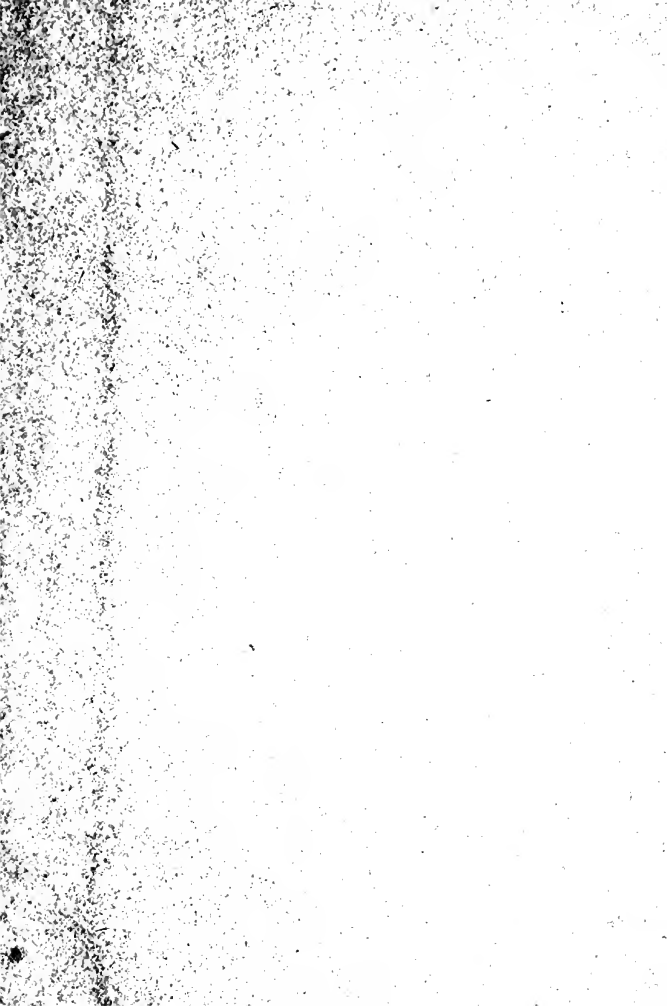






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Cill, Jacob Smiser, 1856-
Isaac Taylor Tichenor, the
home mission statesman





"THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME," IN SPENCER CO., KY., WHERE I. T. TICHENOR WAS BORN.



ISAAC TAYLOR
TICHENOR

THE HOME MISSION STATESMAN

"He had understanding of the times,
to know what Israel ought to do."
—1 Chron. 12; 32.

✓
J. S. DILL, D. D.

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SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

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PUBLISHING FUND.

GIVEN BY
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD,
DECEMBER, 1897.

BOOK NUMBER THREE.

TO

My Wife

KATE TICHENOR DILL

THE INSPIRATION OF THE BEST THERE IS

IN MY LIFE

SINCE JULY 6, 1882.

A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHERS

THIS book is published in the interest of Home Missions, and as a direct contribution to the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. It illustrates in a striking way some phases of that work, and at the same time furnishes a biographical sketch of the life and labors of one who through so many years held high rank among his brethren, and served as Home Mission Secretary with distinction and honor and efficiency. There is fitness in issuing this book under the Matthew T. Yates Publishing Fund. It brings together that great Foreign Missionary and this Home Mission Statesman, serving to illustrate the Unity of Missions and the Oneness of those who work on the home field with those who work on the foreign field.

NASHVILLE, TENN., *March*, 1908.

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FOREWORD

THIS sketch of the Life of ISAAC TAYLOR TICHENOR was prepared by the request of the Kentucky Baptist Historical Society, and read at its annual meeting at Mayfield, Ky., June 25, 1907. The appreciation expressed on that occasion has encouraged the author to give it this permanent form, and it is now published under the patronage of that Society. To the sketch of his life we are fortunate in being able to add some specimens of his work well worth preserving, and which at the same time will illustrate the character of the man and give us phases of Home Mission work in the South.

Dr. Tichenor was twenty years old when the Southern Baptist Convention was organized, and his life belongs to that generation of our Baptist Fathers whose hands so skillfully formed and guided those institutions in our Southern Zion which we now hold most dear. The historical materials which relate

to the men and measures of that period will become increasingly interesting and valuable. It is hoped that this biography will not only find sympathetic appreciation at the hands of those who knew and loved I. T. TICHENOR, but will not be without value in the final writing of the history of the great formative period among Southern Baptists.

BAPTIST PARSONAGE, *Bowling Green, Ky.*

ISAAC TAYLOR TICHENOR

THE HOME MISSION STATESMAN

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY MANHOOD.

IF in this democratic country genealogical tables count for anything, then the name of ISAAC TAYLOR TICHENOR is an honorable one. Martin Tichenor, who tradition tells us was of French extraction, was among the earliest settlers of New England. The record shows that in 1644 he took the oath of allegiance at New Haven, Connecticut, but soon, under the leadership of Robert Treat, helped to form the first settlement at Newark, New Jersey. Now it happened that Ebenezer Byram, scion of a worthy Connecticut family, had settled in Morris County, New Jersey, and that his son, Ebenezer, took in marriage Abigail Alden, fifth generation from John Alden and Priscilla, and to them were born sons and daughters. In the meantime, Joseph Tich-

enor, grandson of Martin Tichenor, had also settled in Morris County, and there was born unto him in 1742 a son named Daniel. Now this Daniel had in him an excellent spirit, and was wise above his fellows; so it came to pass that he took unto him to wife Anna Byram, and straightway emigrated to the State of Kentucky. This event occurred in 1790, so that when Kentucky was admitted as a State in 1792, Daniel Tichenor was among its citizens. His first purchase of lands in Kentucky was on the Green River, but in this he was disappointed, as it was still a wilderness into which he could not carry his family. In 1795 he accordingly purchased three hundred acres of land on Plum Run, in Nelson County, and there resided until his death. In that early time of settlement, Daniel Tichenor made a liberal contribution to the growth of Kentucky. He obeyed the Scripture command to multiply and replenish the earth, for to him were born eight sons and six daughters. James, the youngest son of this Daniel Tichenor, was married to Margaret Bennett, descendant of the Virginia Bennetts. It was under the roof of James Tichenor, in Spencer County, where sturdy New England blood mingled with the choice graces of Virginia womanhood, that on the eleventh day





JAMES AND MARGARET TICHENOR,
PARENTS OF I. T. TICHENOR.

of November, in the year 1825, Isaac Taylor Tichenor was born.

When Isaac was four years old he was sent to school. He tells us that his first distinct recollection of life was an incident at school. As a child he made his first speech in that little primitive schoolroom. It was copied from Peter Parley, and was as follows:

“This world is round and like a ball
Seen swinging in the air,
The sky extends around it all,
And stars are shining there.
Water and land upon the face
Of this great globe we see,
The land is man’s safe dwelling place,
And ships sail on the sea.”

This simple recitation was prophetic of a mind that, in the maturity of its faculties, reveled as few others in the great things of God in land and sea and air.

At the age of fifteen he entered the High School at Taylorsville. Here he had good training under two excellent teachers, Moses and David Burbank, graduates of Waterville College, in the State of Maine. He secured a good course in mathematics as high as trigonometry, and in Latin read Sallust and Virgil. Here, too, he laid a good foundation in rhetoric and logic, and could have entered

the junior class in college. In the second year of his high school course he had a severe illness. In this attack of measles, cold settled in the glands of his throat and affected his vocal organs for life. His physician, who might have descended from one of Job's comforters, assured him that he need not be disturbed about his throat, as he would soon die of consumption. His health was at the time too much impaired and his constitution weakened for him to go to college, so at the age of nineteen we find him teaching a neighborhood school. This gained for him universal praise, and the next year he became assistant to Davis Burbank in the Taylorsville Academy. He taught in this school three years, and the last year was its principal.

Young Tichenor professed conversion at the age of eleven, but was held back from church membership until in his thirteenth year, at which time he was baptized by Elder William Vaughn into the fellowship of Bloomfield Church. It has come down to us that William Vaughn was much discouraged by the fruitage of his ministry that year, for he had only baptized Isaac Tichenor and a very fleshy young woman who weighed over three hundred pounds. Her name was Nancy Pulliam, and her unusual size attracted to the

scene a great concourse of people. But little attention was given to the baptism of the small boy.

Moses Burbank was a Baptist who had his heart set on the development of the religious life of his pupils. He taught school in the Baptist meeting-house. A protracted meeting was in progress and he told the boys to finish studying and they would hold a prayer-meeting before the congregation assembled. He called on Isaac Tichenor to pray, but was refused. After the congregation had assembled and they had sung the opening hymn, he again called on Tichenor to pray. This time he responded and offered his first public prayer.

While teaching with Davis Burbank at the Academy, on one Saturday morning when the church was about to convene for a business meeting, one of his young friends told him that the pastor, Uncle Billy Stout, wanted to see him. When he reported to the pastor he was greatly surprised to find that Uncle Billy wanted him to preach for him that morning. This he refused. The pastor seemed hurt, so when others joined in urging him, he finally consented. He spoke for twenty-five minutes from the words, "Search the Scriptures." After the sermon the pastor proposed that

the young brother be licensed to preach. Under the protest of the young man, the motion was unanimously passed. The next thing he knew Uncle Billy had arranged an appointment for him to preach at Plum Creek Church, ten miles off. He yielded to the persuasion of his sister, and on this occasion preached his first prepared sermon from the text, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" What effect the sermon had on his congregation we do not know, but from this time on he no longer *halted* as to his duty to preach the gospel, for we find that during that summer he is in frequent demand among the churches, and responds with such fervor as to gain the title of the boy orator of Kentucky.

The first overture to give him a settled pastorate came from the East Baptist Church of Louisville, Kentucky. This he declined on account of frail health and instead accepted an appointment from the Indian Mission Association of Louisville to represent them in Mississippi. William C. Buck was then president of the Association, and Sidney Dyer its corresponding secretary. He took up this work in the hope that the Southern climate would be more friendly to his health, and accordingly in the fall of 1847 he made his way on horseback from Kentucky to Missis-

issippi. He went by way of Nashville and there attended the annual meeting of the Indian Mission Association. Here he first met J. R. Graves, and was also profoundly impressed with a great speech he heard from Joseph Islands, the Apostle of the Indians. This Joseph Islands was a full-blooded Creek Indian, with rugged eloquence and a marvelous experience of God's grace. The thrilling romance of his life is too sacred a story to be lost to our Baptist history. To the end of his life Dr. Tichenor was fond of telling of the time he saw and heard this remarkable man. We are glad to preserve in this volume his full and beautiful account of the story of "Joseph Islands, the Apostle of the Indians." It is a part of Home Mission history.

Pursuing his way through West Tennessee he stopped for the Sabbath at Denmark, and there preached two sermons. At the close of the service a woman asked who that boy was, and then exclaimed: "I had rather be that boy than to be Jeems K. Polk, President of the United States."

November finds young Tichenor in attendance on the Mississippi Baptist Convention at Hernando. Thursday was the night for the discussion of Indian Missions. It came to his ears that the committee on order of business

had grave hesitation as to whether to place one so young on the program. But they decided that courtesy to the Association he represented required that he be recognized. They therefore, in order to run no risk, sandwiched him in between two other speakers. This put the young orator upon his mettle, and like a true Kentucky thoroughbred, he did his best. He so far surpassed the other speakers that his address became the talk of the Convention. This success gave him an open door into the churches of Mississippi for the presentation of the mission cause he represented.

The American Indian Mission Association, of which young Tichenor was now the agent, was organized in 1843, and did its work among the Choctaw and Creek nations. Afterwards this organization, through its board at Louisville, Kentucky, transferred all its mission work to the DOMESTIC BOARD of the Southern Baptist Convention. This transaction occurred at the meeting of the Convention in 1855 at Montgomery, Alabama, while Dr. Tichenor was pastor of that church. It then assumed the name of DOMESTIC AND INDIAN MISSION BOARD. Few of us now realize the importance of the work among the Indians in those earlier days. Larger problems now fill our horizon,

and the Indian is pressed into the background. The word Indian is now dropped from the name of our Board, and it is simplified to the HOME MISSION BOARD. This change came in 1874. It is not without significance that the first service Dr. Tichenor rendered his denomination, when he was yet little more than a lad, afterwards became a part of the work of the great Board to which he gave the last and longest segment of his life.

CHAPTER II.

DR. TICHENOR IN THE PASTORAL SERVICE.

AFTER six weeks of travel in Mississippi he came to the city of Columbus to present the cause of Indian Missions. Here he was detained by the heavy rains of the season, and as the church was without a pastor, he was invited to supply the pulpit for two Sundays. It was then urged upon him that, as he could not do effective agency work during midwinter, he tarry with the church and supply until spring. Though hesitating on account of his inexperience and the fact that this was one of the most important pulpits in the State, he finally consented. His success was such that with the coming of spring he was unanimously elected as permanent pastor. Here, in the year 1848, he was ordained to the full work of the ministry.

The Columbus Church had for several years been split by factions, and the young pastor soon found that he was not sailing upon quiet waters. But this breach was soon healed, for

one day the pastor preached a sermon of such power that at its close those who had been so bitterly estranged fell weeping upon each others shoulders. Tichenor was then frail and thin, and weighed only about one hundred and twenty pounds, and it was at this juncture, when all were rejoicing, that Miss Maria Morse, a maiden lady who had been praying for the peace of Zion, threw her arms around the astonished pastor and exclaimed: "God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty."

In company with Deacon Mullins of Columbus, Tichenor, in 1849, attended the session of the Southern Baptist Convention at Charleston, South Carolina. It was the third session of the body, and it was to him a memorable trip and a great experience. From Rome to Atlanta, Georgia, he had his first experience in railroad travel. He spent a few days in Augusta, preaching there on Sunday. At the Convention he came into a congenial fellowship of kindred spirits, and formed ties with true yoke-fellows in the service of God. Here for the first time he met three other young men, W. T. Brantley, Jr., Basil Manly, Jr., and James P. Boyce. Here too he caught inspiration from such men as J. L. Dagg, Basil Manly, Sr., and J. B. Jeter. At this

Convention Tichenor was appointed to preach on Sunday afternoon. There was a large congregation, including many delegates. He preached from the text, "If that which was done away was glorious, how much more that which remaineth is glorious." The sermon established his reputation in the Convention. He was then in his twenty-fourth year.

In attendance upon the Mississippi State Convention in the fall of 1849, Tichenor was made chairman of the Committee on Temperance. It was at the time when the organization known as the "Sons of Temperance" was at its height. In his report he took the ground that the Church ought to be the strongest and best temperance society in the world. This precipitated in the Convention a great discussion, and in view of the aggressive temperance reforms of the present day is well worth recording. The position taken by the report was in advance of the thought of the day on that subject.

In the spring of 1850 Tichenor resigned the pastorate at Columbus. He made a trip to the coast of Texas, and held protracted meetings at Houston and Galveston. He then returned to his Kentucky home for the summer, and was persuaded to accept a call extended him to the pastorate at Henderson, Kentucky.



THE PASTOR AND HIS CHURCH, MONTGOMERY, ALA.
1852-1868.

While at Henderson he committed the usual youthful indiscretion of trying to keep a *diary*. His enthusiasm for recording his daily thoughts and doings all went to pieces in the brief space of sixty days. This record, preserved in his family, serves only to give us a flashlight into the inner spiritual life of the growing young pastor. It reveals a longing of soul for the doing of the highest and best things for his Master, which the after years will not disappoint. The half dozen sermons also written out in full in the same blank book with his diary, give ample promise of the mature service which enriched the people to whom he ministered. The Henderson pastorate only lasted a little over a year, for the return of his throat trouble again warned him that he must seek a more Southern climate.

In December of 1851 Dr. Tichenor was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Montgomery, Alabama, and entered upon this work the first of January, 1852. It was then the only Baptist church in that city, and could not claim more than one hundred and forty-five members. But there was sterling quality in this membership, which was composed of some of the strongest and most influential families in the capital city of Alabama. In the leadership of this vigorous body

he spent sixteen years of consecrated service. It was not an uninterrupted service, for it included the disastrous times of civil war. Two of these years he spent in active service as an army chaplain with the Seventeenth Alabama Regiment, and during that time Dr. Basil Manly, Sr., served the church at Montgomery. This period, closing with the year 1868, represents Dr. Tichenor's great service as a pastor. The church grew under his administration. It was during the first part of his pastorate that the commodious meeting-house that has served a large and growing congregation for over fifty years was built. A new and modern temple of worship will soon be dedicated to take its place. Many revival seasons blessed his ministry, and while sending out two colonies to form new churches, the mother church became one of the strongest organizations within the bounds of the Southern Baptist Convention. There still live, lingering on this side of the river, a few aged saints to testify to Dr. Tichenor's effective pastoral service. A letter from one of these, Mrs. John Stratford, still a resident of the old Capital City, is replete with affectionate remembrance of the great preacher, the tender pastor, and the devoted friend.

As pastor Dr. Tichenor was always loyal

to the organized work of his denomination. Through the Foreign Mission Board, the Alabama Association, of which the Montgomery Church was an important part, had sent as a special missionary to Africa, Rev. J. H. Priest and wife. Priest had trouble with the Board, and returning home, tried to get the Association to support him independently of the Board. This was refused, Dr. Tichenor taking the leading part in advocating loyalty to the Board.

In 1860, just before the outbreak of the civil war, and when in his thirty-fifth year, Dr. Tichenor was a conspicuous figure among the Baptists of the South. The Southern Baptist Seminary was then completing its first session, and Tichenor was invited to deliver its first baccalaureate sermon. This service he rendered by preaching from the text, "Who is sufficient for these things." Dr. J. Wm. Jones, then a student of the Seminary, still recalls the occasion with great pleasure.

Dr. Tichenor was a great student of Bible prophecy. From Joel to John of Patmos he loved to climb the mountain peaks with God's prophets, and look forward with them to the coming of God's Kingdom on earth. Much of his preaching was drawn from the prophetic books, and his studies in this line

culminated in a remarkable series of sermons from the Book of Revelation. These were preached in his pulpit soon after the war, attracting wide notice and creating a profound impression.

Unctious, is the word which to my mind most nearly describes his preaching. Through the intellect he appealed to the heart and stirred the emotions. There was often a melting tenderness that made men weep, yet he seldom told a pathetic story. He could marshal his facts, drive his argument, or paint a picture as few men could do. Rhetorically, his power of description was his greatest gift. Especially could he make a Scripture narrative live in the mind. Who that ever heard him could forget his delineation of the unjust judge and the widow that cried, "Avenge me of mine adversary"? He was a great student of nature, and with a master power drew his illustrations from her marvelous book. From the book of nature he gathered the garlands with which to adorn the truth he brought forth from the greater book of God's revelation. During the period of his pastoral life, Dr. J. B. Hawthorne had frequent opportunities to hear him preach. We will let him describe Tichenor's pulpit power when he was at his

best. We quote from his Tichenor Memorial address at Savannah in 1903.

