse to shine,  
 An’ ebery star it disappear,  
 King Jesus shall be mine.

CHORUS: We all shall be free, we all shall be free,  
 When de Lord he set us free.”

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“ Dere’s a foursquare city,  
 Where Jesus Christ do dwell;  
 Dere’s a foursquare city,  
 Gwine to anchor by an’ by.”

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#### THE PREACHER’S SEVERITY.

“ DE trubble in yo’ case, de hind’rin’ cause of yo’ salvation, is keepin’ foolish company. Ye walk about and wisit each other Sundays, clappin’ juber, laughin’ at all manner of silly talk, and laughin’ in de church at ev’rything, runnin’ away from de preachin’ an’ shunnin’ de ole preacher, jes’ like a flock o’ sheep leapin’ one after another out of de pen. I thank God de ole preacher don’ have to preach to please de young women.”

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#### A PUZZLE.

*April* 12, 1875.—I spent many minutes this morning trying to fix in the mind of a girl thirteen years old the knowledge that seven and three make

ten. She would say: "Seven and one are eight; seven and two are nine; seven and three are ten," when following my pointer on the blackboard; but the moment her attention was taken from the board she would say, "Seven and one are ten; seven and three are eight," or "Seven and three are twenty." What case is this? Want of memory? Want of abstraction? Lack of imagination, or want of attention? It would seem a congenital defect.

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#### A TOUCHING RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

ONE sister, black and tall, and of a genuine African type, with her blue and white striped dress, and her red and white turban, which projected formidably backward, and with her long neck, prominent eyes, and big lips and chin, began to swing her body and throw her head and arms in singing—all gracefully and solemnly. Other sisters swayed and sang and clapped their hands gently. Then came prayer, and the tall, black Corybant led. She said: "You know, Lord, what I cum to yer fur. O, Jesus! Look on my po' soul; bless my sistahs and bruddahs; come wid sin-killin' an' devil-drivin' powah; let dese po' sinnahs feel dat dey mus' all die, an' can't

live. You is a man o' wah ; you fit de battle in de wildahness ; you fit roun' de walls ob Jericho. O, you is a man o' wah ; fight our battles for us. O, po' sinnahs, yo' mus' die an' can't live. Jesus die for yo' sins ; he live high up in hebben. O, po' sinnah, don' stay away ! don' stay away !”

These words were uttered with musical cadences, sweet, weird, ravishing. The other sisters, kneeling all around, as she paused, responded antiphonally, with unutterable pathos : “ Don' stay away ! O, don' stay away !” Another time it was, “ Jesus is ready, is ready !” Another time it was, “ You are weary, po' sinnah, weary, weary !”

Here was nature, art, inspiration, all combined, without any technique to produce some of the highest conceivable effects. Beautiful is human nature, no matter about the complexion. Great is the spirit, whether in the cultured or the untutored heart.

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#### A NOISY MEETING.

AT one time four persons had “ the power,” jumping and shouting. I doubted for a moment “ whereunto this thing would grow,” but concluded the Lord could guide the storm. He did. The

old preacher, never at a loss, remarked that "he liked to shout as much as anyone, but that he generally held in what he got so as to keep some for another time." This had the desired effect.

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#### SOME PREACHING.

*May 2, 1875.*—The preacher to-day exhorted the people not to be afraid of white folks. He told them that the white people, at least those whom they had to deal with, were their friends; that he was satisfied that if the colored man was to be lifted up so as to be more and better than he is now it must be "through de white people." "We mus' not stay in de woods, bred'ren, an' keep away from de white folks 'kase we's afeerd of 'em; ef we do we'll be like some animals dat stay in de woods an' die dar, an' nuthin' comes of 'em."

At the close they gathered around us with warm greetings.

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#### THE DEVIL TAKETH AWAY.

THE pastor's sermon to-day was on the Parable of the Sower. He was at a loss, evidently, for matter for some minutes; said, as he usually does,

the length of his "disco'se" would depen' a good deal on the "Sperrit." He made the first part of this memorable "disco'se," after he got well started, on "The devil cometh and taketh away." "We mus' hev an understandin' of de truth, you know; mus' understan' what de Gospel is, and what de Lor' do for us. But de devil always in de church; he never stay away from church; he knows his case. Ye can't see him comin' to church; ye can't see how he looks an' what he's a doin'; it'd be agin him fur to be seen. But when de po' mo'ner gits to thinkin' on de truth of Jesus, then the devil jes' come an' sort o' tangle him all up in his thoughts so he don' no mo' understan' what he hear."

The second division related to "unfruitfulness." "Ye see, we many times fin' ourselves down low in dis worl' an' we see somebody what's higher, so we jes' takes a big leap an' tries to be as big as de udder man. Or dere's some case or udder we fix up, an' we think dat's jes' de thing for us to shine; so at it we go, but dere's no Jesus in it, no Jesus in it, not a bit of it; an' so we are unfruitful, jes' as dat ar pignut tryin' to be a pecan; it can't be did."



## SOME SAYINGS.

*May 2, 1875, Night Service.*—A young brother: "I love de Lor'. How we ort to love him, brethren! He lengthen out the brittle thread of life an' lets our golden moments roll on."

A woman of middle age: "I have a word to say about my Jesus too. I don' wait 'kase I 'feerd to speak; but I was thinkin' I believe Jesus hear prayer. O, I know he do. He has hyur lately heerd some Christian prayers; some Christian prayers right hyur went clar up to de hebben's throne, an' dey been answered. I mean to pray on, an' we all ought to pray for de conversion of sinnahs, an' our prayers will be answered. Wy, de prayers of Christians 'll jes' plow up all de fallow groun' of dis 'ole place, an' de people be converted."

A young woman: "I means to say how-d'ye to Jesus, sooner in de mornin'."

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REV. STEVEN DUNCAN,

*Presiding Elder of Shreveport District, La.*

REV. STEVEN DUNCAN was born at Côte Blanche, La., A. D. 1849. He was taken as a servant to the house of the plantation agent at the age

of six years. His occupation at this time was to carry meals for mechanics daily to the sugar-house. At an early period he learned much from these mechanics by working for and with them. He became a subject of converting grace, as was believed, in the year 1856, and was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Craven. One of the remembrances of this period (precise date not distinctly remembered) was this: The Rev. Mr. Craven said on one occasion, "This night will be a night long to be remembered." That night the house of one of the workmen was burned, and a young woman was burned in it. The subject of this sketch says: "They kept me about the house until the war. The agent was a Christian, and often preached to us. He had two texts: 'Thou shalt not steal;' 'Servants, obey your masters.' His successor preached with the whip. One day, the war having come, all the servants left, including the house servants, and I was required to do cooking, washing, etc. One day a firkin, filled with gold and silver coins and silverware, was put into my charge to be buried so that the Yankees might not get it. I buried it under a tree in the garden and hid the spoons in a hollow log. After the Yankees had come and gone the agent

and his household took the oath of allegiance, and I was requested to return to them the money and the silver, which I did. My mother was in the quarters.

“One night, while the family were asleep, the men being away to war, and the madam and her daughters being alone in the house, I rose from sleep, went to the stable, took a mule, and went to the quarters, where I found my mother with all her bundles packed and in readiness to leave the place. While I was inside getting some things together my mother was holding the mule. The mule, being frightened, ran. My mother, holding by the bridle, was dragged about an acre and a half. She was badly injured, but still able to ride. I walked by her side, and we traveled eighteen miles to the Byrne plantation, afterward known as the Orphans’ Home, where the Yankees had a camp. We went on to Franklin, and thence I went with the Yankees to New Orleans, mother remaining behind in Franklin.

“We camped at the Touro building, in the lower part of the city. On the 4th of March, 1864, we received orders to leave camp, crossed the river at the Jackson Street ferry, and thence went on horseback—being cavalry—to Mansfield, La. I

was servant to Captain Pierce, of New Hampshire. General Banks was defeated and driven back ; the whole of —— Battery was captured, besides a brigade of commissary wagons. We retreated that night to Pleasant Hill, thence to Natchitoches, thence to Morganza, crossing the Atchafalaya, and having, at the crossing, a severe engagement with the Confeds. The Yankees whipped and went on to Morganza, stopping there a week. We went thence by the river to Carrollton. The company was soon mustered out, and I remained in New Orleans.

“The spot where I now live, Pine and Beurthe Streets, is about where we were mustered out. I found my mother, grandmother, and sister in New Orleans ; went to work in the swamp, down Harvey’s Canal, wheeling wood to the bayou ; was occupied in this way about two years ; was afterward employed one year in the government service, draying about the city.

“In 1866 returned to Côte Blanche, my native place, my mother and grandmother with me. Grandmother died there in 1866, at the age of one hundred and five years. I commenced going to night school, being instructed by Emerson Bently. Here I learned the alphabet. The same

year (1866) I was married to Sylvia Ann Clay, who is still my companion in life, and the mother of my six children. In June, 1867, I was reclaimed from a backslidden spiritual condition, and my religious life began anew through the labors of Rev. Marcus Dale. I felt deeply impressed the latter part of the year with the duty of preaching the Gospel. Against this I fought until 1871, when I ran away to Texas, hoping to hear no more from the call. Yet it sometimes seemed as though I should die from misery. I worked for a time for a party of carpenters on a building. I would sometimes burst into tears, and my fellow-workmen would say, 'Wat's de matter wid ye? Ye must ha' murdered somebody.'

"Intense agony continued for a time. On a Sunday night I read the first chapter of Job, hoping for comfort; went to bed; had a vision. Two men seemed to be after me with a pistol, resolved to kill me. Somehow I overcame them and compelled them to walk before me until I came to a white house. Here I saw a throne. On the throne was Pilate; before him stood the Saviour, bound with a new grass rope. I said, 'They've crucified my Lord and Master again.' The Saviour seemed to speak and ask, 'Are you not a

Christian?" I shook my head saying, 'No.' The third time of the question and answer, he said, 'Yes, you are a Christian; follow me.' He then burst his bonds, and, walking away from Pilate's judgment-seat, said, 'I've chosen you to preach my word.' I refused. He then seemed to lay a cross on me. My shoes came off my feet and I fell on all fours. Coming to a narrow pass I was barefoot but going on my hands and knees among briars. The merciful Redeemer walked by my side, having a book in his hand, and would say, every now and then, 'I've chosen you as one of my disciples to bear my word to sinners.' Then we came to a river. When I saw it, and that I could not cross, I said, 'Lord, if you'll jes' take this cross off me, whatever I fin' in your cause to do I'll do.' He spoke and the cross vanished. He handed me the book, saying, 'Go preach my word.' The vision was ended.

"Monday morning I left for home, not stopping even to collect my back pay. Reached home Tuesday, and preached Tuesday night. Forty-one persons came forward as mourners. More than one hundred and fifty were converted about there in six months. For certain reasons satisfactory to ourselves left Mr. Dale's church and

came over to join Father Green, at the Home, which was opened in 1867.

“I was licensed as a local preacher by the Quarterly Conference July 7, 1874, and was recommended to the Annual Conference in December, 1874. Was admitted to the Annual Conference on trial in January, 1875, at the session held in the First Street Church, New Orleans, Bishop Foster presiding. Was not elected to orders on Saturday, but was elected on Monday, and was ordained deacon on Monday, being alone. The class had been ordained on Sunday. Was appointed to Côte Blanche and Week’s Island. Made my residence this year at the Home; attended La Teche Seminary, and recited theology to Dr. W. D. Godman. I sought the experience of holiness, being much influenced thereto by Mrs. Godman. The night that I experienced that great salvation we had public service in the chapel. A hymn was sung that I never heard before, thus:

“ ‘ My God, I know I feel thee mine,  
And will not quit my claim,  
Till all I have is lost in thee,  
And all renewed I am.’ ”

The great joy of the blessing came to me after I went to my home. The next year, 1876, I was

reappointed to Glencoe and the islands, and removed to Cyremort. I studied at the public school at the island under Mr. Thompson. Was reappointed in 1877. In 1878 was appointed by Bishop Harris to Clinton Street Church, Carrolton. This was the year of the appearance of yellow fever in New Orleans. I visited among the sick constantly until I was myself taken with the fever. After much suffering I recovered. Attended the New Orleans University, which was then at the corner of Camp and Race Streets. Dr. J. H. McCarty taught theology part of the year, and Rev. A. A. Johnson part.

“During the time of my youth, when I was contemplating the ministry, Mr. H—— presented me with a set of Clarke’s *Commentary*, and Miss H—— gave me a fine Bible, urging me to stay and preach to the people of the Island. During the ten years from 1866 to 1876 I worked much at sugarhouses. I learned the cooper’s trade, and could put up two and one half hogsheads in a day. I had in boyhood among the mechanics learned how to manage an engine. I was second engineer for five years during the sugar season, and first engineer about the same length of time. I could take an engine apart and put it together



again. Sometimes did farm work, plowing and cutting cane. Have cut three and a half cords of wood many a day from 6 A. M. to 3 P. M."

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#### NEW ORLEANS UNIVERSITY.

*January, 1876.*—A colored preacher, addressing the students: "Young men, remember these privileges have been twice bought with blood—with the precious blood of Jesus, 'as of a lamb without blemish and without spot,' and with the blood of our fathers and brethren, who fought and died for our freedom."

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#### CONVERSATION ON STEAMER—TWO SOUTHERN WHITE MEN.

ONE said, addressing the company: "You know me, gentlemen. You are well aware of my circumstances before the war; that I lived in affluence, and my family knew no want. The war made me a poor man; but I reflected that I had a wife whom I had sworn to provide for, and children whom I loved and must take care of. I felt that I could not respect myself and neglect them. I therefore resolved to do whatever I could turn

my hand to for a living. I have done various things to earn my bread and feed my family, and always with success. I am now on my way up the bayou to take charge of another man's plantation and to take off his crop. I can do it, and expect to do it well. Who knows but that some change of affairs may yet make me a rich man again?"

The other said: "The war deprived me of my slaves and of all my wealth. I had no trade, no sure way of making a livelihood; but, seeing a man repairing some cane-seat chairs one day, I watched him carefully, and at the end concluded I could do as much. Putting aside all pride, I went about in New Orleans and sought jobs, and in a short time found myself the proprietor of a second-hand chair shop, with a pretty fair business. When the Union troops were occupying New Orleans there came to my shop one day a Union officer, who said he needed a secretary, and had learned that I was a good penman. He inquired if I would serve him. He offered one dollar and fifty cents per day. I replied that I would give him an answer Monday evening, this being Saturday. He replied that he must have my

services Monday morning, if it all. I reflected that this Union officer must have something good in him to offer the position to me, a Confed., and I concluded that, inasmuch as I should be dismissed from secretarial duties at 4 P. M., I could give some hours every evening to my trade so newly acquired, thereby retaining the business. Therefore I would enter his service Monday morning. I continued in his service until the troops left the city, and thereby, in addition to my chair-mending, I got a start in business, to which I owe my present success."

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#### A DAY'S OCCUPATION.

*March, 1876.*—Rose to-day at 6 o'clock A. M. Went to market ; bought bread, celery, and beef-steak. After a few little settings to rights of books and papers, went to the office and wrote and dispatched notices of a meeting of the Orphans' Home Society for next Friday night. Then ordered sweeping of the school gallery ; inspected the rooms and halls ; ordered the bell rung ; had some conversation with a couple of students ; bell rang again ; chapel service ; led students

below who belonged in the lower rooms ; went above and addressed the young ladies ; dismissed them and returned to the lower rooms ; addressed the young men and dismissed them ; Mrs. G—— sick ; sent boys to designated rooms with song books for an hour of practice ; paid Miss M——, a teacher, five dollars ; went to Mrs. G——'s recitation room and heard her classes, except the French, namely, first arithmetic, second arithmetic, physiology ; omitted my Greek class, as they were unprepared. Ordered silence and decorum in the room about forty times ; went once to the door to see a caller ; went below once to jerk a lawless boy. At 12 M. called all the students together in the chapel ; singing and prayer ; addressed them, while they listened with eager interest, on attention, progress, and examinations ; dismissed them ; went to the office and wrote four or five receipts for fees ; gave advice to sundry persons, and sent some home.

Dined at 1 P. M. on beefsteak, jelly, bread and butter, and tea ; rested twenty minutes, sitting in a rocking-chair ; shaved my chin ; went to St. Charles Street ; took car to Perdido Street ; thence walked to 73 Carondelet Street ; had an

interview of one half-hour with Mr. R——, and arranged to go with him a week from next Saturday, to view properties; went thence *via* Perdido, St. Charles, Commercial Alley, Camp, Poydras, and Pedee, down to Old Levee, and thence around by some other street to New Levee, making inquiries at numerous places for the prices of flour and of shoulders. Found a good firm to deal with in A. F. Hickman, 35 New Levee. They seem disposed to understand one's wants, and then, if possible, to meet them. They also talk English—that is, American, and that is a *desideratum*. I therefore purchased of them for Seelyc, superintendent of Orphans' Home at La Teche:

1 bbl. shoulders.....	\$19 74
2 bbls. flour.....	11 00
Drayage.....	40
Freight prepaid.....	1 95
	<hr/>
	\$33 09

For F. Patty:

$\frac{1}{2}$ bbl. flour.....	\$3 25
65 lbs. shoulders and sack.....	6 25
Freight.....	50
	<hr/>

To be shipped this evening. \$10 00

Thence to Fellman Brothers, 133 Canal Street—Dr. Hartzell now accompanying me—to re-

quest them not to sue a claim against Mrs. Roberts, the former matron of the Orphans' Home, until we could make an effort in her behalf. They promised to wait only until Saturday. Thence alone to F. L. Richardson's office, to learn whither to go in order to pay costs (Dr. Hartzell being president and the writer corresponding secretary of the Orphans' Home Society, we often tramped together to raise money, pay debts, etc.) on suit of McHugh & Co.; thence to Gresham's, Camp Street, and then made a bill of stationery for Seelyc, as follows:

1 ream note.....	\$1 00
1 ream note .....	1 75
$\frac{1}{4}$ ream cap.....	1 00
Pk. of blotters.....	25
Freight.....	50
	<hr/>
	\$4 50

Thence, by street car, home, at 188 Race Street; sat down to write Seelyc; Professor Collins called a moment. I remembered that I had left somewhere three valuable newspapers purchased at Haley's as I went through Commercial Alley. Collins promised to call at Gresham's and inquire for them; Jimmy Lynch called to ask for two stamps for Drew and Davis, two of our theologues; they were sent; proceeded with my let-

ter; finished, inclosed the bills, and sent the letter; then wrote part of a report for the Orphans' Home Society; next mailed my letter to Seelyc; went to Beck's and purchased some lemon crackers; returned and sat down for a few minutes to ruminate; brought in the canary from the gallery; Inie brought in my cup of tea, as she had done my breakfast and dinner; wife is ill and in bed; Professor Collins called and talked over his invention of a tourist's umbrella—very ingenious and destined to succeed—of which the peculiarity is that it slides so as to be in small compass when not in use. After he retired I took up my book and made this day's memoranda.

It is now 9:45 P. M. and I shall soon to bed. A busy day has it been, but not much more so than other days.

*April, 1876.*—One of the students came to the door and said, "Mrs. G—— wants her Nadde-mack." "What on earth can that be?" I asked her to repeat two or three times. Still I could not imagine it; but Inie put her head out of the bedroom door and said, "It's on the table so and so." Then I discovered it was the Anatomy that was wanted.

*March, 1876.*—Colored people are averse to children's church membership—don't like to have anybody pray in public except baptized church members. A man refused to pray yesterday, when called on by a sister in a small assembly, because he did not consider himself authorized. An old church member, on one occasion, refused to pray when called on. Afterward he relieved his mind by saying that he was troubled because some children had prayed at the request of their teacher, a white woman.

One woman, chiding some children who essayed to talk about religion and church membership, and had been trained by a missionary teacher, said, "You? What you know about 'ligion? You bin to hell? You bin to he'v'n? No? Den you knows nuttin' 'bout it." They usually "go to hell" when under conviction and "to he'v'n" when forgiven.

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#### A PREACHERS' MEETING IN NEW ORLEANS.

*February, 1877.*—It is the practice of the meeting this year to study a Bible lesson for an hour, all the preachers, white and colored, taking part, and many interesting questions being raised



are discussed from divers and original points of view.

At the time now in mind we were studying the account of Peter's visit to Cornelius (Acts x). The question was upon the relation of Cornelius to the Gospel and the kingdom of Christ—whether he was a heathen, a Jewish proselyte, or a Christian. There were among us representatives of these several views. Dr. M—— was inclined to think him (Cornelius) a believer, if not a full-born Christian. Several brethren thought he must have been acquainted with the Gospel story at least. Some of the many who witnessed the scenes of Pentecost might, it was thought, have informed Cornelius. Brother K—— thought him a heathen, and quoted Paul's words, that, "The Gentiles, having not the law, are a law unto themselves."

The chairman, Brother H——, raised the question, which, he said, was of great interest to him, whether there is in the doctrine of the lesson a philosophy of Christian missions—whether Gentiles need the Gospel in order to their salvation? Needing it, does the Spirit prepare their hearts for it, and raise up the instruments for sending it to them?

On the first question all agreed that, although some heathen may be saved in obedience to the light already in possession, the vast majority of them so violate their own moral convictions as to be subject to condemnation already, and in need of the proclamation of mercy.

The second question opened a wide field of thought, and every mind was quickened with the persuasion that the Holy Spirit does now convey truth to our minds—an intimation, at least, of the divine will.

The chairman gave direction to thought by raising the inquiry whether we should expect visions and voices now, his intention probably being to fortify the minds of the colored brethren against the excessive leaning among the colored people to that kind of experience.

One of the colored pastors told of his experience in repressing the habit of his people to support all their opinions and advices by revelations and visions. He thought the whole suffered evil from it. He was doubtless correct.

One of the white brethren, not willing that skepticism should be supported by admissions too large, advanced the belief that God, or the Holy

Spirit, who, according to the divine word, does teach us, adapts his teaching to the needs of his disciples, and no doubt finds some who are more teachable through the imagination than through the other powers of the soul. To such he may vouchsafe a vision, which is equivalent to an allegory. He cited the well-known case of an African girl brought to Boston many years ago in a large company of slaves, and mentioned by Mrs. Stowe in her *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

This aroused the colored brethren. Brother V—— said: "In the year —— I was on the district and held Quarterly Meeting at Houma. When about to preach there, Sunday morning, I was startled by the appearance before me of Sam Turner. He was a local preacher, a pertic'lar friend of mine. He alluz said he wanted me to preach his fun'ral sermont when he died. I was sho' now 'ut Sam wuz dead, though he was alive and well as ever when I left home Friday. I turned and said to Brother ——, 'Sam Turner is dead, and I must go right back to-morrow mornin' and 'tend his fun'ral.' Next mornin' I did come right back to New Orleans and found 'ut Sam Turner was dead. I 'tended his fun'ral an'

preached the fun'ral sermont. Now, I've no more doubt that I saw Sam Turner a Sunday mornin' 'an I doubt 'ut I'm a sittin' right hyur, nor never had."

Then it came Father G——'s turn. He was now living in the city, having removed from La Teche. He is a veteran. Threescore years and ten have marked themselves on his brow, and he has seen all the mysteries of the slave period, as well as enjoyed the glories of the present freedom.

He said: "I kin tell yo' what I knows. 'Bout twenty years ago, or more'n that, —— came to me and wanted me to buy the freedom of his child. I'd bought myself, and he know'd how I could tend to't for him. He jes' put two hundred dollars in my hand fur to buy that girl. Well, I tol' him not to be in a hurry an' I'd see 'bout it. That wuz fo' de wah. And 'bout dat time I wuz thinkin' an' prayin' I saw a flock of people a comin' up de Miss'ippi River wid bluecoats on an' wings right up de river, an' I know'd de freedom wuz comin'; so I kep' de two hundred dollars, an' sho' nuff yeahs arter come de bluecoats an' Gen'ral Butler, and de rebs had to clar out,

an' I said, 'Now it's a comin'.' When Mr. Lincoln's proclamation come, den I said, 'Here it is,' an' I went an' got de girl an' took her to her father and give him de two hundred dollars and tole him, 'Hyur's yer girl, an' de money too.'"

During the same conversation Father G—— illustrated the teaching of the Spirit in those who could not read by the case of a girl whom he bought in times of slavery, and who became his wife, by paying for her seven hundred dollars. When a slave she would attend religious meetings against her master's will. Every Monday she was whipped. While the lashes fell on her back she responded, "You may whip me, but give me Jesus."

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CONVERSATION WITH MR. R——, NEW ORLEANS.

*April, 1877.*—*G.*—"Mr. R——, do you think political matters will soon be adjusted?"

*R.*—"Yes. They are coming round slowly. I tell some of our people that I believe it is best that these things were not arranged as soon as we desired, for we are a very excitable, passionate people, and we might, in our excitement, have

done some bad things. Now I think it will all be settled peacefully."

*G.*—"I think Mr. Hayes will do what is right. I know him. He is slow to reach conclusions, but firm in the ground once taken. This problem is too great to be solved in a day."

*R.*—"We have no right to expect Mr. Hayes to do anything for us. We did all we could to defeat him, and it's very generous in him to do anything for us."

*G.*—"I'm not much of a believer in carpet-bag government. I think a people who are regarded as citizens, and not as outlaws, should have the management of their own affairs. But I am concerned that the rights of the colored man should be regarded as exactly equal to those of a white man, and he be treated fairly."

