

W.M.U. NUMBER SEPTEMBER 1909

Our HOME Field

Chart & Thomas



Miss Edith Campbell Crane, Corresponding Secretary
Woman's Missionary Union, Auxiliary to the
Southern Baptist Convention.

Home Mission Board

SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

AUSTELL BUILDING, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

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Our Home Field

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Our Home Field

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SEPTEMBER, 1909.

No. 2

Evolution of a Frontier Box Into a Foreign Missionary

By MISS BETH LEGGITT

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This story was written at the editor's request by a young woman from the Training School, who is now on the high seas under appointment for China by our Foreign Board. She has written the heart and life of a beautiful personality into her lines, and we are persuaded that its pathos will bring tears to many eyes. May it also open wide many hearts to a more loving and helpful interest in both home and foreign missions.—Mrs. B. D. G.



BOX IS COMIN'! A box is comin'! A box is comin'!"

So ran the echo among the bairns when the missionary father read the letter he had received from a ladies' society in the East.

A box! What magic the word had. They had heard of missionary boxes, but none had ever come into that home. For almost twenty years the man had labored alone with his wife in the West. For twenty years they had endured hardships and want that were pitiful in order that they might tell the cow boys and other simple hearted, but noble, Westerners about Christ. The preacher had traveled thousands of weary miles on horseback over rocky roads, through country that was often dangerous because of horse thieves and other rough characters that infested it, through wind and rain and storm and cold to fill his appointments in widely scattered fields.

His wife—God bless the frontier missionary's wife!—had spent her life making ends meet and in helping her husband with her wise counsel. How could she make Beth's old winter dress over? What would husband do for an overcoat this year? How could she save money to buy him a pair of much-needed shoes? What ought he to do with this unruly church member here? How could he interest that rich old ranchman there, and win him to God?

The women in the community were most indifferent. How could she interest them in the Lord's work? How raise her own mischievous little ones, whose rearing was left almost entirely with her, so that they would be an example to the careless mothers around her? How, how could she save up money for the girl whose heart was yearning for a college education?

Such questions by the multitude were hers to settle, as she fought almost alone for God, for her husband was away for weeks at a time. She had to milk the cow, cut the wood, see to the little garden, and attend to the little store by which they eked out the meager salary he received from his people.

During the rainy season, mamma had to bring the wood into the house and saw it. I never will forget how she used to have brother and me sit on it, while she sawed, and I never will forget how brother used to complain and say:

"Mamma, Beth ain't sittin' as hard as I am."

Their hearts were full of ambition for the children—the girl of seventeen, whose heart, though they did not know it, was already turning to China; the quiet, manly fourteen-year-old Carey; and Tom, the very imp of mischief and the gifted one of the family. The children were to have the very best advantages, and where was the money coming from?

Never in that home had there been many luxuries, except books and papers, of which there were the best. The mother, whose very nature it was to love beautiful things, had never had them. In her girlhood, she had herded her father's sheep, and it must have been in those days and years of loving care for sheep and lambs and her invalid mother's little children that she gained the beautiful gentleness which was her chief characteristic.

The father had been a farmer lad who knew what it was to plow and hoe and split rails all day. God called him at the age of seventeen to go to Italy and carry the Good News; but he ran away from God and became a cowboy in Texas. But the mark of the Heavenly Father when once placed on his children cannot be effaced. The rough cow people soon dubbed him "Arkansaw Parson," for he could not enter with them into their gambling, cursing and drinking. The time came when his influence among them was marvelous. "Arkansaw" was the arbiter who settled questions without the gun. "Arkansaw" alone of all the outfit dared enter a saloon where his mates, made devilish by whiskey, were carousing, and compel them, by sheer force of his will and personality to go home. "Arkansaw" was "white" and they loved him truly.

But God's hand was on his heart. At night the weary cowboy, standing guard over his cattle, or lying on the ground with his saddle for a pillow, and his gun beside him, had to face the question. And one night, alone, dozens of miles from any human being, where there was no sound save the swish of the wind through the long prairie grass, of the lonesome howl of the wolf down in the canons, he looked up through the starry blue into God's face, and said:

"I will, Lord."

Then came the question of an education. He was twenty-one, and could not read. But God helped him get the money, and five years of hard study worked wonders in the rough cowboy. By that time he was able to teach a year and go to school a year. And it was while he was teaching that the little shepherdess came into his life. She was his pupil for a year. Then she became his wife. But he never surrendered to

God enough to go to Italy. They remained in the West instead.