“Those who never heard Dr. Tichenor before his voice was impaired by bronchial troubles, can scarcely conceive of its original flexibility, compass, clearness, strength, and sweetness. It was remarkable for its range and variety of tones. When he was rallying his congregation to the support of some good cause, or proclaiming some notable victory for truth and righteousness, it was like the blast of a brazen trumpet; but when lamenting misfortune or commiserating suffering, it was as tender and as plaintive as the notes of a funeral chant. No less a man than W. L. Yancey declared that he was one of the most instructive, impressive, and irresistible of living preachers. His sermons were topical. His analysis was brief and simple. He gave little attention to modern text-books on homiletics, but was a careful student of rhetoric. He understood the *‘art of discourse.’* In constructing his sermons and addresses, he adhered to the Grecian method. In each one there was a series of climaxes. From the opening to the close there was steady growth in the character of his thought, in the fervor of his passion, and in the beauty and brilliancy of his diction. He riveted attention upon every phase of his discussion, and when he had concluded it seemed impossible to resist his argument. The most conspicuous elements of his oratory were imagination, passion,

and action. His fancy was Miltonic. His creations were often stupendous, grand, bewildering, and overpowering. At times his oratory swept everything before it like an Alpine avalanche."

It is greatly to be regretted that Dr. Tichenor has left to his family and his brethren but scant written materials of either sermons or addresses. He was essentially an extempore speaker, and yet this does not mean that he was careless in his preparation. His children tell us that his study was often littered, and then the waste basket filled, with the scraps of paper on which he pencilled. These were often the polishing of some striking thought for the Sunday's sermon, or the careful storing away in his mind of some great truth, fitly clothed and ready to come leaping forth at his bidding. In 1863, when there was a crisis in the affairs of the civil war, and a special day of fasting and prayer had been proclaimed by President Davis, Dr. Tichenor, by special invitation of the Legislature of Alabama, preached a sermon before that body. It was a memorable sermon, and by order of the Legislature was printed. We thus have it preserved, and have printed it in this volume both on account of its historic value and as affording a good specimen of his sermonic work.

In his services as chaplain of the Seventeenth Alabama Regiment, composed in part of men from the membership of his own church, Dr. Tichenor was not only mindful of their spiritual interests, but was ready to take up the sword with them. His reputation as a sharpshooter was well known in his regiment, and more than once was put to the test. He belonged to the honorable class of fighting chaplains. At the battle of Shiloh, when his regiment was wavering and panic-stricken under a severe enfilading fire, he was found in the front rallying the men. The following letter, written immediately after the battle of Shiloh, is his own account of the incident. The letter is to Attorney-General Thomas H. Watts, of Montgomery, a member of his church and a lifelong friend:

CAMP WATTS, NEAR CORINTH, April 15, 1862.

My Dear Friend—Enclosed I send you a copy of a petition to the Secretary of War, asking that the two flags, taken in the great battle of Shiloh by our regiment may be transferred to Governor Shorter, to be placed in the Capitol at Montgomery. I feel that I need not ask you to do all you can to have this petition granted.

During this engagement we were under a cross fire on the left wing from three directions. Under it the boys wavered. I had been wounded and was sitting down, but seeing them waver, I sprang to my

feet—took off my hat—waved it over my head—walked up and down the line, and, they say, “preached them a sermon.” I reminded them that it was Sunday, that at that hour (11:30 o’clock) all their home folks were praying for them—that Tom Watts had told us that he would listen with an eager ear to hear from the 17th; and shouting your name far over the roar of battle, I called upon them to stand there, and die, if need be, for their country. The effect was evident. Every man stood to his post—every eye flashed and every heart beat high with desperate resolve to conquer or die. They piled that ground with the slain.

Colonel, I am satisfied—more than satisfied—with my labors as chaplain of the 17th. I feel in my heart the consciousness that in no other position could I have served the cause of my God and my country so well. I am more than recompensed for all my toils and privations.

Yours sincerely,

I. T. TICHENOR.

Tichenor was wounded in this engagement, but little consolation did he get from his general, who reminded him that if he had been at the rear attending to his proper duties he could not have been hurt.

Soon after the war it happened that a company of Southern brethren went from the Southern Baptist Convention to bear fraternal greetings to the Northern Anniversaries, then meeting in the city of Chicago. The subject of the education of the Negroes was before

the body, and the Southern brethren invited to speak. Several had spoken, and Dr. J. L. Burrows had made a strong speech defining the Southern attitude toward the question. Things were already waxing warm when Tichenor was introduced. He undertook to show that taken from their savage state and brought into contact with Southern civilization and the true religion, to the Negro, slavery had its compensations. In the midst of his argument he was greeted with a series of hisses. Gathering up all his power, his blue eyes flashing defiance, he tersely repeated his sentiment, and exclaimed: "And neither your hisses nor your bayonets can alter the facts or make me retract a word I have spoken." He then proceeded with his argument, showing how the white Baptists of the South had given the gospel to the slaves. Suddenly the clear, shrill voice of a woman called out in answer from the gallery. Tichenor, welcoming an opportunity to gracefully retire from his dilemma, bowed in the direction from which came the voice and said: "My Southern gallantry teaches me when a woman speaks to promptly yield the floor." With this he bowed himself off the platform. The next day as he came into the convention hall many of the Northern brethren pressed

about him to shake his hand, and he found himself quite a hero amongst them.

After his resignation as pastor of the First Church of Montgomery in 1868, Dr. Tichenor spent several years on his plantation in Shelby County, Alabama. While here he was engaged in more or less of protracted meeting work. One of these meetings was conducted in 1870 at Marion, Alabama, and as a young student at college I recall with enthusiasm his wonderful presentations of gospel truth to the unsaved. He became pastor of the First Baptist Church of Memphis, Tennessee, in 1871. Here he remained but a year, for in 1872 he responded to a call to a different sphere of service, and it was never his privilege to again enter the pastorate.

CHAPTER III.

DR. TICHENOR AS PRESIDENT OF THE TECHNOLOGICAL COLLEGE OF ALABAMA.

SOOON after the civil war, by the sale of certain government lands, Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges were established in the various Southern States.

For the State of Alabama this school was located at Auburn, in the year 1872. Dr. Tichenor became its first president, and gave ten years of his life to the foundation work which has established one of the best technological schools in the South. This work was thoroughly congenial to his tastes, and in it he scored a signal success. Concerned as he always was for the development of the material resources of his own section, he was not slow to seize the opportunity afforded by this position. He became a close student of all the agricultural, the mineral, and the manufacturing conditions of the South. The trustees of the institution over which he presided have given ample testimony to the debt they owe to their first president, in laying the broad and

secure foundation on which they have since built. He projected broad and liberal plans for the growth of a great college. Especially did he contribute an important part in bringing the people of Alabama to realize something of their mineral as well as their agricultural resources. When at the high tide of his work at Auburn he was recognized as in the forefront of those who had expert knowledge of the hidden material resources of his State, and his educational addresses were a part of the seed-sowing that has yielded to the present generation so rich a harvest. The first time I ever heard Dr. Tichenor in one of his great addresses was during this period of his life. It lives in my memory. I was then nineteen years of age, and for the first time a delegate to the Baptist State Convention of Alabama. The meeting was at Gadsden. Tichenor spoke to the report on State Missions. His plea for a broad and liberal policy in State Mission work was based upon the prophecy that Alabama would soon become a great manufacturing State. Great cities would spring up and the multitudes must have the gospel of Jesus Christ. Birmingham was then but a straggling village, but he prophesied that there were men there present who would live to see the day when that section of Alabama

would be a most important factor in fixing the price of iron in the markets of the world. There were men who heard him on that occasion who called him visionary. Yet he and they have lived to see the realization of his dream, and the hands of the Baptists of Alabama are still busy with the task he on that day set before them.

It was during his life in Auburn that Dr. Tichenor grew into the fullness of his knowledge of the marvelous material resources of the South. Few men knew his native section so well, or loved it more. Let me here place on record the language of one intimately acquainted with the range of his knowledge and the channels of his thought.

“With the South’s history, traditions, manners, customs, peculiar traits, and distinctive genius, he was familiar. Its flora and fauna, its soil and climatic conditions, its geography, its geology, its forests, its mines, its water power, its splendid possibilities, many of which were unknown to the quest of commercial enterprise, and hidden even from scientific eyes, were grasped and appreciated by his keen penetration. He foresaw most of the industrial achievements of modern Southern endeavor, saluted them from afar, prayed for their coming, and proclaimed them the accessories of Christ’s Kingdom. The South ever

loomed before his vision as the section of destiny in our great republic, and as directly related to Anglo-Saxon well-being the world over." (Report of Home Mission Board to the Southern Baptist Convention in 1903.)

It was while at Auburn, also, that Dr. Tichenor came into the full richness of his charming literary style. His baccalaureate addresses to his graduating classes were models of choice English, and yet full of the most stimulating thought to the young men whose lives he was seeking to impress for time and eternity. He was to his pupils as a father, not only in wise counsel, but often in making provision from his own purse that they might remain in college.

While in the pastorate Dr. Tichenor received from Howard College the degree of Doctor of Divinity. It was soon after his retirement from Auburn that the College there, in token of their appreciation of his service and character, as well as his acquaintance with all good learning, bestowed upon him the honorary title of Doctor of Laws. This he wore with honor to the institution to which he had given a choice decade of his life.

CHAPTER IV.

AN INCIDENT OF IMMENSE MOMENT IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN BAPTISTS.

IN the chronicles of Baptist history, the year 1879 needs to be written in large letters. In Atlanta, Georgia, at the Southern Convention that year, there transpired an incident of immense moment in the history of American Baptists. The condition of affairs leading up to this year of crisis, and the part taken by Dr. Tichenor in the episode of that Convention, needs to be here recorded, for it has important bearing on the subsequent life work of our "Home Mission Statesman."

We must pause here long enough to recall some of the most salient facts connected with the making of the Southern Baptist Convention, and we cannot do this better than by liberal quotation from the Historical Address by Dr. W. H. Whitsitt, on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Southern Baptist Convention, delivered at its session in Washington, D. C., in 1895.

The Baptists of the South having withdrawn their co-operation from the Baptists of the North, immediately met, and at Augusta, Ga., May 8th, 1845, organized the Southern Baptist Convention.

To quote from Dr. Whitsitt:

“When the fathers of our Convention met together to consult about its constitution, they decided to go back beyond the convulsions of the year 1826, and as far as possible to adopt the principles and methods which had prevailed from the beginning in the General Missionary Convention. One change, however, was dictated by prudence and by an accurate knowledge of the facts. Instead of establishing a Southern Baptist Convention with a single Board which should have charge of several different departments of denominational exertion, it was decided to establish two co-ordinate Boards, each of which should be dependent upon the body that had originated them. These co-ordinate Boards, one for foreign and the other for domestic missions, were but the forerunners of other interests.”

To illustrate the character of the Convention and to show its place and power as a Baptist center of co-operation, Dr. Whitsitt enumerates the several bodies which, in addition to the Home and Foreign Boards, had come through the years under its fostering care, viz.: The Bible Board, 1851, which went out

with the war; the Theological Seminary, 1859, which has come to a mighty place among us; the former Sunday School Board, 1863, which was discontinued, 1873; the Woman's Missionary Union, 1888, now a vast power for good; the present Sunday School Board, 1891, now the pride of our people; and the Southern Baptist Educational Conference, 1893.

To quote from Dr Whitsitt:

"The relations of these different bodies to the central organization may not always be uniform; yet they are each one in its own way dependent on the Convention. Historical development and the training that has been received by our people for fifty years require that every religious enterprise carried on among white Baptists within the limits of the Southern Baptist Convention shall be in one or another form auxiliary to the Convention. Whatever may be out of touch, and especially out of harmony, with this body, is liable to meet with more or less decided opposition, and to occasion more or less of conflict."

After fifteen years of successful co-operation, with growth and enlargement of its plans and enterprises, the Convention came into years of poverty and peril. It was during the last years of this period of darkness, that Dr. Tichenor was in the enjoyment of his congenial task as President of the College at Auburn, Ala-

bama. But he always loved his Baptist people, and did not now fail to keep in close touch with the things that concerned them. He was always present in their deliberative bodies, lending aid and council in the solution of the problems growing out of the changed social and economic conditions that followed the civil war. That war had left cruel desolation in its track. The still more cruel decade of armed reconstruction had repressed the most heroic efforts to rehabilitate the Southland. These conditions vitally affected the Baptist churches of the South, and the enterprises they fostered were in sad straits. There were hearts in Zion that cried out, "How long! O God, how long!"

To quote Dr. Whitsitt:

"To this aggregation of evils was added the remarkable financial panic that overtook the country in the autumn of 1873, whose results were keenly felt almost by every inhabitant of our section for six or seven years. The experience of those long days of torture and humiliation are still remembered and will haunt many people as an evil dream as long as they live in the world. If the affairs of the Convention were in a sorry plight, this was nothing more than might justly be said of every other business enterprise."

The evil effects of those years of struggle and peril were severest with the Home Mission Board, leaving it shorn of its strength, crippled in its usefulness, and with its very existence uncertain. To its care had been committed "the effects and functions" of the defunct Sunday School Board. At the same time there was talk of merging the Home Board itself into the Foreign Mission Board, because of the stress of the times.

To quote Dr. Whitsitt :

"These dangerous intimations were defeated, but the Board was not thereby restored to its former vigor. Centrifugal forces were everywhere at work. Several of the States had organized mission boards to care for their own territory, and honorable State Conventions deliberately passed resolutions by which the Domestic Mission Board should be excluded from their boundaries. These proposed to take charge of the entire work of home missions, allowing the Convention to make no collections and to extend no assistance in any place where their authority was respected. Still other States had entered upon terms of cooperation with rival organizations situated in other sections of the country. That was notably true of the district west of the Mississippi river, which, by one process or another, had all been lost to the Domestic Mission Board. It had no agent, and was rendering

no assistance in any portion of that wide territory. This process of disintegration was not confined to the trans-Mississippi department. In some of the States on the eastern side of the river brethren had turned away from the Domestic Board and were working in connection with rival Societies. The outlook was as gloomy as it well could be. In addition to the above, the Seminary was all the while in grave peril. . . . They must have been comparatively few who had courage enough in those evil days to conceive any firm faith in the future of the institution."

Such was the situation in our Southern Zion as our people in those hours of peril approached the crisis in their affairs. And everywhere the Baptists of the South were confronted with the question as to whether their separate organizations and enterprises would be maintained. This condition had reached its crisis in the year 1879.

To quote Dr. Whitsitt:

"Under all these circumstances it was nothing more than one might expect, that questions concerning the life or death of the Convention should in due time be raised. That issue was brought forward and discussed at Atlanta, Georgia, during the session of the Convention in 1879. Here was indeed a "battle of the giants." No such momentous controversy has been brought before us in the entire course of

our history. On the afternoon of the first day an impressive preamble and a couple of resolutions were proposed."

The resolutions were as follows:

Whereas, The time has come when all who believe in Jesus should work mightily for the deliverance of the nation from the bondage of sin; when the voice of Divine Providence calls us to greater sacrifices and nobler efforts to secure the triumphant coming of his kingdom; and,

Whereas, The cordial coöperation of the Baptists of the United States would tend greatly to promote their efficiency in this grand work; and,

Whereas, The love of Jesus and the wants of dying men demand that, allowing "the dead past to bury its dead," we, leaving the things which are behind, should press forward to deliver the kindreds of the earth from ignorance and vice, and bring them into the liberty wherewith Christ is able to set them free; therefore,

Resolved, That five brethren be appointed by this Convention to bear to our Baptist brethren of the Northern States, at their approaching anniversaries, expressions of our fraternal regard and assurances of our readiness to coöperate cordially with them in promoting the cause of Christ in our own and all foreign lands.

Resolved, That we respectfully suggest to them the propriety of holding, at some convenient time and place, a meeting of representative men from all sections of our common country, to devise and propose such plans of coöperation between this Convention and other Baptist bodies of the United States as may best contribute to the more efficient

working of the Baptist brotherhood, to the good of all men, and to the glory of our Redeemer.

To quote Dr. Whitsitt :

“This document was expressed in diplomatic terms, and yet it was generally understood that it related mainly to the question of “preserving our separate organizations.” As in the case of all issues of first-class importance, the business was referred to a committee composed of one from each State. When it came up for discussion on the morning of Saturday, May 10, 1879, after an address by the Chairman, it was moved by John A. Broadus, of Kentucky, to strike out the two resolutions, and on that proposition a debate was held which lasted throughout the day. Shortly before adjournment in the afternoon, the motion of Dr. Broadus was carried, and an amended resolution was substituted in the following terms :

“The committee to whom were referred the resolutions on coöperation with our Northern brethren, have had the same under consideration, and instruct me to report the following resolution :

“*Resolved*, That five brethren be appointed by this Convention to bear to our Baptist brethren of the Northern States, at their approaching anniversaries, expressions of our fraternal regard, and assurances that while firmly holding to the wisdom and policy of preserving our separate organizations, we are ready, as in the past, to coöperate cordially with them in promoting the cause of Christ in our own and foreign lands.”

“In this manner an issue was quietly closed which had threatened us with the most serious

consequences, and there has never been a moment since the year 1879 when it was even remotely possible for such a question to be again discussed before the Convention."

Thus the Southern Baptist Convention settled the question of its own existence, and established itself as a potent factor to influence the future of American Baptists. The Baptists of the South, with a heroism unsurpassed by any people in the annals of history, declared with unanimous voice for "the wisdom and policy of preserving our separate organizations." This was done in the interest of their own great enterprises, especially their Foreign Mission Board, their Home Mission Board, and their Theological Seminary, as being mighty agencies for meeting their own high obligation and for the furtherance of the kingdom of Christ at Home and throughout the world.

The preamble and resolutions to which Dr. Whitsitt referred and which I have introduced in full, were presented to the Convention by Dr. Tichenor. His address in support of the resolutions is remembered as one of the greatest speeches of his life, thrillingly eloquent; while the reply on the part of Dr. Broadus was a masterpiece even for that great Baptist Commoner. It was never in the mind of Dr.

Tichenor to advocate in these resolutions "organic union" with the North; and no one ever questioned his integrity or his loyalty to either the Convention itself or to any of the great enterprises which it had in hand.

In the encroachment of other Baptist bodies upon the territory of the Southern Baptist Convention, he saw a disintegrating force and realized that the issue had to be met. There was need for a clearer understanding between Northern and Southern Baptists as to the rights of their respective missionary organizations in certain definite sections of our country, and there should be co-operation instead of antagonism. The first thing to do, was to try to settle the matters at issue in a fraternal way, and he therefore introduced these "diplomatic resolutions" for a fraternal conference. There was little hope that there could be made a satisfactory agreement with Northern Baptists on the question of boundaries or any other matters that were at issue; but if after an honest trial it failed, then Southern Baptists would have all the stronger plea for an aggressive policy in securing their rights in their own territory.

Remembering the chivalric spirit of the man and his devotion to the South and all Southern interests, especially of the Baptists of the

South, we do not wonder that, in common with his brethren, feeling the fearful stress of the times and disturbed even unto soreness of heart with the constant agitation about co-operation with the Baptists of the North, Dr. Tichenor determined upon this course to bring the matter to a final issue. And acting in all frankness, with heroic spirit and resolute purpose, he resolved to make the issue and then abide the consequences and stand loyally with his brethren in whatever decision they should give in this great denominational tribunal.

This at least is what he did, and no one among us wrought more valiantly to work out the mission and destiny of the Convention. And this settlement of the issue, in the providence of God, opened the way for the difficult position to which he was called by his brethren three years later. That position he filled as Home Mission Statesman for twenty years, and as a great leader among us wrought the greatest service of his life in bringing the Southern Baptist Convention into full possession of its own.