*R.*—"The Negro is a very fiendish creature. When angry or drunk he is the most terrible of all beings."

*G.*—"The low German or Irishman is just as brutish as the lowest Negro. We all have a low origin, and have become improved by long ages of culture; but I hope there is a good future for us."

## CONDITION OF SOME.

THERE are a few colored folks who would rather like to be slaves again, " 'kase they had better times then ;" but these are the fellows who have no ability in taking care of themselves and their families, or who have been demoralized by drink, or they are women demoralized by lust.

There are some who were born free and hold themselves aloof from those who they know were born slaves. These are generally so proud of their blood as to make little effort for self-support and profit. They have their reward—poverty. Of those who were born slaves and were emancipated, many are industrious and successful. A friend said he could count about one hundred and twenty-five in New Orleans who were worth twenty thousand dollars each, or more. In the parishes are similar facts. Some of them own farms and give charity to the high-bloods who won't work.

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NEW ORLEANS UNIVERSITY, 1877. ' .

WHEN the cart and hose of the Sanitary Excavating Committee came round they placed their hose as usual and undertook their merciful busi-

ness. The man in charge of the cart was neglectful, not removing, as he should have done, the cap to an escape pipe. The result was that under pressure an explosion took place, which had most odorous consequences. The sound was shocking. The mules took "French leave" and went galloping up the street—Camp Street. The cartman followed their example and sought their capture. The neighbors came to their doors to investigate, which required but a moment, and the doors were quickly shut. A colored man who was superintending the business, full of fun at public expense, kept shouting to all interested listeners, "De Yanks hab' come." The listeners were too much convulsed with laughter to hold their noses any longer.

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#### A CRANK.

A GENTLEMAN from New York, proprietor of plantations, was a consumptive. A young colored girl told him that alligator flesh would cure consumption. The gentleman ordered an alligator, which was soon forthcoming; had the tail, which is 'the edible part, first parboiled, then fried to per-



fection. When the dainty dish was brought before our consumptive friend he hesitated, could not quite stomach the thing, so he offered a colored youth who was in his employ a dollar and fifty cents to eat some of it first. The offer was promptly accepted, and *cauda crocodili* began to disappear. "Hold on there," said our friend, and took the remainder himself. His final conclusion was, "I am a fool for paying that money."

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#### A LAD WHO BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

JOHN is a mulatto; the writer knows him well, having been sometime his teacher. Years ago he was a stable boy for a livery keeper in the village of —. He was faithful to his duties, the proprietor leaving all in his charge—twenty horses, many carriages and buggies, etc. Sunday was the great day for the business. John received twenty-five dollars a month and board. He one day rode a man's horse in a race outside the village limits. The horse became frantic, ran away and rushed down the village streets, until at length he turned up to the jail door and stopped. Running a horse thus in the village was in violation of an ordinance, and the penalty was three dollars

and fifty cents, or imprisonment for twenty-four hours. The constable, coming up, said, "John, I arrest you. You will have to go to jail or pay me three dollars and fifty cents." "But," said John, "I could not help it. The horse runned away with me. I done all I could to stop him." "Can't help that." "Well, I'd ruther pay three dollars and fifty cents than go to jail ; I reckon Mr. —— will pay it for me." So they went to the stable. The constable was inexorable, and the money was paid.

John continued his service a while longer, to the great satisfaction of his employer. One day he seemed to himself to hear a voice from within saying : "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work : but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God : in it thou shalt not do any work," etc.—Fourth Commandment. John was not a Christian, but the commandment came. It troubled him. In a few days he told his employer that he wished to leave his employ ; that he might get some one in his place. The employer was surprised, and asked many questions. The young man told him he could no longer work on the Sabbath ; if he wished, he could work for him six

days, and until nine o'clock Saturday night, but he could not work any more on Sunday. The employer declined the suggestion; he could not spare him Sundays, that was the best day of the week, etc. The young man said, "I must leave your service next Saturday night." "Well," said the employer, "it is the middle of the month, and I owe you twelve dollars and fifty cents." "Very well," said John, "you may keep the money, I don't care about it, I must go." The liveryman secured John's half-brother to take his place. Sometime afterward, meeting John, he said, "I've given the money I owed you to Charles." "Very well," said John, "I'm willing he should have it." Months passed by; they met again. The quondam employer said, "You're a Christian, ain't ye?" John answered, "I was not when I left you, but I am now." "What are you doing?" "I'm chopping wood, and make about thirty-five dollars a month." "Well, here's the twelve dollars and fifty cents I owe you; come to see me whenever you come to town."

## BOY SOLDIERS.

DURING the war, while the white men were slaughtering each other, the colored boys thought to take lessons in the art of war. The boys on two adjoining plantations organized themselves into companies and made war against each other, the canal between the two plantations being the line of attack and defense. They began with wooden swords. A Union officer was at ——'s house. Our boy, John, seeing the officer lay by his sword and go to dinner, took the sword, laid it on the floor, and marked out its outline on the floor with a coal. From that pattern he whittled out twenty-five swords for his company and kept them supplied. He was the drummer. Afterward they found some muskets that had been left by Union soldiers. These they cut in two by means of files, plugged one end of each with a plug of live oak, drilled a pinhole in each half musket for a touch-hole, and so furnished themselves with cannon. They found a piece of large iron tubing in a sugarhouse, and of that they made a cannon of larger caliber. They procured powder, loaded with nails, buck-

shot, etc. They made real war now, shot one or two persons almost fatally, and then were stopped.

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#### A PRESCRIPTION.

A CONSUMPTIVE white man, visiting in Louisiana, was informed that a certain gentleman had cured himself of consumption by riding a hard-trotting horse three times a day. He thereupon purchased an old horse and rode him one day. Thereafter he proposed to give away the horse, and charged his friendly adviser with intent to kill.

*November 28, 1881.*—A beautiful day. Thermometer sixty-five to seventy degrees Fahrenheit. The sun, with gentle ray, warms up the world. Air, as balmy as was Eden's, makes it a luxury to breathe; yet at dawn was a heavy fog. Succession and contrast make the charm of life. I am supremely happy in thee, O Lord. Many things adverse—so esteemed, so they appear. But I am not in their power. I am in thee, thou Sun of righteousness, thou Beauty of Holiness. What a joy to do something, and do it for thee!

## DAILY GLEANING.

“THE love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given unto us” (Rom. v, 5).

The natural heart does not love God ; only the soul that has been begotten above nature.

We have spirit, soul, and body in our constitution (See 1 Thess. v, 23).

Caste, malice, every form of selfishness, originates in the soul (psyche), the pig part of our nature. Such things are foreign to spirit. When spirit goes down from its own sphere and becomes subject to soul (psyche), to piggishness, then it becomes depraved. This is “the fall.” Sin is both hereditary and habitual. It is natural ; therefore, it is the subjection of spirit to soul.

*November 29.*—An exalted and holy friend writes : “The earth grows dark and extremely dreary to me toward the end of my journey. It seems very empty, and, what distresses me more, my faith is not cheerful. There is nothing for me but the future, and the vision of that is grievously clouded. The way appears obscure.”

These are touching words, the language of a very wise man. If I mistake not he has brought

darkness on himself by striving to understand what is at present beyond mortal ken. Thou, heavenly Teacher, dost thou not teach me that my understanding is as much to be renounced as my appetites? Thou givest me joy in listening to thy voice and waiting for the explanations until I am prepared for them. Thou bidst me learn what I can, and cheerfully submit to be ignorant of some things. My beloved friends thou hast taken away. They have never, to my knowledge, revisited these terrestrial scenes; have never made themselves known to me, although I would fain believe they have sometimes ministered to me. But I am sure thou hast them in safe-keeping. They are not lost.

I know God personally as I know my fellow-man. I see no man's spirit with corporeal eye. I discern the thinking, spiritual something in a fellow-man. I apprehend it with a spiritual perception, which involves or includes no specific organ subjective and no form objective. One thinking essence simply cognizes another—just as I cognize myself—in thought. Thus man cognizes God, and has no more doubt of the divine existence than he has of his own. This is just as

true of savage as of civilized man. This is the light that makes man receptive of the new birth, the witness of the Spirit, the Good Shepherd, etc.

*December 4.*—No doubts, no fears that are deliberative and reflective. These, I thank thee, divine Teacher, were long ago silenced. Doubts are of myself; fears, lest enemies should be more "prudent" than I. Enemies? Yes. Thou knowest. They are as numerous as the blackbirds in the marshes. Do they not arise because of my adhesion to thee? Are they not thine enemies? They strive daily to break down our work for thee. O Lord, give them a better heart and a wiser judgment. I am trusting thee. Thou art stronger than all that are against us.

*December 11.*—How many are thy thoughts toward us? (Psalms.) Blessed be thy name because thou dost not forget me. Thine ears are toward my heart. Thou art fully sensible of my joys and trials. I ought to be glad if thou shouldst neglect me in order to attend to others. I am glad this neglect is not necessary; that in giving heed to me thou needst not neglect an-



other. I am consoled in the knowledge that the enmity of men cannot prejudice thee. I rejoice that while thou seest they are unjust to me still thou lovest them and wilt not suffer them to go too far for thy glory.

*November 27, 1882.*—Yesterday Brother L—— preached from “Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus.” He made the lesson of the text that we should have the disposition of Jesus; that disposition was, 1. Gentleness; 2. Self-denial; 3. Humility. The Sunday school contribution for missions, taken in envelopes, was four dollars and fifty-five cents.

In the evening was this conversation:

*Mother.*—“G—— is so unbelieving; has a habit of doubting; you know there’s a heap of devils. You know—what’s his name?—Milton speaks of little devils comin’ through the small holes in the gates.”

*G.*—“Why, ma! that’s poetry.”

*Mother* (turning away with disgust and lifting her left hand repulsively).—“Ah, nonsense, G——.” I laughed with uncontrollable laughter, while the mother went on to say, “If it’s poetry, it’s just as things are. Now, doctor, what do you think?”

Don't people sometimes go so far in sin that they can't be saved, and God gives 'em over?"

*Dr.*—"I don't know exactly; I hardly know what to say. I think God will save anybody that will repent, if it's the devil himself."

*Mother.*—"But then, doctor, they can't repent."

*Dr.*—"How do we know that? It seems out of their power; but suppose them to be in different circumstances and perhaps they would feel differently. Don't you suppose G. L——, the man that was recently killed in the midst of his gambling, would have repented if he had been taken up, removed from his associations here, and placed under entirely different influences?"

*Mother.*—"O, yes, it seems likely; but then I somehow had made it up in my mind that folks might go so far in sin that they couldn't repent and God couldn't save them. Well, what do you do with that place in the Bible where God says, 'I will delude you that ye may be damned?'"

*Dr.*—"I don't think that there is any such passage."

*Mother.*—"Yes, there is; or else some one of you has read it wrong to me. G—— you read it that way to me."

G.—“No, ma, you’re mistaken.”

Then was read, from 2 Thessalonians, “God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie.”

*Mother.*—“That’s something like it.”

*December 13.*—It is discouraging to see how little the years of thy discipline have achieved toward perfecting the good in me and straightening the crooked. One thing I believe thou hast accomplished. I am not so double-minded as once I was; but I may delude myself even in this thought. Nothing is so treacherous as my heart. I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast given us some souls of our neighbors. They have come into the fold—some of the more hopeful kind. This seems to be the seal of thine approbation upon the work of our pastor, and an answer to our prayers. O my God, multiply the number of thy slain. Confound the wicked and uphold the righteous. Has thy world always been so wicked? Have we always been such haters of each other? Have men always been such plotters of evil? Have they always thus conspired against each other, apparently from the pure love of the evil? Canst thou make any good thing of us?

Ah, how long! Eternity is thine; immortality is ours. Maybe thou canst change us for the better. Wilt thou try us again after we die? Shall some of us have another chance beyond this perilous shore?

*December 17.*—After Sunday school a sermon by G. W——, on Gal. vi, 14, “God forbid that I should glory,” etc. He (G——) has fought much against his convictions of the duty of preaching. He announced at the close of his discourse, with tears, that the wisest, nay, the only course for a Christian is to lay down his opposition to God’s will, and if Christ says, “Go preach,” to do it at any cost, and in it find the crown. The people were touched. As soon as he sat down a sister began singing “Nearer, my God, to thee.” Then the pastor, Rev. E. L——, opened the doors of the church, with some impressive remarks on the swift passage of life, and the importance of deciding our allegiance to God before we die. Then was sung “Almost persuaded,” and amid the singing, Mr. ——, an old and faithful servant of Satan, a very smart, capable man, and a well-to-do man, considering the antecedents of slavery, came forward, with tears and evident struggling of soul,

and threw himself on his knees in the presence of the congregation. All were profoundly moved. There were several prayers. Then came handshaking and rejoicing; then some notices.

At this moment there came toward the pulpit, from the door, a poor man, roughly clad, toil-worn, sad-looking, sober, and apparently honest. He had something to say, and was requested to make his wishes known. He said, "I's a stranger, and a poor man. I's in a tight place, now." Turning toward the minister, he said, "My mother-in-law is a Methodist; I am not, but I want you to bury my child that is dead." "I will do it," said the minister, "and I hope this will show you that it is the Lord's will that you yourself should prepare to die, for your turn to die may come within twenty-four hours. Where do you wish your child to be buried, sir?" "In your burying-ground." "Very well, I will attend to it."

This in the presence of the listening congregation. Thus do all throbs of the human heart come into God's house.

*December 20.*—Went to New Orleans to meet my family. Conversed with L. P. C——; he

spoke of a Conference in Tennessee, no member of which uses tobacco. I inquired whether it was a white Conference. "Colored, of course," he replied. I requested him to publish the fact, with the "of course" emphasized. He repeated an incident related by Bishop W——. The bishop slept in a house in Tennessee where the bedroom door had no fastening, and was kept in place by a stone placed against it on the outside, so that the occupant of the room had to push away the stone when he emerged in the morning. The people of that region did not seem to know how to whittle out a wooden latch. "Were they colored?" I asked. "White folks, of course," he responded.

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REV. J. W. E. BOWEN.

REV. J. W. E. BOWEN, A.M., S.T.B., Ph.D., was born in New Orleans, December 3, 1855. Began attending the New Orleans University (known at that time as the Union Normal School and Thomson Biblical Institute) in 1870; was graduated A.B. in 1878; was professor, first of mathematics, then of history and languages, in the Central Tennessee College, Nashville, Tenn.,



REV. J. W. E. BOWEN, A.M., Ph.D.





1878-1882; was converted in the midst of a revival in New Orleans, in 1873, and united with the Mount Zion Methodist Episcopal Church, in Jackson Street, under the pastorate of Rev. James Hayward. Received license to exhort, 1874; licensed to preach, 1879; ordained deacon, November 20, 1881, at Franklin, Tenn., by Bishop Wiley; had been a member of Ames Chapel Sunday school in early boyhood.

Leaving Nashville, eager for higher education, he went to Boston and entered the Boston University, taking courses in the School of Theology and in the School of All Sciences. In so doing he was transferred from the Tennessee Conference and became a member of the New England Conference. He received appointment as pastor of the Revere Street Church, and was continued therein for three years. His summer vacations were spent in labors among the churches, white as well as colored. He served one white church in Massachusetts an entire month.

During these years he was invited, in view of his scholarly attainments, to prepare, in Hebrew, a young man who belonged to the Park Street Congregational Church (Dr. Withrow pastor), for the theological seminary of Princeton University.

This duty he discharged with great acceptability.

He was graduated from the School of Theology June 3, 1885, with the degree of S.T.B., receiving first honor at the commencement. He was the first colored man ever chosen by the faculty for orator on commencement day.

He was graduated from the School of All Sciences, June 1, 1887, with the degree of Ph.D., being the first colored man of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the second in America, to receive that degree *pro merito*.

He was now transferred to the Newark Conference, and appointed to the St. John's Church, Newark, where he remained the successful and distinguished pastor for three years. One hundred and twenty-five persons were converted to Christ and united with the church during this pastorate.

March 13, 1888, he was sent to the Centennial Church, Baltimore. His labors here were signally owned of God and blessed. A revival of spiritual life in the church was accompanied by a great awakening among sinners, and, as the outcome of labors protracted through twenty-three weeks, seven hundred and thirty-five per-

sons received the grace of salvation and were added to the company of believers. It seemed like a return of Pentecost, so manifest was the divine presence, and so quick and thorough was the work of faith. During this long-continued reformation the pastor preached twice daily and three times on Sunday without failure or interruption by sickness. The grace of God abounded.

After two years of splendid service here it was held by the "powers that be" that Dr. Bowen was more needed in another place, where the Church was less able to run itself than here in Baltimore. He was accordingly sent to Asbury Church, Washington, D. C., March 17, 1890.

Here Dr. Bowen remains pastor at the date of this writing, September, 1892, having succeeded in bringing peace out of discord among his people, and having bought and nearly paid for a superior minister's home, or parsonage.

He was chosen Professor of Systematic Theology in Morgan Institute, Baltimore, during his charge of the Centennial Church, and still retains that position. The class in church history has also been committed to him. In the year 1891 he was, during four months, the Professor of Hebrew in Howard University, resigning at the end of that

time because of the multiplicity of engagements.

Dr. Bowen is also a member of the American Institute of Sacred Literature, and is a devoted student of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic languages. Mrs. Bowen, a cultured lady, is the inspiration of her husband, a true helpmeet, and thoroughly efficient in church work.

In the year 1882 Dr. Bowen revisited his native city, New Orleans, and while there, by request, addressed the alumni association of the university in commencement week. His philosophy of life is impressively stated in the following extract from that address :

“It is worthy of remark that true manhood is a natural sequence of persistent effort; it is made, and does not grow of itself. It is made in the workshop, on the farm, in the schoolroom, in the pulpit, in the ‘bivouac of life,’ as natural a result as the physical. Animals become perfect by the gradual upholding of the divine law inherent in them; but manhood is a product. And it is only to real manhood that men commit grave interests. Men try their fortunes on the deep in vessels tried and true, that have plowed with steady momentum the ocean waves, and not in

the light and beautiful yachts of the harbor, that ply only about the port in the clear sunlight days and silvery nights on the placid lake, when the moon is shining amid the twinkling stars that add luster to the firmament. Beauty for ornament and pleasure, but utility for real worth.

“Observe the horizon of the heavens in the twilight, when the sun is sinking beneath the hills and occasionally showing his golden face, shooting his golden pencils of light into broad immensity, tinging the clouds and heavens with his livid light, and the whole firmament is aglow with beauty; how our hearts are enwrapped and our imagination quickened and elevated as we contemplate the sublime beauty of twilight; or when the king of day comes peeping over the hills, glorying in his might and rejoicing in his course to run! This is indeed a pleasing picture of the heavens, but what is all this worth in the conflict of life? Man was made for something nobler than to enjoy the beauties in nature. This is incidental.

“‘Not enjoyment and not sorrow  
Is our destined end and way,  
But to act that each to-morrow  
Finds us further than to-day.’

“The difficulties and solid problems of life are to be solved, and every man more or less finds him-

self struggling with its untried realities. In him is a consciousness of strength which, under proper discipline, will, if turned in the right channel, bless the world. While it may be said with force that genius is not acquired, but is to some degree innate, yet were it not for a rigid observance of the laws that pertain to human development, and by constant discipline that the hidden powers might be drawn out in its exercise, the most lofty genius would lie secret and unthought of.

“How wisely Providence has arranged the time and scheme of development is to be discovered in the order of life—that in the springtime of life, while the body is undergoing its incomprehensible and intricate growth from youth to maturity, the mind likewise passes through its disciplinary stages of gradual development from fickleness to firmness and stability. Gradually unbudding into beauty and symmetry, fortifying itself by all the resources within its reach, appropriating to itself every thought and idea, and, so to speak, mounting by its own exertions upon the ruins, it brightens up to the philosopher one of the grandest truths in human economy, namely, that mind is of God and necessarily self-acting.”

He further proceeds to commemorate the teachers and guides of his collegiate years:

“It is now my purpose to give you a sketch of our Alma Mater—the New Orleans University. Situated on the corner of Camp and Race Streets, pleasantly located in the heart of the city, on the beautiful Coliseum Park, it commands the notice of friends and foes. Its first and familiar name, and which clung to it tenaciously after its incorporation as a university, was the Union Normal School. This school was organized in the year 1870, under the principalship of Miss Coit, a truly blessed woman. Its fame rapidly spread over the city, and students from the public schools filled its halls. Under the care and direction of Miss Coit and her assistants the school began its history, which, I trust, will be a proud one. In the next year the Freedmen’s Aid Society, under the wise management of that sage, Rev. R. S. Rust, called to the head of the school Rev. I. S. Leavitt. President Leavitt, coming from the great State of Wisconsin, brought with him benedictions for this people; his three years’ administration was fruitful in the fullest sense. By his faithful discharge of duty and conscientiousness in minute obligations and rare ability he won the esteem of student and

parent. To his skill, fruitful brain, and broad spirit we are largely indebted for the name New Orleans University, and the side building. Aided by an earnest and vigorous corps of professors and teachers he marked out the courses of the university, established its departments, and, so to speak, cleared away the rubbish and débris, and laid the foundation for future greatness. We are safe in saying as long as the New Orleans University shall live, aye, longer, and a love for education be cherished by our people, Rev. I. S. Leavitt's name will be held in veneration. In the year 1875 the university finds itself under the presidency of Rev. W. D. Godman, a man of known and honored standing to-day, not only in our midst, but throughout the Church; a man compounded of gentleness, firmness, and possessing great wisdom. His special calling seems to have been to the training of youth, and his intrinsic value and adaptability shine out in the schoolroom with a brilliancy second to no educator in the land. Under the wise guidance of this master educator the university acquired an enviable reputation for thoroughness, and the students vied with each other in literary progress; and the inspiration given by the burning words of the



president was a mighty impetus to wade deep in the languages, mathematics, and the sciences. It has been said that the Latin, Greek, and mathematics recited under President Godman equaled any good recitation in like branches in any Northern university. Time will give to this venerable man his place among the benefactors of our race."

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LA TECHE TRACT, NO. 1.

*Opening of New Hall for the La Teche Seminary, W. D. Godman, D.D., President.*

ON Monday, March 12, 1883, about two hundred persons, including teachers, scholars, and citizens, assembled for the opening exercises of La Teche Seminary, La Teche, La., in the new hall, which is a part of the reconstructed Orphans' Home.

After reading a portion of the Holy Scripture prayer was offered by John F. Patty, Esq., of New Orleans. After a song, Mr. Patty addressed the audience as follows :

" I am very glad to be here this morning, to see so many persons here, and to recall the time when I myself, then a young lad, was a member of this

school. There are enemies to this school, as there are to everything that is good; but they will not prevail, and I look to a glorious future. Let me tell you, you are greatly favored. You have a faculty that is second to none in the State, and there is no educational hall in the State equal to this in which you meet this morning. This school has done more for the education of the Negro race than any other in the parish, and as much as any in the State. I had the pleasure of attending the political convention held in Donaldsonville last year. It was there remarked that in Louisiana a greater number of representative men came from St. Mary than from any other parish. Now, this is true. It is also true that the greater part of those representative men received their education at this seminary. To be useful to your race you must be educated. Be true, then, to yourselves in using faithfully your great advantages."

Rev. Ernest Lyon, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in La Teche, was then introduced, and said: "You are accustomed to hearing me, and you already know my views of the excellence of this school and our duty toward it. You yourselves, students, know that to be men and

women you must be educated ; that your improvement and success in life depend on yourselves ; on the good use you make of present privileges. I know that, in my own case, no power so molded my mind and character as my teacher. You are favored as few are. I am happy to be myself a student here, reciting daily, and perhaps no man in the parish studies more than I do. Use your privileges. Why, there is no school like this anywhere, so far as I know, where you can enjoy such advantages without a dollar's cost. You cannot find another such hall as this where you will daily meet. Stand by your school and by your teachers."

Professor George W. Wells having been called out, said : " I cannot express my happiness to-day in seeing the evidences of the prosperity of our beloved school. For two years I have toiled here because I love the work. You know, scholars, that I seek your best interests. I require you to keep the rules of the school ; this you must always do. I am sure you aim to do it. Brother Lyon speaks of his studying. I think I am not far behind him, as my studies late at night and early in the morning bear witness. I assure you I know

what an opportunity I have, and I intend to improve it. Let us press forward to the glorious future."

Dr. Godman, the president, then read a financial statement, as follows: "When we came South, in 1875, we were under appointment by the Freedmen's Aid Society to preside over the New Orleans University. We were requested to spend the spring and summer of that year at the Orphans' Home, going to New Orleans in the fall. We were under instruction to organize a school preparatory to the New Orleans University, which we did, naming the school the La Teche Seminary, after the name of our village. This school was from the first patronized by the Freedmen's Aid Society, and has always had a place in its list of institutions, as published in the Annual Report."