Twenty years of such service as they gave God worked wonders. All over that wide cattle-land men and women were rising up to call them blessed. The little churches they had organized and cared for so faithfully were many of them now strong and self-supporting. They had made it their business to "call out the called," as some one has so aptly expressed it, and had sent off to the Christian colleges in the East many a boy or girl whom God had called into his service.

But in all those years they had laid by no money. Everything they had they laid unhesitatingly on God's altar. In all those weary, happy years they had asked no help, and the several little unmarked graves scattered over the plains country told a bitter tale of lack of even necessities.

But now their work was changed. The alkali of the climate had ruined the preacher's voice, and now they were missionaries of the State Board among the immigrants of South Texas. The salary he received paid his railroad fare and that was all. But he was a splendid business man, and they still kept the little store. And now Beth was ready for college, and there was no money with which to send her.

And a box was coming!

The faces around the table were a study. The parents exchanged quick glances, and looked fondly at the girl, for this might mean college for her. Her face was alight with joy. Visions of pretty dresses, dainty things she had never had, came dancing into her head. Carey smiled quietly to himself and thought of half a dozen books he wanted; and the laddle with one tremendous bear-hug around his mother's neck cried:

"A air-gun! A air-gun!"

Then came the days of waiting—endless days it seemed to them. The box came while the father was away preaching, and the mother proposed that they wait for his return before they opened it. They consented. Two interminable days passed. Many sniffs from three pug noses had elicited several evidences of things not seen. A hat pin, stuck ingeniously through a wee knot hole, had brought to light a grain of coffee and one of rice.

When the tired missionary alighted from the train, four kisses were bestowed indiscriminately on his face, and he was led in triumph into the house. But night was already on. Supper must be eaten, the cows attended to, wood for morning cut, and soiled, bare feet washed.

But the time did come after awhile and the father, his eyes shining almost as much as Tom's, tore off the planks. Oh, breathless moment, while he tore away the papers used in packing. And then—

What words can describe the ecstasy of the moment! Busy little hands and trembling big ones brought out many a treasure.

First there was coffee, rice, dried fruit, baking powder, peppers, and—joy unspeakable!—a great blue paste-board box of "streaked candy" with Tom's name on it.

Next were little new suits for the boys with nickels and fishin' tackle in the pockets; shoes for father; warm winter underclothes for the whole family; white wool blankets, the very thing Beth would need so much; an overcoat for father; a dainty white skirt, with "mother" on it, so it couldn't possibly be turned over to the daughter; new goods for house dresses, Christmas dresses and school dresses.

And how the parents' eyes shone as one thing after another suited for the girl's college outfit came to light. Skirting and shirt-waist goods, domestic for unnumbered pieces of underwear; sheeting; a pretty white and blue quilt for Beth; thin little handkerchiefs, and ribbons, and belts with her name on them; a special little box for mother; embroidery tucked away in the folds of goods, several books dear to the heart of boys; some "Home Journals" for

mother and Beth; stockings and socks galore; and collars for Carey and father.

Ah, me! The joy in that home that night was beyond the telling.

Beth did go to Baylor University in the State and there gave her life to God for China. For two or three years the boxes came, and so the father was enabled to get a good start in his store. His helpless old parents, who had indeed been sturdy frontiersmen in their day, came to live with the son, and the one little front room was given to them. Upon the mother, now long ready for rest, there came the task of waiting upon these two invalids for three years, and upon the father, the added expense. But God stood by. He helped them until the dear old people, dying one one day, the other the next, were laid away side by side. Then the boys were sent to college, and the girl to the Woman's Missionary Union Training School at Louisville, Kentucky.

And there one day she was asked to speak in a Louisville church, on frontier work. She told of that first box, and what was in it; of the many little surprises hidden away in pockets, in toes of shoes, in folds of goods. In the lapse of years, she had forgotten where the box came from. At the conclusion of the talk that day, a woman in the audience arose and said:

"Miss Leggitt, your father is a very large man, is he not?"

The girl nodded and smiled as she thought of the big man in far away Texas.

Said the lady: "I remembered your name when you were introduced. We had an awful-time getting the overcoat and shoes big enough. The Sunbeams bought the overcoat."