Dr. Whitsitt did not overdraw the picture of darkness and peril into which our affairs had come, and especially as related to the Home Mission Board. And yet over against that as a light on a cloud, stands the remarkable fact

that throughout this same session of the Convention (Atlanta, 1879), the Home Mission Board, though it had received for that year not quite seventeen thousand dollars, all told, was endorsed and commended in the strongest and most generous terms, and its work was treated with favor and distinction. So emphatic was this, and so important as marking the transition of that stormy period, that we give in full herewith the report of one of the several committees which were charged with reviewing its work for the past and outlining its need and policy for the future.

From Minutes of Convention, 1879—Report on Home Board:

WORK OF BOARD IN DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

In presenting a report your committee presume that it is unnecessary to intimate lines of duty, or offer instructions to the Board whose grand business it is to conduct the missions needed in the Home work, called for by the waste or destitute portions of our Conventional territory. But in the present attitude of our denominational affairs, in this crisis of financial depression, and in the confusion of agencies to promote great evangelical enterprises, it may be necessary to present some suggestions, as to what the Home Mission Board should be occupied in in promoting or in stimulating our churches to aid it in accomplishing. Let it then be settled as a fixed matter in the hearts of Southern Baptists:

1. That the Home Mission Board is a necessity. The work yet to be done is very great. The territory for which the Board was originally created to

provide the preaching of a pure gospel wherever destitution existed, is no less extensive at this time than in 1845. The extension of the railroad system, the opening of new farming districts, the settlement and enlargement of new towns and villages, demand continued efforts to sustain Missions at all important points for influence. Varied forms of error, new exhibitions of old errors, specious phases of fanciful theories of religion or worship, covert atheism, open infidelity and Romanism, all active with aggressive leaders, require on the part of Baptists undying energy and zeal to plant the standard of the truth on a vantage ground from which it can never be driven.

2. That there are points in most of the States, which the State Conventions or General Associations cannot effectually sustain without aid outside of State organizations. Among these may be named San Antonio and Corpus Christi, in Texas; Pine Bluff and Hot Springs, Arkansas, and Tallahassee, in Florida. There are doubtless other places in other States which, as our whole territory develops and our population increases, will also call for the attention and aid of this Board.

3. To give unity to our work, and to harmonize all State organizations with our plans and modes of operation so as to prevent collision between State and General Secretaries, it is important that there should be a common organ for communication, coöperation, and general aims for the attainment of our great mission. The Home Mission Board of this Convention will probably have work to do until the millenium dawns in the world.

4. The Home Mission Board will always be our most effective agent in collecting, collating, publishing, and placing in enduring form the statistics of all our Associations, District and State Societies and Conventions. It can be hardly doubted that our congregational form of government will ever make it difficult to obtain perfectly accurate statistics, but this Board can do more than any other organization in collecting and making known our true condition as to our numbers, religious zeal, activity, and contributions.

The Board should be assured the fervent prayers, generous contributions, and active coöperation in every feasible method of every church member in every church within the bounds of the Convention. The Board must have the means to answer with encouraging words and aid the calls now made upon it with intense earnestness.

Respectfully submitted,

W. C. CRANE, Texas.

J. F. B. MAYS, Tennessee.

B. MANLY, Kentucky.

O. H. CHALKLEY, Virginia.

R. H. GRIFFITH, North Carolina.

J. A. W. THOMAS, South Carolina,

L. R. L. JENNINGS, Georgia.

This report expressed the sentiment of the Convention and had the ring of heroic metal. Its words are as true now as then in emphasizing the need of this work in the organic life of the denomination. It has on it today the emphasis of enlargement and may well serve as the appeal for still further enlargement. We add a final word from Dr. Whitsitt's address, as follows:

"The Home Mission Board, which had so long been in an enfeebled condition, began to receive new favor after 1879. In the year 1882 it was reconstructed at Greenville, South Carolina, and, under Dr. I. T. Tichenor, started upon a career of prosperity that has been the joy and the marvel of our recent history. Experience has amply demonstrated that this agency is necessary to the prosperity and efficiency of the Convention. Therefore we may

well rejoice in every influence that contributes to strengthen the hands and to improve the resources of the Home Mission Board.”

With this setting forth of the conditions of that period, and the settled purpose of Southern Baptists to work out, under God, their own distinct mission, we are the better prepared to understand and appreciate the work of our “Home Mission Statesman” in the service which he rendered as an official of the Southern Baptist Convention. For twenty years he toiled at the task, and to the record of it we will now turn.

CHAPTER V.

DR. TICHENOR AS SECRETARY OF THE HOME
MISSION BOARD OF THE SOUTHERN
BAPTIST CONVENTION.

“We challenge the wisdom of the Christian world to the proposition that the evangelization of this country is, among human affairs, the mightiest factor in the world’s redemption.”—*I. T. Tichenor.*

IMPORTANT as was the work of I. T. Tichenor as president of a technological school in Alabama, it has an added meaning in his life when we see in it also a work of preparation for a still greater task to which God and his brethren would call him. Ten years of academic life at Auburn, engaged as he was in the profound study of our Southland, its marvelous resources, its imperative needs, and its new and perplexing problems, was God’s preparation of the man who was to lead Southern Baptists in the new era of our changed social and industrial life. Thus it happened in the providence of God that in the year 1882, the Home Mission Board



L. J. Fickner

SECRETARY.

of the Southern Baptist Convention was removed from Marion, Alabama, to Atlanta, Georgia, and I. T. Tichenor was chosen as its secretary. To this great task he devoted the full maturities of his powers, and this last segment of his life, spanning a period of nearly twenty years, must be recognized as his highest contribution to the times in which he lived. It is upon this part of his life that we need to place the greatest emphasis.

In entering upon this work, Dr. Tichenor conceived that it was the function of his Board not only to help weak churches here and there, but carefully to study the conditions of our *homeland*, and to lead the way in the solution of the great problems that confront the Baptists of the South. Without entering into the details of the work, I call attention to the most important lines of his aggressive leadership.

I. *As to Our Western Frontier.*—As the new Secretary cast his eyes across the Mississippi, he found there his first and most important problem. Except for its missionaries among the Indians, the Board then had only six missionaries west of the great river. The Home Mission Society of New York, at that time recognizing no territorial limits, was making inroads upon our Western flank. With tempting donations to weak churches

and invitations to a permanent alliance, that society was threatening the solidarity of the Southern Baptist Convention. In the great empire of Texas the New York Society was putting forth its best effort, while our Board had only two missionaries to that whole domain, and had that year received from the whole of Texas the paltry sum of \$207. Tichenor gave prompt attention to this condition. He traveled through the State visiting churches, associations, and conventions. He at once grasped the magnitude and importance of the problem in its relation to Southern Baptists. He found a vast world of destitution, but a great empire of promise. He found a population largely Baptist and intensely Southern. This Empire of the Southwest that might slip from our hands he found easy to hold in its natural place in our ranks. They would be glad of the opportunity. It at once became a settled policy of his Board to maintain the natural solidarity of the Convention by holding the great Southwest as its special mission field.

As a result the Secretary was able in his first report to the Southern Baptist Convention to record that his Board had thirty-four missionaries in Texas, that Texas had contributed \$2,335 to Home Missions, and that

they had formed a most satisfactory system of co-operation with the Texas Baptists. This was the beginning of the system of co-operative work with State Boards which has entered largely into the policy of the Home Board ever since. In Tichenor's second annual report we find that his Board has seventy-eight men at work west of the Mississippi, and fifty-eight of these in Texas. The report declares that "it is gratifying to know that the rank Texas is taking among the States that support our Convention is due in no small degree to the work of our Home Board." The next year (1885) the emphasis placed by the Board upon this field is shown by the fact that of the one hundred and eighty-five missionaries of the Board then employed, one hundred and thirty-one were west of the Mississippi, and eighty-one of these at work in Texas. The report of that year in a special paragraph on Texas as a mission field closes with these words: "The success of our work there in the years that are past, as well as at the present time, betoken that Texas is rapidly becoming the strongest of our Baptist States. In the not distant future her mighty legions will perform no insignificant part in the conquest of other lands for Him whose right it is to reign."

In the year 1900, which closed Tichenor's administration as Secretary, the Board reported three hundred and forty-six missionaries west of the great river. Today the Board has five hundred and seventy-nine missionaries in the great Southwest, and that vast and growing country intensely loyal to the Southern Baptist Convention. This year of our Lord 1907, Texas has given to Home Missions \$37,000, which is twice as much as all the Southern States combined contributed to that Board the year before Tichenor entered its office. This same Texas has this same year given to our Foreign Mission Board the sum of \$58,000, which is \$10,000 more than the income of the Foreign Mission Board from the whole South the year before he became Secretary.

I think that no one will doubt that this present happy condition is due in large measure to the wisdom in which Tichenor handled the problem at the time of its crisis. If there is a section of our Southland that honors the name of Tichenor more than another, I think it is the Southwest. They believed in him and trusted his leadership to the fullest. The master workmen who are there today building colossal enterprises for the hastening of God's Kingdom on earth will not forget his memory.

2. *Our Sunday School Periodical Literature.*—At the time that Dr. Tichenor entered upon the Secretaryship, there was in progress a new development in Sunday-school methods. The introduction of the International Series of Lessons called for a special graded series of lesson helps. This demand was being promptly met by various publishing houses. The Home Board was at the time publishing its Sunday-school paper, *Kind Words*. This was a weekly paper with which it had been entrusted by the Convention when its former Sunday School Board was discontinued, and it was made the function of the Home Board to also care for the Sunday-school interests of the denomination in the South. The *Kind Words* publication was wholly inadequate to the new needs that had arisen in Sunday-school work. The question before the Board was whether Southern Baptists should leave the supply of their literature to Northern and Western firms, or hold in their own grasp this source of power with the churches. In the face of much opposition, Dr. Tichenor was from the very beginning clear, positive, and aggressive in holding that the only wise policy was for the Southern Baptist Convention to publish its own Sunday-school literature. With his usual foresight he appreciated the

power of a people's making their own literature. He especially saw its molding influence upon the lives of each new generation of our young people, and he wrought out the plan of a full line of Sunday-school lesson helps, such as were being published by other denominations, and by our Baptist brethren at the North, through the American Baptist Publication Society at Philadelphia.

The lease under which the Home Mission Board was publishing *Kind Words* was to expire in 1886. Dr. Tichenor's report to the Convention in Augusta in 1885 calls attention to this and asks for a committee to consider the question of making a new lease that would meet the advanced needs of Sunday-school work. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, then a member of the Board, tells us that before the meeting in Augusta, the Secretary outlined to him the whole policy which he proposed to advocate. Dr. Tichenor, as quoted by Dr. Hawthorne in his memorial address, said: "We must get the Convention to adopt a resolution authorizing the Home Board to provide for the publication of a periodical literature for our Southern Baptist Sunday schools. Then the Board must let the contract for the publication of this literature for a term of five years to some reliable firm. The success of the undertaking

will convince the Convention of the importance of continuing the work.”

Dr. Tichenor carried out his purpose, and at Augusta in 1885 the Convention authorized the Board to mature plans to meet the new needs. The Board at once began the execution of this high trust, and a year later, 1886, reported to the Convention at Montgomery a plan for publishing its periodicals. It was a contract with competent and trustworthy printers for a term of five years, to publish the series without cost or financial liability to either the Home Board or the Convention, but with the possibility of profit in the way of royalty. The Convention approved the plan, confirmed the contract, and authorized the Board to proceed with the work. Thus it came to pass that in January, 1887, the *Kind Words Series of Graded Lesson Helps* were first published, and Dr. Tichenor presented them to the denomination, feeling sure of their need and destiny among the Baptists of the South.

Then there came one of the severest conflicts ever known in our denominational life. The American Baptist Publication Society was already furnishing many of our schools with literature, and finding a profitable field for its business. It was more than willing to under-

take the publishing business for the Baptists of the South, and also the care of their Sunday-school interests. And many of our people, including some of the very best leaders among us, were in favor of committing these high interests to the Society. The Society itself pressed its claim with vigor upon the attention of our people, and through its friends withstood this movement of the Convention to foster its own Sunday-school cause and publish its own Sunday-school literature. The Home Mission Board, with its able Secretary, held that it would be a mistake to commit such a trust to any organization outside of the Convention itself, and heroically stood for the policy which it had outlined and inaugurated.

While the contention was at its height, and speedily coming to its crisis, Dr. J. M. Frost, the present Secretary of the Sunday School Board, but then pastor in Richmond, Virginia, published in *The Religious Herald* of that city, Jan. 10, 1890, a set of resolutions which were copied in the Baptist press of the South. These resolutions proposed to create a "Publication Board" to take charge of our Sunday-school literature, and were to be presented to the Southern Baptist Convention in May at Fort Worth, Texas. This was an independent movement, growing out of the discussion and

friendly to the Home Mission Board, but without consultation with either that Board or its Secretary, and indeed without their knowledge. And yet the first word of approval and endorsement to come from outside of Richmond, and come promptly, to the mover of the resolution, was from Dr. Tichenor, giving endorsement and promising full support of himself and of his Board. From the first it was in the mind of Dr. Tichenor, often expressed to those nearest to him, that ultimately the Convention must have a separate Board in charge of its publication interests.

The resolutions brought on a heated discussion, and in due time were presented to the Convention. But at Forth Worth a tentative and compromised measure prevailed which provided for a Sunday School Committee to be located at Louisville, Kentucky. But this was inadequate and unsatisfactory, and the battle raged for another year. The final victory came for a settled policy which all now believe to be eminently wise when the Convention in session at Birmingham, in 1891, created the present SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD, and located it at Nashville, Tennessee. Under instruction of the Convention, the Home Board turned over to the new board its publication business, which had already attained great success under

trying difficulties, and had proven itself a valuable asset, both in money and in educational value. Dr. Tichenor never failed, during his entire life, to give this enterprise his support in public and private, and considered it the most effective way to carry out the plan which he himself had inaugurated for the Baptists of the South to publish and control their own literature.

It has been in accord with the fitness of things that Dr. J. M. Frost should in largest measure guide the destinies of the new board. And now that great success has crowned the enterprise, and it has become an immense power in our denominational life, the Sunday School Board does not forget its obligation to the old Home Mission Secretary. Last year Dr. Frost sent the check of his Board for two thousand dollars to the TICHENOR MEMORIAL CHURCH BUILDING FUND OF THE HOME BOARD. In so doing they give ample recognition of Dr. Tichenor's relation to the foundation of their great enterprise. They say to the Home Board: "This contribution is in consideration of the distinguished services Dr. Tichenor rendered the denomination in originating the series of periodicals we are now publishing."

Two of the most important factors in the

solidarity of the Southern Baptist Convention today are to be found in the great and loyal constituency we now have in the great Southwest, and the power and influence now wielded by our Sunday School Board in its great system of Sunday-school literature, and Sunday-school evangelism. To no one man are we more indebted to these things than to him who, in the crises of these enterprises, stood at the helm and outlined and guided the policies of the Home Board.

3. *Our Mountain Problem.*—It was early in his work that Dr. Tichenor began to place a special emphasis upon the solution of the mountain problem. His expert knowledge of the material resources of our mountain section, together with the character of its native population, led him to prophesy to Southern Baptists concerning these conditions and the obligations arising out of them. His first great deliverance on this subject is found in his report to the Convention for 1885, and it is well worth recording here.

“This mountain region extending from Virginia to Alabama, and embracing parts of these States, as well as portions of Georgia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Kentucky, and West Virginia, must, in the not distant future, develop an amount of material wealth of which

many of our people have little conception. It is filled with Baptists. The large majority of their people are either members of our churches or are under their influence. But they are for the most part poor, and have enjoyed slender advantages, either for intellectual or spiritual culture. Our interest in them as brethren, and our interest looking to the future of our denomination, alike require that we extend to them a helping hand. Men of broad views and sound practical judgment sent among them now to induce a desire for better things, to stimulate them to establish schools, to erect better houses of worship, and to elevate them to a higher plane of life, would be work for them and for the Lord, which will be as lasting as the eternal mountains among which they dwell. From out of the fastnesses of these mountains will come men who, nurtured amid their rugged grandeur, and ennobled by lifelong communion with them, will make the world feel their power and wonder at their strength. Cultured and developed by the pure truth of the gospel, such men will pour forth their streams of influence upon the world, as their mountains pour their rivers to the sea. They will be strong to battle for the right as their own sturdy oaks are to wrestle with the storm. They will rise above the

trivial temptations of the world as their eagles soar above the gathering clouds, and from great heights of truth and duty they will look down upon the struggling mass of men, as their mountain summits look down upon the plains below."

From that day forth the great MOUNTAIN PROBLEM lay heavy upon the heart of the Secretary of the Home Board. He had climbed the mountain peak and caught a vision from heaven, and he failed not to prophesy to his people. From the platforms of conventions and associations, by eloquent tongue and gifted pen, as well as in his masterly reports, he called the people to this great opportunity. The annual reports of Dr. Tichenor, written during the eighteen years of his service of the Convention, set forth important phases of Baptist history, and are choice gems of literary composition. The greatest of his written deliverances on the Mountain Work is to be found in his report to the Convention at Fort Worth in 1890. Concerning this report, Dr. John A. Broadus, in an address to that body, said: "Let every member of this Convention read carefully the report of our Home Secretary. And if you will not read it for its masterful marshaling of facts and conditions in our Southland as they relate to Baptist oppor-

tunity, then read it as an example of pure English undefiled." In the year 1891, just following this report to which reference has been made, the Board reported that they had rendered direct financial aid to Hiawassee Institute, in the mountains of North Georgia. This was the beginning of the policy of the Board by which it has fostered Christian schools as a factor in the solution of the mission problem of the mountains. Under the patronage of this Board there are now twenty-two such schools in our mountain section, and for the session now closing there are gathered in these schools 3,875 pupils. From these mountains are going forth today men and money to bless the world. Verily this day the prophecy is fulfilled in your midst.

4. *Other Phases of the Work.*—It is not needful to discuss in detail the impress Dr. Tichenor made upon other departments of the great work entrusted to the Home Board. To the immigration problem as it touched the South, to the evangelization of our crowded cities, to the doing of something practical for the progress of the Negro race in our midst—to all of these he gave his wisdom and the best powers of his consecrated energies.

In 1886 the Island of Cuba presented itself to Southern Baptists as an important mission

field. To the voice that came to us through the State Board of Florida concerning the conditions on the island we could not turn a deaf ear. The cry for help was imperative and the outlook most hopeful. The Convention that year met in the old church at Montgomery, Alabama, and in the providence of God and the wisdom of the Convention the task of evangelizing Cuba was committed as a trust to the Home Board. The enterprise appealed strongly to Dr. Tichenor, and he at once became intensely interested in laying there the foundations for a great and aggressive work. His whole soul was in it. He believed that Cuba would ultimately be annexed to the United States, that it would be the key to the situation in many conditions that might arise on our Gulf Coast, and that the planting of the pure Protestant faith on this Queen of the Antilles was of vital importance to our own country. In the management of the many delicate and difficult questions which arose in the subsequent transition period of the island, Dr. Tichenor showed rare judgment and skill. He made frequent visits to Cuba and kept in touch with conditions there, and whether dealing with the work as it related to Spanish law and government or presenting the cause to the churches at home, he was master of the situation. That

some of the roseate and romantic hopes that were cherished, especially as they centered in the personality of the brilliant native Cuban, Alberto J. Diaz, have been disappointed, was no fault of the Home Board or its Secretary. With the broad foundations of our work in Cuba on which we are now building, the name of Tichenor must remain in honorable association.