The number of scholars in 1875 was 138, of whom 32 were of academic grade. In 1876 this school was in charge of Mr. R. L. Thompson. In 1877-78 it was taught by Miss Mahaffy. In 1878-80 it was suspended—that is, during our absence in the North. In 1881 it was reorganized, and the number of scholars was 215—the list

being published in the catalogue of the New Orleans University. In 1882 the number of students became 255. The neat little church in which our people worship—largely the gift of the Church Extension Society—has been occupied by the seminary until now. Thank God! We can say now that we are in our home, the new room prepared for us—a part of the reconstructed Orphans' Home—a commodious and beautiful room, 60 feet by 24 feet, with outlook directly over the Bayou Teche. The La Teche Seminary has furnished the New Orleans University with excellent recruits every year, and some of our youth have been among her best students. In 1876 we acted for the Freedmen's Aid Society, taking its collections within the limits of the Philadelphia Annual Conference. We were instructed to devote the collections to the New Orleans University and the Orphans' Home—one half to each.

Collections of that Conference in 1876-77.....	\$3,968 00
Collections for the previous year.....	2,650 00
	<hr/>
An increase of.....	1,318 00
	<hr/>
Paid to the New Orleans University.....	2,136 00
Paid to the New Orleans Orphans' Home.....	1,832 00
	<hr/>
	\$3,968 00

A report of this year's work was presented to the Orphans' Home Board in the spring of 1877, and was by them accepted and filed. We were thus able to meet all the current expenses of the New Orleans University that year, excepting six hundred dollars paid to one of the teachers by the Freedmen's Aid Society, besides affording so much relief to the Orphans' Home. In the years 1877-80, we were traveling in the Northern States with a company of singers in order to raise money for the Orphans' Home, its further existence being threatened by debts.

Forwarded on debts, December 31, 1880.....	\$4,104 00
Paid for school requisites and seminary library..	102 86
For Mason & Hamlin organ.....	50 00
For hardware for Home building.....	19 16
For moving expenses, insurance, etc.....	248 07
Cash in hand.....	676 00
	<hr/>
	\$5,200 09
Adding the amount for 1876.....	1,832 00
	<hr/>
	\$7,032 09

We thus show record of moneys raised and paid at the beginning of 1881 of more than seven thousand dollars. The figures rather understate the actual result. Besides the above, myself and Mrs. Godman, during 1875-76, gave the Home, in payment of some of its debts, five hundred and

thirty-four dollars, of which we made no formal report. We have also in hand the gifts of the Methodist Episcopal Tract Society, Harper Brothers, New York, of Richard Worthington, Esq., New York, and of H. M. Ingham, Esq., of Cleveland, O., about five hundred excellent books for the seminary library, the value of which cannot be less than five hundred dollars.

Donation.....	\$534 00	
Books.....	500 00	
	<hr/>	\$1,034 00
Professor W. G. Fischer, of Philadelphia, contributed to the organ.....	25 00	
Messrs. Mason & Hamlin.....	100 00	
	<hr/>	125 00
		<hr/>
		\$1,159 00
Add for beginning of 1881.....		7,032 09
		<hr/>
Total for beginning of 1881.....		\$8,191 09

*In 1881—1. General Account.*

Cash in hand from various sources....	\$900 21	
Expended .....	940 16	
	<hr/>	
Excess paid from our own means.....		39 95

*2. Building Account.*

Bricks and lumber sold.....	380 70	
Expended on building .....	\$1,038 09	
	<hr/>	
Excess paid from our own means.....		657 39
		<hr/>
<i>Amount carried forward</i> .....		697 34

<i>Amount brought forward</i> .....	\$697 34
<i>3. Plantation Account.</i>	
Expended wholly from our own means.....	2,207 69
<i>4. Seminary Account.</i>	
Received from Freedmen's Aid Society.....	\$159 00
Paid to teachers, and incidentals....	240 00
	81 00
Excess paid from our own means.....	81 00
Total from our own means in 1881.....	\$2,986 03
Deducting the amount expended on the plantation as an investment, the income of which, subject to condition of the lease, is for the support of the orphans.....	2,207 69
	778 34
Balance given the Home by us, 1881.....	778 34
Add amount at the beginning of year.....	8,191 09
	\$8,969 43
Total contribution, Dec. 31, 1881.....	

These figures show the standing of our work financially at the date of December 31, 1881. The reports for 1882 are not quite ready, but will soon be presented to the Orphans' Home Board. They will show a considerable increase of the contribution. It may be observed we have served without salary for a number of years. In 1876, when we had to preside in New Orleans and take collections in Philadelphia, we had a salary of twelve hundred dollars. Since then we have paid our own way by the hardest kind of work. If we







REV. E. LYON, A.M.

had received twelve hundred dollars per annum for the last six years we might have achieved much more for the Home. As it now stands we are in great need of help.

Not only have we given our time, but wife and daughter have done the same. In 1881 they taught diligently in the seminary for four months in addition to the toil and travel of other years. The showing above of the expenses of the seminary in 1881 does not include the aid received from the Parish Board of Education, which aid was very helpful and very gratefully received. It amounted to two hundred and forty dollars, but was paid directly to the teachers, and was not handled by us. We are thankful for the cooperation of the gentlemen of the school board, who are among the best friends of the education of the colored race.

W. D. GODMAN.

*La Teche, La.*

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REV. ERNEST LYON, A.M.

*Now Pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church, New York.*

THE subject of this sketch was born in Belize, British Honduras, on the coast of Central America, September 22, 1860. His early education

was obtained at the English school in that place, through the provident care of his mother. His father died while Ernest was but a child. He became a Christian by experience October 24, 1875; came to the United States to find a fitting sphere of action and to advance his education. In 1880 he attended Straight University, New Orleans; 1881-1883, inclusive, Gilbert Seminary, being at the same time pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Baldwin, as it was then called, but now Winsted. Here he first met Miss Abbie J. Wright, who at length became his wife. They were married by Rev. W. D. Godman, the president of Gilbert Seminary.

Going thence for residence and labor to New Orleans he entered, and was finally graduated from, the New Orleans University as Bachelor of Arts, and has since become, *in cursu*, Master of Arts. He was pastor in New Orleans, successively, of Mallalieu Chapel, Thomson Chapel, and Simpson Chapel. In every case they grew under his administration and the efficient cooperation of his wife. The church property, too, underwent enlargement and improvement. He left a shining mark in every field of his labors.

In 1891 he was, by appointment made in an-

swer to the urgent request of the Conference, the General Sunday school Agent for the State of Louisiana. He was reappointed for 1892. In discharge of the duties of this office he traveled through the State, preaching, lecturing, organizing new schools, holding Sunday school institutes, etc. His labors were very fruitful, and attracted attention far and near. But in the spring of 1892 it became evident that there was a demand for his valuable services among the people of his race in the Northern States. He was transferred, and appointed to St. Mark's, New York, where he now labors so efficiently. He, by request, made a tour in some of the Northwestern States, laboring for the Freedmen's Aid Society. He has been twice chosen by his Conference for reserve delegate to the General Conference; was for years the Conference statistical secretary, and for years also edited the Sunday school column in the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*.

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#### FRESH BENEFACTIONS.

1885.—The Hon. W. L. Gilbert, of West Winsted, Conn., gave five thousand dollars in 1884; the Freedmen's Aid Society gave five thousand

dollars (binding themselves to perpetual maintenance); and this cooperation resulted in two large and very commodious buildings — one for school work and one for boarding. The number of scholars the last term was two hundred and ten. The progress of the pupils was most encouraging. A large committee of ministers and laymen pronounced their approval of the work done. The two representatives of the parish in the State Legislature, both of them former pupils in the seminary, were present at the closing exhibition, and one of them distributed the prizes. They expressed unqualified satisfaction.

One of these representatives said: "This school has done more for the education of the Negro race than any other in the parish, and as much as any in the State." It is the purpose of the Freedmen's Aid Society to establish industrial departments and a normal department as rapidly as a generous Christian public shall enable them to do so. There are about one thousand two hundred acres of land, the income of which is pledged to the support of the seminary. In the present depressed condition of agriculture the land yields about one thousand dollars. With returning general prosperity it will be made to yield more.

WEST WINSTED, CONN., *August 1, 1886.*

This is to certify that nearly two years ago I gave the sum of five thousand dollars to aid in the erection of school buildings at La Teche, La., for the education of colored children, under the charge of Rev. Dr. Godman, and under the control of the Freedmen's Aid Society. In the spring of 1885 I made a personal examination of the institution, and became satisfied that the work is a good one, and is worthy of the help and support of those who desire to benefit and uplift the colored race. And I am also pleased to bear witness to the earnest, careful, and judicious efforts of the Rev. Dr. Godman and his wife in the management of the seminary, and that the aid which may be rendered will be faithfully applied, giving results which will be both satisfactory to those who give and to those who are under their charge.

WILLIAM L. GILBERT.

FINANCIAL HISTORY, 1875-1892.

W. D. Godman, by balance Dec. 31, 1875.....	\$287 99
“ “ “ 1881.....	8,978 43

*Account for 1882.*

Expenditure on building.....	\$704 11
Contra.....	442 00
	<hr/>
Balance to credit on building.....	262 11

<i>Brought forward</i> .....		\$9,528	53
Expenditure for crops.....	\$3,447	60	
Contra .....	18	50	
		<hr/>	
Balance to credit on plantation.....		3,429	10
Paid on general account for orphans, etc.....		190	93
Expenditures for seminary.....	676	13	
Contra: From Freedmen's Aid Society.....	\$150	00	
Parish Board.....	275	00—	425
		<hr/>	00
Balance to credit on seminary.....		251	13
		<hr/>	
Total of credits [net] to Dec. 31, 1882.....		\$13,399	69
<i>Account of 1883.</i>			
Expenditures on building.....	\$267	55	
Contra: By Cash donated.....	267	55	
Expenditures on plantation.....	3,028	48	
Contra: By crop of 1882....	\$2,184	92	
By crop of 1883.....	673	07—	2,857
		<hr/>	99
Balance to credit on plantation.....		170	49
Expenditure, seminary.....	562	80	
Contra .....	562	80	
		<hr/>	
Expenditure, general account.....	806	82	
Contra: By donations.....	161	00	
		<hr/>	
Balance to credit on general account.....		645	82
		<hr/>	
Total of credit to Dec. 31, 1883.....		\$14,216	00
<i>Account of 1884.</i>			
Receipts: Corn, 375 bbls.....	\$281	25	
Potatoes, 70 bbls.....	70	00	
Wood, 56 c.....	70	00	
Cane, 98 t.....	236	62	
		<hr/>	
		657	87
Expenditures—cash.....	2,100	00	
		<hr/>	
Balance to credit.....		1,442	13
		<hr/>	
Total of credit, Dec. 31, 1884.....		\$15,658	13



To this date, with the exception indicated above, all moneys used were from the private means of the president. In the figures following the excess of expenditures over receipts has been provided for from the following sources, namely: Public School Fund, income of the boarding hall, incidental fees, income of the farm, personal contribution of the president.

Received for and paid to teachers:

1884-5.—Paid to teachers .....		\$400 00
Received from F. A. Society... \$150 00		
From the president..... 250 00		
	<hr/>	400 00
1885-6.—Paid.....		1,200 00
Received from F. A. Society.... 1,200 00		
1886-7.—Paid.....		2,030 00
Received from F. A. Society... 1,000 00		
Slater Fund..... 500 00		
School Fund..... 270 00		
Private means..... 260 00		
	<hr/>	2,030 00
1887-8.—Paid.....		2,370 00
Received from F. A. Society... 1,380 00		
Public school..... 190 00		
Slater Fund..... 500 00		
Other sources..... 300 00		
	<hr/>	2,370 00
1888-9.—Paid.....		2,807 00
Received from F. A. Society... 1,500 00		
Slater Fund... 800 00		
Public school..... 210 00		
Other sources..... 297 00		
	<hr/>	2,807 00

1889-90.—Paid.....		\$3,643 50
Received from F. A. Society..	\$1,600 00	
Slater Fund.....	1,000 00	
Public school.....	257 50	
Other sources.....	786 00	
	<hr/>	3,643 50
1890-91.—Paid.....		3,660 00
Received from F. A. Society..	1,600 00	
Slater Fund.....	1,000 00	
Public school.....	250 00	
Other sources.....	810 00	
	<hr/>	3,660 00
1891-92.—Paid.....		3,455 00
Received from F. A. Society..	2,540 00	
Slater Fund.....	800 00	
Other sources.....	115 00	
Public school.....	... ..	
	<hr/>	3,455 00

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#### PROPERTY.

THERE were originally in the plantation one thousand five hundred and twenty acres of land. After seven thousand and thirty-two dollars were paid by the president and his colaborers toward the extinction of debts accumulated by his predecessors, the remainder of the debts were settled by conveying to the Freedmen's Aid Society, in return for borrowed money, five hundred acres of land, valued at five thousand dollars ; to Mrs. J. S. Roberts three hundred and thirty-seven acres of land at the same rate per acre, three

thousand three hundred and seventy dollars, the balance of the tract remaining with the Orphans' Home Society.

The Orphans' Home building was wrecked by the wonderful wind storm or hurricane of 1879. When, therefore, we came in 1881, with our faith and our lease, and six hundred and fifty dollars in money, we had a large tract of land worth but little in the market, and but little fence that would stand the shock of the most inoffensive animal or the most moderate blow of wind. The building could not be occupied in any part, and had to be taken down, except a part of the lower story outer wall. There was a village called by us La Teche—beautiful, precious name—but our friend, Mr. Gilbert, could not easily wind his tongue about its Gallic fluidity, and so we parted with it. There was a little one-story brick hovel that had once been a plantation store building, and we utilized it for the same purpose as of yore. There was across the way from the store a little church, 25 feet by 40 feet, and therein we reopened La Teche Seminary.

Mr. George Wells, A.M., now the Rev. Professor George Wells, of Wiley University, Marshall,

Tex., was our assistant teacher. We were invited to receive the public school, and we accepted it. Mr. J. T. B. Labau, now the Rev. J. T. B. Labau, pastor of the Baptist Church, this place, came as teacher with the public school. We did some teaching ourselves, but we gave much time to rebuilding the Home and cultivating the farm.

Notwithstanding the dreary outlook and our small means we looked at the inevitable, and never had one despairing thought. Glory to God! To him is ascribed now and always every degree of our success. Every building, desk, book, fence, tool, machine; every teacher and every scholar, has been the answer to prayer. Sometimes the answer, especially in the form of teacher, has been a thorn to distress us, but, at the same time we acknowledge it thankfully, to discipline and bless.

The reconstruction of the Home building cost us eleven hundred and eighty-six dollars and sixty-six cents. It was not finished, but we could occupy three rooms.

Since then we have expended in buildings not far from thirty thousand dollars. The property is now one of the finest in the State of Louisiana, and bears not one dollar of indebtedness.





INDUSTRIAL BUILDING.

As it now stands, with due consideration of market values, the property may be truthfully and conservatively estimated as follows:

1,000 acres, at \$30 per acre.....	\$30,000
6 buildings and their several attachments.....	30,000
13½ acres, at \$300 per acre.....	4,050
6 lots, at \$700 each.....	4,200
27 lots, at \$150 each.....	4,050
Furniture and machinery.....	3,500
	<hr/>
	\$75,800

The above includes the land belonging to the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society and that which belongs to the Orphans' Home Society.

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#### PLANS OF DEVELOPMENT.

We do not stand still. Life means growth. Gilbert Academy and Agricultural College is a live thing.

Twelve hundred acres of land, six good commodious buildings, efficient teachers, comprehensive organization, both academic and industrial—these things, taken together with the condition and prospects of the country, furnish an outlook of progress and success.

There will soon be a new building for church

and chapel to cost about two thousand five hundred dollars, of which one thousand five hundred dollars are already secured.

There are hundreds of magnificent cypress trees in our swamp awaiting the axe, the saw, and the plane. In them is a good source of revenue. We should have a saw-mill beside the swamp, and a planing-mill near at hand.

A stock farm is a very great *desideratum*. Our arable land being preoccupied with the culture of sugar cane and rice, we need to buy a small tract of land whereon we can produce our own milk and beef.

We can make revenue from the pecan tree, which produces the most desirable of all nuts in the market—a nut that always commands a good price. A small tract of land is needed for a pecan orchard.

At present we sell our sugar cane. It would be better to have a mill for the manufacture of open-kettle sugar and molasses. These articles are going out of the market with the prevalence of refineries, but they will always command a good price, especially the New Orleans molasses. Nothing so good for domestic use is as yet known.



We need steam power in our industrial building. With that we can enlarge the scale of our industries, increase production, and teach many more things that are practical to our students.

In short, here, in the richest part of Louisiana, with all facilities of transportation by rail and by water, is a place for the great industrial institution.

*December 10, 1881.*—The presiding elder held Quarterly Conference. Among his duties was the examination of some men who applied for license to preach. The following are some of the questions and answers :

*Presiding Elder.*—“How do you know that God exists?”

*Candidate.*—“I know it because I have faith in him.”

*Presiding Elder.*—“What is God?”

*Candidate.*—“He is a spirit.”

*Presiding Elder.*—“How do you know that God is a spirit? What does the Bible say about it?”

*Candidate.*—“It says, ‘God moves in a mysterious way.’”

*Presiding Elder.*—“No, no. I’ll give you two bits if you’ll find that in the Bible.”

*Candidate.*—“I don't know whether it's in the Bible or not; but I can find it in this book.” He took down the pulpit Bible and began to search.

*Presiding Elder.*—“No, no. We can't take time to look now; just find it when you have time, and let me know.”

Another was examined:

*Presiding Elder.*—“Do you believe in a general judgment.”

*Candidate.*—“I do.”

*Presiding Elder.*—“Why do you so believe? What says the Bible?”

*Candidate.*—“It says, ‘I shall come in my chariot to judge you.’”

*Presiding Elder.*—“Ah! No, no. That's not in the Bible.”

The presiding elder afterward inquired, “Brother ——, what do you think of the examinations?”

*Answer.*—“They reminded me of a recitation at the university in New Orleans. A young man was requested to define the word ‘ancestor.’ He said ‘It's something to dig with.’”

## SOME OF THE SHADOWS.

*December 31.*—I sought to aid a young man who had been brought up at the Home by taking him into my household, providing for all his wants, and educating him in return for what services he might render. He made indecent proposals to a young lady in the seminary, and was incorrigible. He had to go.

I took another young man to be his successor. He proved dishonest, and had to be discharged.

I employed two men to make shingles. They contracted to make thirty thousand. After making about sixteen thousand, and getting their pay, they went on a spree. One of them broke into his father-in-law's house by night, stole one hundred and thirty dollars, and disappeared. The other soon dropped work and left.

One brave Union soldier, who gloried in coming from New York, did some good work. He ran in debt at our store to the amount of sixty dollars, and then ran clear out of sight, not returning. We levied on his shanty and boat. Sometime after

he came by night, stole his boat, and sailed away—whither? We only know that he and his boat were lively on Grand Lake.

One man stole fifteen bushels of oats from our warehouse; came and reported the theft to us as a discovery, made known out of neighborly kindness. He never knew that we learned his guilt. He prayed well, and stole well. We hope the mercy of God may be such that he will have a good store of treasure laid up in heaven after due deduction is made for the stolen oats.

These incidents are given, not to magnify the bad traits of an unfortunate people, not to carry the implication that they are all of them, or even a majority of them, of that character, but to illustrate the reverses experienced by us enthusiastic people, who began by enveloping the race, that had been well-nigh crucified by slavery, with a halo of sanctity and a supernal beauty. We were disenchanted. But we love the dear colored people, as they actually are no less than as we dreamed them to be.

## AN ENTRY IN THE JOURNAL.

“THOU the tormenter dischargest us from the present life, but the king of the world will raise us up unto an immortal renewal of life when we have died for the sake of his laws” (2 Maccabees, vii, 9). These sublime words are those of a young man—one of seven brothers—who, with their mother, suffered martyrdom under Antiochus Epiphanes. The conquered was conqueror. Thanks to God for faith’s victory.

*January 2, 1882.*—A. A—— is a young man who was in our school in 1875, a boy of fifteen then, and not bad. Of late years, like many others, he has been spoiled by association with the wicked. The coming of the railroad has corrupted our provincial simplicity. Many criminals and men of the baser sort came to work on the roadbed. Our orphan youth and village boys and girls—the seminary at the time having been suspended—were led into evil ways. A—— had become addicted to drink, and when intoxicated was violent. When his sister died a few weeks ago he was drunk, beastly so, unable to realize the entrance of death into the family

circle, too drunk to be at the funeral service. A few days later he came to work for me, as he had done before. Said I, "A——, you took the money I paid you the last time and wasted it in a spree. It did you no good. As a friend I would advise you not to take your money at the end of the week, but leave it with me and save it. Then let drink alone and be a sober man; make the most of yourself."

He promised, and actually quit drink.

*February 1.*—A. A—— died the other day. He was clearly changed, penitent, hopeful, trustful, ready to die.

Planted a couple of bay trees in my garden the other day. Riding along the road to-day Newman M—— walked beside me. Said I: "Brother M——, you see that I set out a bay tree the other day; it is alive; it does not seem harmed by transplanting." "O, no," said he; "dey's a tree dat nebber dies. Fros' doan' hurt dem." This is a comment on the "green bay tree" of Scripture. The leaves of the bay tree are used here for making tea. Many prefer it to "store tea." The root is used for poulticing.

*November* 18, 1882.—Overtook an old colored brother this morning a little this side of Franklin. He wore a slouchy old hat, and various old rags patched and tied together. He drove two thin, starved little creole horses—one bay and one gray—fastened with bits of rope and leather harness to a wee bit of a cart, of which the body was part boards and part shingles. He had some boxes and some hay, and was selling vegetables, eggs, etc. He often stopped to sell something from the rear of his chariot to some dear Dinah under a sun-bonnet, and with each held a delicious conversation interspersed with joke and banter and jolly ejaculations—not remitted until distance bade him look forward to another customer and entertainer. When I overtook him, he shouted gayly, “Good mawnin’, docter.” I inquired if he had eggs.

“Yes, docter, but dey’s two bits, now.”

“Very well,” I said; “keep two dozen for me, and leave them at my house when you come back.”

“I will, ef I kin. Ah! Ah! I knows ye, docter; I’s Austin. I’s been intadoosed ter ye.”

“O yes,” I said; “I know you and your wife and your boys.”

“Yes, sah; yu lives in de same place, an’ I wants to do as neighbors livin’ in de same place. Ort to be good to one ’nuther. Folkses down yer’s kin’ o’ ignorant. Ye has ter learn ’em. I war brought up in de Norf to be good to one ’nuther. I goes fu yer larnin’ an’ eddication. Yah! Yah!”

*November 27.*—G—— buried to-day; a murdered man. He was gambling with a companion yesterday, Lord’s Day; a friend rode up and entered into conversation. Altercation ensued; then came the revolver. One of the most talented of our youth lay dead. Gambling, drinking, horse-racing on the Lord’s Day associate themselves with the state of moral sentiment that sets low value on human life, and carries deadly weapons as manly outfit. The devil has a big mortgage here. I mean to dispute it with him, the Lord willing.

*November 28.*—Cold this morning. Thermometer stood 47° above zero at 9 A. M. No frost last night by reason of clouds. Have ground the cane from nine acres and obtained nineteen hogsheads of sugar. There will probably be twenty-



two to twenty-five barrels of molasses from it. Nearly all the balance of cane is cut and wind-rowed to preserve it until we can get the use of the mill to grind it. This will cause some loss, but I must submit. My wood is already drawn, and I have no other place to grind. Do not know that I could now sell the cane to advantage. I might possibly substantiate claim to legal remedy and secure damage, but this would be, in every sense, a costly relief; besides, I think my partner in the grinding is honest. He delays me because of the danger to his own crop. He owns the mill. He made contract to deliver his crop of sugar and molasses December 31, in New Orleans, to his merchant, who is embarrassed by many loans and advances. I seem, therefore, shut up to the duty of waiting, which involves loss. Thou, O Lord, knowest all this. I commit it to thee.

To-day we're building a little temporary kitchen to our dwelling. Wood-cutting, plowing, and wood-hauling are going on. The school goes forward daily and the work on the Home.

My God! Has thy world always been so wicked? Have men always been such haters of

each other? Have they always been such plotters of evil? Have they always so conspired against each other, apparently from the pure love of the evil? Canst thou make any good thing of us? Ah, how long! Eternity is thine. Immortality is ours. Maybe thou canst change us for the better. Wilt thou try us again after we die? Shall some of us have another chance beyond this perilous shore? O, spare us; try us again, if thy goodness be not clean worn out.

*December, 1882.*—Order of ordinary day's occupation, 1. Rise at 6 A. M. Private devotion. 2. G. W.—recites Greek one hour. 3. Breakfast 7:30 A. M. 4. Correspondence 8:30 to 10 A. M. 5. On horseback. Visit the Home building and advise about work going on there. Visit the cane field and the sugar mill. Directions to give and consultations to hold everywhere. Frequent stoppings at the plantation store for business. Return at noon. Dinner somewhere between 12 and 1. 6. E. L.—recites Latin, Greek, and Algebra from 1 to 2:30 P. M. 7. Running over the day's mail. 8. To the store at 4 P. M. 9. Return at 7 P. M. 10. Tea. 11. Reading and conver-

sation. 12. Prayers with the household. 13. Retire. In sugar-rolling time up at 4 A. M. and off to the mill.