Woman's Missionary Union Headquarters

MRS. W. R. NIMMO



IN 1888 the Woman's Missionary Union established their headquarters in a large second-story back room in a building on East Lafayette street, Baltimore, Md. At that time all clerical service was volunteer work, done by members of the Executive Committee and others interested in the work.

After the first year, as the writing and copying of letters, folding of leaflets and

each one noted a step forward, until to-day the work demands the services of three stenographers and a general clerk. One of the stenographers is also the book-keeper.

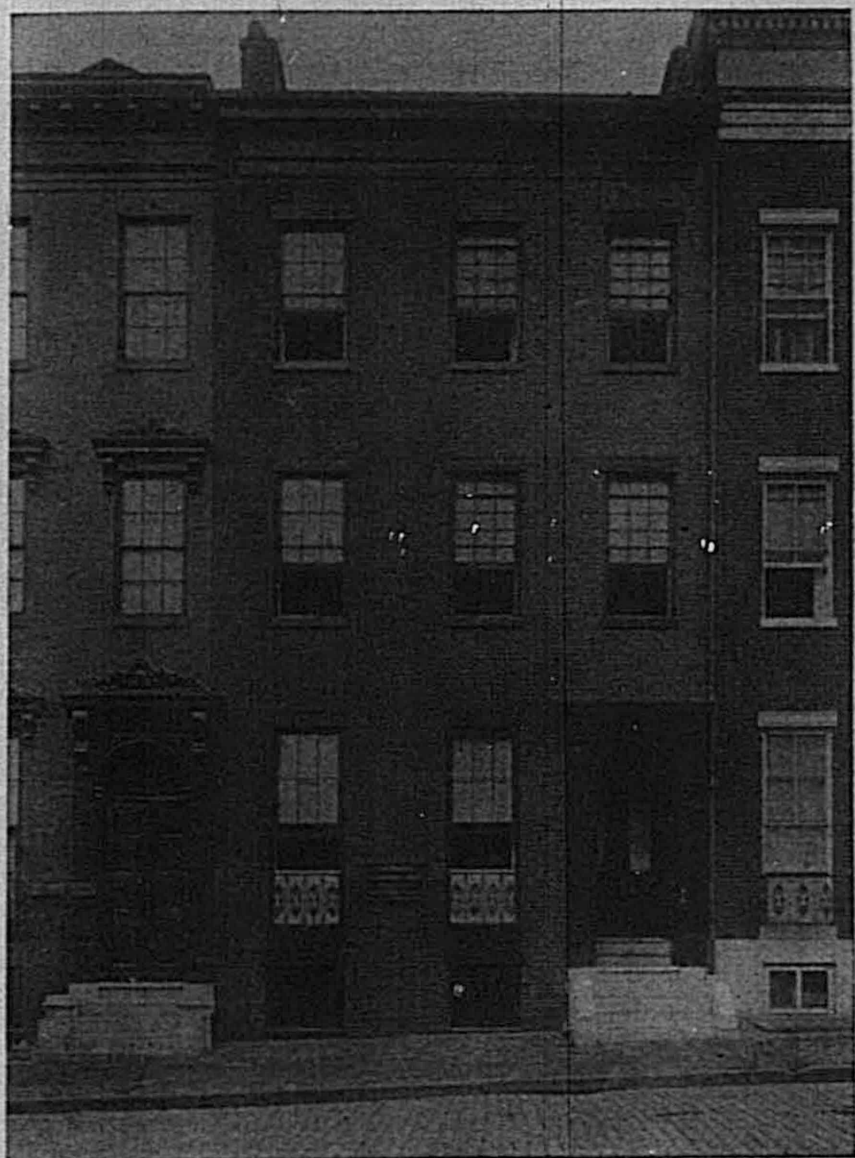
Nurtured by prayer and care, the Woman's Missionary Union grew as naturally and steadily as a healthy plant in a congenial soil. Again and again we moved to larger quarters, until our fifth migration brought us to 301 North Charles street, where we remained for three years.



Secretary's Office, Woman's Missionary Union.

shipping of packages required more constant attention than the Committee could give to it, a clerk was engaged. It was soon found that larger quarters were needed, and the office, or "Mission Rooms," as we called it in those days, was moved to Lexington street. As the years passed,

In May, 1908, the question of the investment of the Training School Endowment Fund and the need for still larger quarters presented themselves side by side. One seemed a solution of the other. Our President suggested that we purchase a house in which to establish permanent headquarters.



Headquarters of the Woman's Missionary Union in Baltimore, Md.