Before we close this record of service we need to have impressed anew the obligations that rest upon us in the saving of the *homeland*. Our country is the battle-ground of Christianity, and here is the great Baptist opportunity. Let us then climb the mountain peak with this prophet of God, listen once more to his pleading voice, and catch the broader visions of the mission of our people. Here are the words as he spoke them in the Convention of 1890.

“In looking forward through coming years, the Board is profoundly impressed with the magnitude of its work and the responsibility of its position. It cannot overlook the fact that the religious destiny of the world is lodged in the hands of the English-speaking people. To the Anglo-Saxon race God seems to have committed the enterprise of the world’s conversion. The aggressive forces of Christianity are limited to this race, and of this race the

American people constitute a rapidly increasing majority. Of the five millions of Baptists in the world, more than three millions of them are in this country, and a majority of these live within the bounds of this Convention. This Convention today is environed by facts whose grandeur overpowers and bewilders the mind when we attempt to array them for consideration.

“Let us not forget our obligations to the land in which we live. This is *our country*, in that for the first time in all our history we have a fair opportunity to show what Baptist principles are worth to the world. Here, after weary centuries of bloody persecutions, when the smoke of their martyrdom had filled the skies of all the nations, exiled from all lands, and with sword and fagot driven from every shore, they have found a home where they sit down under their own vine and fig tree and worship God in peace.

“Here, for the first time in the history of the world, they find a civil government conformed to their ideas of justice, and protecting them in the exercise of the inalienable rights of conscience. Here they achieved their noblest victories, for they were leaders in separating Church and State, and giving soul liberty to this continent. From an insignificant “sect,” despised for its ignorance and alleged bigotry, they have in a single century won their way to a leading position among the religious denominations of the land. Their ratio of increase has doubled that of population, and within the

bounds of this Convention, covering half the area of this great country, by their numbers, their intelligence, their social power, they control half the entire population.

“Here for the first time in all their history, they have full and fair opportunity to vindicate the truth of the claims they have always made, and for which their martyrs have died. Here, and now for the first time, they are on trial before the nations. If now they do not demonstrate the superiority of their principles, their greater value in the propagation of truth, in the upbuilding of the best interests of men, and in carrying forward the kingdom of Christ, then the verdict of the world will go against them and their glory will be turned into shame.

“This must not be. We must not permit the cause of truth and righteousness to perish in our hands. We must not thus bring upon us and our children the blood of all the martyrs from Stephen, who fell asleep calling upon the name of the Lord, to Wescott, who died upon the plains of Mexico. This is our Baptist Canaan into which the Lord has led us. Let us fill it with the purity of his truth, and on its every hill and valley writing, ‘Holiness to the Lord,’ send forth from it swarming myriads who shall conquer the world for Christ.

“The times are auspicious. With the multiplication of our members, the intellectual and social elevation of our people, the rapid increase of our wealth, the opening of golden opportunities, both at home and abroad, comes a day fitted to inspire us with new zeal and

awaken new energies in our work. The centennial of the Modern Missionary Enterprise is at hand. In October, 1792, a little band of brethren, gathered in the house of a Baptist lady, made the first contribution to the cause of modern missions. What a century has it been to our Baptist people! What progress they have made! How wonderfully God has blessed them! As we look back over it our hearts break forth in songs of joy. This Convention has resolved to celebrate this event in some appropriate way. Why may we not make this an epoch in the history of our Baptist people? If we can devise some means by which we shall make them see their duty, their responsibility, their opportunity, and rally them to the great work of giving the gospel to every creature, we shall then have taken another grand step toward the crowning glory of the coming day. Let us gird ourselves for the task, and relying upon our Lord for help, strive for its accomplishment."

CHAPTER VI.

THE CLOSING YEARS.

IN 1899 Dr. Tichenor, then entering the eighteenth year of his service as Secretary and closing the seventy-fourth year of his age, in consultation with his Board and his closest friends, retired from the chief responsibility of the Home Mission work. The Board recognizing the value of his mature wisdom and experience in its affairs, as well as their obligations for his past service, elected him to the position of Secretary Emeritus. In the person of Dr. F. H. Kerfoot was found as his successor a man well adapted to the work, and in full sympathy with the plans and policies of the Board as administered by the retiring Secretary. Dr. Kerfoot came into office late in the year, so that much of the work of that year fell upon the shoulders of Dr. Tichenor. Practically, therefore, his retirement dates from the Convention at Hot Springs, in the year 1900. And so we would have it recorded, for it was there that he received from his brethren such an ovation as had never been accorded any



IN TESTIMONY
OF THE
EFFICIENT AND BLAMELESS SERVICE
THROUGH EIGHTEEN YEARS
OF
ISAAC TAYLOR TICHENOR, D. D.
AS CORRESPONDING SECRETARY
OF THE



HOME MISSION BOARD
OF THE
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION
FROM FRIENDS WHO HAVE FELT THE INSPIRATION OF HIS
GENIUS AND REJOICED IN THE TRIUMPHS
OF HIS LEADERSHIP.

other man in the history of that body. The opening paragraph of the report of the Board to that convention contains the following tribute to him. "The Board cannot express too strongly the affectionate regard and esteem in which Dr. Tichenor is held by the members of the Board and by the denomination at large, which he has so long and so faithfully and ably served. The name of I. T. Tichenor will always stand with those of Boyce, and Broadus, and Manly, and Mell, and Jeter, and Fuller, and Furman, and Poindexter, and Taylor, and Tupper—a galaxy of as great and good and noble men as God ever gave to any denomination of Christian people. And among all of these no man had more to do with the maintenance of the Southern Baptist Convention than this noble man of God, the long time honored Secretary of the Home Mission Board."

In the course of that Convention there occurred a most pleasing episode in the presentation to Dr. Tichenor of a handsome solid silver VICTORY VASE. It was a gift of appreciation from friends from the various Southern States, and was accompanied by a demonstration seldom seen upon the floor of any Convention. Thus closed his public life amid tearful congratulations, and the ripe years' rich coronet, which his brethren placed upon his brow, he

wore with the humility of a true disciple of the lowly Master whom he served. This presentation was made by Dr. Lansing Burrows, Secretary of the Convention, who was instrumental in securing the testimonial.

Soon after his retirement from active work, Dr. Tichenor's health began to fail. A fatal disease had laid its strong hold upon him, and through long months of weakness and suffering he went slowly down to the river's brink. It was my privilege to minister at his bedside during the last month of his illness. To the very end he was to me the supreme ideal of the Christian optimist. He would talk to me but little of his past life, for his face was still to the future. Sometimes when seated alone at his bedside and he was free from pain, he would talk to me of the coming glories of the Southland and the great Baptist opportunity, as though he was addressing a convention of his people. And I remember how on one occasion he turned away from the scenes of earth, and with a strange light in his eyes, he talked to me of that higher mount of vision to which he would soon climb, and untrammelled by flesh or sense or time, would behold the great things of God, no longer through a glass darkly. O the visions of God's dying prophet, how they thrill my soul today!

He passed slowly over the river, and once and again he halted in the stream. Sometimes it was to speak another word to the watchers at the river brink, and sometimes it was to watch the coming light of the new day that was dawning to his soul. It was the morning of the second day of December, 1902. His family were all gathered at his bedside. I was kneeling beside him and held his hand in mine. Then it was that the chariot wheel tarried no longer, and his great soul was ushered through the uplifted gates. I fancy that he heard the angelic chorus singing, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and let this King of glory come in." And then when I reached out to lay my fingers upon his eyes to close them, for I coveted the privilege, behold! they were closed as in peaceful sleep, as though an unseen hand had touched them, and a voice had said, "He giveth his beloved sleep."

It was by special request of Dr. Tichenor that Dr. Lansing Burrows stood in the order of the occasion and spoke at the funeral the words of comfort and appreciation. This service he rendered with beautiful appropriateness. We have laid him to rest at the foot of a green slope in Atlanta's West View Ceme-

tery. On the granite shaft that marks the place there is this inscription:

“He had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do.” “After he had served his own generation by the will of God he fell on sleep.”

But a better monument than that his family could erect over his grave, whether granite shaft or marble mausoleum, has been built to his memory. Dr. Tichenor was a great friend of WOMAN'S WORK, as it found expression in the Woman's Missionary Union, Auxiliary to the Southern Baptist Convention. He was among the foremost to give it wise counsel and active aid. Immediately upon his death it came into the hearts of the good women of this organization to build him a monument. Accordingly, as a sacred trust, they have placed in the hands of the Home Board a completed fund of twenty thousand dollars, to be known as the TICHENOR MEMORIAL CHURCH BUILDING FUND. When in the coming years it shall be asked, “Where is your monument to I. T. Tichenor?” Southern Baptists will not point to the marking of his grave in Atlanta's beautiful cemetery, where sleeps his mortal part. They will rather point to a thousand different spots, on the hilltops and in the val-

leys, upon crowded avenues of rapidly growing cities, where in the face of the foe a feeble band sought to plant the banner of the cross, for wherever this fund shall have helped to build "a church home for a homeless church of Jesus Christ," there will be his MEMORIAL. "He being dead yet speaketh."

REWARD

BY ANNIE KATE BARNES, GRANDDAUGHTER OF
I. T. TICHENOR.

For one who has his duty clearly shown
 There is no need to scan the distant hills,
Or gaze upon the fields in flowers blown,
 Or search for his desire along the rills.
These be temptations leading on to ills
 Of discontent and disappointment sown
Within the heart. If duty there instils
 Her later peace in perfect work upgrown,
Oh, then from gazing on the narrow way,
 He may lift up, at last, his daring eyes,
And take refreshment from the fairer day,
 Behold the summer in the circling skies,
Reach out to choose his favors, even lay
 His hands upon the gates of Paradise.

CHAPTER VII.

MY FATHER'S PERSONAL AND HOME LIFE.

MARY TICHENOR BARNES.

IT is early morning. A little girl of about ten years of age stands in the center of a room, broom and duster in hand. It is her father's library, and she has been sent to tidy it up for him. She stands inactive and leaning on the broom. She is thinking hard, for her heart is sore. At breakfast that morning the family had been teasing her father, and the childish heart resented the fact that all seemed to side against him. Presently the girl's head is raised, and with a determined look in her face, though alone, she speaks aloud, "It doesn't matter who is against him, I will always be true to him." This was the first revelation to herself of the meaning of loyalty.

A mature woman stands beside the shaft erected to her father's memory, and turning her face back over the years that have intervened, salutes the girl who stands, broom and duster in hand, in the library, and calls down

the gallery of the years, "I have kept my vow." She had kept it, not simply because it was a vow, for in a long life many useless vows have been made and abandoned, but kept it because of the character of the man who was the occasion of it. Such, I believe, was the feeling of each member of our family toward our father. We loved the parent, but we loved and trusted the man even more.

In the establishment and maintenance of the home and family life, no one ever believed more strongly than did my father. The home instinct and the family tie were deeply wrought into his nature. In the realization of this he was most fortunate and most unfortunate. Fortunate in that he wooed and won to his side four as choice women as ever blessed a man's home. Each was the member of a proud family, and possessed in themselves personal charms, broad culture, and highest moral and spiritual worth. He was most unfortunate in that with each one of these life was short. Many vicissitudes encompassed him, and his pathway led him by many graves. God only gave him sixteen years of married life. Thus it was that none of his children ever knew a mother's love. This accounted, no doubt, for a certain tenderness of thought for them, a characteristic apart from demon-

stration, for he was not a demonstrative man, and also for the fact that he held them together in a home life amidst circumstances that would have disorganized other homes.

He loved to discourse to us of the sanctity of the home as God-given. He would talk of its institution in the Garden of Eden, tell of the necessity of its continued maintenance for the upholding of our country's civilization, and then wind up with some expression of his supreme disgust for those who eschewed the holy state of matrimony. These remarks were sometimes so forcible that they would occasion much merriment among the members of the family; but only the youngest of us dared to say, "Well, papa, you did your best." So strong was this feeling within him that, although over seventy years old at his retirement from the active work of the Home Board, he sold his city home, bought twenty-five acres on the outskirts of Atlanta, expecting to build him a comfortable home, surround himself with flowers and a vegetable farm, and have a place where his children could come and gather about him. But before this wish could be accomplished, the Master's voice called him to the habitation of the blessed, to the mansion prepared for all them that love him.

He has left four children, now grown to maturity and in the activities of life. Besides the author of this sketch, who had the privilege of being his homekeeper during the last twenty years of his life, there is Mrs. J. S. Dill, now of Bowling Green, Kentucky, and Mrs. T. C. Whitner, of Atlanta, Georgia; while his only son, Walker Reynolds Tichenor, is practicing law in Atlanta. These were the children who gathered about his hearthstone, both to be ministered unto and to minister; and each rejoiced whether in giving or receiving. Even to old age it was a joy to him to minister to us, and sometimes it was in a thoroughly unique way. On his seventy-fifth birthday he announced to the family that the usual custom of the day would be reversed, and he would give a present to each one. This he did in a most handsome fashion.

The social atmosphere of his home was one in which each child exercised a happy freedom, yet it was that best freedom that does not forget rightful authority. When you entered our home there was no uncertainty as to who was the head of the house, and yet there was no bluster, only quiet firmness. As children, we never realized that he had any special rules, yet his requirements were in that positive way that we knew it was the thing to be done.

No thought of our failure to accomplish it entered his mind, and so we did the thing he wished. The reasonableness of his demands and his quiet faith in his children perhaps accounted for the fact that he had no flagrant disobedience among them, for they were all positive characters.

When the youngest child was a small boy, he one day threw a stone and broke the window pane of the schoolhouse. He was soon in the hands of the authorities. My father took the child upon his lap, asked him to tell the whole truth about the transaction, whether it was an accident or a willful act. Having his word that it was an accident, he assured the child of his faith in him, and in the most painstaking way proved to the authorities his innocence and made amends for the destruction.

His faith in accomplishment, with no acceptance of refusal, can be illustrated by the following incident. At the silver anniversary of the Polytechnic College of Alabama, the alumni requested that he present the College with his portrait. Our brother was to make the presentation and unveil the portrait. He and my father were of course to be present on the occasion. Two days previous to the unveiling, father was taken with a sickness which

left no hope that he would be able to attend the exercises. He called his eldest daughter to him and said, "You must represent me at the unveiling." To this she consented. Then came the astonishing words, "If my son should fail to reach there in time, you must make the address and present the portrait."

"Father, I cannot. It is impossible. The Governor of the State will be there, and the Judges and the Trustees. I never did such a thing in my life. I cannot." "Yes you can, and you must."

So ended the conversation. Then began, with much trepidation, the hurried arrangements to take the train. No time for thought. A scrap of paper and a pencil were put in the satchel to scribble down a few thoughts to aid a stammering tongue. Arrived at her destination, there were friends to greet, explanations to make of her father's absence, then late to bed. Still no time for thought. She was only controlled by the feeling that one must do or die. Early next morning, while conversing with friends, a little black head was poked in the door, and a darky voice said, "Your brudder done come." O the beauty of that little black face, the joy of release from the hard task, the happy feeling that the father's mandates were no longer binding!

When not conversing or writing, my father always had a book, paper or map before him. Every hour that could be spared from his business he spent at home with his family and among his books. His room was the sitting room, because he preferred it so. Often he was asked, "Do you not want the children sent away? Does not our chattering disturb you?" The invariable answer was, "No, I like it. Let them stay." Such were his unusual powers of concentration, that all of his home reading, writing, and thinking, was done with all around him. He loved congenial companionship, and was broadly given to hospitality. He seemed to prefer to have his friends come to him rather than go out to seek them. The latch-string was always on the outside, and the charming companions whom he brought to our home are to us delightful memories, and have yielded a legacy of choice friendships.

He loved humor, and could tell a good anecdote well. Those who knew him in youth declare that he was then a most charming companion. The memorable nights when we would gather on the veranda after tea and hear him talk on all subjects of interest in the heavens above or the earth beneath, shall abide as benedictions as long as life shall last. His

choice English and clear expression, his keen insight and quick grasp, his broad scope and long vision—these adorned the conversation of his home as well as the discourses from the pulpit and platform. He was essentially a religious man, and all religious interests were subjects of free and happy discussion in his home. World-wide missions was the great theme upon which he loved most to talk. We had only to ask him a question upon some current phase of mission work to be rewarded with accurate information and clear judgment. Those who knew him best were not slow to believe that he had gifts that might have gathered to him great wealth, or gratified high political ambitions, but the purpose of his life as it found expression in his own home was quite apart from these things. He conceived that his mission to mankind was the ministry of the Word of Life. From this he would not swerve. For though his life for thirty years lay outside of the pastoral work, yet all his thinking and planning and doing had its most distinct relation to the saving of the world and the coming of the Kingdom of Christ.

If asked the three strongest elements in my father's character, I would say, conviction, courage, and perseverance. These will make

a success of any man's life. They made a success of his.

He did not think a subject worth discussing, if on it he did not have strong convictions. I remember once riding on the train with father and Dr. Henry McDonald. The Doctor and I were talking when a new subject of some interest was broached. I asked the Doctor what he thought, and he replied that he had given the matter too little thought to express a positive opinion. I then said, "Have you talked with father?" "No, but I will go over and speak with him now." After some time he returned to me, saying, "Oh, he has convictions." And so it was. This reminds me of a singular characteristic which he possessed. If he did not consider a subject worthy, or did not wish to discuss it, he would not reply to a question concerning it. Sitting perfectly still, without a word, nothing could be wrenched from him. One of my sisters once said, "I have asked father questions which he has never yet answered." This after years of waiting.

When his convictions were formed and his plans framed there was no turning back. The inevitable was the only thing to which he yielded, and when necessity forced him to yield, the matter was put by forever. Unlike

most Confederate veterans, he rarely discussed the war. The sacrifice was too great, the loss too tremendous, his heart was too sore, to dwell upon it. He would say, "It is settled and passed; let us not discuss it." So it was also of the loved ones whom he had laid away. He could not often allow even the dearest members of his family to probe into his sacred sorrows. After the death of my step-mother, I went to him, and sitting beside him, took his hand. When I did so he turned to me and said, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me." This and no more. But, O the pathos and sorrow in the tone!

His high courage and strong perseverance left to his children the great lesson: *Always keep your face to the future.* It was true always of him, even in those last sad days when the battle of health and of life was so long and so bravely fought. Through those days and months of battle, only once did he sound a note of discouragement. One night when he was suffering, one of his nephews came in and asked, "How are you, Uncle Tichenor?" He replied, "I am dying; I am half dead already." His nephew answered, "Never give up the ship." He looked up, and with a flash of the eye, replied, "How can I help it when the spar is broken and the masts

are all gone?" Only this note of discouragement during the many weeks.

He always talked of the future and was full of hope. He talked of this world and all its marvelous progress, and its final subjection to the will of the reigning Christ; and he talked of the "better country, that is, an heavenly." And when the great Conqueror did come, he found him with high courage, sweet dignity, and undimmed faith. He leaned trustingly on Him who had vanquished death. I have sometimes wondered, when the grim Conqueror bore him through his dark realm to the shores of light, if he did not in recognition of this courage and faith, bow low before him and say, "I am but thy servant."