*December 17.*—After Sunday school a sermon by G. W.—. He has fought much against his convictions of duty. He announced for his text Gal. vi. 14. At the closing of his discourse, he said, with tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice: “The wisest thing for a Christian, nay, his only course, is to lay down his opposition to God’s will; and, if Christ says, ‘Go preach,’ to do it at any cost, and in it find the crown.” The people were touched. As soon as he sat down a sister began singing “Nearer, my God, to Thee.” Then the pastor opened the doors of the church with some impressive words on the swift passage of life and the importance of deciding our allegiance to God before we die. Then was sung “Almost persuaded,” and amidst the singing an old and faithful servant of Satan, a smart, capable, well-to-do man, came forward, weeping, and threw himself on his knees in presence of the congregation. All were profoundly moved. After prayers, advices, singing, and handshaking, and before the pastor was quite ready for the doxology and the

benediction, there came forward from the door a poor man, roughly clad and toil-worn, looking sad, but sober and sincere. He wished to speak, and the pastor assented. He said: "I'se a stranger, an' a po' man, an' in a tight place, 'jes' now." Addressing himself directly to the minister, he added: "My mother-in-law is a Methodist, but I is not. I don' know 'at I ever shall be; but I want you to bury my chile 'at is dead."

"I will," answered the minister, "and I hope this event will show you that it is the Lord's will you yourself should prepare to die, for your turn to die may come within twenty-four hours. Where do you wish your child to be buried, sir?"

"In your buryin'-groun'."

"Very well; I'll attend to it." This in the presence of the listening congregation. Thus do all the throbs of the human heart come into God's house.

*December 22.*—Received some days ago telegram announcing the coming of my family, and repaired to New Orleans to meet them. The blessed company arrived according to program,

and we returned to this place, our home. The register of the party is thus: Mrs. A. H. Godman, Miss Inez A. Godman, Rev. W. R. Webster, of Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Mrs. S. W. Dexter, of Dexter, Mich.; Miss Abbie Wright, of New York; Miss Emma Fisher, of New York; Miss Victoria Sutton, Miss Maria Jackson, Miss Susie Kinchin, Miss Corinne Comb, and Master James Jackson, of La Teche, La.; Master Frank Clermont, of New Orleans.

The through Texas train would not stop. We had, therefore, to leave at Franklin, and come home in hacks. Here we are in our own humble home, just as happy as if inclosed in castle walls. Our Father's work is its own most glorious reward.

*December 23.*—At home. We are overjoyed to have our mother with us. Mrs. S. W. Dexter has been a great friend to the Home. Busy at the store. Everybody is astir in the preparations for Christmas. At night the fair began in the Home. What a marvel! Thank God! The Home is so far restored that we can occupy one large room. We'll soon have the Seminary in it.

*December 24.*—The Lord's Day. The pastor preached the morning sermon from the "white horse and his rider." The sermon in the afternoon was by the Rev. William R. Webster, on "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." 1. The receiver. 2. The received. 3. The reception. The effect was very happy. At the close the parents came forward to pray for their children.

*December 25.*—Merry Christmas. Stockings, stockings! Every one has stockings, and every stocking has contents. Every face is bright; every heart is light. A merry Christmas. If the human heart has any cause for gladness it is the event proclaimed by Christmas. We ought always to be happy, and on Christmas may be "merry." The Father is glad to have us so. Reception in the church at night.

*January 6, 1883.*—Commenced potting sugar to-day. Quality good. Sent to Franklin for molasses barrels; received twelve.

At night a concert at the church in Franklin, Rev. Emperor Williams, pastor. A number of white citizens were present; among

them Mr. Homer Smith, formerly from New Haven, Conn. Mr. Smith expressed great delight in the singing. He was surprised and pleased to witness the evident culture of the colored youth. Encouraged us to persevere. In such work the compensation lies chiefly in moral effects. The financial result is most frequently trifling. We have tried to do a part toward demonstrating the colored boy's and the colored girl's capacity for culture. There is no question about the capacity of the white boy. There will soon be no question about that of the colored. Late rains made the roads almost impassable, and we risked life itself in the darkness of the night. Reached home at midnight. Thanks to thee, Father, for opportunity to do some work for thee. No work of thine is either high or low. It is all noble and fine.

*January 7.*—At the sugar mill some days ago it was discovered that a valise and other valuables, as well as nine dollars' worth of labor tickets, had disappeared from the possession of certain parties. Thefts about the mill have been frequent. The tickets were traced to a certain Negro lad, found in his possession, and identified.

Discovering a crowd to-day in a certain part of the sugar mill I advanced to make observations. A bold colored man of twenty-five or thirty years, or more—for I'm not good at judging the age of color—with strong and decided African features, had the aforesaid lad down on the floor, confining him, despite his struggling and screaming, holding him down with his knees, and with his hands fastening a rope around the neck of the wrathful, struggling boy. Here, then, was a scene—a black man bulldozing a black boy, and a large crowd of both blacks and whites gazing intently on. I stood by resolved to see fair play, being aware of the antecedents. The boy had belonged to our school, was a bad fellow, and frightening him might be wholesome. The man fastened the rope, snatched up the body in one hand and, holding the rope with the other, walked out under the cane shed, ostensibly to hang the squirming, yelling creature to one of the many posts. He threw him first on the ground and pommelled him, and the boy rolled and foamed and cursed. The man made as though he would adjust the rope preparatory to hanging, and the roar of the cub was more fearful than ever. Then said the man, "I won't kill you;" untied the rope from



his neck, let the boy up, and then struck him a terrible blow on the back with the doubled rope, and the boy screamed hideously. The rope was raised for a second blow, but I stepped between, putting my left hand on the boy, giving him a push, and saying, "Go home;" then looked around silently on the excited, bold and angry man, who, with uplifted arm, restrained himself, and said, with softened tone, "Docter, get out of the way." I only turned again to the boy and hurried him away.

Later in the day, while in the purgery, I advanced toward the remote end of the room where two Negroes were potting sugar, and a white youth was not far away engaged in the same employ. One of the Negroes was the bold man of the morning who had chastised the thief. When I was near him he said, "What I don't like is to have dese yer wite folks interferin' when a fellow has a fight. Some of dese days dey'll get hurt."

I interrupted, saying, "Now you would not hurt me for saying you must not fight, would you?"

"Ah," said he, with a grim smile, "I doan' know,

docter, it's putty hard wen a man has to whip a lyn' thief like dat to be interfered wid ; a man's got to whip him."

" Well, I've read in a certain book, ' If a man shall smite thee —'

" Yes, docter, but —"

" No, don't interrupt me ; wait till I get through. I've read that if a man shall smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other also."

" Yes, but the book says, too, ' the wicked must be punished ;' and, docter, I knows 'at if I turn de other cheek to the man that strikes me he'll jest kill me ; that's all dey is of it ; that's de way it is wid us fellows."

" Well, I know there is much in that ; much truth in what you say ; but if we have done no wrong, have said no provoking word, have done nothing to justify violence, then the man will not strike the second time when we give him the other cheek. The trouble with us is that we say angry things and bring on retaliation ; but, after all, if we have done no wrong we can trust in God if the man does kill us." The man was silent, not knowing what to say for a time. At length, he said, " I doan know about bein' killed ; I'll hev to think 'bout that." So we parted.

The most picturesque place I have ever seen is the sugarhouse—the old-style house—at sugar-rolling time. The motley crowd of Negro men and women, their strange attire, their weird songs, their wild and simple manners, their coarse and lively perennial drollness and mirth; the mules, the carts, the dogs, the picaninnies, the creole boys and girls, the odd, fantastic lanterns, the varied sounds of boiler, engine, rollers, and kettles—all is confusion subdued into harmony, with a prevailing grotesqueness suggestive of Egyptian architecture, Oriental tales, and European culture. If I were a painter I should find scenes for the easel. The painters, if they come not soon, will be too late; for the old is rapidly giving way to the new.

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#### A VISIT.

*February, 17, 1883.*—Yesterday a visit from Benny, the cripple. We have provided for him since 1880. He is now twenty-seven years of age, and enjoys the watchful care of Aunt Millie—Mrs. Millie Augustus—a most faithful and competent woman. A paralyzed tongue makes Benny's speech thick and almost incomprehensible. "I

lov'th 'e Lawd, an' I know he lov'th me. I can't do much for him, but I reads his word and keeps it hy'ur in my chair all day." "Well, Benny, does the Lord stay here with you all day?" "Ye'th he do," said Benny, convulsively, with a glowing countenance and a suppressed feeling of grief because he could not express himself easily. "What is your greatest trial, Benny?" "Dem boys 'ut's all de time a teasin' me. Dey makes me so mad."

"Ah, Benny, we, as Christians, must endure all things."

"Not from dem bad boys," with a shake of the head and a rumple of the lips.

At this visit Benny said with a smile, "Doctor, I 'sink I keeps my temper better now."

He sat for hours on the gallery, looked out into the grove, watched the mocking-birds worrying the dogs, enjoyed the sports of the children and the gayety of their music on the flageolet and harmonica. At 6 P. M. I took him back to Sister A's, both of us feeling we had not lost a day.

We have now in our household George W. Wells, professor in La Teche Seminary, an alumnus of New Orleans University; Mrs. Mary A.

Hall, Professor Wells' adopted mother; Miss Abbie Wright, organist, and Miss Emma Fisher, sopranoist, from New York; Master James Jackson, Master Henry Williams, Miss Maria (Yi) Jackson, Miss Marie François Alphonsie Narcisse. Duca Comb has gone North; likewise Melinda Bowles. Some of the remaining children may go North.

*December 2.*—Home from the North September 21. The cane looked pretty well, better than written accounts had led me to expect. I was disappointed, though, in finding it short, averaging about ten mature joints.

The outcome is now (December) before us— one fifth of a crop. What a failure! Well, so much for land unsubdued, that had lain so long uncultivated, and had been overrun by wire grass; so much for lack of fertilizer; so much for inexperience; so much for an unfavorable season— excess of rain in June and July. We are in the same boat with other planters, but we scarcely dare hold up the head and say that from thirty acres we have as net results only five hundred and fifty-five dollars. Were I an unbeliever, or a man of the world, I should be mortified, indeed.

But I shall suffer neither grief nor mortification. I've done the best I knew how, and done it for the Lord. His will be done. Perhaps next year he will give us more.

“They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.” I find in à Kempis what meets my case this morning: “Come thou unto me when it is not well with thee.” “Is there anything hard to me, or shall I be like unto one that promiseth and performeth not?”

“I know the secret thoughts of thy heart, and that it is very expedient for thy welfare that thou be left sometimes without spiritual enjoyment, lest perhaps thou shouldest be willing to please thyself in that which thou art not.”

“When I give, it is still mine; when I withdraw it I take not anything that is thine; for every good and every perfect gift is mine.”

*February 17, 1884.*—“There is none good but God.” I renounce myself and utterly abhor the being named “I.” I despise my learning. I hold in contempt my little talents. It is all bosh, whatever a man can do. God only does anything but sin. Man can but be carried onward by the arms that encircle him. The only thing

man does is to rebel, and that is unavailing. I am content. I am nothing. I am held at all I am worth.

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### CASTE.

CASTE means, when the word is strictly used, a division of men into exclusive classes—permanent, hereditary, and recognized by law or usage. But the word is used with laxity, and often represents, in these days, any social classification that makes an approach or effort toward exclusiveness, and is generative of prejudice.

When a social circle becomes exclusive, "high-toned," as it is called, it does not for that reason constitute a caste. Its members die, and there is no provision for succession. Any man or woman who gains enough money or reputation will be admitted. There is no stigma resultant from exclusion. There is just as much loss by the membership in one way as there is gain in another.

When a church sets itself up for the rich, discouraging the poor, it does not thereby erect a caste. When the church opens her doors to white and black, and allows them to go together,

or apart, as they choose, she is not thereby catering to caste feeling.

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#### POWER.

GOD has done all things well and has implanted in us all our natural propensities and affections for the attainment of good ends. The love of power, meaning the desire to exert our energies and achieve something, is a pure motive, and is capable of most exalted holiness and refinement. But the desire for superiority, which is in many cases the essence of the desire for power, is in most men a selfish, unholy thing. It generates pharisaism throughout the Church, and in every part of human society is degenerated into the most hateful of all things—the meddling with other people's affairs for the simple sake of power or advantage over them.

A calm, conscious goodness has no desire to regulate other people. A wise man has enough to do to regulate himself. It is a low type of character that cannot feel assured of its own usefulness and validity except as it meddles. Authority, except what emanates from character, is a bogus coin.



*May 25.*—Of the gladdest moments, methinks, in human life is the departing upon a distant journey into unknown lands. Shaking off with one effort the fetters of habit, the leaden weight of routine, the cloak of carking care, and the slavery of home, man feels once more happy. The blood flows with the fast circulation of youth; excitement gives new vigor to the muscles, and a sense of sudden freedom adds an inch to the stature. Afresh dawns the morn of life; again the bright world is beautiful to the eye and the glorious face of Nature gladdens the soul. A journey, in fact, appeals to imagination, to memory, to hope, the sister graces of our moral being.—*Captain Burton, "Zanzibar, and Two Months in East Africa." Exordium.*

There is a long journey before me. For the first time in my life I begin to contemplate it as near. Imagination, memory, and hope are busy. They do throw their charms about the vision. I am "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, instant in prayer."

*August 2, 1884.*—Bears and coons invading the corn fields at night. The bear stands on his

hind feet, tears off the ears of corn with his fore paws as if they were hands. After he has gathered a pile he takes it away part at a time, as rapidly as he can, and stores it at his lodging in the woods. I engaged two men to watch for the invaders by night, paying them extra wages.

Brother N—— said, “I is not perduced fur dat kin’ ’o work, kase I ain’ got no shoes fitten fur it.”

“Any snakes out there?”

“Snakes!” said A——, a famous ditcher, also a bricklayer, “Snakes!”—with a shake of the head and a grin—“I’s seen snakes in de grass on dat turn-row as big as a man’s leg.”

“Well, how about the bears? How do you know there are bears there?”

“Kase,” said N——, “de bar, he’s a mighty pa’tic’lar animal. He pull de cawn, an’ tote it away, an’ piles it up afo’ he eats it. Yes, sah!”

“Yes,” said B——, “dat’s jes’ wat dey done bin doin’.”

*August 3.*—An “express” meeting to day. The pastor stated the object and duty of the hour, and announced the hymn—

“There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins.”

One said: "Brethren and sisters, I have some acquaintance with that fountain. In that precious blood my sins are washed away, and the love of God is shed abroad in my heart. I know that my name is written in heaven. Besides, I love the brethren—all—I don't know any person whom I do not love."

This seemed to furnish the keynote to the testimonies that followed. All said, one after another, with varying expression, "I know nothin' 'bout hatred. No use fur me to say I love God an' hate somebody. Can't do it."

After a while rose one who had done a great deal of talking, and had said many hard things against the pastor and the doctor. She said, "I know an 'open confession is good for the soul.' I came here to-day a-purpose to make my confession to you all. I came to La Teche a Christian; and I thought myself a tried Christian. But I didn't know anything about it. I was never tried befo'."

Here she broke down in tears, and the people sang. After a time the singing ceased; the sister had recovered herself, and continued her utterance:

"I came to make my confession. This is not of myself. The Lord compelled me to it."

She came forward and asked forgiveness, and received it.

Then came the melting hearts and the flowing eyes all over the house. There was too much feeling for anything but tears; otherwise was profound quiet. After a lapse of minutes two sisters, Miriam-like, with bursts of joy, with clapping hands, with songs of praise, skipped between the seats and through the aisles, to the measure of

"Gwine to jine dat heavenly ban'."

And a tumultuous rush of praise made up the refrain for the foregoing tears.

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#### SUPERSTITION.

*August 7.*—Q—— had white swelling; limb had to be amputated. The patient grew better. People say that a snake, by evil spell, had gained a residence in the victim and produced the disease. The place where the snake lay in the limb was visible, they say, at the amputation, but the snake himself "had dived up and got out of sight."

A woman is very ill. It is alleged that her husband put an evil spell on her by telling her when she was about to eat something that she would pay hard for it.

A woman has been going to the mourners' bench for many nights. The matter is popularly explained by saying that some one standing at her gate cast an evil influence upon her, and that she goes to the altar to exorcise the evil one.

At the approach of a childbirth a mother continues her work, but the father grows sick, and often goes to bed. A man said to-day, when I inquired for his health, "O, slow! slow! Wife is in family way, an' of cose it makes me sick."

Is this superstition? or is it a device to keep the woman at work and let the husband loaf?

*August 8.*—Planters are becoming discouraged. Imported sugars are so cheap and in such quantities that American producers cannot compete. Some are going out of cane, and will take rice instead.

*August 9.*—Thermometer 96° in the shade. Cisterns empty. The people resort to the bayou

for water. It is thus a river of life. There's not much cooking in this country, consequently not much firewood. What is is "tooken."

I asked X—— if I might tell him something that he should never tell to another.

"Sho'ly, Brudder T——, I won' tell."

"Well, Brother X——, I know that K—— was ruined at ——'s, and I want you to keep Si away from there."

"I knows it, Brudder T——; I knows it. I keeps a clos' han' on Si. K—— got away from me by gwine off to odder place to work an' git-tin' in bad company. He went down to —— and work all season, an' den had lawsuit, an' didn' get a third o' hes wages. Yes, sah."

"Well; now keep Si away. That so-called 'night-school' was just a trick to ruin the boys. Keep him away from those women."

"I does; only wen he's dar wid odder young folks I can' help dat. I tole 'em to keep away from de 'night-school'; 'er was no p'int in hes gwine to school to a young lady as didn' know as much as he do. An' he say he done hired her an' paid her, an' he didn' like to 'scharge her now. Yes, sah."

## A NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

*Sunday, August 10.*—I supposed the rain last night had put an end to the exhibition of the school—a private one—which was appointed for eight o'clock. Went to bed at nine. About ten o'clock I was roused from sleep by a voice: "Felicity Wright! Felicity Wright!"

I went to the door and inquired what was wanted.

Moses said: "Mis' P—— sent me to ax you to come to de exhibition."

He (Moses) had a horse and buggy for my conveyance, as I've learned this morning; but I was ignorant of it last night, for he said naught of it.

I answered: "Please tell Miss P—— that I am sorry that, under the circumstances, I cannot go."

After lying down and courting sleep awhile the dogs began barking fiercely, as if some one were in the yard. Rose and looked out the windows, but saw nothing amiss. Retired again. No long time had passed when the little cat jumped out of a box containing chemicals in an adjoining room, and ran around the house as if possessed. He had been occasionally acting thus for some time. The cause of it became now evident. He

has been stealing nightly into that box to escape being sent into the garret; has slept on the chemicals, which are in wrapped packages directly over some demijohns of nitric and sulphuric acids. The fumes of the acids have escaped enough to put the "divvil" into the kitty-cat.

He ran back and forth for a long time at intervals into my bedroom and out again.

"Ah! if wife and daughter were only at home. They can manage cats so much better than I. Alas!"

I rose and shut the bedroom door. After a time the air was too close. I rose and opened the door. Then, since the cat was still "obstropalous," I dressed myself and went into the drawing room—if any room in my cot may be so called—and proceeded to investigate the feline developments. Took a small broom, fearing I might do grievous damage to life and property with a big one, and proceeded to the dining room, after closing the bedroom door and opening the front outside door. In the dining room found the two cats—mother and child—sitting demurely on the floor. As soon as old "Mab" saw the broom she lighted through the broken pane and was soon on



the outside. Young "Frisk," possessed, of course, hied into the parlor. I very sagely supposed he had embraced the inviting opportunity and had gone out to his mother by the wide open door.

Thinking myself now free I sat down to read. Becoming absorbed in an interesting subject I forgot all my troubles, and knew not whether I was in Jerusalem or in La Teche. Perhaps a half hour had elapsed when a faint scratching was heard under the table at which I was sitting. "Can that be a mouse? What a pity! These cats are of no use in destroying vermin; they just eat their feed and loaf." But curiosity led to investigation, and behold, "Frisk" is there under my table, gently pulling the papers to let me know I had done him no harm. "Bewitched!" is he? Whack! goes the broom; rip! goes "Frisk" straight into the bedroom, for I had once more thrown open the bedroom door for ventilation. Now, it comes to this: surrender, or fight it out on this line. Shall it be felicide, or homicide? The candle is once more on the floor in the bedroom. Experimental research reveals his majesty under the bed in sovereign composure. "Grand, gloomy, and peculiar" he seemed, like the First

Consul. How far to his Waterloo? Here's at him. And now, "Where's he at?" as the school-boys say.

The bedroom is closed again with wise hindsight, and candle on the floor again—after the manner of conductors—but this time in the parlor. Herr "Frisk" is happy under the sofa. A wave of the besom, and—"Where's he at?" again. There's an old oat sack that had been used to stop a hole in the window before the new pane of glass was put in. It hangs, partly so, in the corner, at the end of the sofa and near the window. The broom-handle is utilized and the sack is punched, as we used to punch the corn sack to persuade the rats to get out. No discovery. The whole room is searched and carefully examined, and there is no "Frisk." He must be bewitched. He is here, but invisible.

Hold! there is one spot untried. The sofa is drawn away; a fold of the sack is gently drawn, and lo! there is "Frisk," quietly pretending to snooze between the folds, just as if he had never been punched or any way disturbed. What a sage this cat must be. He is worthy to be First Consul of the Feline Republic.

For his dignity's sake, and remembering the high consideration wherein cats were held by the ancient Egyptians—the pioneers of civilization—we therefore very tenderly applied the broom-handle, and away goes "Frisk," striking himself against every side wall as a beetle, buzzing blindly about at night, beats against the ceiling, the wall, and the floor. At length out of the door he shoots into the moonlight, not intending so to do, and now, at the last, quiet reigns again, and the student once more loses himself in study and writing. But alas! for human calculations; after some minutes "Frisk" is back, but not inside now, for the door is shut; he is at the Venetian blind, trying his chances to invade our privacy. But he is no fool. Having concluded that discretion is the better part of valor he retires to meditate, under the sweet influences of the moon, new schemes of dalliance with the tyrant, who seems for the present to have the better of him.

This Sabbath morning, however, he is meditative, and might be taken for a Stoic. As for me, I got to sleep about 4 A. M., had breakfast at 9 A. M., and now I am cheerful as a lark, rejoicing not in myself, but in thee, O God.

## ART AND CHARITY.

RUSKIN says: "Fifth rate, sixth rate, to a hundredth rate art is good. Art that gives pleasure to anyone has a right to exist."

For instance: If I can only draw a duck that looks as though he waddled I may give pleasure to the last baby of our hostess; while a flower beautifully drawn will give pleasure to her eldest girl, who is just beginning to learn botany, and it may also be useful to some man of science.

The true outline of a leaf shown to a child may turn the whole course of its life. Second rate art is useful to a greater number of people than even first rate art; there are so few minds of a high enough order to understand the highest kind of art. Many more people find pleasure in Copley or Fielding than in Turner.

It may be doubted whether Mr. Ruskin felt thus in the earlier stages of his culture. When he was denouncing the falsehoods, the criminality of modern artists generally, it is hardly conceivable that he should have been so lenient toward bunglers, pretenders, and all low-grade artists.

But the old man, the man of experience and

wisdom, the man who has discovered the shortness of human sight and the greenness of human virtue—not soured himself, but sympathetic, expert in the eye that keeps watch o'er man's mortality, rich in all tenderness, charity, and helpfulness—this man, who is living for the poor, discovers and appreciates the mission of low-grade art. He speaks now like one who "has been with Christ and learned of him." Before he spake as one who had been at the schools, had become a magister, and looked on mankind as pupils, tyros, blunderers, humbugs.

Ruskinism was a craze a few years ago. Platform and pulpit chattered *à la* Ruskin in the flowering period of his genius. Ruskin, in the fruitage of ripe wisdom, attracts few and has no following. Then "Ruskin clubs," "Ruskin readings," critiques according to Ruskin, illustrations and quotations from Ruskin, were thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. Ruskinism was the mark of culture, the open sesame to the highest literary circles. A metropolitan preacher found that it paid to Ruskinize his sermons. Sometimes the gospel preached was a gospel according to Ruskin. The lady or gentleman who, in the social

circle, showed the greatest familiarity with *Modern Painters* was lionized.

Being at a summer resort in 1863, when touring for health, though I ought to have been at the front with the Christian Commission, a certain prominent Baptist divine entertained a company of ladies and gentlemen in the large and tastefully decorated drawing-room. The little church in the village among the mountains had been recently dedicated to the worship of God. Our critic, in attending worship there, had observed that the walls were frescoed, and that, instead of real wooden frames to the windows, were painted imitations. With the manner of cultured pride, the Ruskinized divine, like the old Grecian Protagoras, swelling, said, "The man that did that ought to be hung up to the first lamp-post."

Sir Oracle seemed to carry everyone with him. What an Apollo he was the writer of this knew not, only wondered. Perhaps that disciple, like his master, would now admit "that art which pleases anyone has a right to exist." Such is the force of wider thinking and deeper knowledge. Charity is the highest wisdom.

*August 17.*—Three children baptized, or christened, to-day—Maud Amelia Lyon, the pastor's daughter, Louisiana Bowles, and Abraham Willman. The first was baptized by the doctor, the other two by the pastor. There were two godmothers for Maud—Mrs. Kinchin, of Franklin, and Miss Rose Janez, of Baldwin—the former colored and the latter white. The godmother, Mrs. Kinchin, took the child from its mother, presented it to the minister, and answered the disciplinary questions, the parents being silent. When Louisiana Bowles was baptized her mother sat in the audience, the father stood at the extreme limit of the circle about the font, and the godmother, a young woman twenty-one years of age, took all the responsibility. This style of ceremony seems a relic of slavery times, and a compromise with requirements of the new era of freedom. White people used to be sponsors, and the ceremony was usually performed by Catholic priests. Many colored people, now Protestants, once the slaves of Catholic masters, still go to the priests for the christening of their children. Freedom seems to them to mean Protestantism; but old faith and usage will often assert its power.