Consultation with one of the leading real estate firms of Baltimore and other business men of proved wisdom resulted in the purchase in fee of the four-story house at 15 West Franklin street, Baltimore, for the sum of \$11,359.65. The necessary improvements, just completed, will bring the value of the property to about \$13,000.

No. 15 West Franklin street is directly

opposite the handsome new Y. M. C. A. building, on one of the most important streets, at the edge of the business district, and will in all probability increase in value each year. July 1st the Union became the tenant of the entire lower floor. The rental of this first floor and of the three upper floors to another tenant will secure to the Training School a five percent, re-

turn on the investment, besides providing for the maintenance of the building in good repair.

We still expect to grow, but can expand in our own garden.

With our incomparable President, our earnest-hearted Corresponding Secretary and our most efficient Treasurer, we can not become stunted.

When we think that every member of the Woman's Missionary Society, every Y. W. A., every Sunbeam and every Ambassador is also a member of the Woman's Missionary Union, we feel we are a noble army—the "matron and the maid," the girls and boys and the little children. May we all follow on to know him.

W. M. U. Headquarters, Baltimore, Md.

Highlandtown Mission

MRS. W. E. HATCHER



BALTIMORE is one of the cities helped by the Home Board.

Possibly there is no city for its size that has been so much under the domination of the Catholic rule. The great cathedral is there with its costly paintings by some of the old masters, and the Cardinal in his trappings of gold lace and tinsel, so bewitching to some. Indeed, for a while, it seemed, almost, to paralyze the arms of the Baltimore Baptists, the task of making an aggressive movement seemed so unpromising.

But Baltimore Baptists are of the real sort, led as they are by such distinguished consecrated men as the Leverings, Tylers and others. Whenever they see their duty they undertake the work with a heart that knows no failure. Great results have been accomplished in late years, and the Baptists there now are full of hope and courage. They follow their chosen leader, give much of their time to committee meetings, and are ever ready to undertake what seems wise and to give their time and money in a lavish manner.

While all the pastors, doubtless, have contributed to the present advanced state of Baptist extension, Dr. Charles Dodd must have the palm as mission worker. A few months ago he identified himself with a new mission at Forest Park. But here I must tell of Highlandtown.

It was the first day of May. Notice had been given in all the Baptist churches that a new mission Sunday-school was to be started at three o'clock that afternoon. How they flocked to the cars bound for Highlandtown! Here were pastors, deacons and many of the leading people in the churches

en route to this point. The people on the cars gazed and wondered what it was that animated this large contingent. Everybody was happy and buoyant.

An hour's ride brought us to Highlandtown. Everything was in readiness for the coming of the Lord's hosts.

The Superintendent of Missions, Dr. E. B. Hatcher, had caused handbills to be distributed announcing the opening. Dr. Dodd joining Dr. Hatcher in a house-to-house visitation. The committee had secured a large hall centrally located and well fitted up. It had been a dance hall. There were few churches in that section, no Baptist church, and it was a place filled with ungodly people.

At three o'clock the house was filled with an interesting mixture of denizens of that town in their gay attire, with their look of surprise and wonderment, and the saints from the West End. There were a number of addresses from pastors, Laws, Dodd, and Hatcher, and from laymen Leverings, Tylers and others. They never spoke better. Enthusiasm ran high. The music at intervals was well prepared and inspiring. It was a great day. Teachers of large Bible classes in their churches said that they would leave them in the hands of substitutes and come down every Sunday to teach here. Dr. Dodd pledged his support and ladies from many churches gave in their names. Dr. Dodd taught a class here for several months.

Eighteen months after this I was in Baltimore again at Eutaw Place. It was Sunday evening. The pastor of Highlandtown mission preached and fourteen were baptized. I could scarcely believe my eyes—that all had come as the result of that Sunday school at Highlandtown.

ALONG THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS

A Plea for Our Mountain Schools

MRS. JULIAN P. THOMAS, W. M. U. Cor. Sec. for Virginia



THE HOME MISSION BOARD has asked the Woman's Missionary Union this year for \$85,000, and has promised to apply \$35,000 of this sum to Mountain School work. Last year the Board spent on the work a little more than \$28,

000. They are therefore planning to spend at least \$7,000 in excess of what was used for this purpose last year.

The cause of education always appeals to women. Even when they lack it themselves, they instinctively feel its priceless value and strain every power of mind and body to give it to their children. When the higher education was denied to them and no college opened its doors to the hungry minds of their own sex, their money went to swell the revenues of men's colleges, and they denied themselves physical comfort in order to make possible a nobler Christian education for our prospective spiritual leaders.