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In deeds made better by their presence; live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end in self:
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
 stars,
 And with their mild persistence verge man's
 search
 To vaster issues."

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME PRODUCTS OF HIS PEN.

I.

FAST-DAY SERMON.

(Delivered before the General Assembly of the State of Alabama, Friday, August 21, 1863, and published by the following resolution of that body:

Resolved That a select committee of three be appointed on the part of each House, to request the Rev. I. T. Tichenor to furnish a copy of the sermon delivered by him in the Hall of the House of Representatives, on Friday, 21st inst., for publication.”)

Psalm 46: 9: “He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; He breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire.”



WHEN shall we have peace?” Two weary years of war have wrung this question from the agonized heart of our bleeding country. “Oh! that we could have peace!” exclaims the statesman, as he ponders the problems that demand solution at his hands. “Peace!” sighs the sol-

dier, as he wraps his blanket around him and lies down to sleep upon the open field. "Peace!" moans the widow, as she reads the fatal news of her heroic husband fallen on some bloody field, and bitterly thinks of the darkened future in store for herself and her orphaned children. The prayer of the land is for peace. You may hear it in the sanctuary, at the fireside, around the family altar, in the silent chamber, on the tented field. *When will it come?*

I propose to respond to this inquiry today, and to tell you when peace will come. In attempting this task it would be manifest folly to pretend to penetrate the future, or to claim superior wisdom in state affairs. I have no cabinet secrets to disclose, no prophetic vision to announce, no revelation to make. I have only to tell you and insist upon the truth of the declaration that God alone can give us peace, for "He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth. He breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire."

The continuance of this war does not depend upon the result of battles, upon the skill of our generals, the valor of our soldiers, the wisdom of our statesmen, the resources of our country, or the mad determination of our

foes; but *upon the will of our God*. He who hath said, "The wrath of man shall praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain," will give us peace when we are prepared to receive it. If any one here today hesitates to adopt this opinion, I ask his patient attention to the argument by which I shall seek to establish its truth.

I. *God Governs the Nations*.—No truth is more plainly taught in his word. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice, let the multitude of isles be glad thereof," is the language of inspiration. The Saviour teaches us a most beautiful and impressive lesson on this subject. When urging the disciples to place an unfaltering trust in the protection and providence of God, he says, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." If God clothe the grass of the field with more than royal beauty, watch

the sparrows fall, listen to the young ravens' cry, number the hairs of our head, who can resist the conclusion that such a pervading presence and power governs the world?

The fulfilled prophecies of his word teach us the same lesson. Many of the predictions of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel have become history of the past. The minuteness with which they have been fulfilled forces upon us the conviction that he who inspired the prophecy rules this world. Jerusalem sitting in her lonely and desolate widowhood; Tyre, upon whose bald rocks the fisherman spreads his net; Babylon and Nineveh, mothers of empires, lying entombed in the ruins of their former greatness; Edom, in whose strongholds reign perpetual desolation, are witnesses that rise up from the dim and shadowy past to teach us that God reigns over the nations of the earth. God has declared in his word that he will give his Son the dominion of the world. "He will overturn, overturn, overturn, until he shall come whose right it is, and he will give it to him." "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." If God exercised no direct-
ing, controlling, restraining power over the world, how could he pledge himself to give it

to his Son, or what confidence could be felt by that Son, or by his people, that the promise would ever be redeemed? If God be not the Sovereign Ruler of the universe, then the sacrifice of his Son may have been almost in vain; then the day of deliverance for which the earth "groans and travails in pain until now," may never come; then the rich promises of his word and the bright anticipations they have inspired, with refernce to the coming glories of the Millennial Day, are not certainties of future years, but the chilling shadows of doubt spread over all. Who that believes the Bible is true can adopt such a conclusion?

An opinion, the offspring of the carnal heart rather than of the intellect, has been adopted by some, which would deprive the world of its Ruler, and place all things under the control of nature. They seek to trace all things back to what they term "natural causes," and attribute every event to natural laws. But these men only "darken counsel by words without knowledge." Laws of nature! What are they? Or how can they act to produce any result? Law is not and cannot be an *actor*. It is but a rule of action. Behind these laws, which are but principles of his government, there sits enthroned in inscrutable majesty the Power that moves and con-

trols the world, and that power is God. The literal import of our Saviour's words is true: "God clothes the grass of the field." God expands every leaf, opens every flower, breathes in every wind, sends the genial shower, fertilizes the earth, and scatters plenty over a smiling land—

"Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

That religion, if such it may be called, which deifies nature, is worse than heathenism. The nations of antiquity worshiped gods whom their imaginations invested with life and power of action. They were believed to interest themselves in the affairs of men, and preside over the destinies of nations. They were worshiped under the idea that they had the power to assist the suppliant. But the man who trusts to nature has a dull, blind, dead god, which can "neither see, nor hear, nor deliver."

If God governs the world, then his hand is in this war in which we are engaged. It matters not that the wickedness of man brought it upon us, that it was caused by the mad attempts of fanaticism to deprive us of our

rights, overthrow our institutions, and impose upon us a yoke which, as freemen, we had resolved never to bear. This fact is by no means inconsistent with the truth asserted. Speaking of the crucifixion of the Son of God, Peter says, "Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." God avows himself the author of calamities that befall nations. "Shall there be evil in a city" (evil in the sense of affliction) "and the Lord hath not done it?" "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolation he hath made in the earth." The eye of the Omniscient and the arm of the Almighty are over the earth. He makes these swelling waves of sinful pride and passion the tide on which rides the great ark of his mercy and his truth to that Ararat around which shall spread a new world, wherein dwelleth righteousness. While the storm-cloud sweeps over our land, let us remember that God rides upon the wings of the tempest, and subjects it to his will. God in his own way will save our Southland.

II. *The Purposes for Which God Afflicts a Nation.*—The Scriptures disclose two purposes for which God visits suffering upon the nations of the earth. First, punishment

for sin. Second, development of national character and resources, so as to qualify a people for some high and holy mission which he designs to commit to their trust.

On the first of these I need not enlarge. The Bible and the history of the world are too full of the evidences of its truth to have permitted you to overlook it. The other, though not as apparent a truth, is as much a lesson of the past. When God wanted a man for the ruler of Egypt, that the patriarch and his family might find there a refuge from famine, he led Joseph to the seat of power not with the pomp of princes, or the triumphs of a conqueror, but in the chains of a slave, and through the depths of a dungeon. When God wanted a king for Israel, "a man after his own heart," he brought David to the throne through those long years of exile, when he was hunted by Saul "as a partridge upon the mountains." In those dark and dreary days, David learned lessons of the wickedness of oppression, of the necessity of justice in a ruler, of sympathy with the suffering, which all the splendors of royalty, nor the triumphs of his arms, ever eradicated from his heart. When God gave the world a Saviour, though it was his own Son, yet "learned he obedience through the things

which he suffered," and the All-Wise "made the Captain of our salvation perfect through suffering." God's mercy gave his Son a ransom for guilty men, but God's wisdom brings them to his promised glory through great tribulation. One of the strangest announcements made in the Bible is made in God's promise to Abraham, "Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them, and they shall afflict them four hundred years, and also that nation whom they shall serve I will judge; and afterwards they shall come out with great substance." This was said of those whom God had promised to make a blessing to all the nations of the earth. By slavery the Israelites were elevated from the position of wandering herdsmen to be a nation possessed of all the arts and sciences known to the most civilized people of that day, and were fitted to receive the oracles of God, and be the light-bearers of the world.

One or both of these purposes God has in view in permitting the calamities of war to scourge this people. Peace will not come until his design shall have been fully accomplished. Taking this view of the subject, I ask, *are we prepared for peace?* Have we yet repented of our sins and reformed our lives,

so that God as the judge of the nations can turn away from us the rod of his anger?

1. One of the most crying of our national sins is the covetousness of our people. In the view of many, covetousness is associated only with extortion, niggardly avarice, or miserly practices. But the Saviour teaches us a different doctrine. "Take heed," he said, "and beware of covetousness." To enforce this teaching he spake a parable to his audience: "The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully, and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? and he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods, and I will say to my soul, Soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry; but God said unto him, Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee." Observe, if you will, that this man's riches were not the result of fraud or dishonesty. They were not obtained by some questionable speculation; nothing dishonest or dishonorable is laid to his charge. The blessing of God upon his labor, the ample yield of the honest soil, brought him his abundance. His covetousness manifests itself

not in the manner in which he obtained his wealth, but in the use he proposed to make of it. He had obtained his competency and now proposed to retire from business and enjoy the cool shadows of the evening of life. Are not the vast majority of our people as open to the charge of covetousness as he? Nay, is not the man who indulges the purpose of ceasing to delve and toil for money regarded as an example of moderation among his fellowmen? Yet this is the man selected by the Saviour as an illustration of covetousness, and pronounced a fool by the Judge of the earth. He had no purpose in the use of his money beyond his own selfish gratification. It was covetousness because it was selfishness.

What change has the war produced on our people in this respect? Have we grown less covetous, less grasping, less selfish? Who does not know that in many of our people it has developed a thirst for gain, a spirit of speculation and extortion which is a reproach to our land. Men have sought to monopolize articles of prime necessity, and by withholding them from market to enhance their price, and fatten themselves upon the sufferings of their country. They have attempted to coin into money the groans and tears of the wives

and children of your soldiers, and of the widows and orphans of those who have died in freedom's holy cause. If God is chastizing us for our covetousness, surely we are not yet prepared for the blessings of peace.

2. Another of our national sins has been our proud and boastful self-reliance. At the commencement of this struggle we had a vain confidence in our national strength; we placed a high estimate on the valor of our people, and held in contempt the martial qualities of our foes. We expected no defeat, and thought that nothing but victory could await us on any battlefield. We confidently believed that our agricultural products in which the world is so much interested would bring us recognition by the nations of the earth, defeat the purpose of our enemies to blockade our coasts, and insure our independence. COTTON was our hope. Cotton was not only our *king*, but it was enthroned the god of our confidence, and worshiped as our national deliverer. Our trust has been disappointed, our idol has fallen like Dagon before the ark of the Lord. After two years of this terrible war, in which this appeal to arms has been vindicated by many victories, we have yet to receive the first hand of welcome to a place among the nations of the earth. Our ports have been blockaded

in a manner contrary to the law of nations. Our enemies have been permitted to wage a brutal warfare against unarmed citizens and helpless women and children. Burning and plunder, and outrages of every character, even to the murder of helpless innocence, have marked the track of their vandal hordes. The *people* of the civilized world denounce these atrocities, but the *governments* of the world have uttered no word of remonstrance. We have been shut up to the necessity of relying upon our own resources. A fresh appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is our only hope.

It needs only the proper spirit on the part of our people in order to make this a blessing rather than an evil. The time is past when God will permit the nations of the earth to ignore him. For centuries the governments of Christendom have been more godless than the heathen empires of antiquity. They consulted the will of their imaginary gods in the affairs of state. Egypt, Babylon, Greece, and Rome sent forth their thronging legions in obedience to the will of their gods, or refrained from their enterprise of conquest and blood when that will seemed averse. But nations professing to be Christians have made war for the most unholy purposes, and with-

out the slightest reference to the will of God. Europe has again and again been deluged with blood by kings professing Christianity, when "God was not in all their thoughts." England made war upon China because she would not consent to be drugged and brutalized with her opium. The United States formed a constitution, after a war in which God's hand had been almost as manifest in their deliverance as though he had led them with a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; made no mention of the name of God, had no recognition of his existence. The times of this ignorance God may have winked at, but the day has come when he will vindicate his long ignored right as Sovereign of the world. It is an evidence of his merciful designs to us, that he is breaking down the bulwarks of self-confidence, and saying to us in thunder tones: "Put not your trust in princes." Are we ready to turn our hearts to him? I fear we are not. When Vicksburg surrendered, and the campaign into Pennsylvania disappointed our hopes, what was the effect upon our people? There was universal gloom, and with some the feeling that all was lost. But was there more prayer, greater reliance on the Most High? As dangers thickened around us, was there a nearer ap-

proach to Him who can save by many or by few, and who can make the very successes of our foes the means of our triumphs? Alas! we look for these things in vain.

3. Other sins of our people demand consideration, and call for repentance, but time only permits to mention, not to dwell upon them. We have failed to discharge our duties to our slaves. I entertain no doubt that slavery is right, but there are abuses of it which ought to be corrected. Marriage is a divine institution, and yet marriage exists among our slaves dependent upon the will of the master. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder," yet this tie is subject to the passion, caprice, or avarice of their owners. The law gives the husband and the father no protection in this relation. The remorseless creditor may avail himself of the power of the law to separate husband and wife, parent and child. This is an evil of no minor magnitude, and one which demands an immediate remedy. Too little attention has been paid to their moral and religious culture. By their labor our fields have been made white with abundant harvests. The wealth they have produced has been spent with lavish hands, while scarcely a pittance has been given to furnish them with the bread of life.

We have sinned by abusing our liberties. In the extent and bitterness of party spirit, in the choice of men to be our rulers having but slight regard for proper qualification, in the manner in which our popular elections have been conducted, pandering to the lowest passions and appetites of depraved humanity, to succeed in electing the candidates of our party, in Sabbath breaking, setting our business and our pleasures above the law of God; in all these ways we have sinned against the Most High. Until he can see penitence in our hearts and reformation in our lives, we cannot hope for the removal of the scourge, or for the dawning of the day of peace.

4. But it may be that God has for the South a world mission, and that by these sufferings he is preparing them for the trust. This I firmly believe to be the great purpose he has in view. We are now passing through the refining processes of a people whom God would use to glorify his name on the earth. By suffering he will purify and develop and elevate. In the midst of this great storm that is beating about us, I have no vision that can pierce these black clouds and tell you what God means by it all. But I confidently believe that in leading us through this fiery trial God is preparing a chosen people for a great

mission. He wants a people purified, a people with a proper understanding and regard for all human rights; he wants a people, above all things, who will set the glory of God and the good of the race above all self-centering ambitions. Are we ready for so high and holy a trust? Are we prepared for so great a distinction? God speed the day when we can answer his call, obey his command, and glorify his name unto the ends of the earth.

III. *The Call for Humiliation and Prayer Before the God of Nations.*—If these things be true we ought this day to bow ourselves in deep humiliation before our Maker, and for ourselves and our people ask of him who is exalted a Prince and a Saviour the forgiveness for all our sins. This we need to do in heart-searching penitence. While the cloud of his wrath impends over us we ought never cease to pray. While our enemies are invading our territory, enslaving our people, destroying our property, and threatening our subjugation, we ought never to forget that our only hope for deliverance lies in the interposition of his hand, “to whom belongeth all the shields of the earth.” Let prayer continually ascend from all our sanctuaries, and from the temple of every heart, “until he shall make our wars to cease, breaking the bow, cutting the spear

in sunder, and burning the chariot in the fire."

Some men will tell you that prayer will avail little against the hosts of our enemies, and sneering at its power, assert that "Providence always favors the heavy battalions." It is an infidel opinion, branded with falsehood both by the word of God and the history of the past. God says, "The horse is prepared against the day of battle, but victory is of the Lord." God says, "The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong." Who is so impious as to rise up and contradict his Maker? History confirms the word of the Most High. Was the battle to the strong when Cyrus overthrew the proud city and empire of Babylon, and established his throne upon its ruins? Was the battle to the strong when Xerxes invaded Greece and met with overwhelming defeat? Did Providence favor the heavy battalions when Bonaparte invaded Russia, and breaking its power, was himself broken by the hand of God? Did Providence favor the heavy battalions when, in the revolution of our fathers, the ships of the strongest power of the world shaded our coast, and when from the St. Lawrence to the Savannah the continent trembled under the tread of his legions? Has Providence favored the heavy

battalions during this struggle for independence? Let Bethel and Manassas, Shiloh and Chancellorsville answer. I rejoice to know that many who control our civil and military affairs believe in prayer. From our assemblage here today at the request of the Chief Magistrate of our Confederacy, it is evident that he trusts in that God who "heareth prayer." The gallant and noble general who leads our army in Virginia is a man of prayer. He whose name was a tower of strength, the watchword of victory, and who fought but to conquer, and over whose fall the hearts of this people still bleed in sorrow, was pre-eminently a man of prayer. Nor are many of our soldiers less imbued with the spirit which relies upon God for victory. Pardon me for relating an incident which illustrates this point. During one of the bloodiest battles of the war, in the change of position incident to great conflicts, a regiment from our own State was thrown forward upon the masses of the enemy into a position which it was victory to hold, defeat to lose. Soon the converging fire of five times their number poured its leaden storm upon them. Those untried soldiers, never before upon a field of battle, staggered for a moment, as the strong ship staggers when smitten by the first breath

of the tempest. Then there arose up one who reminded them that it was Sunday; that at that very hour their fathers and mothers and wives and brothers and sisters were gathered in the sanctuaries of our land praying to God for them. They caught the inspiration of the thought, every eye brightened, every bosom heaved with emotion, and closing up their thinned and bleeding ranks, they stood like a wall of adamant against the surging masses of the foe, until the tide of war rolled back before them, and victory was won! It was the thought that prayer was then ascending for them that nerved their arms, and made them heroes in that fearful hour.

Gentlemen, members of the Legislature of the State of Alabama, it well becomes you to cultivate this spirit of prayer, and to bow this day before the Lord of Hosts with reverence and godly fear. Your position gives you influence over the minds of the people. They will listen to your words and follow your example; let that example lead them in paths of piety and uprightness. You are convened by the Executive at a crisis in the affairs of our State and of our country. Much of the future history of Alabama, of the security and happiness of our people, depends upon your acts. It is no disparagement to your intelli-

gence to urge you in this perilous hour to seek wisdom of Him who "giveth liberally to all men and upbraideth not;" to seek by fervent prayer for divine guidance in the discharge of your responsible duties. The influence of your actions will live through all coming generations. You will meet it at the bar of God! Ask his aid that you may not blush to confront it before the "Judge of quick and dead."

With this spirit of reliance upon your God cherished in your hearts, and having discharged your duty to your country, you can return home with the approval of your consciences, and calmly await that hour when the sun of peace shall rise upon a land of freedom, "like another morn risen on mid-noon!" May you live long and enjoy the blessings of that day.

II.

OUR COUNTRY; ITS RESOURCES AND OPPORTUNITY.

(A paper prepared in 1900, the year closing his work as Secretary of the Home Mission Board.)

AN old man whose mind dwells much upon the future of his people will be pardoned if sometimes he sees visions and dreams dreams. In this brief document I make no pretensions to the gift of prophecy, and no attempt at the interpretation of the Scripture prophecies. What I have to say is the result of long and patient thought on the world's present conditions, and the potent and far-reaching influences that are shaping its destiny. So the fabric of my dreaming is something more than idle fancy.

As the servant of the Prophet on Carmel's Height reported to his master that he saw a cloud the size of a human hand rising from the sea, and as it grew and those long cloud fingers, the precursors of the coming storm, stretching from the far-off horizon to the zenith, assured him of the coming rain, so it has seemed to me that far-reaching influences now stretching across our political skies be-

token coming events that may darken our heavens into midnight gloom, or bring the showers that water the furrows of our fields and make them fruitful with a harvest of blessing. The study of these things has imbued me with the profound conviction that the crisis of the ages is upon us. Within the first half of the twentieth century, probably within the first three decades, the world will be either Christian or anti-Christian. Either Christ shall be enthroned over the nations, or stimulated by its selfishness, its lust of power and its greed of gold, the recreant nations will bow at Moloch's altar and satiate the greedy maw of death with their offered feast of blood. In this brief portraiture of the present and the probabilities of the future, permit me to say that this country of ours is to be the most gigantic figure that by its overmastering power will shape the destinies of the nations. Far greater than Babylon, or Assyria, or Egypt, or Greece, or Rome, or all of these combined, will be the power of her control to the very ends of the earth.