*August 20.*—My horse, Don, is a beautiful mustang, of light bay color. He has to be broken anew if not used for a day or two. He has several times thrown me, but I like him, and am not afraid of him. I get health from him.

Returned from Franklin last evening—a horse-back trip—dismounted, and passed through the bars. While putting up the bars, holding the bridle-rein in my left hand, Don gave a spring without any provocation, unless that of a buzzard in a tree near by, whirled himself about and ran, dragging me with him. Holding to the rein, struggling to my feet, I was violently jerked, and lighted heavily on the heel of my left foot. Don stopped at length; some one took charge of him, relieving me. After an hour found that I was lame and suffering acute pain in the foot; applied tincture of arnica; retired at the usual time; in the night suffered so intensely that sleep was out of the question, and concluded to try the arnica again. Getting up found myself slightly nauseated and of unsteady head. Reached the bureau and sought to get a match; my movements were uncertain as those of a blind man or of an infant. Lost my consciousness; aware of falling on the floor by reason of the shock; consciousness be-



yond that gone. After awhile was aware of feeling about in the dark and trying to rise, at the same time wondering where I was and how I came there. Then came the thought, "Who will help me?" My mind growing clearer I remembered that my wife and daughter were distant, and that it would be difficult to rouse Mrs. Wright; I must therefore help myself. It seemed vain to struggle, but at length I got my hands on a partly open door, and so pulled up slowly. Remembering there was a chair near by I drew it to me by one hand and pulled myself up on it. There I sat, almost falling off, holding on by the back of the chair and wondering what could be done next. Finally I thought of the camphor, and that I could get only by getting on my feet. So I threw up both hands and caught by the top of the bureau, and, being familiar with the shape of the camphor bottle, knowing just where it was, I secured it, dropped down into the chair again and began smelling the elixir. Ah, what a relief! In a few moments I could light the candle and provide other things for my comfort.

*Thursday, August 21.*—Rev. E. Lyon, Mrs. Lyon, Miss Maud Amelia, and the Hon. J. F.

Patty called; were present at evening worship, Brother Patty leading in our prayers.

*August 28.*—The execution of a Negro for murder in Franklin to-day. The case was a plain one; the murder was confessed; it grew out of gambling; the murderer surrendered himself; he was supremely happy despite his guilt. He said that when the drop should fall he would fall into the arms of Jesus. Perhaps he is mistaken. But how transcendent, how marvelous the power resident in man to make a triumph and a glory out of misfortune and disgrace. Indomitable spirit of man! Thou art a spark of the eternal fire.

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### SOMETHING FOUND.

*To Night, September 7, 1884.*

THOU placid Night! with crown of countless gems  
 Dost sit majestic on Nature's throne,  
 And with the imperial Lord of day divid'st  
 The gorgeous empire of revolving worlds.

The deep,

My homage is to thee. Spellbound I own  
 The witchery of thy starlit face, the awe  
 That steals from thy unfathomed mystery,  
 The joy of contemplation too profound

For sleep.

Where 'gins thy realm? What term to thy domain?  
 What waveless sea doth lap thy silent shores?  
 Hath time the tireless wing to bear him o'er  
 The trackless wild and find where thou art not?  
     Jet queen!

Meridians mark thee not, nor poles, nor zones;  
 Hyperbolas are native to thy breast,  
 And infinites the measure of thine arms.  
 Nor round, nor square, nor up nor down in thee  
     Are seen.

'Fore thee what was? In thee God slept; and not  
 One ray of light, one drop of dew, one dot  
 Of molecule or atom swung or shot\*  
 It's fiery path, elliptical, athwart  
     Thy depths.

No angel's trumpet waked thy wilderness,  
 No seraph's wing thy vastness soared, nor moved  
 A spirit through thy heart, nor stirred one thought:  
 But God, in self-sufficient slumber, filled  
     Thy breadths.

O Night! the sleep of God thou art, and thou  
 The vacancy of light no more. When God  
 Aroused and breathed creative breath and said,  
 "Let there be light!" thy realm thenceforth was rent  
     And blessed.

Streamed forth the glory, waked the form of life  
 Of useful plant and beauteous flower, and grace  
 And power and dignity of animal  
 And man. O beauteous realm inclosed, by thee  
     Caressed!

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LET the evening be dreary  
 That morning be cheery;  
 There's no bloom of beauty  
 But it's rooted in duty.

## B I R T H D A Y.

*September 8, 1884.*

MY soul !  
Thou art to-day  
Upon the way  
To glory.

Thou, spark  
Of primal fire,  
Dost still aspire  
To glory.

For five  
And fifty years  
Of smiles and tears—  
To glory.

Hie on !  
The way is straight ;  
O do not wait !—  
To glory.

THE following is found in *Blackwood's Magazine*, March, 1870, and is published as a Negro composition issuing from South Carolina. It has the aroma of white blood, is interesting as a phenomenon, and just the thing to be accepted as genuine by a senile monthly on a foreign shore :

" We's be nearer to the Lord  
Den de white folks, and dey knows it ;  
See de glory-gate unbarred—  
Walk in, darkeys, past de guard !  
Bet yer a dollar he won't close it.

“Walk in, darkeys, troo de gate:  
 Hark! de kuller'd angels holler;  
 Go 'way, white folks, you're too late!  
 We's the winning kuller! wait  
 Till de trumpet blows to foller!

“Halleloojah! tanks to praise!  
 Long enuff we've borne our crosses;  
 Now we's de sooperior race,  
 And, wid Gorrarnighty's grace,  
 We'se going to hebben afo' de bosses!”

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### PRAISE.

*September 15.*

AWAKE, my soul! and sing his praise  
 Who crowds with blessings all thy days.  
 He gives thee health with morning light,  
 And brings thee rest with shades of night.

'Tis he thy hands with work employs,  
 'Tis he thy bosom fills with joys;  
 All sweets of sense doth he bestow,  
 And mental treasures from him flow.

When worldly cares thy soul oppress,  
 When crucial pains thy frame distress,  
 Who takes the cut and gash of woe,  
 And bears thee up his grace to show?

When sickness comes with blighting breath,  
 And nigh thee stands the form of death,  
 Who plucks the sting of parting pain  
 And calls to camp th' angelic train?

O Christ, my Lord! soul-healer thou!  
 O loving Fount of every good!  
 Thy praise shall all my powers employ,  
 And thou forever be my joy.

*October* 1.—In the canefields and the cornfields, where the ground has been cultivated, is the greatest profusion of wild beauty in August and September. Not to mention other things, there are two varieties of convolvulus—one like the common sort grown by cottages in the North, with large blooms of purple, pink, white, or mixed; the other has a globe of flowerets that open one at a time, each small as a bluebell and of like color, except that the calyx—which is adherent—is a very light blue. These exquisite little things cover the long military ranks of corn and sugar cane. They are known to the workmen as “tie vines,” and have to be removed from the stalks of cane lest they suffocate it.

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### GLORIES.

“GLORIES,” ye are my flowers  
 To morning and to man;  
 A gladness to the hours,  
 A smile upon the land.  
 O, cups of joy!  
 There’s no alloy  
 In the fleet  
 Dewy sweet  
 Of your lips.

Whence come ye, pretty ones?  
 Did pearls take root and grow?  
 Do diamonds spring in zones  
 Beneath, and in ye blow?  
 O, cups of joy!  
 There's no alloy  
 In the smart  
 Of the heart  
 That looks on ye.

Mayhap the hidden power  
 That quickens the abyss  
 Hath shed an Iris shower  
 Of tears that utter bliss.  
 O, cups of joy!  
 There's no alloy  
 In rapture fine  
 'Twixt soul of mine  
 And thine.

I have 't. On morning ray  
 Of yon imperial sun  
 Ye slid into our day,  
 And made the glory one.  
 O, cups of joy!  
 There's no alloy  
 In thoughts of love  
 Shot from above  
 In your glance.

*December 21.*—Solstice. Thank God that after to-night the days lengthen, I hope, for an eternal day. Never did like night.

Emperor Williams, a genuine black man, preached to-day. His text was Luke xxiii, 42: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy

kingdom." The preacher expatiated on the marvellous faith of "the thief on the cross"—as great, in the circumstances, as that of Abraham or Job.

His talk to the Sunday school was characteristic.

Some one, in days of old, offered his (Williams') master five thousand dollars for him, but without avail. "I wuz a mechanic, a fust rate A No. 1 workman, ef I am a poh preacher. I'se been three months an' two days 'thout tobacco, an' I don't think I'll use it any moh. I weighs moh'n I ever did befoh. The bishops an' doctors of divinity often asked me to quit tobacco, but I said I'd chew an' spit jes' as long 's I pleased. But the cholera tuk hole of me last fall, an' that persuaded me to quit.

"I wuz not, in my young days, in the habit of takin' drams. But once in New Orleans I went with some young men, of a Sunday, on an excursion to Lake Pontchartrain. There came up a shower, and, getting wet, we went into a house by the roadside to take refreshments. I did not purpose drinking, but they shamed me into it, and, so as to be a man, I tuk two drams.



“As we walked 'long the shell road by the border of the canal the road began to swell an' roll, an' they tole me I wuz drunk. I said, 'No, I ain't;' an' to prove it I mounted the rail between the road and the canal an' walked on it. But the plaguey road rolled wuss 'n ever, an' I fell over into the canal, as it happened, by the side of a termendius alligator. He jes' flopped an' I flopped, an' to save my head I jes' made fur the other side of the canal. The alligator wuz so astonished he clar disappeared. I done quit drinkin' after that. Didn't like the company.

“When a young man I wuz a fine dancer. One time when performin' a mazourka, whirlin' roun' with my pardner—jes' at the head of an open stairway—she let go o' me, an' away I went, pell-mell, down to the lower flo'; an' that ended my dancin'.

“In 1852, after the Dred Scott decision, my master said one day, 'Emp., you're nuthin' but a chattel; no more 'n a mule.' I jes' wouldn't stan' that, an' we cum together—fisty-cuff an' tussel it wuz, an' we cum nigh goin' to judgmen' that day. But, ye better believe it, that same man, three weeks after, gave me my papers, an' sho' I wuz free.”

The Sunday school took the annual collection for the Freedmen's Aid. Amount, twenty dollars.

"The Little Soldiers" reported the largest amount, and received a prize banner. Simie Hirst brought in the largest individual amount, and received a gold medal.

Thermometer 76°.

*Sunday, January 10, 1886.*—During the past year—the heat of summer and the excessive rains, the toil and tribulation of poverty, the neglect of friends, the malice of enemies, the ingratitude of beneficiaries, the failure of plans, the disappointment of hopes—all these things have crowded our path and checkered the year; but in them all the Lord has been with us. "The horse and his rider have been thrown into the sea."

We have left our home and taken dwelling in the Boarding Hall. We have but few boarders, and live in hope.

As to the results of our labor, there are some. Some ignorant boys and girls have become intelligent; some teachers and preachers have been trained; the tone of morals about us is much improved. Whether the results are commensurate with the labor, whether they should not have been

much greater, is a question we cannot answer. It is left to the divine judgment.

— died . . . days ago. He might have been entitled "Satan's Prime Minister."

O—— R—— is an African youth, about twenty-five years of age, who thinks he has all the wisdom of the ages in his head. Aristotle is small fry in comparison. He is a disciple of Robert Ingersoll. He does not recognize any authority but that of O—— R——. He tried being a student in this Seminary, but found it necessary to "emancipate himself."

"Eddication" does wonders.

Now and then, in front of an assembly of teachers and scholars, intermingled with some who have had no opportunities, there suddenly bobs up a frowsly specimen of an ex-slave who glories in having acquired the power to read and write: "Some ob ye what ain't eddicated jes' haf ter take a back seat dese days. Reason why I'se noticed by de white folks an' got an offis, kase I'se eddicated. I tells ye, folks, ye's done got ter be eddicated ef yer wants to be 'spected an' to git a good livin'."

*January 11.*—One woman, a church member, lives with a man who is of no church, in a state of concubinage. The woman's former husband was a soldier in the late war, and she is an applicant for a pension. She therefore declines to be married lest she lose her chance for a pension. The church tolerates; Uncle Sam will probably do the same.

*January 18.*—Many decline entering our Boarding Hall because we require the work of the house to be done by the boarders. They are afraid of the ghost of slavery; but that ghost will be laid in a year, and they will come.

*January 25.*—Telegram Saturday, 23, from Dr. Hartzell, saying, "We shall arrive Monday at noon." The "we" included, besides himself, Bishop Bowman and Dr. Albert. Bishop Bowman preached this p. m. and dedicated the chapel to the service of Almighty God. His showing that educated labor is held to be worth twenty per cent more than uneducated produced a profound impression.

*January 31.*—To-day the sermon contained an exhortation to be more watchful of the moral and religious training of the children, to bring them

to church and to Sunday school. One of the leading brethren—a very good man, too—in making an exhortation, said, “Somehow it seems as ef, when de chil’un goes to Sunday school, they gits away from us; they’s too smart for us; they’s goin’ to hell.”

“Too smart for us!” That is the truth. Parents who have no parental government, who really have no home for their children, such see the young going in platoons to destruction. Their best escape and safeguard is inside the Christian school.

*February 20.*—Brother D——, the new pastor, preached well. Among other good things he said, “In order to do well the Lord’s work I must keep Morris Dyer down, and when he is down put my foot on him, so that the Lord may have his way and use me for it.”

We elected Mrs. Dyer superintendent of the Sunday school. Brother D—— appointed a teachers’ meeting for Thursday night next at the close of the prayer meeting. If we should succeed in having a “teachers’ meeting” it will be the first time in the history of this Sunday school.

We are solving the problem of a boarding-

house—the most hazardous of our experiments. We put board nominally at ten dollars per month. We allow those who work one hour per day a credit of three dollars per month, and those who work two hours per day receive a proportionate credit.\* Very small children, who are cared for by older ones, are charged only three dollars cash. The people are exceedingly poor. We are feeling our way along. They who are not in the extreme of poverty are yet unused to their children being sent away from home. If they send them to us they come often to visit and stop a day, and we make no charge for that day's board. Twenty-five dollars is the entire amount of cash received by the boarding department this winter to date. The remainder paid is work. We could not run it at all if it were not for the avails of the land. One of our household has been recently converted, and one more is seeking a religious experience. We are praying that all may be saved. I wish we could witness deeper thoughtfulness and spirituality in our meetings. There is a prevalent shallowness in religious experience.

Night school now ; two hours per night.

\* This was after substituted by the rule that every one must work two hours per day, and should receive five dollars per month credit.

*February 24.*—Sabbath observance is not painfully exact in this country. Many seem not to understand us when we refuse to do business on the Lord's Day. This morning a man came to me, while on the way to the Sunday school, and inquired about the rent of a house. He was told to come next day, as I did not do business on the Lord's Day. When this incident was conjoined with a sermon preached some two or three weeks ago—in which we held that nations that have been destroyed were so dealt with as punishment for disobeying God's commands—the impression was made and maliciously fostered by some persons that we were making war on the "Cadians." These are an innocent and unfortunate people who occupy extensive regions here, and were originally colonists from "Acadia," now Nova Scotia. We've been glad to learn of them, and to do them good in some instances; never dreamed of ill-will toward them.

*February 28.*—Had a pleasant talk this P. M. with Leonard, Edward, Dan, Nehemiah, and Madison, about going to Africa as missionaries. Some of them, particularly Edward, Nehemiah, and Madison—nay, even Dan—seemed much in-

terested. They would go with me. I wish I had the means to go and found a mission in the lower valley of the Niger. If the Lord would give the means I would go at once. One of the boys said, "Doctor, why don't you go?" I answered, "For lack of means." Perhaps some time I should be able.

The "teachers' meeting" appointed for last Thursday night failed from lack of teachers. Another appointment was made for Saturday, 1 P. M., and that failed. Now it is to be tried for Wednesday next, 4 P. M.

Do I love thee, my Lord, more than these my brethren? I can see that they lack in depth of experience and fervency of piety. But do I love more than they? If I do not I am more at fault than they. To be a very deep and earnest Christian is to be a cultured person, or the child of one such. This I have learned. Those who have not inherited the tendencies to culture, and have as yet had little or no opportunity to acquire it, may have, and often do have, great sincerity of piety, but the depth, the earnestness, the consistency are not there.



The totally uneducated man displays a lack of moral sense. One of the ordinary things among them is for a person to contract, to-day, to work for you, and to-morrow to contract with another, abandoning you without notice or excuse. When you meet him next time he seems not conscious of a broken obligation, does not offer an explanation, nor seem to dream that you could expect one.

To abandon one man or woman and take another seems just the thing, and he that calls it in question speaks an unknown tongue. The younger generation are taking higher ground.

Some fine instances of domestic virtue and Christian conscientiousness are found among the parents. Some of the young men and women are beautiful examples of purity, modesty, and upward aspirations.

To solve the problem of moral purity for the colored race involves the cooperation of the white race. Said a white citizen of Louisiana, an established and well-known man, "There is no saving the men of the white race in this country until you first save the women of the colored race." God knows how to balance the guilt of the past,

and how to secure cooperation in habilitating the virtues of the future.

An invitation was extended to the Women's Christian Temperance Union of — to assist in organizing a Women's Christian Temperance Union among the colored people. No response. After a lapse of some time there came an invitation to the ladies of my house to attend a *bal masque* in —. We know not the source of the invitation, and care not to know. We only pray that God may give our friends—and they are our friends—the love of better things.

*March 3.*—L—— preached to-day from "It is finished." He is the best sermonizer among the young colored men of this part of the State, so far as I know. I pray the Lord to cure his self-conceit.

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VIVENS, MORIENS.

*March 7.*

I AM dying, daily dying,  
 Low life's fire is burning ;  
     Just a glow,  
     Fitful, slow,  
     Still doth show  
 The breath of God is blowing  
     On the coals.

I am passing, swiftly passing,  
Down life's turbulent stream.  
Just a throw  
Of the billow  
And a throe—  
And I'll be happy floating  
On the sea.

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### SUFFERING.

SUFFERING is the badge of sainthood. Suffering is a gift from God. It is the lancet to an ulcer, the twelve labors that make a god of Hercules, the cross that perfects Jesus. Teach me, eternal Spirit, to make it welcome. O let me not rebel!

*March 26.*—Friends from New York called to-day. They manifested a lively sympathy. They brought us a gift of sunshine. Not many sunbeams come.

One of the girls to-day was found weeping. Said she should have to leave the school. We knew no reason for it; she had maintained a good standing. The matter seemed mysterious, but at length we learned that the trouble was a color line. This girl was fair. The black ones envied her, and persecuted her in various annoy-

ing ways. She retorted by calling them "niggers," and they paid her with blows. The girls are belligerent. They know how to use their fists. We found a way to settle the business quickly. Our general principle of administration—simple and safe and effective—is that students are not to settle their own grievances. They are to come always to the teachers. This applies to all, older or younger, male or female.

*March 28.*—He that seeketh wealth seeketh a snare. Worldly prosperity is nearly always moral ruin.

Hebrews xii, 2: "Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame." Strike out "for," insert "instead of," and you have the meaning of the writer.

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#### A STRUGGLE UPWARD.

"HE ain't got nothin' but seminary religion," and the old sister's eyes filled as they followed him up the aisle, and her white turban bowed as he knelt at the communion table. Her black vel-

vet cheek rested upon her hand in reverent attitude, but her eyes still clung to her boy. She held her breath as he took the bread and wine, and drew a sigh of relief when nothing unusual happened. His eyes, full of peace and content, met her troubled ones a moment when he rose, and then he was lost in the crowded church. She forgot her trouble for a moment as after service she listened to the admiring crowd around him.

“Say, June, is you really gwine to be graduated nex’ year?”

“What’s dat wite ribbon fur?”

“Has you really got religion?”

“You been baptized, June?”

“I wuz jes’ gwine ter ax dat question myself,” and the pastor crowded his way through and took Junius’s hand in both of his. “I’se mighty proud to see yer at de Lawd’s table dis mawnin’, an’ I laid out ter see ef yer’d been baptized.”

Junius’s face clouded. “Father don’t want me to be baptized at present; I shall return to the school in the fall.”

“Dat doan make no diffrence, not de leas’ bit. Yer needs ter be baptised jes’ de same. I’ll

come aroun' dis evenin' an' hear how yer came through, an' I'll hab a talk wid yer father."

Junius withdrew his hand, turned away and walked silently beside his mother.

"June," she said, presently, "You mustn't think hard o' me 'bout bein' baptized; ef you thinks you got religion I won't hinder."

"Now, mother, we will drop the subject. I shall not join the church or be baptized this summer, since you and father object; but let us have peace."

Nevertheless there was not peace, and when he arose in church and testified in these words, "I am trusting in my Saviour, who forgives my sins; pray for me, that I may be faithful," a ripple of astonishment spread over the congregation.

As the brothers and sisters gathered around him after service they exhorted him to tell his experience, and how he came through, saying that they would gladly stay an hour to listen. But he excused himself and went out into the night alone. Halfway home the pastor overtook him.

"Brudder June, O, Brudder June, wait; tell me, my dear boy, has you been to hell?"

“No, thank God, and I hope I never may.”

“But, my brudder, you can't get religion widout gwine to hell an' habbin' yer chains struck off.”

Junius was silent.

“Has yer been to heaven, brudder?”

“No, but I hope to go in the future.”

“You mus' go now, deed you mus'; you can't get true religion 'less you do.”

Again Junius was silent.

“Budder June, I doan think you oughter go to de Lawd's table 'less you got true religion.”

Junius turned and faced him.

“The Lord Jesus Christ has forgiven my sins, and I love him, and have a right at his table.”

The pastor sighed, and dropped the attack for the night only to renew it the next chance.

The majority of the people as the weeks went by dropped the subject, and, although unconvinced, were silent. But some of the deacons could not reconcile their consciences to his partaking of the sacrament. They reasoned thus: “Ef he's a Christian he oughter be baptized, an' ef he ain't he oughtn't to take sacrament.”

Nevertheless the tender-hearted pastor could not refuse the kneeling boy and pass him by. Often when he gave him the bread and wine a big tear would fall on the boy's head, and the old man's voice would break on the customary words, "May hit preserve yer soul an' body to everlastin' life."

The pastor's heart yearned over this, the jewel of his flock, the one educated boy in the little village. Many times he pleaded with the Lord "To sen' dat boy home a Christian an' prepare him to fill de place of yer unprofitable servant." When Junius had, the first Sunday on his return from school, knelt at the communion table, the pastor's joy knew no bounds. But now he felt that he had on his hands a problem greater than he could manage.

He had first thought that the boy would not relate his experience, through pride in his education, and a desire to hold himself above his people, but as time passed he saw that could not be, and he began to fear that Junius had no experience. His heart shook within him as he thought of giving sacrament to such a hypocrite. Therefore he resolved not to do it again, but when he spoke



to Junius about it the boy looked him straight in the face and said, "In what am I a hypocrite? What do I profess that I do not live up to?"

When next communion Sunday came the boy went forward; the pastor dared not refuse.

Meanwhile Junius was not idle. He formed a temperance society among the young people, and held weekly meetings in the church, holding forth so eloquently upon such occasions that the village was stirred, and his parents elated beyond words. He organized a literary club among the most intelligent boys and girls, and, holding meetings from house to house, carried joy with him.

But in the boy's heart was an ache that no one guessed. It is no easy matter to take a new step, and all alone to face your own people and friends, particularly upon a question of religion.

When he thought of the Saturday afternoon meeting in which he gave his heart to the Saviour peace would return, and he would rest content until another wave struck him, and then the unrest would return.

One great cause of trouble was a schoolmate, Adele Johnson. She accepted Christ in the same

quiet, trusting way, but on reaching home she, with a woman's quick tact, rose to the occasion, and wonderful indeed was the experience related. It abounded in thrilling scenes, such as hanging over hell on a cobweb, and closed with such a realistic description of her entrance into heaven that the whole church swayed with emotion and shouted for joy.

Then came the baptism, and Adele, in white robes, went singing into the river, and was borne out in a death-like trance amid the shouts of the sisters.

Think you there was no cross in this for the boy who had all his life looked forward to it and was now left out? His temperance and literary work, yea, even his graduation was swallowed up, and doubt and misery held sway until a letter from one of his teachers cheered him a bit and helped him to hold on. But a new resolution formed in his heart. He would get the religion of his fathers.

One Sunday night he spoke bravely in his own home church of the hope that was in him, and the next Thursday night in his school chapel he took his seat with the unsaved. At the first invitation to

go forward he knelt at the altar, but while others found peace he was still there.

Weeks passed. At last a kindly soul detained him after meeting, and, with much persuasion, drew from him the story of the whole summer's trouble in one short sentence: "I haven't backslid; I want religion like my folks have." After an hour of Bible reading and prayer Junius, once more convinced of the correctness of his position, took his place again among the Christians. But when he returns home?

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#### THE VOICE.

THERE was once, in rehearsing for a concert, need of a strong child voice, which was found in as restless a piece of ebony as ever "chunked a coon with a brickbat."