It is therefore not without reason that this department of home mission work is given over to our women. And they will respond to the call. Never yet has the cry of youth been heard in vain by woman. And this is the appeal of our own young people for a larger life, a nobler outlook, fuller opportunity for service. If, by a sacrifice of some luxury, some comfort even, such an opportunity can be given them, it is not in the heart of any woman to refuse it.

Our women will see in the call, too, not only the opportunity to give a Christian education to numbers who would otherwise

go without, but at the same time an opportunity for the exercise of the patriotism that burns ceaselessly in every Southern woman's heart. Feeling keenly the imputation that 33 per cent of our white illiteracy is in the South, our women will reach out with joy to grasp this opportunity of reducing it.



Mrs. Julian P. Thomas.

No better plan can be conceived for bringing education to our mountain people than that devised by the Home Board. The schools are placed, through the far-sighted wisdom of our Board secretaries, where they are most needed, and where they will put Christian education in the reach of those who are without it, not through any fault of their own, but by force

of circumstances and through lack of opportunity. They are set in the midst of people hungry for knowledge, people who deny themselves food and shelter to secure an education for their children. The mountain people realize that "man can not live by bread alone," and when mental and spiritual food is placed within their reach they will have it at any cost.

It is to these people we plan to give an education through our mountain schools, not to our backward races, but those who,

once given a chance, have demonstrated their ability to outstrip others in many a field of endeavor.

It is these people of our own Anglo-Saxon blood, a strong and vigorous race, with largely the same ideals as our own, who are to prevent the South from being swept out of the current of her old ideals by the incoming mass of foreigners.

This is the opportunity we face. Let us rise to it.

Richmond, Va.

Experience in a Mountain District

MRS. DR. WILLIAM E. HATCHER



FEW SUMMERS AGO, by the advice of my physician, I went to one of the Virginia springs, far up in the Alleghenies, to drink its mineral waters. Soon after reaching there I noticed every day a number of white women walking through the grounds carrying bags and baskets of clothes.



Group of Mountain School Students

They were so poorly dressed, most of them wearing home-made slat bonnets, and withal looked so uncouth, (I had never seen white people in this country look that way before) that it depressed me. They looked worse than our colored people. It hurt me in my heart of hearts to see some of my sex made a laughing stock of.

On inquiry I soon found that they were the washerwomen of the guests, that they would walk two or three miles to get the clothes and bring them back in a few days, for they seemed anxious to get as much to do as possible. The money made in this

way supplied their scant necessities through the winter season, till the coming of the guests again. And, sad to recite, it was said that all this labor by wife and mother was heartily agreed to by the men of the household.

When for forty years I was a pastor's wife, and tried to do my duty in visiting, I made it a point to try every week to visit some of the poor and humble ones of the church. And this I did, not more because I felt it my duty to do so, than that I could not afford to do without it. In undertaking to try to comfort and uplift them, I got a blessing in return that helped me to bear cheerfully and with strength the varying duties that always come to the pastor's home, and gave me a keener relish for the pleasures around me.

And I found that I received a higher demonstration of welcome when I was well dressed. There is power on a well groomed woman that is acknowledged by all. Dr. Harris said with a smile, in selecting a chairman for W. M. U., "Select Mrs. Peter. She always dresses well."

So naturally enough concern for these women and girls was in my mind day and night. I determined to visit some of them and try to drop some seed that might bear fruit hereafter. With a friend I set out walking through the forests, the path leading alongside a rippling brook that cheered us with music and lured us on.

Arrived in sight of a cabin at the foot of a mountain, we clambored over a high fence and made our way to the house.

Around the house, up to the door-step,

the grass was waist deep. Large, shady trees were near the house, and a semblance of a garden, with here and there a vegetable, constituted the externals to that home where a middle-aged man and wife and young son lived.

The inside walls of the two room cabin, not plastered, a few chairs, a table and a picture or so, made up the most part of the establishment.

A rap at the door brought a woman to the front, who invited us to the rear in a porch where she was bending over the washtub. I ventured to ask if she owned her home.

"Oh, no," she said, "I can not get money enough for that. I pay \$15 a year rent."