Let us take a dispassionate view of her past and her present, of her rapid rise and the elements of her gigantic strength, and then looking down her pathway with sober judgment, answer to ourselves the question, what

she will be materially, intellectually, and religiously; and how vast will be her dominion over the nations when this opening century shall have run half its course. On its physical side the elements of a nation's power are, (1) the number of her people, (2) her material resources, (3) her developed wealth, (4) her inventive skill, and (5) her geographical position.

OUR POPULATION.

No nation of modern, or perhaps of ancient times, has ever increased in population with such rapidity as our own. We go back to the middle of the nineteenth century and find that twenty-eight millions of people inhabited this land. In the next ten years, when the civil war began, they numbered thirty-one millions. In 1870, thirty-eight millions; in 1880, fifty-one millions; in 1890, sixty-four millions; in 1900, seventy-seven millions. During the nineteenth century she added more than seventy millions of people to her population. If the same ratio of increase shall continue until the middle of the twentieth century, she will have in 1950 a hundred and ninety-five millions. But reduce this ratio and let us suppose that at the close of the first half of the century she have only one hundred and

fifty millions of people—how incalculable will be their power!

Their physical power as a nation is not limited now simply to their numbers. The variety and the vastness of their machinery multiplies almost beyond computation their capacity for work. With these appliances this people are now capable of doing more than all the world besides, laboring with their hands. It may be safely estimated that the average man in this country, in consequence of the increased facilities afforded him during the period of his manhood, can do twice the work the same man could have done thirty years ago. If this ratio of increasing power shall continue the same for the next half century, then the average man of that generation will be able to do four times as much as the average man of this generation, so that the anticipated population of a hundred and fifty millions will become equal in productive power to over five hundred millions of the present generation. What sweep of thought or fancy can compass the stupendous power such a people will possess? As we think of it, and strive to hold our sober judgment within the passionless limits of mathematical exactitude, in spite of our rigid restriction, we find our conclusion wearing the air of romance.

OUR MATERIAL RESOURCES.

The most important material resources that render a nation independent of all other lands and people, are the ability to supply food and raiment for themselves, the possession of adequate stores of minerals and metals, and un-failing sources of water power. To these must also be added the capital and genius necessary for the development of such resources. Let it be noted that this country of ours is the only great nation on the face of the earth that combines all these elements of power. England, from whose shores have flowed the great streams of commerce, is lacking both in supplies of food and clothing for her people. Her mines of coal and iron are rapidly becoming exhausted. She has been searching the world for supplies of ore to feed her furnaces. She has seen iron and steel transported across the Atlantic, laid upon the wharves of her great cities, and sold for a price with which her ironmasters could not compete. She has lived to see the time when the old proverb of "carrying coal to Newcastle" has ceased to have its truth or significance, and the coals of distant lands are bought to supply her own demands. Close the gates of her commerce, and a single year will not have passed before her famished peo-

ple will cry for bread. With all her accumulated wealth and her commerce sweeping old ocean's realms to every shore, she at last finds herself surpassed in productive power, and falling behind in her race for the trade of the world. Germany, her great rival, her equal in skill, her superior in population and territory, is yet lacking in the plentifulness of her raw materials and in the food necessary to supply her people. France, with a skill perhaps superior to either, and better supplied with food, has scantier supplies of coal, or of minerals and metallic ores. Only in America do we find that breadth of area, that variety of soil, climate, and production; those far-reaching square miles of coal, that bountiful supply of minerals and ores of the baser and the more precious metals, the wealth of field and forest, the incalculable power of its streams descending from its mountains to the sea, which, when all is combined, make it the only land on whose continental breadth may be built enterprises grand as the mountains and rivers that divide her plains.

OUR DEVELOPING WEALTH.

No country has ever increased in wealth so rapidly as our own has done in the latter part of the nineteenth century. In 1880 it

aggregated fifty-four billions, slightly surpassing that of England, up to that time justly reported as being the richest nation on the globe. Our present wealth (in 1900) is not less than eighty-four billions of dollars. Our increase for the past twenty years has been at the average rate of a billion and a half each year. Nor need we fear that this ratio of increase will be diminished during the years of the incoming century. Even now the balance of trade is pouring into the lap of the nation six hundred millions of dollars every year. With the rapidly increasing demand of the world for the commodities we can most cheaply supply, there must come the regular increase in their production. Four-fifths of the iron exported last year to foreign lands was shipped from Birmingham, Alabama. There the marvelous juxtaposition of coal and iron ore and limestone, and all the facilities for the production of iron and steel, enabled the ironmasters of Alabama to produce them more cheaply than is done in any other part of the globe. The same natural facilities enjoyed by this spot of worldwide fame are shared by that long stretch of mountains that stand on either side of the great limestone valley that extends from the Potomac to the Alabama. With beds of iron ore of varying

kinds, but all of finest quality, filling the mountains for eight hundred miles on the southeast side of the valley, and with coal in inexhaustible quantities spreading for an equal distance on the other side, and under-running her mountain ridges until they die away into the bluegrass plains of Kentucky and Tennessee, this unrivaled region presents conditions for the manufacture of iron unequalled on the globe. There will come a time in the not distant future when these vast resources will be utilized for the benefit of our race. It has been said that the per capita use of iron makes the degree of a people's civilization. The great empire of China has an area larger than that of the United States, and a population five times as great. She is practically without railroads, and without any other adequate facilities for transportation except her rivers. If this country, with her three millions of square miles and seventy-five millions of people, find two hundred thousand miles of railroad inadequate to her need, how many miles will be required for China's vast extended territory and her four hundred millions of people? If they are ever built, and built they must be, because the world of commerce demands it, from our country must go those vast supplies needed for their construction.

Vast as are all the resources of this Appalachian Range, when we confront the problem of China's future demands, we are led to wonder and to doubt whether these seemingly exhaustless resources of our country will be sufficient to supply the needs of that great empire beyond the Pacific.

Nor are the resources of our soil less adequate to meet the widest demands for food and clothing than are our mountains to girdle it with bands of steel. It will not be questioned by any one familiar with the facts, that our agricultural productions of every kind can by more skillful culture be doubled in quantity without the addition of a single acre. Our great cotton crop of ten millions of bales is produced on twenty-five millions of acres. It is a well known fact that with careful cultivation three bales of cotton can be produced on one acre. Our fields of grain average scarcely more than twenty bushels to the acre, while fifty bushels of corn or wheat, by an increase of the farmer's skill, can be produced with greater profit on the same acre. The soil is God's richest gift to our race. Its history is a marvel of the divine workmanship. In it he has stored the food for a thousand generations. The finite mind cannot fathom the infinitude of the blessings which he has

stored within it, for no human skill has on a single acre ever reached the confines of its productive power. When DeSoto and his followers in their vain search for gold and precious stones and the fancied fountain of eternal youth, wandered through the far stretching leagues of our Southern pines, and died at last upon the banks of the great Mississippi, had he found all his heart desired—mountains glittering with their wealth of gold, valleys covered with gems fit to grace the coronets of queens—he would then have found nothing so rich in the profusion of its gifts, or so regal in its beneficence, as the soil he trod with unheeding feet.

The Scriptures tell of Pharaoh's dream of the years of plenty succeeded by the years of famine, and of Joseph's masterful statesmanship in his provision to feed the famishing nation, and render more stable and enduring the imperial throne. Were this history to be repeated in these last ages, with the world for its theater, America could produce and distribute in the seven years of plenty the corn and wine and oil that would satiate the hunger of the nation. Fifty years ago we produced two and a half millions of bales of cotton. That was sufficient to meet the wants of the world. Now we produce ten millions of bales of cot-

ton, and the spectre of a cotton famine stares us in the face. The day is not far distant when fifteen, twenty, twenty-five millions of bales will be demanded by the wants of human life, and this land of ours will not only grow it, but will convert it into all the forms needed to meet the necessities and tastes of all the world. Hitherto England and New England have been the great manufactories of our cotton. It has been demonstrated beyond all question that the best and cheapest place of manufacture is by the side of the field where it is grown. The marvelous facilities for this manufacture have scarcely dawned upon the intelligence of our people. With supplies of coal covering thousands of miles of our territory there need be no lack of power to drive all the machinery necessary to manufacture our entire crop. But if an acre of coal did not exist in our country, there is power enough in our rivers running idly to the sea to do the manufacturing for the world. Look along these Appalachian Ranges and see on the mountain sides and the elevated plateaus, thousands of feet above the plains below, the birthplace of so many of our great rivers. Count them over and grasp their great number and the power of their descending waters. The Potomac and the James and the Appo-

mattox and the Roanoke and the Cape Fear and the Catawba and the Santee and the Savannah and the Oconee and the Ocmulgee and the Chattahoochee and the Tallapoosa and the Coosa and the Black Warrior and the Tennessee and the Cumberland and the Kentucky and the Big Sandy and the Monongahela and the Shenandoah; see how tumbling from their mountain heights they fall more than a thousand feet down to the level of the sea. Bid their collected waters call the lightning from above and confine them where you will, the slaves of human will, to drive the vast machinery that works out its multiform designs. But who can foresee or describe all the varied forms of helpfulness, or all those subtle and mysterious agencies that must at last come forth from the darkness in which they have so long abided into the ken of human sagacity and submit themselves tamely to man's control. This highest destiny of man, this sublime height, he is attaining as though borne on the wings of the wind. Who shall say where is the limit of his power? Who shall oppose his onward progress to the conquest of the last and mightiest of all of earth's mysterious agencies, when his Maker has bid him subdue and control them all? Who shall say how vast shall be the fruits of his con-

quest, or to how many distant lands he shall bear the spoils of his victory? Who can tell how by invention's skillful art he shall remove the mountain barriers, divide the continents at his will, and span the wide ocean with the sublime structures of his art? Who can tell what sweeping tides of wealth shall roll back from foreign lands and pile their glittering stores in our great marts of trade? We stand amazed in the presence of thoughts like these, and wonder ceases only when imagination passes the gateway of the possible out into the wide realms beyond.

OUR INVENTIVE SKILL.

In large measure our developing wealth is the fruit of our inventive skill. One of the most distinguished scientists in this country was closing a lecture in which he had thrown upon the canvas the great converging facts of science. He declared that these facts which presaged discoveries and inventions were unequaled in all the world. He assured his audience that the world was standing upon the verge of a civilization as much grander in its benefits to humanity, when compared with that which the most enlightened people now enjoy, as it surpasses the age when the chief element of transportation was the slow mov-

ing ox or the patient camel, and he experienced the hope that the cultured men and women who had listened with such deep interest to his address would live to see its accomplishment. The life period of a single generation has wrought inventions and discoveries, and by these advanced the arts and multiplied the comforts of life, which it would take volumes to describe. Every discovery and every invention, though it be but a step in human progress, is in itself an event of immeasurable power and grandeur. The advance may seem to be small. It may be so to the individual, but it is sublime when the world steps forward and aligns itself on the position of the inventor.

OUR GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION.

The location of this country on the face of the globe is one of its chief advantages. That location insures its comparative safety from attack. No nation would have the hardihood to attempt an armed invasion of our territory. We are thus freed from the incubus of a great standing army. The millions of armed men that in Europe are required to defend national borders, who are removed from productive industry and become a tax upon the labors of others, are rendered useless by our geographi-

cal position. A study of the configuration of the continents will show that there are two great natural trade centers of the world. The one is at the eastern end of the Mediterranean sea, and the other on the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico. In the Eastern Hemisphere, until comparatively recent times, the great empires lay in close proximity to this commercial center. From the days of the almost forgotten empire of the Hittites, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and Romans have all laid the foundations of their great political dominions in close connection with this natural trade center of the world. It was England's enterprise and power that disarranged the balance nature had adjusted, and made London the Eastern center of trade. So, political power and influence, the existence of slavery in the South, the inflowing tides of foreign immigration settling in the North and West, the great war between the States that hurled the industries and social organizations of the South into the depths of poverty and humiliation, with other resulting influences, removed the trade center of the West from the mouth of the Mississippi to the mouth of the Hudson. The time will come when these disarranging influences will give way before the pressure of natural

conditions and commerce will swing to its normal place, as the needle, when freed from disturbing causes, swings back and points to the pole. There needs but one thing to make this Western trade center the great center for the commerce of the world, and everything betokens its coming. When the Isthmian Canal is constructed, and the mouth of the Mississippi is turned into the Pacific Ocean, the commerce of this country will dominate all the shores of this great sea. That will make our country, which will be the great center of the world's production, five thousand miles nearer to Eastern Asia, the center of the world's population, than any other great commercial nation. This will give us the control of the commerce of every people and nation whose shores rest upon the sands of earth's greatest sea, and the control of that commerce is the empire of the world. Such is the coming destiny of this land of ours. What shall be its effect upon our national prosperity no human mind can grasp. There is but one event in the history of the world which furnishes any sort of comparison with it. Magnifying that as we may, and realizing that for centuries it shaped the destinies of all the nations, we must still confess that as great as has been its influence on the progress of

our race, it is after all comparing small things with great ones when we place it side by side with the opening of the Pacific into the Gulf of Mexico. The caravan trade of the East coming from the banks of the Ganges and the Indus, across the valley of the Euphrates, found its mart on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. Insignificant as its long train of camels seem when compared with the great leviathans of the deep that now thread the ocean's path, seeking ports on every shore, those beasts of burden bore

"The wealth of Ormus and of Ind

From where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearls and gold."

That trade built all those proud cities that glassed themselves in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. That trade reared Palmyra in the wilderness, and Alexandria by the Nile, and Sidon on her rocky slopes, and Ephesus with her temple to Diana, and Antioch which lives in Holy Writ, and Tyre on her island home. That trade built Phœnicia's ships and spread the daring sails that, beyond the straits of Gades, sought the snowy cliffs of Albion. The fragments of their power and glory are yet the admiration of the world. One auspicious day Vasco de Gama turned the Cape of

Good Hope, and first of all men in modern times saw the new route to the far-off Indies. That adventurous deed changed the face of the globe. That trade which had enriched every nation controlling it, forsook its ancient paths and by a new route sought the Western world. Venice and Genoa, the last Mediterranean cities to control it, were smitten as though an earthquake had shaken their deep foundations, and the retiring sea had left them stranded on the shore. Attila was called the scourge of God. Had he with his ruthless hordes sacked their palaces, and with the torch brought their proud heads to the dust, there might still have been hope for them. But when their trade had vanished they sat solitary in the midst of their marts of commerce. It was then that there arose among the nations a contest for commercial supremacy. Soon two great rivals were left alone to contest for the riches of the world. Amsterdam and London with fierce gaze looked at each other across the narrow water which divided them. To the one or the other the great prize must fall. When Admiral Blake, with the broom nailed to his masthead, swept the Dutch navy from the sea, England had won, and London became the great commercial capital of the world. From this con-

test sprang her invincible commercial navy, her great manufactories, her heroic armies, her wide dominion, her flag planted on every continent, her military fortresses girdling the earth, and her morning drum-beat heard around the world. That contest gave her India, Australia, half of North America, and unnumbered islands of the sea. The grandest empire of the world, exceeding all the proud nations of antiquity, followed this victory over Holland, and made her merchants the princes of the world. If the camel drivers of the East held in their tawny hands the seed whose fruit was the empire of the world, what results will follow in our land, where a hundred and fifty millions of educated and enterprising people shall burden their fleets that spread a thousand sails, and transport the products of their industry to the five hundred millions in the land of the East that await their coming.

THE MISSION OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

Our people trace back their origin to the old Aryan race. Their chief ambition was a desire for land. From their ancestral homes, in the morning twilight of the world, they passed in great tidal waves beyond the boundaries of their nationality and made conquest

of the nations. They poured through the passes of the Himalayas down into the tropic plains of India, and there founded a civilization and established an empire, whose crumbling ruins, after the surges of the ages have rolled over it, are memorials of its greatness and its power. They went out into the plains of Persia and there sought to reproduce the splendors which tradition had left them of the lost Eden. In their westward march they trod under foot the decaying fragments of the great Hittite empire, and sought luxurious ease on the sunny slopes of the great Mediterranean. A more hardy branch of the stock entered Europe, traversed the plains of Russia, founded their rude but sturdy empires on the banks of the Rhine, and from thence they at last swept over the narrow sea and made the British Island the prey of their savage strength. Wherever they went they carried in their hearts the spirit of conquest, and in their hands swords dripping with the blood of their fellowmen. They adorned the rude halls of their palaces with trophies of their savage triumph, and drank deep draughts of intoxication from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies. We are the descendants of this race, inheriting their spirit of enterprise, their love of freedom and home, their daring

in war, and their insatiable thirst for power and for gold. Divest the Anglo-Saxon of today of the uplifting influences of Christianity and the veneering of civilization, and he stands before you the most selfish and grasping of men. Even today, while our churches are sending missionaries and money to well-nigh every nation on the globe, the ships that carry these consecrated men and women far hence to the Gentiles, bear the vilest of commercial commodities—opium and rum—to besot and to destroy these unevangelized masses.

If we do not intend that our country, when she goes forth in her strength, bearing to the nations the products of our most highly favored land, shall prove to be a Cortez or a Pizarro, plundering and burning and murdering that she may satiate her accursed thirst for gold, we must use stronger endeavors to evangelize our people. By the controlling forces of Christianity we must cleanse our commerce, and hold in strong restraint their absorbing desire for gain.

On the wide Western plains a generation ago, the Indian would put down his ear to the earth and listen for the tramp of the countless herd of buffalo, too far away for even his keen-eyed vision to perceive. So let us

put down our ears to our mother earth and listen to the tramp of the coming millions, who so soon are to sweep into the field of our vision and take their part in the world's affairs. Thirty years and seventy-five millions more will come to add their strength, their intelligence, their skill to the great army now engaged in subduing the earth and harnessing the multiform and almost omnipotent power of the mysterious agencies of air and land and sea to do our bidding.

To what use will these inventions, discoveries, and developments of power be applied by the coming generation? This must depend upon their moral and religious development. What spirit shall dominate the people who hold in their grasp the control of the world? The paramount desire of these people will permeate all their productions, whether these productions address themselves to the material, the mental, or the moral and spiritual interests of humanity. That dominant idea will control the planting of every field, the use of every agricultural product, and the movement of every manufacturing implement. It will embody itself in every domestic habit and activity. It will run through every law enacted by legislative power. It will permeate every treaty with foreign nations, and

according to its benevolence or its selfishness, it will be a blessing or a curse to the world. Our great ships will transport to every shore the morals as well as the merchandise of our land. If the vehicles of our commerce shall bear the purity and peace of the gospel, then may we hope to see our nation a savor of life unto life. But if it shall bear the things that corrupt and curse our civilization, then it shall prove a savor of death unto death to all the nations.

There is no surer or swifter means of accomplishing our Lord's command, to give the gospel to every creature, than to enlighten and Christianize and sanctify the hearts of our own people, so that they shall write upon everything consumed at home and everything sent abroad, "Holiness to the Lord."