The voice suited to a "T," but the appurtenances were rather troublesome. For instance:

The little black feet that ought to have brought the "Voice" to rehearsal three times a week were more often to be seen swaying just above the tall grass in the front meadow, than dangling in front of the big arm-chair in the music room. Once,

indeed, an attempt at seizure was made; but although the little black feet swayed on contentedly until the teacher's hand was on the blue cottonade shirt-collar, then freedom was obtained with a deft twist; the little black feet went twinkling up the dusty road beside a swinging kerosene-can, and a cheery voice floated back, "Mar's got ter hab dis yere culloil fo' dark."

Hastily the teacher retraced her steps to be greeted by six grinning sets of ivory belonging to the rest of the "company." The rehearsal, undertaken without the aid of the "Voice," progressed but slowly, until interrupted by a gentle knock at the door, which, on being opened, disclosed a very complacent young gentleman, covered with dust, who smiled sweetly, with, "Did yer want me, Miss Annie?"

The teacher, with becoming patience, began all over again, and the house and yard rang with the echoes of that "Voice" until, with hand to her weary head, the teacher demanded diminution. This resulted in such whispered tones that no word in the dictionary could express her despair.

At last came the night of the concert, and the teacher, ready to begin, found the owner of the "Voice"—gorgeous costume and all—fast asleep on a bench.

But all the care, anxiety, trouble, and worry were forgiven. For, once roused, he trotted upon the stage, bowed, smiled, scowled, and sang all at the proper time, and carried his audience captive; and "thereby hangs a tale."

The captivated audience were not content that he should be covered with honors that night and cover up a stomach-ache all the next day, but they made it their business to praise and pet him everywhere they met him.

As a result the little black feet dangled in front of the big arm-chair when they ought to have been in school, and the "Voice" talked concerts instead of geography so incessantly that the teacher's conscience began to prick; for was not she the cause of it all?

Wondering what could be done, she was greatly relieved when in the course of a revival her young friend was powerfully converted.

For a week he was in school and ceased to trouble her. Then the pastor started a subscrip-

tion for a new church, and gave each member a five-dollar list which they must give or raise.

As our young friend had no money to give he started out to raise it, skipping school to do so.

He counted much on his lately acquired popularity, and not in vain, for he raised his subscription in one day, and then, instead of returning to school, took another list and went into the business.

Now, this was all very well for the church, but not very beneficial to the boy's education. While his poor teacher was in the depths of despair over this new freak an angel of mercy, in the shape of Mrs. P——, descended.

Now, Mrs. P—— meditated a journey to the land (as she said) where God lives, otherwise the "North." Hearing of the teacher's troubles, and being one of the captivated audience, she at once proposed to delay a day and take the boy along, which—skipping the details which would make a story in themselves—she did.

Now, if the reader knows anything about K——, he knows what a dismal place it is even in the sunshine; and, perhaps, he can imagine how utterly unbearable it is in the rain. Mrs. P—— and her

young charge arrived about six A. M. and missed the east bound train.

If you ever do this let me advise you to take the next train into the city. Mrs. P—— was tired, hungry and cold, and she started out in the wind and rain to see what she could find. Now, I think that I am right in stating that there is not a place in K—— except liquor saloons. Should there be one place not so used I most humbly beg its pardon.

Mrs. P——, after tramping until she was muddy halfway up, wet halfway down, and cold all over, found a saloon with a parlor over it, which was placed at her disposal, and, in consideration of her condition, a fire was built in the barroom below that the pipe in the parlor might be warm.

She sat on the floor back against the pipe until sleep overcame her. Seeing her young charge artistically engaged on the floor with a piece of wrapping-paper, a broken lath, and a pencil, she stretched out on the couch and was soon fast asleep.

Awaking with a start, she found the room empty. Not a vestige of the boy, but the lath.

It was not reassuring to hear talk below of the circus, and great oaths because of the weather.

A vision of a small black boy flying around a tent on a vicious horse passed before her, and she meditated a wild flight after him. But before she raised courage to venture out into the wet there came heavy steps on the stairs, a rough knock at the door, and a burly policeman tramped into the room.

To his rough demand as to whether she was Mrs. P——, and had a colored boy with her, she answered, faintly, that she was Mrs. P——, and that she did have such a boy.

“Why in thunder didn’t you keep him, madam? I’ll tell you we won’t have him working on our streets, and if that is what you brought him for you had better take him back.”

Mrs. P—— looked in amazement through the window. The mud did not look as though it stopped short of China, and the plank walks were partly floated by the overflowing gutters. What could the boy do on these streets! She turned to the policeman. “I don’t understand.”

He drew from his pocket and placed on the table a piece of damp, crumpled wrapping-paper,



which still showed a rough sketch of an imposing church with a tapering spire.

“Did you ever see that before?” he demanded.

“I think so.”

“And this?” producing a very dirty subscription-list.

“O, yes.”

“Well, I—”

But here the boy burst into the room with dripping clothes, bulging eyes, and open mouth, which he closed abruptly at the sight of the policeman.

“Here he is, a nice young rascal, taking his dirty paper into the stores, singing for money, and stopping people on the street this awful weather to beg for a miserable church down South.”

Mrs. P——’s eyes sparkled. “Now, see here; you need not talk about his dirty paper. Your saloons are too dirty to mention in the same breath; and what’s more, there is nothing in this miserable town but saloons, and if there is any one here decent enough to give money for a church I am astonished.

“If you had a church here it would be some

credit, and there would be a decent place for me to go to, where my ears would not be filled with oaths that no word in the dictionary is vile enough to qualify. If you are so wicked that a church can't exist here you had better get down on your knees and thank the Lord that he was good enough to honor your town for a few hours with the presence of a boy who loved his Maker."

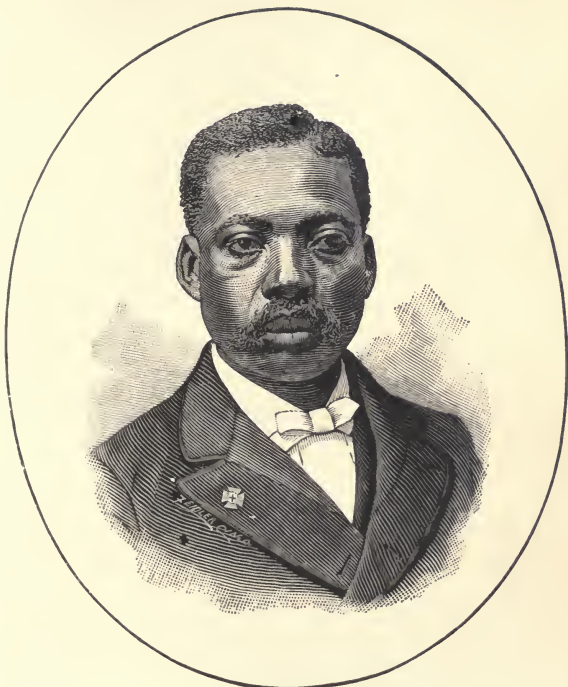
By this time the policeman had backed into the hall and shut the door.

While the boy hugged the stovepipe with one wet arm and counted his money, she heard the policeman say below that he would arrest anyone who swore there while the lady was above.

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REV. MADISON C. B. MASON, A. M.

MR. MASON was born on a sugar farm near Houma, La., March 21, 1859. At ten years of age he entered school and mastered the alphabet the first day. Reaching the limit of the country school in the fall of 1874, he entered the State A. and M. College, New Orleans, La., in January, 1875. This was a mixed school, and Mr. Mason received no little persecution and ill-treatment on account of color. He refused to leave, how-



REV. MADISON C. B. MASON, A.M.,  
Field Agent of Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.



ever, and stood at the head of his class from March till the close of school in July. He was principal of the town school of Houma, where he was once a student, from 1877 to 1880. In the fall term of 1880 he entered New Orleans University, but left in the spring of 1881 to become postmaster of his native town. In 1883 he joined the Louisiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was stationed at Haven Chapel, New Orleans, when he entered New Orleans University, graduating from the classical department in May, 1888. In the pastorate Mr. Mason has been highly successful, as his work in church-building, paying debts of long standing, and conversions at Haven, Thomson, and Mallalieu chapels will show. He is now pastor of Lloyd Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Atlanta, Ga., the largest in the Savannah Conference, and the church is greatly prospering under his charge.

He delivered an able address at one of the anniversaries of the Freedmen's Aid Society, and preached a sermon that attracted much attention at the time of the recent session of the General Conference in Omaha, Neb.

He is now the field agent of the Freedmen's Aid Society.

## BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

*Sermon by Andrew L. Jackson, one of our students, also an assistant teacher.*

THERE is nothing that cheers me more than the Bible, and particularly the life and character of John the Baptist. When John appeared it was as black as midnight. The Old Testament had been sealed up by Malachi's proclamation of the Lord and of the forerunner who should introduce him.

We are told that with Malachi prophecy ceased for four hundred years. Then John came preaching repentance, preparing the way of the Lord. He looked back upon the past and forward to the future.

I will not dwell upon his birth, although it is interesting to read, in Luke, the conversation of the angel Gabriel with Zacharias, his father, when he was executing the priest's office before God, and what took place when John was born.

As in the case of Jesus, his name and his birth were announced beforehand. When John was born there was a great uproar of the people, but it soon died out. The death of Christ would have died out of men's minds had it not been for the Holy Ghost.

After the wonders attending John's birth for thirty years he dropped out of sight.

Many events had taken place during that period. The Roman emperor had died. Herod, who had sought the lives of young children when he heard that Jesus was born "King of the Jews," was dead. The shepherds were gone. The father of John the Baptist was gone. Simeon and Anna, the prophet and prophetess, were gone. John was forgotten among men. All at once there was "a voice heard" in the wilderness, and a cry came, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." There had been a long line of prophets. John was the last prophet of the law. He stood upon the threshold of a new age, with one foot upon the old and the other upon the new dispensation. He told them what had taken place in the past, and what should take place in the future.

Now, there were two Johns, the apostle who gave us the "Revelation," and John the Baptist. We would like to distinguish these two Johns.

All the evangelists speak of John the Baptist. Matthew says, "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea."

Mark says, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." In Luke we read, "The word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness." John, the beloved, says, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

That is the way these four men introduce him. His dress was much like Elijah's, which was of camel's hair, with a leathern girdle. His preaching was like that of Elijah. No name could stir the people like Elijah's name. And when the news had reached from town to town, and at last reached Jerusalem, that one had risen like Elijah in the appearance of his dress, and the power of God was upon him, the people flocked to hear him. It seems very strange that he never performed any miracles, nor healed any sick; and yet he moved the whole nation. And when his fame had spread abroad you could hear the tramp of thousands flocking from the towns to the wilderness to hear a man who had no commission from men; a man who had gone through no college or seminary; who had no D.D., LL.D., or any other handle to his name; but was simply John, a heaven-sent man, with a heaven-given name.



And many of the people believed on him because he was sent from God. In Boston or London any great man can gather a large audience; but let him go away into the forest and see if he can draw a crowd from the cities to hear him, as John did.

The bank of the Jordan was his pulpit, the desert his home; his food was locusts and wild honey.

Then went out to him Jerusalem and all Judea and all the region round about Jordan. Think of the whole population going out into the wilderness to hear an open-air preacher, and to be baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.

He only preached two sermons. His first text was, "Repent." Perhaps no lips ever uttered the word "repent" as John the Baptist. Secondly, "Behold the Lamb of God." Day after day when he walked out on the banks of that famous river you could hear his voice rolling out, "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." We can almost now hear the echoes of his voice as it floated up and down the Jordan.

Many wonderful things had taken place on that stream. Naaman had washed away his leprosy

there. Elijah and Elisha had crossed it dry shod. Joshua had led through its channel the mighty host of the redeemed, on their journey from Egypt into the promised land. But it had never seen anything like this. Men, women, and children; mothers with babes in their arms, scribes, Pharisees, and Sadducees, publicans and soldiers flocked from Judea, Samaria and Galilee to hear this wonderful preacher.

John preached his first coming, so we are to preach the second coming of Christ. It is safe for us to preach it. If you remember he said he is coming again, and no one can hinder it.

John was not like most preachers, who preach to be praised of men. He preached to please God. He had several chances to make himself great among men, but did not. One day there came down from Jerusalem a very influential committee, appointed by the chief priests, to ask him if he was the Messiah, or Elijah, or what he was. And when they asked was he the Messiah, what an opportunity he had to pass himself off as Christ.

John the Baptist was very little in his own estimation, but the angel had said before his birth, "He shall be great in the sight of the

Lord," and this was why he cried, "Behold the Lamb of God."

I don't know why John called him a lamb, but of all creatures a lamb is the humblest.

Take a lamb and a goat, for comparison, to put them to death, and one goat will make more noise than a hundred lambs. So it is with sinners. They dread death, but a Christian don't. Abel offered a lamb unto God for a sacrifice, and it was accepted. Abraham offered Isaac, his son, upon the altar, but God provided a lamb.

We will use this lamb as the second person in the Holy Trinity, and in the objective case and the object complement. In reply to them that were sent from Jerusalem when they asked him, "Who art thou?" he confessed and denied not, but confessed, "I am not the Christ." They asked him, "What then, art thou Elijah?" and he said, "I am not." "Art thou that prophet?" and he answered, "No." Then said they unto him, "Who art thou? that we may give an answer to them that sent us; what sayest thou of thyself?" He said, "I am the voice of one crying in the

wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias."

And the next day, while John stood on the banks of the famous river Jordan, and the people were standing around him from every quarter, hearing every word he spake, he stopped suddenly in the middle of his sermon ; his appearance changed, and the people began to wonder what was the matter with him.

No doubt they asked the question, " Has he lost the thread of his discourse? Is sickness stealing over him? Has death laid his icy hand upon him?" But John stood with his eyes fixed upon a man who had no extraordinary appearance different from any other man. He approaches the Jordan, and, addressing John, asks to be baptized of him. The Master says, " Suffer it to be so now : for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness."

After being baptized by John, as they came out of the water the Spirit descended like a dove and abode upon him ; and the voice of Jehovah, which had been silent upon the earth for centuries, was heard saying from heaven,

“This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”

From the time of the fall of our first parents God could not say that he was pleased with man. But as Jesus came up out of the water the heavens were opened, and God himself bore witness that he was “well pleased with his beloved Son.”

John said that he saw and bore record that “this is the Son of God.” And the next day John saw Jesus coming to him and said, “Behold the Lamb of God.”

From that day John changed his text. He had preached “Repent,” but now his text is, “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.” Now John’s mission was near about accomplished. He did what he came to do. His mission was to rebuke sin. And because he rebuked the king and told him it was not lawful for him to live in adultery, and because he was not ashamed to deliver God’s message just as it was given to him, he was beheaded for his testimony, and buried in the land of Moab, just outside the holy land, near where Moses, the law-giver, was buried. His ministry was very short;

it lasted only two years. But he had finished his course ; he had done his work.

Now, my dear friends, we have meant here to point out to you the way that leads from earth unto heaven ; the King's highway—the way of holiness.

Our text says, "Behold the Lamb of God." You that know anything about language know that "behold" means to look. So we want you to look upon Jesus, "the King of kings," and the "Prince of peace." A generation ago the Prince of Wales made a tour through America, and did not tell anyone his mission until he returned home. But this Prince tells us he did "not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Yea, behold him in the garden ; in agony he prays. Behold him led before Pilate, and from Pilate to Herod.

Isaiah said at one time, while looking down the broad lane of time, seven hundred years before his appearance, "He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth : he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a

sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken."

Behold him nailed upon the Roman cross, hanging between heaven and earth, bleeding and groaning in order that you and I might inherit eternal life.

We are told after he was dead Joseph begged his body and laid it in his own new tomb. After three days God sent the angels down to roll away the stone from the door of the sepulcher, and the Lamb of God rose with power. After forty days' stay on earth with his disciples he took them out to the Mount of Olives, and behold a bright cloud overshadowed them, and he was taken up into heaven.

He says that he is coming again to take his disciples home, to live eternally in the kingdom with the sanctified forever. And when he shall come to select his jury I want to be numbered in the number that John saw, when the graves shall be bursting and the sea rolling her dead to shore; and when we shall step on board

of his train, and quit time for eternity, and as we go higher and higher, and when we get up about the third heaven, and when he shall command the everlasting gates to fly wide open and the everlasting doors to be lifted up, then shall we hear him say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

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REV. E. B. RICHARDS.

THE subject of this sketch is a man about forty years of age, having been a slave in his early boyhood, with but few recollections of the dark days preceding freedom. His father and mother were persons of remarkable sense and strong character.

The father and mother died during the reconstruction period, and Edward, being the eldest, was left in charge of the home and the family. Two brothers and two sisters under his guidance have grown up to manhood and womanhood, and are leading useful and worthy lives, owing to him the priceless boon of a good example, good domestic training, and a good education. He postponed his marriage until he had seen his two sis-





REV. E. B. RICHARDS.







MRS. E. B. RICHARDS.

ters and one brother through their schooling, then took into the partnership of his life a worthy, excellent woman, who is now the mother of his two sons, and the sympathetic sharer in his toils for the good of others. He makes his youngest brother a member of his household, and gives him opportunities of education.

Mr. Richards is a rare man. He is a plain, pointed, earnest preacher, never satisfied without gathering souls into the Church. He is a faithful and successful financier, keeping himself and his church out of debt, and making the church property better.

He is a man of pure heart and correct life. The standard of clean living he holds high, and the Ten Commandments are kept to the front by doctrine and by example. He is now in the fourth year of his pastorate in Trinity Church, Winsted, La.

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#### ISAIAH EUGENE MULLON, A.M., M.D.

ISAIAH EUGENE MULLON was born of slave parentage August 1, 1856, at Vicksburg, Warren County, Miss. His father, a Baptist minister, died when he was but one year and a half old,

leaving him, together with four other children, to the care of his mother.

At the end of the war, and when he was but eight years old, his mother moved to New Orleans, and thus enabled him to enter the public schools of that city. This he did not do, however, until he had reached his eleventh year. He remained at the public schools until he completed the grammar grade, and passed a successful examination for admission to the Boys' High School of New Orleans. He, however, together with many other successful candidates of his race, was not admitted on account of color. He thereupon sought admission to the New Orleans University, and entered its first freshman class in the fall of 1873. While pursuing his studies at the university he maintained himself by teaching evening school, his mother being too poor to do more than give him a home.

Having completed the classical course, he was graduated with his class, and with high honor, in the spring of 1878, receiving the Baccalaureate of Arts.

Immediately upon leaving school he received an unimportant government appointment, but shortly afterward, giving this up, he went to Sum-





PROFESSOR I. EUGENE MULLON, A.M., M.D.,  
Professor in Mallalieu Medical College of the New Orleans University.



mit, Pike County, Miss., and took charge of a school having an enrollment of more than three hundred students. He remained there two years, having very phenomenal success, and then gave up the principalship in order to take the chair of Latin and Greek in his Alma Mater.

In the fall of 1881 he entered the Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tenn., being convinced that his vocation was in that direction. While here he was converted and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. After graduating he returned to Mississippi, and, having passed an examination before the Board of Medical Censors, located at Summit, Miss., began practice. A year later he removed to Holmesville, Miss., and soon built up a large and lucrative practice. He continued practice here over six years, when he was again honored by his Alma Mater, this time being called to assist in organizing the medical department of the New Orleans University. In this new school he was elected professor of anatomy, which position he now holds.

In March, 1891, he was appointed a member of and secretary to the United States Board of Examining Surgeons for Pensions, at New Orleans

—a position which he still holds. He is also visiting and consulting physician to the Faith Old Folks' Home (Baptist), and to the Methodist Old Folks' Home. In addition to these things he has a very large and constantly increasing general practice.

In 1886 he was married to Miss Amanda S. Perry, of Columbia, S. C, who is the mother of his four children.

Dr. Mullon has a keen analytical mind, and one that moves with quickness on a bee-line straight to honest conclusions. In his practice he challenges and receives the respect and the patronage of both white and colored people.

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#### A BASKET MEETING.

It was a great day for little Azelia. They were all going to the basket meeting at the Tchoupique. Yes, all; and that meant her, and she had never before been at a basket meeting away from home.

By daylight the household were astir, and there was much talk of an early start; but there were six heads to be combed, and that meant time.

Aunt Dorcas was a decidedly neat woman, and she usually kept the children's hair "wound"—a process that would take time to describe. Sufficient to say that it gave the head a skinny appearance and a resemblance to a checker-board, but it made cleanliness possible and prevented a frowsy aspect. The hair once wound would remain so for weeks, and ten minutes a day served to wash the heads of the family. But on a gala day, like this Sunday morning, all the hair must be unwound and combed.

Aunt Dorcas had four daughters, one niece, and a stray orphan girl, the aforesaid Azelia, in the family, and all too small to comb their own hair for "company." So it was ten o'clock before the six girls, two boys, Aunt Dorcas, and Uncle Jim climbed into the ox cart, by



aid of a chair, and started on their way. As one of the oxen was sick Uncle Jim had borrowed a mule to help out, and the team did not work very

well. The mule, being evidently disgusted with his partner, divided his time between trying to lift Uncle Jim off his seat and biting the unoffending ox.

“Ef dis yere mule,” said Uncle Jim, “’ud jes’ keep quiet ole Buck ’ud get us dar all right.”

The way was long but not tedious, for the boys gathered flowers and the girls sang hymns until Aunt Dorcas told them to keep their throats for church. I think it would be hard for the majority of people to conceive what an endless enjoyment there is in the singing of plantation melodies in an ox cart.

About noon they came to a crossroad, and were joined by other teams bound the same way. Queer-looking teams they were, too—any ramshackle thing that could be tied or nailed together and drawn by any beast that would pull. Here and there they met groups of pedestrians in gala dress. As they neared the church the children began to tease Uncle Jim for nickels.

“You know you means to gib us some in church. Let’s hab ’em now, pa.”

“O yes, let’s each one hab ’er own.”

“I don’t think it looks like educated folks

to be runnin' 'round church givin' yer children nickels."

That last fetched Uncle Jim. Rose had been to school, and always knew how to bring him to time. His hand was in his pocket, when Aunt Dorcas perceived his intention.

"What yer doin', Jim Johnson? Don't yer know dem chil'un 'll jes' gib dat money to de wrong man. Dey don't know nuffin at all 'bout de preachers."

"'Deed we do, ma; 'deed we do."

"H'm; ef you had two nickels who'd you gib 'em to?"

There was a silence; then Zeal's little hand crept up Uncle Jim's knee.

"Be you gwine to preach, uncle?"

"Dar now," said Aunt Dorcas. "Jes' see dat. Dem chil'un 'ud jes' gib you all de money dey had, an' tease fur more wen dey saw Mis'er Green a-failin'."

Just then a long procession came up a cross-road and turned toward the church steeple, which could be seen across the fields. There were twelve teams, all drawn by mules or horses, and all showing the effects of a long trip. Some of

them were quite fine equipages. The effect upon our friends was immense, and Aunt Dorcas took the occasion to give a new exhortation: "Keep de nickels fur Mis'er Green, kase I tell you 'tu'l be hard to keep 'm up 'gainst Brudder Simons." But all Aunt Dorcas's eloquence could not erase Rose's words from Uncle Jim's mind. He slipped a handful of nickels to her as he helped her from the cart, saying, "Gib 'em to de chil'un, but dey mus' be sure an' keep 'em fur Mis'er Green."

The church was filling fast, and the children were well content with seats halfway back in the middle of the church, while Aunt Dorcas and Uncle Jim made their way to the "Amen" corners. It was a plain, rectangular building, painted white inside, with no pretense to decorations except painted window-panes in imitation of stained glass, and a few mottoes cut from silver paper—with backward S's and N's—pasted askew on the wall.

The aged local preacher was holding forth from the pulpit, filling in time until the "big bugs" came. Quite a stir was occasioned by

the entrance of Brother Simons and his crew. But the service continued all through the greetings and bustle. No one paid any attention to what the brother was saying; but a few white-turbaned sisters in the "Amen" corner kept up a murmuring and responding that answered just as well.

As soon as quiet was regained the old man stepped to the altar rail, saying, "Now, my fr'en's, doan' leave me all out. Ef you please to gib me one dollar an' a dime I will t'ank you kin'ly. Sing me a lively tune, my sisters." Whereupon the sisters tuned up and a few of his personal friends walked up and put a nickel apiece on the table. As he begged for "jes' a few mo' nickels" some of the strangers took pity, and he finally announced that he was much obliged for six bits and a nickel.

As he stepped out a gaunt young man rose in the pulpit and began to line out a hymn with tremendous force. The contrast to the weak-voiced old man was great and drew the attention of the social groups outside, who hurried in and filled every available place. Those who could not find seats stood outside by the open windows, and everybody gave attention. He announced

his text as "An' we desire a better country," but paid no attention to it except to shout it with great gusto now and then. He held his audience by physical power. His arms gyrated about him like the arms of a wind-mill, and his enormous fists made havoc with the Bible. As he worked into excitement his voice rang over the fields, and the belated sisters at home, packing baskets, smiled and said, "Brudder Alf's a-preachin'."

Just as his audience was in perfect harmony with him—the sisters swaying their bodies and moaning as the leaves of the forest, while the brothers kept time with their feet and shouted "Amen"—he stopped abruptly and demanded the collection.