When the millions of our countrymen shall give Christianity its rightful place, not only in our sanctuaries, but in our homes and our workshops and our manufactories and our marts of trade; when the peace and smile of God shall so fill our lives that it shall rest upon all our fields, shall be recognized in our streets, shall cleanse the slums of our cities, shall enlighten the ignorance of every child of poverty, shall meet the wants of the afflicted and be the friend and helper of the needy;

when our literature shall be freed from all contaminating influences, and our society lose its follies and its soul-dwarfing vices in the higher purpose to follow the Saviour's example; when our hearts shall be purified and elevated by divine grace so as to distribute its large benefactions to all the children of want, then indeed will our country prove a blessing to the nations of the earth, then will gospel light stream to every shore and the dark shadows rise and float away. This is God's mission for the Anglo-Saxon race. When it is done the Kingdom of God will be on earth, and he will reign whose right it is to "put all things under his feet."

III.

THE LAND OF THE SKY.*

SOME years ago for the first time I crossed the Land of the Sky from Morristown, Tennessee, to Salisbury, North Carolina. The greater part of the railway had been recently constructed, and the trains ran cautiously and slowly over the newly opened line.

Leaving Morristown about 9 A. M., we reached Paint Rock, on the North Carolina line, about 12 M., and began our delightful trip up the French Broad River. It was an October day with the air full of warm sunshine, and with scarcely a cloud to cast a shadow upon mountain or river. The delay for dinner at the Warm Springs shortened the remaining hours of the never-to-be-forgotten day. With deliberate speed the train followed every curvature of the French Broad as it turned from side to side seeking, through

*This choice bit from Dr. Tichenor's pen is well worth preserving, both as illustrative of his powers of imagination and description, and because it was his first view of a section of our country in whose material and spiritual development he in after years took great interest.

that channel it has chiseled in the everlasting rocks, its pathway to the sea.

This noted river finds its birthplace among the cliffs of the Blue Ridge not far from Cæsar's Head in South Carolina. Calling together its tributaries from every side, it unites them into a broad flood that northeastward flows down the easy slope of the beautiful valley, and meets at Asheville the sparkling Swannanoa that comes leaping like a fawn down the western slopes of the living wall which separates the depressed mountain plateaus from the Piedmont valleys of the east. Thus reinforced, the two turn their faces to the west and prepare to break through the mountain ranges, chain after chain, until at last their imprisoned waters flow out into the great valley that from Pennsylvania to Alabama divides the Blue Ridge from the Allegheny. This conflict of the ages is not yet ended. The mighty river has indeed cut its way through the mountain barriers and gained the wide valley down which it flows to the great Father of Waters, but everywhere the mountain ranges, rising close on either side like broken battle lines still holding their position, seek to throw across the opening a new formation to imprison these flowing waters forever.

Nothing could exceed the varied beauty of the changing scenery as the train slowly followed every winding of the river, clinging closely to the water side. Here the stream with arrowy swiftness poured through the deep and narrow channel it had worn by the labor of ages into the inclosing rocks. Here, as though wearied with its efforts, it dallied in slow running eddies under banks of ferns and wild roses, while the over-arching trees with their long, willowy branches stooped over and kissed the sleeping waters. And here brawling over a rocky bed it broke into a wide sheet of foam, and hurried by as though it had heard and was answering the call for help from its far distant mother—the moaning sea.

As you lifted your eyes upward, here the shadows on the mountains deepened the green of the forest verdure, and there the floods of sunshine mellowed it into tints of gold. Here the bald and blackened cliff rose unimpeded to the clouds, and there clothed to their very summits with leafy covering of close woven forests, they seemed like sentinels guarding the inner shrine of this sanctuary of the mountain world. At last the parting beams of the dying day, like Moses, climbed to the mountain tops to bid the world farewell, and the

silent shadows were lifted from the vales to cover the sleeping world.

We reached Asheville just "as the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky." The train would resume its journey to Salisbury with the morning light, so I sought the Swannanoa hotel and retired to rest at the usual hour. I could not sleep. The recollections of the day lingered in my soul. Had I been permitted to walk through Eden before sin had stained its glories, and seen what, since its unopening gates have been forever barred, no human eye can see, I should scarce have been more enraptured by its remembrance than I was that night.

Before the dawn I had descended from my chamber to the office where, fortunately for me, the proprietor was on watch. "You are awake early," said he. "It is more than an hour before your train. Have you ever been in Asheville before? Would you like to see the sun rise from the top of the hotel? You have plenty of time." In a few minutes an opening in the roof let us out into the cool air of the morning. At first all was dark except a streak of gray dawn upon the eastern horizon. Then as our eyes grew more accustomed to the dark, and the light slowly increased, there came out the dim and ghostly

outlines of the giant mountains emerging from the floods of darkness.

Far away to the east the narrow line of glowing crimson is broadening on the upward arching sky. There the stars are paling in the growing light. The arrowy beams of the coming day are transforming the mists of morning into the light of heaven. Just in front of us old Pisgah's bald and craggy summit, smitten by the coming sun, looks as though the morning star had fallen upon her and invested her with its molten glories.

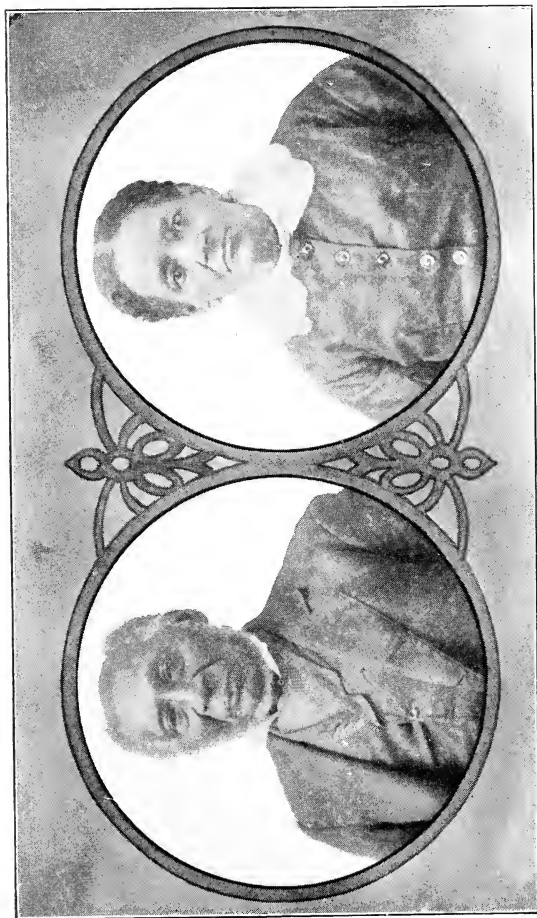
Far away westward peak after peak is meeting the rising day. Balsam and Clingman and Serbal and Junaluska are all aglow as though the watchfires of heavenly guards had been kindled on their summits. A hundred more are joining in the line of glory. Standing on these heights so near to heaven, angels' hands seem to be disengaging the curtains of the night, and down their rugged sides and deep ravines the loosened draperies of darkness fall.

Swiftly eastward across the broken plain the hosts of morning are driving the shadows of the night, and field and forest and mountain crag and the wide reach of flowing river are seized by the conquering light until Swanna-

noa's forest-tangled fountains yield to the dominion of the day, and in token of her loyalty she sends back from her every winding the morning's glowing beam. These old forests, covering the hills to their very summits, clad in their autumnal robes of crimson, green and gold, look like high priests of the world ministering at nature's altars, and lifting their rich fruit offerings to their God.

Overwhelmed with the splendors of that new day, breathed in beauty upon this fallen earth, I lifted up my tear-filled eyes and said: "O my Father, how can heaven be more beautiful than this?"

Land of the Sky, thou art to me what the patriarch saw when sleeping on his stony pillow—a stairway on whose ascent of gold, heart and hope and faith and life rise heavenward so high, that at times my soul catches the angels' minstrelsy and the sheen of that dazzling throne, whose radiance kindles into life every sun and star whose cycling march measures alike the saint's immortality and the eternity of God.



UNCLE BEN AND AUNT JENNIE.

IV.

UNCLE BEN'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

A TRUE STORY.*

MASTER, you ain't gwine to whip that little boy, and his ma gone away to Selma, is you?"

It was long years before the war, in the slavery times, when Uncle Ben asked this question. "The little boy" was the son of one of Alabama's largest and most noted planters, and Uncle Ben was the head man of his large force, or "the driver," as such a man was always called. His wife, Aunt Jennie, was the head servant of her mistress' household, and all the children of the planter called her "mammy." On the day before Uncle Ben asked the question with which we begin this sketch, "the little boy" had been carelessly playing among the hay stacks with friction matches, exhibit-

*This story belongs to the family life of Walker Reynolds, of Talladega County, Alabama. Dr. Tichenor's last wife was a daughter of this household, and at the time of its writing he was a son-in-law in the home. It not only illustrates Dr. Tichenor's style of writing, but sets forth the best side of Southern slavery.

ing to an astonished crowd of little darkies, how, with the keen edge of his new knife, he could kindle them into a flame. Throwing the ignited wood thoughtlessly to one side, that he might strike another, the hay was fired. In a moment the fiercely increasing flame shot up to the top of the huge pyramid, and before that infantile crowd had time to think, the flames were leaping from stack to stack, until seventeen were wrapped in their winding sheet of fire. The high fence, which had been built around them for their protection, was for one brief moment black with the panic-stricken darkies, and the next showed a line of black passing with the velocity of the wind across the level sward. The little boy gazed for a moment in blank amazement upon the red ruin his carelessness had wrought, and then, gathering his energies, began to exert himself to save the fence which encircled the flaming forage. A few rails only were transported to a safe distance, when the fire leaped madly over the whole environment and drove him away. No words can describe the awe he felt as he contemplated the burning mass, rolling heavenward its clouds of intermingled black and crimson, or the terror that filled his heart as he thought of what his father would say and do. In a short time, the whole planta-

tion was gathered about the place, and the subdued voices of a hundred darkies mingled with the hiss and crackle of the devouring flames. Among them was Uncle Ben, who soon learned that his little favorite was the author of the terrible disaster. Taking him gently by the hand, he led him back to the house, and with aching heart, awaited the return of the planter, who, with the older members of the family, had gone to preaching, a few miles away. In due time they all returned, and Uncle Ben made faithful report to the master of the loss he had sustained. The little culprit was ordered into his mother's room, and, seated in his low arm-chair, was commanded to take his Bible and spend the remainder of the day in reading that instructive volume. How much benefit he received from that afternoon's perusal of those sacred pages history does not record, but the evidences are that it must have been great, as those who knew him best say that he has rarely been known to open it since.

Next morning, when at an early hour Uncle Ben reported at his master's door, he received, in addition to his usual orders to see that all the stock was properly attended to, an order that he should on his return bring him a good supply of birch, for the benefit of the boy who

had so suddenly deprived the plantation of its stores of food for the winter. No wonder Uncle Ben was slow in the execution of this special order. For a long time he lingered among the trees which were to furnish the instruments of correction, and with reluctant step returned to his master's chamber. All this time he had been ransacking his brain and heart for some plea that would avail to shield the child from the impending punishment, and when he transferred the long and limber rods to the master's hands, he made, in sad and pleading tones, the remark we have already quoted.

The little boy's mother had been absent for some days, on a visit to relatives in a city more than a hundred miles away, and Ben knew how anxiously the planter awaited his wife's return. His own affection for Aunt Jennie taught him that this was the most available avenue to the heart of the strong-willed man before whom he stood. But when he saw that the stern look did not relax, he feared his plea had been without effect.

"Master," said he, in a low, firm tone, that evinced beyond question that he meant what he said: "If you must whip somebody for dat fire, whip me, and let de little chile go." And he began to remove his coat to receive the

stripes. The planter was overcome. His eyes filled with tears, and, handing the switches back to Uncle Ben, he gave him his promise that nobody should be whipped "for dat fire."

Since that morning, long years have passed. The war came and went. The slaves on the old plantation became free, and in a short time were scattered far and wide over the country; but Uncle Ben and Aunt Jennie remained.

The planter, ripe in years, left his earthly possessions, crossed over the river, and is resting under the shadow of the trees that grow by the river of life in the paradise of God. From the window of the old mansion you look down where, on a gentle elevation, underneath the old oaks, undisturbed by the woodman's axe, a white marble shaft marks the spot where his mortal part awaits the resurrection of the just.

The little boy has grown to be a man. From a distant state a cultured and charming wife has been brought to his side. His fellow-citizens have recognized his sterling worth and called him to serve them in places of responsibility, and now the letters that reach the old mansion for him have "Honorable" endorsed upon them.

Uncle Ben and Aunt Jennie live close by upon a part of the old plantation, and every

few days are seen at the old homestead. Around the humble, but comfortable, home are to be seen horses and cows and pigs and goats. Their garden is well supplied with all the vegetables grown in that sunny clime, and within, kept by Aunt Jennie's neat hand, all is as clean and cheery as if white folks lived there.

Age has crept upon this couple, and infirmities have lingered, but they go about their daily tasks with hearts in which the light of life has been softened and mellowed by their advancing years. Honored and respected by all the neighbors, both white and black, welcome visitors to the old family, whom they served from the heart for so many years, this old couple "along the cool sequestered vale of life keep the noiseless tenor of their way."

Christmas days have come, and with them the annual family reunion at Mount Ida, as the old homestead is called. The stately old plantation home, with its ample dimensions, is crowded to its utmost capacity. The sons are there, and the married daughters bring their husbands; and merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, preachers, and state officials—men whose names are not unknown to fortune and to fame—are part of the goodly company.

Troops of grandchildren come with eager

feet from their city homes to enjoy grandmother's royal entertainment during Christmas holidays. Her liberal purse and large loving heart have prepared no stinted welcome for them. The spacious fireplaces are filled with oak and hickory, and the rich pine kindles the accumulated mass to its brightest glow. The lamps shine down upon the long extended table, burdened with everything luscious from land and sea. The frozen North has brought its tribute to swell the feast, and the fruits of Florida grace it with their golden hue. By day the guns and horses are called into requisition, and the rabbits and partridges and the antlered monarchs of the forest become victims of the death-dealing huntsman.

"Tomorrow is Uncle Ben and Aunt Jennie's golden wedding," said the gray-haired matron, "and we must celebrate it properly."

To that household her wish is always law, and to this proposal there was an instant and cordial assent.

To those gifted and honored men, and to those cultured and queenly women, Uncle Ben and Aunt Jennie had been the kindest of friends.

They had in their childhood called them "Daddy" and "Mammy," and the memory of the good deeds done by that old couple came

stealing back over the heart, like some strain of sweetest music that at twilight steals over the waters of a sleeping lake. The blameless life they had ever led, their fidelity to each other and to their God, the peace and piety and love that had reigned through half a century in their humble home, were known to all that household, and as memory stirred the deep fountain of their hearts, emotions of gratitude and joy brought tears to every eye.

“The little boy” was reminded for the tenthousandth time of the scene when Uncle Ben drew off his coat and said: “Master, whip me.” One recalled how Uncle Ben had gathered partridge eggs in his capacious pockets, and, when the day’s work was done, brought them from the field to her. Others told stories showing equal thoughtfulness of love toward them. In that hour, unrestrained by the conventionalities of life, they told artless stories of the couple. Memory made them children again, and, as in days of old, they were seated by the fire, and listened with all the interest of those early days to the songs and tales that so charmed them.

The fidelity, not only to the white family, but to each other, became the theme of conversation, and one told us, as an illustration of it, how Aunt Jennie, who for many years had

been a devout Methodist, after her freedom, became dissatisfied with her baptism; but Uncle Ben persisted in saying that his was good enough for him. But on the day when she was to be immersed, as Uncle Ben watched her packing up her clothes preparatory to this rite, he said to her quietly: "Jennie, I 'spect you'd better put mine in, too." Unwilling to be separated from her even in this, he went with her in her conviction of duty, though he had none of his own. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives," even in this symbol of "death they were not divided."

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was cleared away, the long dining table was covered with bridal presents for the couple, who for fifty years had walked together in the path of life; and in those presents every member of the family was represented. That of the former mistress was the largest of them all. Every grandchild brought an offering to them on this joyous occasion.

It had been arranged that the preacher son-in-law should make an address to them, and, after they and their colored friends had filled the room on one side of the well-laden table, he told them how their devotion to each other and their attachment to the family had en-

deared them to every one. Then, after wishing them many happy days, he said :

“Uncle Ben, you know that on wedding occasions the preacher always expects a fee.”

Uncle Ben’s countenance fell. He had not expected that such a demand would be made upon him.

“But,” said the minister, “on this occasion the custom will be reversed, and the preacher will pay the fee.”

Then drawing the shining coins from his pocket, he placed them in the hands of the aged couple.

“Now, join hands together in token of your determination still to keep your vows of love to each other.”

It was done.

“Now, salute your bride, and this ceremony will end.”

With the greatest gravity and the dignity of a prince, the kiss was imprinted upon the lips of the dusky bride.

Then followed congratulations, in which each member of the family shook hands with the honored couple, and stated brief reminiscences of their childhood. The colored friends, too, gave them their congratulations with noisy demonstrations, and retired.

Uncle Ben spoke a few words—his emotion

would not allow him to speak many—of grateful acknowledgment. Aunt Jennie, more profuse, talked with streaming eyes of all the kindness she and Ben had received, and how until death they would be faithful in their affection to those who had shown such love to them, and left the room.

Uncle Ben lingered behind. Looking into the face of his former mistress, he said:

“Dar is one thing I always wanted.”

“What is it, Ben?” she asked.

Glancing at the portrait that hung over the mantel, he said, in a voice low and husky, and with emotion:

“Master’s pictur’.”

“You shall have it,” she replied, and he bowed low and retired.

A sad sequel to this pleasing history is told in an extract made from a letter received from the mistress of the old homestead.

MOUNT IDA, March 27, 1885.

MY DEAR S.: This letter will convey to you and R. sad news. Our dear old servant, Jennie, is no more. The death angel took her from us on Wednesday afternoon at four o’clock. She had a spell of

sickness in February, but seemed to have recovered from it, although the pain in her side still remained. Last week she exposed herself in attending a school exhibition at the African church, took fresh cold, and died that day week. O. M. was away in Clay County, and Maude was in New Orleans with her Carolina friends. We regretted their absence very much, for Jennie was like a member of our family. When I came home as a bride in November, 1841, she was the first of all the servants to meet and welcome me. Since that hour, till her death, she was with me on every occasion of joy or sorrow, through all my wedded and widowed life. So you will not think it strange that I should grieve. She has added in her way, not only to the comfort and pleasure of my children and myself, but all my grandchildren loved to go to "Mammy's house," which shows how kindly she treated them. It is sad and pitiful to see Ben in his deep and silent grief.

The spring violets will bloom over Aunt Jennie's grave, for loving hands will tend the spot where she sleeps in peace until the Lord shall come. That humble life of hers was rich in the life of faith and love, and to her he will say, "Well done!"

v.

JESSE GOLDTHWAITE: A CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

IN the year 1852, I became pastor of the Baptist Church in Montgomery, Alabama. This church consisted partly of colored members, for whom a separate service was held every Sunday afternoon. It became my duty to conduct these services; and I was thus brought into contact with a large body of colored people who were professed followers of Christ. Among them were many whom I soon learned to respect for their earnest piety and their warm attachment to the Saviour's cause. It was to me a great pleasure to tell these simple-minded people of the Saviour's love for guilty man, and to point them to that blest abode where "the weary are at rest."