At this the excitement abated. Some one started a hymn, and about one third of the congregation went out to walk. Our young friends were among this number. After visiting the nearest cabin for a drink and saying "howdy" to their friends they returned to the church to find Brother Alf still begging money. He left the table in charge of a friend while he ran around outside among the people teasing and begging



until he returned triumphantly to thank the people for five dollars.

After this Uncle Jim was put in to fill a vacancy. Now, Uncle Jim had no education whatever, but he did have quite a knowledge of the Bible, acquired through hearing his children, especially Rose, read it; and as his brain was not full of half a hundred other things, and he was not trying to remember parts of a dozen books at once, he remembered what he heard. His sermon was such a combination of Scripture and hymn fragments that there was not much room for any thing original; and though many of the hymns may not be familiar, my readers will please remember that the unwritten hymnology of the colored race is more thoroughly known among them than the hymn book.

“My breddrin, you will fin’ my tex’ in de third chapter of Revelation, de twentyef verse, ‘Behol’, I stan’ at de do’, an’ knock.’ Now, bred-drin, I ain’t feelin’ so well to-day, bein’ much obercome wid de misery in my back. So I aint ‘spectin’ to preach all de tex’, but jes’ gib you all a few ijees. ‘Behol’, I stan’ at de do’, an’ knock.’ My breddrin an’ sisterin, let us dis mawnin’ look ‘way back in de garden ob Eden an’ see Eve

in de garden ; an' de angel wid de fiery sword he say,

“ ‘ Eve, whar is Adam ?  
Eve, whar is Adam ? ’

Den Eve she call back an' say,

“ ‘ Adam in de garden pinnin' leaves.’

An' de angel see Adam a-runnin' out de garden an' he say,

“ ‘ Whar you runnin', sinner ?  
Far' you well.  
Whar you runnin', sinner ?  
Far' you well.’

Den Adam he say,

“ ‘ I'se a-runnin' from de fi-ar.  
Far' you well.  
I'se a-runnin' from de fi-ar,  
Far' you well.’

“ O, my breddrin, dat wuz a sad time ! Eve she step on the serpent's head, an' de serpent bite her heel. ‘ Behol', I stan' at de, do' an' knock.' Let us come down, my breddrin, let us come down to little David as he ten'ed his sheeps on de hillside ; an' he kill de lion an' de bar to save he's sheep. An' de lion he say, ‘ Turn me loose, little David ;’ an' he say, ‘ I ain't gwine ter turn yer loose t'will I kill you.’ An' Saul he sont fur David, an' he say,

“O, David ! play on yer gol'en harp.  
Hallelujah !  
David play on yer gol'en harp.  
Hallelujah !”

“Behol', I stan' at de do', an' knock.' An'  
Isaiah he stan' on Mount Zion, an' he look 'way  
off an' he say, ' I see 'im, de mighty God, de eber-  
lastin' Father, an' de Prince ob peace.'”

“Den de clock in heaben done struck one;  
King Jesus suckle at de breas' so young.  
De clock in heaben done struck two;  
King Jesus read de Bible trou'.  
De clock in heaben done struck t'ree;  
King Jesus died upon de tree.’

An' he groan, an' he groan, an' he say,

“Follow me on Calvary,  
On Calvary.  
O, follow me on Calvary.’”

“De clock in heaben done struck five;  
King Jesus make de dead alive.  
De clock in heaben done struck seben;  
King Jesus rose and went to heaben.  
De clock in heaben done struck eight;  
King Jesus stan'in' at heaben's gate.’

Jesus he knock at de do', an' de Fader he say,  
'Who dar?' An' Jesus say, 'De great " I AM."'  
Den de Fader say, 'Lif' up yo' heads, O ye  
gates; an' be ye lif' up, ye eberlastin' do's; an' de  
King ob glory shall come in.' An' de angel hos'  
cry, ' Who is dis King ob glory?' An' dey shout,

‘ De Lord ob hos’s, he is de King ob glory.’ Den de do’ fly wide open, an’ Jesus he walk in to—

“ ‘ Ahgu wid de Fader an’  
Chattah wid de Son, an’  
Talk about the worl’ he  
Jes’ come from.’

“ ‘ Behol’, I stan’ at de do’, an’ knock.’ Yes, Jesus is knockin’ at every sinner’s heart dis mawnin’. Gib him yo’ heart, sinner, fo’ de worl’s on fi-ar.”

As the audience had sung every hymn with him, and echoed almost every word, they were much wrought up, and not in the best state to take up a collection.

One immensely fat sister was walking the aisle with the help of several others and ejaculating

“ My Jesus.”



Another very slender, graceful girl was swaying to and fro in the arms of her friends with closed eyes, while two

others were stiff upon the floor. One of Uncle Jim’s daughters was sitting with clinched hands

and shining eyes vainly endeavoring to suppress her excitement as Rose held her and whispered, "Don't you dare to shout." It was several minutes before order could be restored enough to start the collection, and then there was not much interest. As Uncle Jim begged in vain for more, Mr. Simons shrugged his shoulders and muttered, "Mus' ha' thought 'e was preachin' fur mou'ners. Dat's no way to git money." But Uncle Jim's pleading was too much for his children, and one by one they, contrary to all instructions, marched up and put their all on the table. Aunt Dorcas looked in amazement and wondered where they got their money, as she never dreamed that Jim had disobeyed her. Uncle Jim was certainly distracted. He wanted the money for his collection, to be sure, but the thought of his disobedient children and Dorcas's wrath if Mis'er Green failed, tormented his soul. He was so overcome that he stopped begging, thanked the congregation for three dollars and six bits, and sat down.

A great variety of sermons followed. A very foppish young man with olive skin and wavy hair read from manuscript a sermon that was evidently not his own, as he mispronounced one third of

the words. But to most of his hearers it was splendid, and they sat in open-mouthed astonishment. Rose, indeed, turned up her nose and muttered something about stolen compositions; but the majority were delighted, and gave the young man a good collection. At last, after eight sermons and collections, every cent of the money seemed gone, and the church was not more than half full. Indeed, during the whole afternoon the audience had been on the move, only sitting still during preaching. Each collection time was a chance for movement. As the people went forward to the table one had an opportunity to go out, get a change of scene and a dish of conversation. If you found a chatty friend bubbling over with news you could seek a cozy place under a tree and wait until the next sermon. There were so many sermons that the loss of one did not trouble your conscience. Or, if you felt so inclined, the bayou bank, with its spreading live oaks draped with swaying moss, was an inviting place for an afternoon nap, and you would be sure of finding church progressing when you awoke.

During the fifth sermon a deep whistle drew all of the outsiders and part of the congregation

to see the passing of the New Orleans steamer. But they soon returned, and church went on. Interest was at a low ebb after the eighth sermon, when Brudder Simon's clear voice, singing

“Somebody's dyin' ebery day,”

brought every one in. They knew what was coming.

Brudder S—— was short and clear. He did not rouse his audience to a great pitch, but he kept their minds on the collection from the beginning. He spoke much of slavery days and the sorrow of being without church service, and then of the necessary expense of churches and of the ungrateful ones who were too stingy to help. He spoke in his own vernacular, but well, and stopped soon, as the sun was getting very low. Then the excitement began. Brudder S—— led his own singing, and drew over ten dollars from the apparently empty pockets.

Then a man from his own delegation arose and started down the aisle singing. All of the delegation followed, and they went around and around the church, putting each a nickel on the table every time they passed. One by one they dropped

out from the procession as their money gave out, until only two remained, the leader and a fat sister. Great interest prevailed as the two marched on singing at the top of their voices. At last the leader gave up in despair, and the sister marched triumphantly to her seat. Then Brudder S—— thanked his audience for twenty-seven dollars, and sat down amid great silence.

Mis'er Green, the home minister, now arose and said that it was so late that he would not preach, but would just take his collection. With a sudden reviving the home sisters began to sing and march up to the table. But it takes a great many nickels to make twenty-seven dollars, and faces began to grow very long, for it would never do to have the home minister beaten by an outsider. Uncle Jim went across and gave three nickels to Aunt Dorcas, but she looked in vain to see him go to the children. She became very restless as the collection lagged, and she meditated a trip to Uncle Jim. She wondered what in the world was the matter. The children, seeing her anxiety, slipped out one by one and held a counsel by the steps. What was to be done? Not one of them had a nickel, and the spruce young men around the door leaned listlessly against the church with



their hands in their empty pockets. They stood several minutes talking and bewailing the emptiness, when their attention was caught by Zeal's little figure tearing across the meadow. Three times she fell down and scrambled up again. At last she burst through a hole in the fence, and, putting a silver dollar in one of the boys' hands, fell exhausted on the steps.

"Zeal Johnson, where'd you get that money?" demanded Rose. But Zeal, too breathless to reply, pointed feebly into the church, and the boy took the dollar to the table and brought back ninety-five cents change. This he distributed to the children, and they marched up to the table. The effect was electrical, and in ten minutes the pastor thanked the audience for twenty-seven dollars and thirty cents. Then he announced the day's collection as ninety-eight dollars, and the congregation arose for the benediction.

After this the home sisters drew out their baskets and fed the strangers. Chicken, cake, and pie vanished like magic, and the elders went to an adjoining cabin for coffee. Everything was bustle and cheer. The teams were brought up.

Amid much noise and laughter the elders shook hands and the children and sweethearts said farewell in the twilight. Then the teams started off, and our little party took up their slow journey homeward. Zeal was the heroine of the occasion, and her excursion to the school teacher formed the basis of conversation. At last the young ones fell asleep, and even Uncle Jim began to nod.

But fortunately they were not far from home, and old Buck knew the way. He took them safely to their door, for the mule had become more docile. The ox would have waited patiently



until some one awoke, but the more impatient mule lifted his heels and sent Uncle Jim flying over upon his sleeping

family. This had the desired effect. But to this day Uncle Jim does not know how he fell off, or why his shins were so sore. And I think we all agree that a "basket meeting" is a very fine place to spend the day.

## PATSEY.

WHAT is writ is writ. I have no apology for it. The gathered together incidents, put into the course of one life, are facts. The story covers an important crisis in the march of a race from heathen barbarism to Christian civilization.

A race with a rich nature that ought to have a chance—a pasture, not barren fields, to feed upon.

From our first knowledge God's hand has been visible with them in leadership, even through slavery.

A people loved of Christ. As Mrs. Livermore says, "His next appearance will be to them." Through all the vicissitudes the march of the black people has been onward and upward. God makes no failures. The Almighty hand steadies this people.

"God help the little children !

"God help the little orphan children !

"God help the little colored orphan children !

"God help the little colored orphan children of Louisiana!"—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

*Chapter I.*

## CHAOS.

IT was a very quiet confusion on the Teche. Old things were done away and nothing had become new. The old "Marsas," kind and unkind, had disappeared; the old quarters were closed, tightly closed; all the doors and shutters unhinged; everything demoralized; chaos reigned; the evening bell was not rung, the evening rations not given; the rice fields were dry and barren, and the sugar cane not laid by. The men darkies lounged about or fussed in squads; the women wandered to and fro, followed by half-grown children, while smaller ones were strewn over the ground, some asleep, pillowed on the live oak overground grown roots, some tossed and rolled in feverish unrest. The low-hanging branches, festooned with moss, made a deep shade and a lovely canopy. The breeze crept, tender, gentle, and salt-laden from the Mexico gulf, bearing the glow of the hot sun's rays.

O, these long parched days! So many—would they never cease? Would September never end? The end was nearer than I thought. I was very young, but how well I remember that time, and

how strange it seems to look back to it, now that I am a grown woman and can take good care of myself! Then a poor little distracted black girl, I was forlorn; God alone knows how forsaken; I begged one "puhcoon" (pecan nut); I cracked it with my teeth and made it go around, a crumb to each buddie, giving baby the biggest of all. Not satisfied, he caught the shells from my hand and crunched them with his little white teeth in spite of me. My baby—left to me by my mother, whom they had put into the ground only the day before—starved. I could not have been ten years old. Our scanty dinner of sweet potatoes I dug from a neighboring field with my bare toes, standing straight up and looking down the road that no one should know what I was about. I fed them to my little brood raw. My heart swelled with delight as baby gnawed his and cooed on my lap, wise enough to cover it with his little bony hand when any one drew near. It had been a meager dinner, and we were to go supperless to bed, only as we could gather in something from somewhere.

Last night it was a handful of corn from a mule crib not far off. I waited until it was dark enough to slide around unseen and pick up a few grains of

their slobberings. It required great care, for even they had grown wise, and defended their troughs with feet and teeth. Very justly I doled out my grains of corn to my little flock, always commencing and ending with baby, making him hunt for each grain. How hard it was to make him understand when the last one was gone! To-night there was no corn. They had taken away the mules. Baby whined himself to sleep holding his little hand on my cheek and his face in my neck. A bird sang in the wood, and he whispered, "Seour, sing," and I sang "Three Golden Gates in the East" until the woods rang. I soon slept myself. In the dead of night I awoke, O, so cold! 'Twas dark and foggy. My babe was slipping off my lap; he was heavy, and cold like ice. I saw a fire through the woods and started to take him to it. I carried him on and on and brought him to the blazing heat. He would not wake up. Some one said, "Laws, dat chil's dead." I knew it then, and threw him down on the ground and ran screaming out into the darkness. I hid myself; I watched and waited. They picked up my baby and took off his rags, washed him in a tub of warm water, and put a little white slip on him, and put him by a big tree under a blanket.

I saw when they lifted the blanket there were more babies under it, all dressed in white with their hands crossed on their breast, all looking right up into heaven. They looked so sweet and clean and so warm under that blanket that I stopped crying and began to feel better. There was my own dear baby all washed and dressed in a long white robe just like the angels. O, how many people there were moving around in the woods!—all colored—no; there was one white lady, tall, thin, and straight. She was near the fire, and I saw that she was the one who was making angels out of the dead babies. As the fire shone on her face I saw that she looked sorry, and that she did not speak to anyone at all, but moved her lips and talked to some one up in the sky. I was scared of her. She looked out into the dark toward me. I thought that she was a-coming after me, and crawled on the ground into the road and ran until I was tired. The running warmed me. It was getting daylight.

I stopped at a shanty to look at a long white robe on a line, one end of the line fastened to a shanty roof and one end to a big rose vine that was running up a magnolia tree. It was an angel's

robe and laid along the line just like a person, looking right up into the rose tree. I went close up to it to 'zamin' it to see it plenty. O, it was the onliest growed-up angel's robe I'd ever sawd, and I thought if I had dat chariot robe I could go right along to hebben and take my baby wid me—ride up, both ob us, and all de dead babies, all ob us altogether ride up in de chariot fo' sun-up. The old aunty cook saw'd me, and she went and made me come in. She said, "Poor little Patsey, I knew'd your dead mudder." She gave me a pone and some milk, and sat me down by the big fireplace while she went to the big house with the sick ladies' breakfast. I drank the milk, poked the pone into my bosom, ran, caught the angel robe off the line, mussed it under my arm, and ran to the little gate. Here I met the doctor man. He said to me, "Here, nig, take this medicine to your missus; tell her that Judge A—— has shot himself—something about that creole quadroon and those beautiful children of his. God! what will become of them?"

He was talking to some one I did not see. "Child, run in and tell Miss Ann I will be back about sun-up," and away he went. I tucked the



bottle in my bosom with the pone and ran down the road. I was so tired I kept falling down, and each time I thought that I was dead. O, my lovely white robe all covered with lace! I held it tight as I lay in the road. I took the cork out the bottle and drank some of it and made it fast again to keep some for my little dead buddy. I soon felt able to get up and run on again. When I got near home I saw my biggest buddy with a big fish on a hook, just pulling it out of the bayou. O, how I screamed and clapped my hands with delight!—such a big fish; but no one saw nor heard me; they were all wild about the fish. I did not see the white lady anywhere. I was so sleepy I slipped on my white robe over my rags and crawled under the blanket close to my baby, poured the rest of the medicine into his mouth and poked the corn pone into his little cold hand. I pulled the long robe clear down over my feet and stretched out with my hands folded over the lace. O, how lovely I looked and how happy I felt! I peeked out my eyes to see all the people make a feast. All coming, coming, so many of them to cook and eat that fish, some bringing little wads of grub in their hands, all they had. The fire burned up and up, and the great live

oaks swung and danced in the breeze. Still the people came, so many little folks; everybody carrying babies. Big people toting little people; small children toting smaller ones; wee ones crawling over the ground. The woods was swarming with wee people, but so still. The big ones did not laugh; the little ones did not cry. So many babies, so many hungry babies, and still they did not cry; so many suffering and not one cry. The world full of them; the trees full of them; the sky full of them; and they all had wings; and I, too, had wings. And my head whirled, and my eyes closed, and I died, O, so happy!

### *Chapter II.*

“HERE it is now, sticking out from under this blanket, and there she is herself; I sesso, dat nig—Pat’s her name—is a tief. Yes, I sesso. And dar’s Misse’s med’cin all drunk up. La! Strip it off her, and let me get it back. Dat med’cin rank pizen; kill dat darky sho’s yo’ born.”

The blanket was jerked off, and there was that old, black aunty cook, looking straight down at me. She stripped off my white robe, shook me until my head bobbed from side to side, and my



TECHE LILIES.



teeth rattled together. I held on to my angel robe and tried to scream. But I felt sick, and my eyes would not stay open, and my mouth would not cry. A kind voice said, "Let that chile 'lone; she is more'n half dead now."

Then I saw through my eye-cracks a big white man. The black aunty said to him, "You looks mighty like Jesus Chris' 'at I seen in a vision las' night."

He reach down and took me out of her clutches, and smiled at me as he passed me over to the tall white lady who laid me—all limp—on some moss in a cart, with many other half dead, ragged little niggers. O, how I felt inside of me! It seemed in my stomach. My white robe was gone, and I could not go to heaven. Did I not take it myself off the line and brung it? O, if I'd only 'ev' got into heaven with it they could never have got me out! They would not let me in now, in my rags! How I did hate that black aunty! But I hated her worse when she gave my little dead buddie to a great black man that looked like a big cypress tree. I tried to wiggle out of the cart, but she held me tight and said, "Dat baby stinks, honey. 'Lijah will take 'im to de

preacher, an' de preacher will put 'im in de groun'." I bit her arm until she screamed out. I took a pin out of her dress and was trying to put it into her leg; and then Mr. Almighty came, an' dey drive us all down to de bayou. They put us on the carpet in Abraham Lincoln's boat. They brunged us all in 'til the flo' was all filled up with black, sick chil'en; and away the big boat went down the bayou. They washed me in a little room where there was a big teakettle fastened up on the wall, and t'rew my ole dress in de bayou for the fishes, they said. They put on a blue and yellow dress 'at dragged out behind and looked might' nice. They took it out of a box. I heard the white lady say, "These dresses are all long enough for me. What a shame!" They made me drink good soup out of a cup, an' some milk, an' guv me a big sho' enough apple to hold that I could eat by and by. I walked in front of the big looking-glasses until I fell down, I was that mighty proud and weak.

The white missus came and bent over me, and her pretty ribbon fell off with the bright star pin on it. I jerked it up and poked it in my bosom. She looked at me so sorry I took it out and

said, "Here it is, missus, de devil made me done it." She said, "You are a poor, half-starved little girl; I love you. This pin was my baby girl's. She lives in heaven now with your little baby boy." I said, "O, missus, has he got there yet?" I told her what the old black auntie said about him, and I screamed loud. She told me about little birdies flying away and leaving their old nests behind them. I said, "Yo' sesso? Yes, dat's tru. I seed 'em in de gum tree." Den I sang, "Laz'rus dead! O bless God!" She tole me to sing mo' fo' her, and I sing'd "Walk Around de Ole Buryin' Groun'," and "O, Sinner, God's Making a New Hell." Den I axed her to 'scuse me; I had so much misery in my head 'at I couldn't study 'bout any mo'. Would she let me go to sleep? Den I would shout fo' her as old Aunt Liz' did: 'at she put her hands together, and stretched 'em up and pointed straight up into heaven, like a meeting-house church steeple; and her toes close together, and jumped right up and down, clean mos' into the roof; and eberybody jumped arter her. By-'m-by, some night, Aunt Liz' would jump right true de roof and sky, and go to hebben; her head 'ould knock on hebben's flo', and dey would open de do' and jerk her right

in. I done watch her close. I know'd what she'd done. Arter de white lady said 'at I was a good girl and no tief, kase I gib her back her ribbon, I ax, "Do yo' t'ink God will lemme into hebben?" She sesso, "ef I prayed." I ax if she knowed God. She sesso dat he lov's me, and she went doff and lef' me in de dark all alone with the sick babies. And I commenced to pray, "O, from everlasting to everlasting! Will you please to light up de light on de star pole of Zion dat dis po' dead level sinner may riz' up to the livin' perpendicular of righteousness and salvation? Everlas' to everlas' here we are knee-bent and body bowed to give you some berry humble tanks in some lonesome valley wid our hearts bowed below our knees. Will yer pleas' to inch up yer golden char', up to ye di'mon' winder, and take one long peep down to dis low world of sin and sorrow to see what Satin is doing down yer wid yer chil'ens?" Den come aunty wid some puddin' and milk, and said, "Stop yer prar, chile, and tak' yo' eat." She took off my pretty yellow "frock," as the white lady called it, and put on my "nity," as the lady named it. I watched where she put it, and after dey were gone I got up and stepped over the babies, de little sick ones, and



brung my long dress and poked it under my pillow. Den I peeked 'bout and seed de lady movin' 'roun' wid a long white "nity" on, fixing up de babies to sleep. She kep' talkin' to some one 'bout de "blessed little childers." She said, "O, Father! O my dear Father." Dar was a wee bit of a white baby close to me wid soft curls. She held it in her arms and kissed it, and kissed it, and cried. O, how I loved to watch her; it made me happy! But when she came to me and did not kiss me I ax God to make her black—blacker 'an me. I hated her worse 'an the old aunty. I put out my foot so dat she would fall over it when she was taking de white baby away. But she stepped over it, and I went to sleep.

Somebody came and waked me up by pulling out my long white "frock" from under my pillow, and I saw de old aunty take it to de white lady, and she took de scissors and hacked it right in two, cutting off all the pretties. I jumped up and ran and slapped her in de face just as hard as I could. I caught the little white baby; it was asleep in a char, all bunched up on pillows. I shook it and t'rew it on de flo', and would have jumped on it, only aunty caught it away from me

befo' I could do it. She took me by the arm and t'rew me clar down the cabin onto the flo'. I had one piece of the dress. I ran screaming out into the dark among the mens. I told 'em dat white 'oman was a devil—dat she cut my onliest dress, and dat I was going to tak' dat poker and kill her when dat light went out, and I ax'd one big man to help me. But he only laughed. Den de cook called me into de kitchen and gave me some sweet grub. I took de poker and pok'd some coals out de stove into a big box of shavings, and dey all blazed up high. De cook dashed water on it and took me back to de cabin, and he brung'd a big stick for de ole black aunty to whip me. He said this girl is a savage, and you must gib her a ka-hiding. She mos' set de boat on fire. I run'd all over, steppin' on de babies, and aunty arter me. I was screaming, and she was a-screaming, and de poor little babies were a-moaning. And now and den she struck me wid dat big ka-hide, 'til my po' little legs had misery plenty. Lots of folks came into de cabin to see what de confusion war all about. Dey jus' stood still and look at us. But de beautiful white lady she peeped tru de crack ob her do', and she told aunty to brung me right to he's. O, I was scared

ob her! But she took me in her arms and kissed me, and put me in her white bed wid her, and she bathed me wid some ting dat smell nice, and called me her sweet, lovely baby, dat dey must no' whipt me never any more. She tole me 'at she wished for dat piece o' dress to make de little white baby a dress, and she brung'd de baby and let me kiss it plenty ob times. I gib'd he's de clos dat I'd tied round my boddy under my "nity." She said that I should help he make de babies' dresses wid a nice new little work-box full of needles, and tread, and pins, and bright new timbles; and they should be all my own. I laughed loud and tole her dat I would nebbber be bad any mo'.

She said she would tell me something now; she said, "Keep very still; I can't tell yo' when yo' make a noise." I put both hands on my mouth and waited so, so long. Den she said we must get on our knees; and I commenced to pray as our elder do, "Everlas' to everlas'." She said, "No, no. Say, 'God—Father,' say, 'Dear Father—God, who loves me.'" I said it. And den she sang soft, soft, "Jesus loves me." She made me say it many times, and den she let me sing it; and she tole me dat Jesus Christ

was my own dear brother; and dat he died and went through de grave to hebben, so dat we could go tru de grave to hebben when we died; dat he showed us de way so dat we should make no 'stakes. And den she asked God to make me kind and gentle so I could help her to take care of the little babies; and she told God dat I was the onliest one she had to help her; de bery onliest one to make der soup, der gumbo-file, and make der dresses, and wash der faces. She let me hug de white baby wid hes long har jus' so plenty, plenty. She said it was Pa God's baby; dat he loved it, and dat he loved me plenty. De lamp was bright; de room smelled sweet as sweet olive.