Among the members of the church was one to whom my attention was quickly attracted. He was a tall, raw-boned man, half white, and apparently about fifty years of age. He was the subject of some infirmity, which had greatly impaired his physical powers. His eyesight had been partially destroyed, and he walked

with some difficulty. His entrance into the sanctuary was always recognized by his peculiar step, and the noise made by the long and heavy walking-stick striking at measured intervals upon the floor. His face indicated a strong and turbulent nature, which had been subdued by suffering; and, when under the influence of religious emotions, the light of love shone through his countenance, as the setting sun shines through the rifted clouds after a day of storm. On inquiry, I learned that he had not long before joined the church; that he had been a very bad man—his uncontrolled passions often leading him into difficulties with those of his own color, and subjecting him to the severest discipline at the hands of a not over-lenient master. He had been addicted to intemperance; and this vice, which was an unusual one among slaves, had, doubtless, been the chief source of his troubles. When under the influence of strong drink, he was regarded as a very dangerous man; and on more than one occasion he had attempted the lives of his fellows. He had been received into the church with some degree of hesitation; and at the time I became pastor, the question of his steadfastness to his profession had not been fully settled. But his regular attendance upon all the services of the church, and the

earnest endeavor he was making to lead a Christian life, were rapidly winning the warmest sympathy and confidence of the whole congregation. That confidence he never forfeited. For fifteen years I knew him as a devoted Christian, whose daily walk, unblemished by a stain, led him calmly and peacefully to the banks of the dark river, over which he crossed into the paradise of God. I have seldom known one whose life was a stronger testimony to the power of the gospel to subdue and remold the heart of man.

On Lord's Day afternoon, his seat in the corner by the side of the pulpit was never vacant. The interest which he always manifested in the worship, and the delight with which he drank in the truths of the gospel, was to me a source of inspiration. Oppressed, as I often was by the work of the past week and by the morning services, intensified in their effect by feeble health and a debilitating climate, I learned to watch for Jesse's coming, and to look to him for help in the discharge of duties which were overtaxing my physical powers. There was something in those deep-toned responses he frequently made during the prayer; in those dimmed and half-sightless eyes many times suffused with tears; in the expectant gaze he turned on me as I

tried to preach; in the evident longing for the bread of life, that overcame debility and fatigue, and nerved me for the labors of the hour. He never knew how much he helped me, nor how his heart-hunger evoked unwonted efforts to supply his craving soul with heavenly food.

At the close of the sermon, I sometimes called on him to pray; and then I received more than an equivalent for all my sermon had contained for him. His prayers were peculiar. He discarded the solemn form which is usually employed in prayer, and talked seemingly almost face to face with his God. True, he was illiterate; for he was a slave. His utterances would not bear the grammarian's criticism; but there was an eloquence, born of that strong nature which had been subdued into childlike dependence upon its God, that in its very simplicity approximated the sublime. The thank-offering of a loving heart, the needs of his own soul, and burning desire that others might know his Saviour's love, found utterance in words and sentences which, though broken and disarranged, needed no translation to make them intelligible to God or man.

When the last years of the war came on, there was on the part of some of my colored congregation a manifest expectation of free-

dom. They could not disguise their anxiety for its coming. Though submissive and obedient to the will of their masters to the very last day of their bondage, they could not repress the uplifting thought that they were soon to be free. But with Jesse there was no such manifestation. It may have arisen from the consciousness that his easy task scarcely remunerated his owner for his food and raiment; but far more probably it emanated from his entire submission to the will of God. To him, life was but a journey home; and it seemed to matter little whether he performed that short journey as a freeman or a slave. His heart was fixed upon his heavenly inheritance, and he concerned himself little about his relations to others in the years of his earthly pilgrimage.

When the day of deliverance came, many were, for a time, too much absorbed in their new-found freedom to think of their connection with the church or their duty to their God. They left their homes in multitudes, and flocked by thousands to see the great armies that had set them free. They gave loose reins to every inclination, and thousands perished in the time of their great jubilee. But Jesse was the same. Freedom wrought no change in him. Whether free or a slave, Christ was

Master, worship his delight, and the will of God his law.

One day, after these disturbing times had begun to settle themselves into the regular course of events, Jesse came to my study. Gladly I invited the old man in, gave him a chair, and entered into familiar conversation with him. We had not been long thus engaged, when he modestly told me that he had come to ask a favor of me. Being assured of my willingness to do anything in my power for him, he bowed his head upon his hands and remained silent for a time. He was struggling with some overwhelming emotion. At last, lifting his face and looking at me with the deepest interest, he said:

“I want you to write some letters for me.” When told I would with pleasure, he responded: “Master,” that he always called me, “I will have to tell you my story to explain to you what I want. I was not always a slave. I was a free man before I was brought to Alabama.”

He then proceeded to give me the history of his life. He had been reared on the eastern shore of Maryland. His father owned a small farm not far from one of its pleasant villages. The family consisted of his father and mother, his three brothers, and one sister. One day,

when he was about eighteen years of age, he had been sent on some mission to the shore of the Chesapeake Bay. While there he was kidnapped, carried into Virginia, and sold as a slave to a Southern trader, who had brought him to Alabama. There he had been transferred to the man whose name he bore, and which he carried to his grave. His simple recital of these facts overwhelmed me.

"Why," I asked, "did you not tell the story of your wrong?"

"I did tell the trader who brought me to Alabama, and Mr. Goldthwaite, who bought me; but they said they had paid their money for me, and that the fault was not theirs. And, master, what could I do? I was ignorant, and had nobody to help me. For a long time I fought against my slavery. I was mad with everybody and everything. God only knows how wicked I was. My mistress was kind to me, and my Master would've been, too, if I had been a good servant; but I wasn't. I didn't care for anything, or anybody. I cussed and I got drunk, and I stole and I told lies, and I did everything that was wicked and bad. One night, when I was drunk, I nearly froze to death; and that's what give me the rheumatiz and made me so nearly blind. But, master, I'se got over all that. Since I found

religion, I'se done forgive everybody, and I'se glad I was brought to Alabama. It's well-nigh on to fifty years since I seed my father and mother and brothers, and my sister, who was a little gal when they stole me away from home; and I 'spect they's all done dead and gone. Leastwise, I don't 'spec to see um no more in 'dis world, 'cept it mought be my sister, who may be living yet. But I'se thankful to the Lord that here in Alabama I'se found Jesus. He's better than all; and maybe if dey hadn't stole me away, I'd never found him. I'm not sorry 'bout it now; for I'd rather be a slave and have Jesus, than to be free without him."

The old man's story touched my heart, and I determined to do all I could to get information as to his family. I wrote to friends in Baltimore, and to the postmaster of the village near which his father had lived. I had little hope that anybody, in those disturbed and trying times, would take interest enough in the tale of the old negro to acquaint himself with the facts, and help him to secure, through tardy justice, the rights and privileges so long denied him. The old man waited patiently for some reply; and one day there came to him a message. 'Twas not from the shore of the Chesapeake, nor the voice of earthly kindred

calling him back to his long-lost home. It was a call to the shining shore of the better land, from his Elder Brother; and joyfully he laid down the shackles of his earthly bondage, and went upward to be free.

VI.

JOSEPH ISLANDS.

APOSTLE OF THE INDIANS.

ONE day, in the then frontier town of LaFayette, Alabama, just before the removal of the Creeks to their Western home, a tall, raw-boned man, whose face bespoke both great kindness and determination, was seen to lay his hand upon the shoulder of a young Indian and heard to say, "Joe! Don't you mind these bad boys; come with me." That man was Rev. Frank Calloway, whose name is yet fragrant among the churches of east Alabama. The young Indian was Joseph Islands, who became the Apostle of the Creek Nation. A party of rude boys were sorely annoying him, when Callo-

way, who knew him well, saw the fire of revenge flash from his dark eye. His hand was upon his scalping knife, and in a moment more, blood would flow. At the kindly yet determined words of the preacher, Islands paused and, yielding to the strong will of his judicious friend, walked away with him. The heart of the good man was deeply moved towards the young savage who had obeyed him. It was probably the last interview they would ever have. Islands with his tribe was to go west in a few days, and this was the only remaining opportunity he would ever enjoy, to reach his soul with the truths of the gospel. As in the presence of eternity, the good man plied him with the truths of the Scripture and urged him to seek the Saviour. Islands was impressed by the kindness and earnestness of the man of God. Before the interview terminated, Calloway had given him a Bible and received the promise on his part, to carry it with him to his new home in the far West. This promise he kept according to the letter, but not in the spirit in which it was made. Before he started on his long journey, which ended far beyond the great Mississippi, he placed that Bible at the bottom of the box in which his valuables were packed, and there it

lay for many long days, neglected and forgotten.

Islands, grown to full manhood, was a leader in the wild revelry of his young associates; he had learned to play the violin, and consequently his services were indispensable at all their gatherings. One night, when whiskey had been freely used by the party, a quarrel ensued, and Islands' dearest friend was killed. The next day, an old negro named "Billy" was ordered to dig a grave for the murdered man. Islands, sad and lonely, went out to see the spot where his friend was to be laid. Old Billy was a Christian, and while Islands sat by and saw him excavate the narrow house, his heart was moved for the young Indian. He talked with him about death, about the great beyond, about Jesus and the resurrection. Islands was deeply impressed—the arrows of conviction stuck in his soul. Many times afterward, he sought "Uncle Billy's" cabin, and learned more and more about the way of life. At length he found peace in believing; it was a time of great joy. He and Uncle Billy met and sung and prayed and rejoiced together. Then Islands remembered his long-forgotten Bible. It was brought forth from the depths of the box; and, while he would read, Uncle Billy would ex-

plain, as best he could, the wonders of "that old, old story." For days and days they communed together in secret.

At length the thought came to them, "this is a day of good tidings and we hold our peace." A most stringent law forbade the introduction of Christianity among the Indians. The penalty for its violation was heavy. To every one found engaged in worship according to the forms of the white man's religion, thirty-nine lashes were to be administered by the police. But Islands and Uncle Billy did not regard this edict. They talked privately to their friends about the great salvation, invited them to meet with them at the secret spot chosen for religious worship, and soon gathered a little group that braved the dangers of the law. One after another of these was born into the Kingdom of God, and as each professed faith in Christ, his name was placed upon the list of disciples, until thirty names appeared upon the roll. Meantime the authorities had taken the alarm. The hated religion of the white man was secretly making progress. The mounted police, "the light horse," as they were called, were ordered to be more vigilant and to execute with impartial justice the law against heresy. As vigilant and cunning as their foes, the Christian In-

dians found secluded places for their worship and continued their meetings. Spies were set to watch them; and many were the stories told of the shrewdness and cunning manifested by the Christian party, to escape detection by their numerous and active enemies.

One night, a spy followed some of them near to their place of worship. He had lost the trail, and while seeking for some new indication to guide him, he heard the voice of singing. Stealthily creeping through the bushes, he came to an open spot, beyond which he saw a light, and heard the notes of song. Prone upon the ground he crawled snake-like through the tall grass, towards the place. As he neared it the melody ceased, and then the voice of prayer caught his ear. Islands was praying for his people, for his persecutors, for the police who were hunting them, for the spies that were dogging their track. He listened; his heart stood still as he heard his own name called and the Great Spirit invoked to thwart his evil purposes and to change his heart. There, as he lay concealed in the tall grass, the thought of his great guilt shook him like the tremors of an earthquake. The prayer ended and the melody of Zion's song arose once more. The first stanza told of Jesus' bleeding love for guilty man; and the voices of the singers

caught the emotions of these hearts and wafted them heavenward upon the midnight air. Pausing for breath, overawed by a presence he could not understand, he listened to the song. He had never heard such melody. He had listened to the south wind when it sighed through the leafless forest, waking its thousand wind harps to strains of plaintive melody. He had heard the river as it rushed headlong down the steeps, singing its song, "to the sea, to the sea." He had heard feathered songsters of his forest home singing in the sunlight, singing in the shadow, singing when the moonbeams covered the wide land with their sheen of glory; but he had never heard song like that. It spoke to him of light and love from the Great Spirit. It spoke to him of his own dark guilt, in seeking to betray and punish these people. He wondered that a thunderbolt did not strike him dead. He trembled lest the solid earth should open and swallow him down into the very abyss of the lost. At length he tried to rise, but his limbs refused to carry him. He tried to crawl away from that awful spot, but he could not. The only movement he could make was to roll over and over, and thus he gained the bushes from which he had first heard the voice of singing. There he lay in an agony never felt before,

crying, fearing, trembling, praying, how long he never knew.

At the next meeting of the disciples, he stood in their midst, and, with penitential sobs, told the strange story of his effort to bring them to punishment and how the Spirit of the Lord had arrested him and held him a trembling captive. Before the meeting closed, he found peace in believing, and saw, with joy unspeakable, his name enrolled among the chosen of the Lord.

But these Christians were not always so fortunate. One night, the light horse surrounded their place of worship. Closing every avenue of escape, the captain ordered them to be taken out one by one, and receive the punishment prescribed by the law. With serene faces and patient submission, first the men and then the women, underwent the cruel torture of the lash. When Obadiah Holmes received similar treatment from the New England Puritans as a remedy for his Baptist faith, he said, as the sheriff loosened his hands from the stake to which he had been bound, "You have struck me with roses." So these savages, made new men in Christ, took joyfully the stripes that were laid upon them with unsparing hand. The executioners could not withstand the influence of those faces, radiant with holy joy;

and one after another let fall the cruel thong and surrendered it into the hands of another, The captain at first shamed the cowardly weakness of his men and bade them lay on the lash; but when the women came and stood unflinching the fearful ordeal, a feeling not of pity, but of awe, overwhelmed him. The Roman centurion, as he saw the darkened heaven and heard the death cry of the crucified One, exclaimed: "Surely this was the Son of God." So, as he looked upon these women bearing their torture not only bravely, but with smiling faces and words of thanksgiving to Him who had redeemed them, this plumed and painted savage felt the conviction pierce his heart like an arrow, "These are God's people." There remained scarcely strength of arm or purpose in all that fierce band of braves, to feebly finish the execution of the law.

Next day the captain of the light horse resigned his position, and several of his men followed his example. "We cannot whip these people for praying and loving Jesus," said they; "we would rather be whipped ourselves than to whip these women. We cannot do it."

The angry chiefs sought others more savage and determined to supply their place and enforce the law with rigid exactness. But it was in vain. The first time they captured the

Christians, they found it impossible to inflict the full punishment upon them. Their determination was broken and their hands were paralyzed by the meek submission of those who rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for their Lord. They came back to the chiefs of the nation and said, "There are no other people like these Christians. We cannot whip them any more. The Great Spirit claims them. They are his children; we must let them alone."

More and more feeble became the efforts to suppress the religion of the white man and the bolder became the disciples, until they scarcely attempted to conceal their times and places of worship. The best families of the nation had members who were Christians. At length, it was announced that Chilly McIntosh, one of the most wealthy, powerful, and popular chiefs of the tribe, had become a Christian. Under the widespread excitement, the National Council met and repealed the odious law. Christianity had won.

Before the meeting of the council, Joseph Islands had moved into a new house which he had just completed. As soon as he heard that the law was repealed, he moved back into his old home and gave the new one for a place

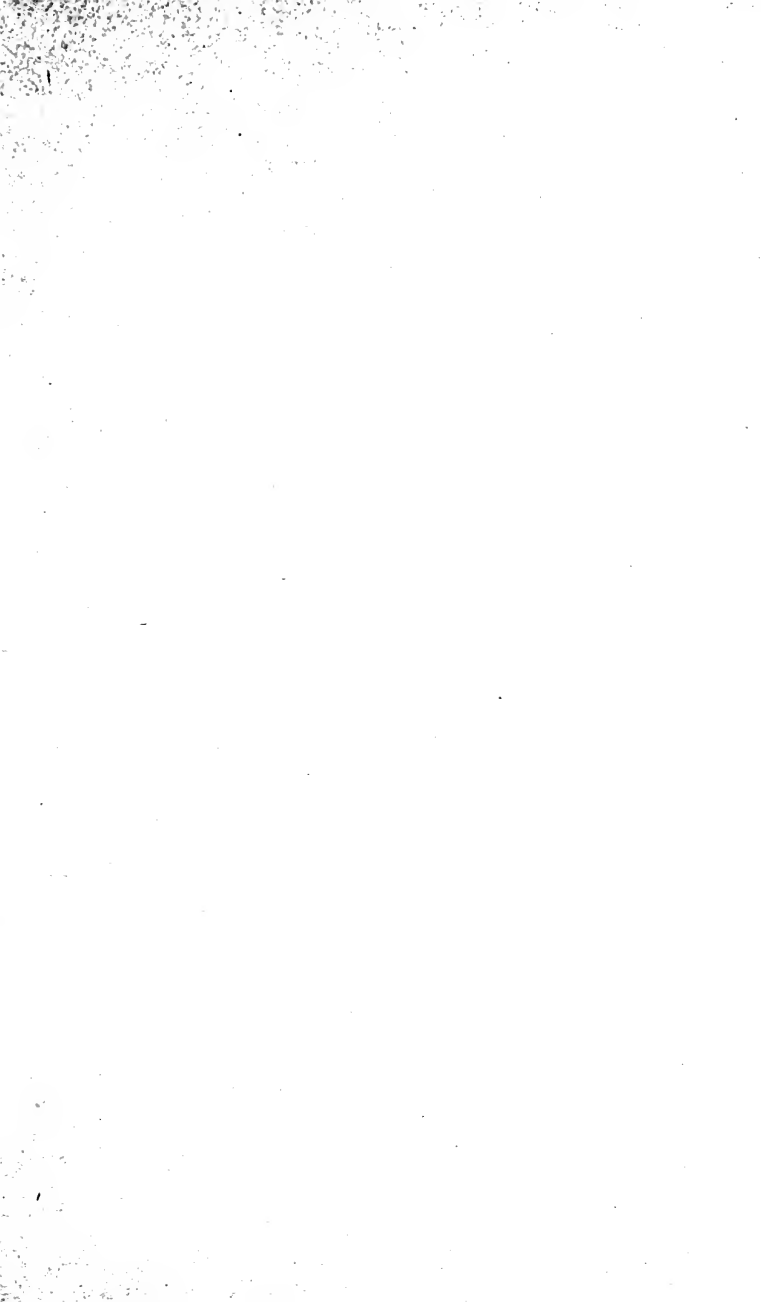
of worship. This was the first house of worship in the Creek Nation.

Thus a great and effectual door was opened to the gospel. Joseph Islands, who was a man of property, exhausted his estate and gave his life to the evangelization of his people. Not in vain have been his labors. There is today a Baptist church for every thousand of population in the Creek Nation, and more than a dozen native preachers break the bread of life to these churches.

Somewhere, we know not where, on the wide prairies, thirty years ago, sorrowful hearts laid to rest all of Joseph Islands that could die. A nation gathered at his grave. No stone marks the spot where he sleeps. His monument is in his works: and long as those prairies shall spread their green bosoms to the sun, so long will the loving and laborious life of Joseph Islands influence his people towards Christ and God and heaven.

Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle's fought, the victory won
Enter thy Master's joy.





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