It was so nice, and I was happy, happy. Yes; God sesso. "He lub me," I cried, when she put de lamp out; but she held my hand; I went to sleep. De nex' mornin' she dressed me in short dress wid long white stockings and yellow slippers. I didn't knowed dat der was such pretty tings in de whole worl'. O, O! how soft dey did walk. We took de babies, me and she, two or tree at one time, in de bath room, and put dem in de tub wid a little warm water; and dey liked it,

Yes, dey sesso, all ob 'em. I rub dem soft wid a sponge, and she soaped der heads all white. We all laughed as loud as we could, She did not scold when de babies cried; no, she said it did dem good. How dos' babies did dink milk. Dey jus' poked it down. Some ob 'em took der eat jus' like old folks. When we reached New Orleans I heerd her tell Mr. — (I did not know his name then—he met us there), “We call Patsy Grace now, she is such a little lady. She is my best help; I could not get on without her. He took me and kissed me, and called me good little Gracey. He gave me a yellow piece of money. He and some other great gentlemen took us to a big fine house with trees and grass all around it. How good they were to us! How many dead babies had to be carried away and buried! But whatever may happen to me I shall never forget that night in that little room with the white lady in the boat, on the Bayou Teche, going to New Orleans, just going into Grand Lake, when I learned to know God as my Father and Jesus as my brother. By-'m-by I learned something more. My great big God-Brother, who lives in heaven, he talks to God all about me, and he has written my name in the

big book there, so everybody knows me in heaven, and I shall know them all when I get there. Now I know more than that because there is some one lives in my heart who came right from heaven into my heart. He came to tell me all about God and Christ, and all about heaven. Every day at New Orleans was a delight, and yet when I look back at that time I see that my joy rested in my daily duties, my constant employment. Doing for others and learning new things for myself filled up each day well. I was very happy. Allow me to review one day :

Early morning, a plunge bath and dressing; then learning a verse from the Bible for evening worship, taking one half hour ; making a cup of coffee for Mrs. W——, and taking to her room, with a bouquet of freshly-gathered flowers, another half hour ; taking my own glass of milk, warm or iced, as I wished ; helping to prepare milk and ash-cake for the children's breakfast and eggs and fruit for general breakfast brings me to breakfast at 8 A. M. After breakfast I put on my old dress and help to clean the kitchen. The good-natured old "Aunty" tells me stories and makes me laugh while we scour tins, pots, kettles, and stove. Then we get down and scrub the

floor with a brush and sprinkle brick-dust all over it; then I tidy my room and do everything I can for Mrs. W——'s comfort; then, with money and basket, "Aunty" and I go to market, I, with my little blank book, putting down all we buy and the cost; I then report to Mrs. W——; she sits up in bed and gives me an organ lesson on the big organ that stands in her room; then I sing for her and read my Bible aloud; read in my little history and study my arithmetic lesson; "Aunty" has taught me to cook eggs in six different ways, and Mrs. W—— says that I can soon get a nice breakfast all alone. She told me this morning that I made the best coffee she ever tasted. I am so glad, for she has been very sick; and now she lets me comb her long hair. We soon go down to lunch; it tastes so good—sweet potatoes and milk; after luncheon I take the little white baby, Lily; she can run around and talk some now, and she has on a little white dress that I made all myself; and we go into Coliseum Place and play on the grass with lots of other children in the shade of the cotton-ball trees. The doctor says Mrs. W—— must go North, and I am to go with her; and Mrs. B—— is going North before we do, and Lily is going with her.

## LILY—FACT.

Fifteen years have passed—years spent in learning books and some other things. How strange it was to meet Lily once more! She had grown tall and more beautiful. She took me to her rooms; lovely velvet carpets and crimson hangings. I looked around in amazement.

“Do tell me all that you have been doing all these years. I should never have known you; but then you were only a baby.”

“O, Mrs. W—— was so nice to find you out, so that I could see you! But she said that I must be careful and not let the secret out.”

“What secret! What makes you look so sad and put your fingers on your lips? Why don't you tell me? How handsome you are! What a lovely dress! O, do laugh and talk some.”

She smiled and said: “God has done it all. God is so great and so good that it is awe to think of him and joy to love him. I cannot tell you anything. How long are you to be in the city?”

“We leave next Monday, and Mrs. W—— told me that I must not stay but an hour.”

“Well, don't ask me a question; I will let you take my diary, if you will keep my secret. You



can read all about me since we parted, but you must promise never to divulge my secret: not only mine, but Mrs. B——'s, and also—”

“I—I promise; let me have it. I am wild with curiosity.”

“No; I will wrap it, and when you go you may take it with you. It is written with caution; there are no names nor places nor dates—if you only won't say one word. I am under a pledge, you know. Now let us forget all this sorrow and have a good talk.” And we sat down by the window on a crimson sofa.

The sun was setting and sending slant rays through the falling snow. The earth, houses, fences, trees, everything was all piled up with snow-white and tinged with rose-color. I never saw anything more beautiful. I said, “Lily, let us get down and thank God for his goodness. It seems as though my heart would burst with happiness.” We got down on our knees and laughed and cried for joy.

#### THE DIARY.

Mrs. B—— is so good here in this lovely school. She must have plenty of money—all

these fine things. How much love she has for me! It is a marvel; I am so glad! But, some-way—I don't know; she must know, she is so wise and good and kind—every one loves her and every one loves me. I am so glad that I am here learning, and that I am to stay through and have my diploma. Then I can face the world, Mrs. B—— says. Everybody knows and loves Mr. B—— and his lovely wife. It is wonderful that they ever came to love me. I wonder at it. It must be all God's care of me—poor, little, insignificant me. I must keep my pledge to them, let what will come. Yet I sometimes almost wish to go off where I am wholly unknown and make my own way, even by working with my hands. Yet I love them next to God, but 'cepting him.

*December 20.*—What a busy day! Mrs. B.—— is here. My more than mother! She read all his letters, and yet says “No—very decidedly no.” I cannot disobey her. It does seem hard that I can't be allowed to trust the only man I have loved. Then he loves me so sincerely! Why should he not know the whole truth? Here is his last letter :

“LIL: I am getting cross. I am lonely and sick. Here is your home; been ready for you for months. Did you not promise to come to me this fall—to come to your own home? It has on its Christmas dress, all ready for its queen. I shall insist on your coming with me as soon as school closes. According to promise I will meet you where we met before, and we will be married at once, quietly, as you wish; but be married we must. I do not understand your last note, that I am not to see you. What nonsense! I, after this, retract what I said, that you should stay and get your diploma. What is this idea that I cannot see you? Some one is doing wrong to try and break our engagement. You are mine, and come to me you shall, or I will do something you will regret all of your life. I do not care a rush what you say about our engagement being conditional. Some one put those words into your mouth. Dearest, you are the only woman I ever loved, and I know, darling, that you love me. I am satisfied, and my ancestral home is made ready and waiting. Come you must. If you knew how lonely I am since mother’s death! Write me just one word, Come. I must see you. Why all this secrecy? I will wait until the last

day of the term. Expect me then. Is this all a joke, that I cannot see you? Bosh! Darling, expect me the last day of the term, and, if the heavens fall, you are to come back with me."

*December 21.*—We are going away. I am to go with Mrs. B—— to-morrow. It is all fixed. I don't know where. She has been with me all day packing, and put me under pledge not to communicate with Mr. ——. She says that our secret must not be divulged; that as long as no one knows it but us it can never get out, and my prospects are fair. But that I must promise her never to marry; that I must put it all out of my mind. But, O, if she would let me have one honest talk with him and tell him all, and let him decide! She says, "No, no, no! It would only make mischief." I have promised and pledged all that she asked. What will the end be? She looks very sad and puzzled. Her eyes look like tears, and she is so tender and gentle with me. I think she is an angel; I will always obey and love her. She sent my dearest one, my joy, these words. They will freeze him dead. I am so afraid of something. Will he kill himself? O, my dear, great God, help me!

“SIR: I write to say to you that all intercourse between you and my ward, Lily H——, must cease now and forever. Believe me when I say that if you knew the whole truth you would thank me. But I have no right to divulge her secret. It must die with her. Yours, ——.”

*May 1.*—It was a great comfort to me, when I had been in this place some weeks, to receive this letter. She said that she had so much confidence in me that she would send it, although it might not be wise. I have read it over and over:

“MRS. B——: I have never seen you, but you must be a very peculiar woman to do what you are doing. How dare you? Lily’s history is nothing to me. I do not care where she came from. I will find her. The business of my life is to find her, and I can and will influence her to marry me at once. I am honest with you, and if you are wise you will be honest with me. I have history enough for both myself and my wife to be—Lily. Yours, ——.”

“MY DEAR WARD: I send letter. I am fully trusting you. I think too much of your delicate,

sensitive, high-toned nature, and of the dear one you might have, to let you take this step. God is a sufficiency for you. Rest in him and me.

“ My dear, dear child, I love you.

“ MRS. B——.”

How is it that all this suffering comes from my being born wrong? I don't know why. But now everything, all my life long, must go wrong. What do I care for music or art? What do I care for all these luxuries? I am dead, and, what is worse than all, I am killing him by inches. Sin: who can see the end of it? There is nothing left but God, God, God! I wonder if I could prevent some one else such suffering by going back to my people where I was born, and give them the knowledge God has given me?

LETTER.

“ *June, —.*

“ MY DEAR GRACIE: William is here. He has found me. I have told him all, and he said, ‘Humbug!’ I love you; we can keep our own secret and trust the future. We were married this morning; are just off for home. Come and see us. God be praised!”

## TO MRS. D——, IN PHILADELPHIA.

I KNOW a woman, a queenly woman ;  
Her name to you may be unknown ;  
Broad her domain, and vast her reign,  
And her heart is her golden throne.

It is goldened by light, it is goldened by love,  
It is goldened by blessings shed ;  
Her loving light and her light of love  
Make a crown for the sufferer's head,

She dwells in her home of palatial build,  
But feels for other's woes ;  
The riches of time have no power to gild ;  
Christ's life in her soul makes it so.

Yes, down in her soul eternity's bell  
Chimes anthems of God's love and truth ;  
For in its deep cell the Godhead doth dwell,  
Such glory has unspeakable worth.

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## STORY OF THE LITTLE WHITE BABY.

THE little white baby was born in Texas. The yellow mother left Louisiana a slave and came back—the babe in her arms—a freed woman, owning her own child. This was a serious charge to her ; no land, no shelter, no food, no massa, no father to her child.

The United States had bigger problems on its hands than yellow-skinned babies. Yet by its

power the starved mother was buried, and the little waif was taken down on an Abraham Lincoln boat and housed and cared for at New Orleans. But some thanks are also due to a big-souled man from foreign shores. The little one grew apace, and the white lady of the boat placed her in the hands of a kind lady at the North, who watched carefully after her education.

Some years after, with a diploma in her hands from a first-class school, she returned as missionary to her native land. The tidal wave of Northern sympathy had somewhat receded. Through the death of her patrons her salary was cut off, and her private school was not remunerative. Poverty was written all over the State. It was a fearful struggle; no one but the All-Father knew about it. It required great faith to take hold of the Eternal at such times.

Nothing touched bottom. In that place at that time the good men lost their footing or hid away from public gaze, abiding their time. Everything seemed to drift. Many, many prayers went up to God through the thick darkness.

Young and inexperienced Lida married a man of her own color. He owned a house, a few acres of land, and a span of mules. Without any edu-



cation he seemed to have some intelligence. They settled in his cozy little home. I saw her at this time. She was a fair-sized woman, tall and graceful, her wavy hair drawn plainly over her forehead and coiled low on her neck. Her eyes were large, brown, and soft, with long lashes, and a timid askant look in their depths. She was very, very retiring. About this time somebody seemed to get a hold on their property. Things did not prosper. Her husband cared not for books and took to rough ways. He was much put out about some help that he had to receive from a white man who was high in authority in a neighboring town, and came and went as though he had a right in that humble home. Mrs. Lida was given a place in the public school as teacher. Many comforts began to make their appearance in her home. One little babe after another—even whiter than their mother—came to their home, and their wants were all supplied. She was a beautiful, well-dressed woman as I saw her coming and going to her school on a pony with her babe in her lap and other little ones clinging on behind. She never answered my salutation, nor raised her eyes to mine. The next I knew she was dead and the little ones were left motherless.

Is this a sad story? Is it not sadder to know that this family of innocents are running wild like colts, not being educated by any one? Do what we will, some hidden power keeps them out of school. So far no culture, no enlightenment. By and by God will give them to us. He has the power, and in time will manifest himself. I believe he holds that woman guiltless, and he will give her darling children what she so prized—a Christian education.

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#### NOTES ABOUT THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

OF all levers used to raise the uncivilized from “a dead level to a living perpendicular” the power to help others is the first, last, and greatest. It is the first ennobling thought of the awakening mind, the first breeze to ripple the hitherto sluggish waters of a selfish heart, the first step toward soul liberty.

The uneducated, undisciplined, unenlightened, child of the wilderness, placed by ambitious parents under school training, learns with weary effort to spell b-a-k-e-r, and multiply by five; then, perceiving no utility in this, and longing for

the freedom of the past, droops and mopes and, if not helped, rebels.

But if at this crisis the child is given an opportunity of practically helping some one else with this same knowledge the face is lifted joyfully toward God's sunshine and the hands stretched out for more.

For this reason the temperance work is one of the greatest uplifting powers in the elevation of mankind toward God.

Young people who have shown no marks of progress, and seemed beyond uplifting, have suddenly blossomed forth in strength and beauty under the influence of this cause. Weak ones have developed amazing strength in fighting for the salvation of their erring brothers, and resisting temptation for their sake. Timid ones have forgotten their timidity in their earnest desire to lend a hand, and even stammering ones have dared to speak for the cause at the risk of their own shame.

Other enterprises may be neglected, other meetings fail, but when it comes to the temperance work our boys and girls "strike twelve"

every time. Nothing is too hard to overcome for this cause, nothing too formidable to be undertaken.

“Never you min’,” said one girl, “I ain’t so much of a reader, an’ I can’t make no address, but I’ll learn a piece an’ speak it, you see ef I don’t.”

And she did, too, and she did it well, even though she called total abstinence “tall tail abasement,” to our amusement.

“John say he’ll sign de pledge ef I do,” said a boy, bound hand and foot by the tobacco habit; and after many weeks of hard fighting he saw, with pride, both of the names on the pledge roll. After that but one thought seemed to possess him. With a gentle hand on his schoolmates’ shoulders and tender words in their ears he brought them in, until a long list of names followed his. But the most amazing thing was the way his own character developed. The earnestness displayed toward others, and the tenderness used to persuade them, took root in his soul and grew. So it ever is. Just so far as the heart becomes absorbed in the well-being of others it gathers good to itself.

In almost all instances the pledge has been the

stepping-stone to religious faith; and in every case which has come under our jurisdiction—with one exception—the pledge has preceded conversion.

One of the most amusing and perplexing incidents connected with this part of the work was the addition of legal suasion to the constitution. A committee appointed for the business drafted a new constitution throughout, and this document so met the approbation of the society that it was adopted by a unanimous rising vote. Then, to our consternation, half of the members, including all of the officers, refused to sign it. Arguments and persuasions proved alike fruitless.

The solution of the problem came from an unexpected quarter. It was found that the committee on badges had procured crank-pins. The chairman of this committee bought a bolt of blue ribbon, and after decorating all who had signed the constitution with both ribbon and pin, explained that the ribbon meant simply keeping the pledge, but that the pin meant political Prohibition, and signing the constitution.

The chaplain of the society, a man who had just reached voting age, looked longingly at the pins and whispered, "May I turn Republican again

when the liquor is all out of the United States?" Lo! the cat was out of the bag. Here was the cause of all the trouble. He was assured that he could turn whatever he pleased when the cranks had turned all of the liquor out of our country. He donned his pin with pride, and before the meeting was out all but one name graced our constitution.

Several auxiliary societies have been formed by the students in their own homes. The first one in Hubertville, in 1889, 28 members; the second in Glencoe, in 1890; the third in Paterson, in 1891, 34 members. During the summer of 1892 three were formed, and nine silver medal contests held. The society at Shreveport numbers 57 members, at Morgan City 42, at Opelousas 52.

The Demorest Medals have been an unspeakable help to us. Our students have held two contests at Paterson, two at Glencoe, one each at Morgan City, Baldwin, New Iberia, Opelousas, and Shreveport. Mr. Demorest will never know, until he reaches eternity, how much his gifts have done toward bringing our girls and boys to the planes of higher living. Our auxiliaries are

apt to suspend during the school months. The young people are learning how to do the work themselves, but they have not yet learned how to set others at work so that things will run when they are absent. They are, as a usual thing, conscientious about the pledge, owning up when they have broken it, and succeeding better the next time. Not counting some of the boys, who are bound by the tobacco habit and have not the strength to break their bonds, our students keep the pledge remarkably well.

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## WAITING.

I KNOW a girl, a lovely girl,  
She stands on the border land ;  
She waits for the world the flag to unfurl  
Which shall marshal freedom's band.

So straight and tall, like eagle's eye,  
Her own with ardor glows ;  
She was not born in palace high,  
Nor bleached by Northern snows.

She rests herself with lightest foot,  
On realms she doth not sway ;  
With tear-laden lids and anxious look  
She holds the world at bay.

Her heart is full of quivering love,  
So deep, so sweet, so clear,  
As white and pure as the gentle dove  
Who came from the other sphere.

Her lip has a curl of saddest scorn  
For the love at her feet oft laid ;  
In the upper realm it was not born,  
And it brings but grief to the maid.

Yet still her heart is strong and true,  
And in its warmest depth is seated  
The rhythmic love of a household few,  
Tho' from a grimy cabin meted.

A mother frail, a sister blind  
Is all this cabin's treasure ;  
A weaker duo 's hard to find,  
Or deeper love to measure.

She gazes forth to promised land,  
Her spirit all so eager ;  
Her body worn with care and toil,  
Her earnings scant and meager.

And thus upon the border land  
This dusky sister standing—  
Has she a hope from any plan?  
A chance for any landing?

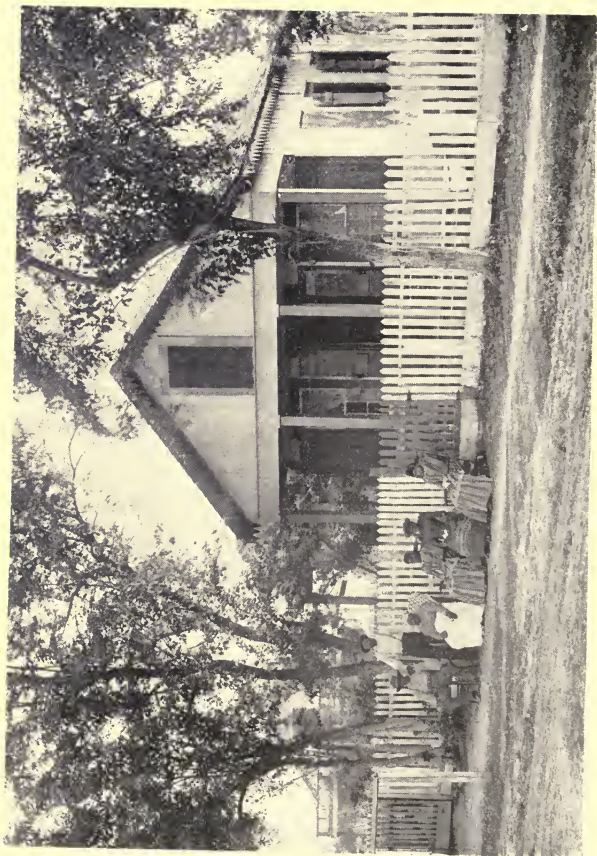
With Anglo eyes of hazel blue,  
A skin of creamy yellow ;  
Is Uncle Sam her uncle too?  
With big heart soft and mellow?

Now in this chill of midnight time,  
In God's great silence waiting ;  
Hears she the word of sweet command,  
All human discord 'bating.

And thus alone on border land,  
In God's own circle standing,  
"To the least of these a helping hand,"  
Is this of God's commanding?







RESIDENCE OF S. M. BAKER

## GENERAL SHOWING OF RESULTS OF ELEVEN YEARS.

I. PROPERTY.—In 1881 if the entire property had been offered for sale it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to realize ten thousand dollars. Now, 1892, it is held to be worth, at a conservative estimate, seventy-five thousand dollars.

II. BUILDINGS.—In 1881 there was naught but a ruin, a mass of fallen bricks and timbers, beside a one story brick store, 14 by 16 feet, which had once been a porter's lodge, a sorry relic of an unhappy past, a burrow for rats beneath, a refuge for snakes above. Now there is no plantation store, but six good and commodious buildings, namely :

1. *Gilbert Hall*, a dormitory for females, erected with Mr. Gilbert's first donation.

2. *The Chapel*, the reconstructed Orphans' Home, now about one half the size of the old building. It is, however, a large building, 90 by 41, and two stories in height. It contains within it, beside ample hallways or corridors, the chapel, 58 by 40; library, 18 by 22; reading room, 18 by 20, and five recitation rooms of ample size.

3. *Smith Hall*, so named from Mr. Charles

B. Smith, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Hartford, Conn., who was the largest contributor toward the cost of the building. This is the dormitory for males, of the same size as Gilbert Hall, 72 by 38, two stories, and of the same architectural pattern.

4. Connected with Gilbert Hall are: (1) The dining hall, 50 by 31, two stories. The first floor is of the entire dimensions of the building, and makes the dining room wherein one hundred and fifty persons may sit at the table at one time without inconvenience. The second floor comprises eight rooms, additional dormitory for ladies. (2) The kitchen and bakery, near the dining hall, and connected by gallery.

5. *The Industrial Building*, erected with Mr. Gilbert's second donation for buildings. It comprises: (1) Printing office, of three rooms, with an excellent outfit of types, presses, etc. (2) Carpentry shop, one large room, 30 by 30, well equipped with benches, desks, hand-power, machines, and tools. (3) Sewing room, 30 by 20, with two sewing machines. (4) Large room for storage of finished work.

6. *The Farm Building*, large and convenient, devoted to granaries, stables, and sheds.





III. FENCES.—There were none, in 1881, that would stand a lively wind, and none at all capable of protecting crops. Mules and steers went hither and yon at their pleasure. Now all is well inclosed, chiefly with barbed wire, and live stock can go only where they are permitted.

IV. LAND.—The greater part of the land after the war, and until 1881, had either lain dormant, uncultivated, or had been simply scratched over enough to waste its substance without appreciable production of crops. Now the arable land is thoroughly taken up. One part is in the plot of the village of Winsted, so named after Winsted, Conn. Another part is cultivated in corn, cane, potatoes, etc. Another part is cultivated chiefly in rice. There are about five hundred acres of swamp land, which is very valuable, abounding in cypress and other timber, that must ultimately come to market. For valuation of property, *vide* page 159.

V. EDUCATIONAL RESULTS.—About two thousand different persons have been instructed in Gilbert Academy and Agricultural College in the past eleven years. Sixty intelligent and worthy young men and women have been graduated in the grammar course. There have been taught

from two to five years each in printing, 60; carpentry, 72; agriculture, 70; needlework, 300; baking of bread, 6; laundry work, 180.

There are in advanced and responsible positions as preachers, teachers, officeholders, mechanics and farmers, 35. Many others in useful work, and leading honorable lives.

VI. MORAL AND RELIGIOUS RESULTS.—These cannot readily be stated numerically. The majority of our students have received the grace of conversion and are leading worthy lives. Two hundred of them have become staunch advocates and exemplars of total abstinence, and by their efforts in propagating temperance truths and organizing societies, have probably as much as duplicated their number of converts to temperance.

The Gospel Mission has made a good record in the fight against popular vices and in saving souls.

Trinity Church, Rev E. B. Richards, pastor, numbers about seventy-five members besides the students, and is a power for righteousness in the community.

St. James Church, two miles away, the Rev. Joseph Tircuit, pastor, is an efficient colaborer in



the vineyard. Started as a mission of Trinity Church, it is rapidly growing to the numbers and influence of an equal to the mother church.

The Baptist Church, of which the Rev. J. T. B. Labau is pastor, numbers about three hundred members, and is a very powerful organization. The pastor, one of the early fruits of our institution, is a man of pure life, of great talent, and one of the ablest ministers of his denomination in Louisiana.

All these agencies centered about one locality, and, cooperating, are making a good record against the kingdom of darkness and for the kingdom of light.

THE END.



ACADEMIC,  
CHRISTIAN,

INDUSTRIAL,  
NONSECTARIAN.



29 TEACHERS.



❁ Farm. ❁ — ❁ — ❁ Shops. ❁

# GILBERT ACADEMY

AND

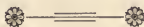
*Agricultural College,*

WINSTED, LA.

❁ **400 Students.** ❁

PROTESTANTS,

ROMAN CATHOLICS.



All are required to work.

All glad to work.

Extra time 8 cents per hour.

## GILBERT ACADEMY.

Support comes from the John F. Slater Trust, the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Public School Fund of the Parish St. Mary.

**Because of the obligation to fulfill the trust of the Orphans' Home in the maintenance and education of Orphan Children; because of the cooperation of the directors of the Public Schools; and because of the number of Christian Churches represented by students and teachers—this institution has always been avowedly, purposely, and actually NONSECTARIAN, making no proselytes, teaching Christian morality and redemption.**

We, the undersigned, having investigated and being conversant with the facts, are profoundly impressed with the merits of this vigorous institution and its prospects. We confidently appeal in its behalf to a generous people.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES,

*Ex-President United States.*

ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD,

*Bishop Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and recently Agent John F. Slater Fund.*

WILLARD F. MALLALIEU,

*Bishop Methodist Episcopal Church, resident in New Orleans.*

J. C. HARTZELL,

*Corresponding Secretary Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.*







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