I said, "I would think your son would help you."

"Oh, no; he wants his money to spend," she replied.

I had seen the husband hanging around the spring for hours, while she trudged home with the bag of clothes. When the son, a handsome fellow, came in, I said: "Would you not like to go away to school."

"Well, I don't know," said he. "I like around here. I have never seen a city. I know everybody here."

That was it. Every one was on a par and there were none to excite their ambition to rise. I thought how fine it would be if some from another section—cultivated pious people of the social service type—would move in among these people and give them an object lesson.

Or, better still, if there were planted in that section a real vigorous, live school with teachers of high type, willing to sacrifice themselves on the altar for humanity's



Mrs. Dr. W. E. Hatchner

sake. The Home Board has a number of such. More are needed. It is a trite truth that where ignorance and superstition prevail, women are the chief sufferers by it, and surely those who are in the upper strata should seek to uplift those beneath them in every way possible.



Three Stories From Oklahoma Indian Life

MRS. M. HEARD CARLTON



GEORGIA never gave a more royal or princely gift to missions than the consecrated young manhood of J. S. Murrow, who, while a student at Mercer, heard the call of the Lord to take the good news to the Indians. For more than fifty years he has labored unceasingly in behalf of the Red Man, living and preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Murrow Indian Orphans' Home is the crowning work of Father Murrow's life. The rich experiences of transformed lives through the teaching and living in



A Pawnee Indian Girl

the home, as narrated by "Mamma Rischel," the beloved and honored matron in the home for many years, would melt a heart of stone and enkindle not only sympathetic love, but admiration for intrinsic worth as well.

I wish my readers could hear "Mamma Rischel," her face all aglow with enthusiasm and

love for her theme, tell of a noble Choctaw woman, Betsy Yoto, and of beautiful little Sallie, the Mississippi Choctaw child and hear her say, "Ah, you would love them and admire them, too, if you only knew them as I do."

Betsy Yoto and Little Skitina.

BETSY YOTO, a Choctaw woman, with as fine and noble a character as any white woman could have, married a proud and ambitious Choctaw politician, Benjamin Yoto.

After a few years Betsy's beauty began

to fade, and Yoto put her away, in accordance with the custom of his tribe, and took unto himself Minnie, a more beautiful, charming young girl.

Minnie and Yoto had only been married a short time when Yoto was carried home with a broken limb. Just as soon as Betsy learned of the accident she hastened to the home to minister to Yoto's needs, saying to a friend:

"Minnie, poor young thing, wouldn't know what to do; so I must go, or Yoto might die."

After several years, one cold January day, an old woman came to the Home, bringing a little girl of eight years, riding horseback for seventy-five miles. Skitina was the child of Yoto and Minnie, the pretty young woman for whom Betsy had been deserted.

Both parents are now dead, and Betsy's love for the child's father constrained her to take the child and care for her as her very own, for she said:

"The poor little thing is so sickly no one wants her, or would care for her. I want to nurse her and do all things for her, for Yoto's sake."

Skitina had been accidentally shot through the left lung, and Betsy had gone to nurse her, too; and, while the child recovered in a measure, every one felt that her days were numbered. Betsy's love for the child was so great that the parting almost broke her heart, but she said:

"I must leave her, for the child must learn to read, and I want her to learn the good way to walk in the Jesus road, so I brought her to the Home."

Skitina grew into the heart and life of all in the Home, even in the short time her life was spared. It was only eighteen months God lent her to the home, when the death angel came, and little Skitina is forever safe in the arms of Jesus, whom she loved so well.

When the doctor said Skitina could not live, Betsy was immediately sent for, and, of course, she left all to hasten to Skitina, riding horseback continuously for fourteen hours.

Though she was prostrated by grief and

exhausted by fatigue, poor Betsy insisted on taking the dear little body over that long, dreary journey of seventy-five miles, for: "Skitina said she wanted to sleep one more night in her own little bed." And yet some will insist that an Indian will never forgive an injury, and, through prejudice and blinding ignorance, declare "there are no good Indians but dead Indians."

Sallie Bob.

I SHALL only say a few words about little Sallie Bob, the Mississippi Choctaw, and let the picture tell the story.

In 1904 the United States government deported a large number of Choctaws from Mississippi to Indian Territory. Among them was an old grandmother and two little ones. Having buried all the others of her large family, the poor old woman, now almost a hundred years old, was also bereaved of the younger of the two children soon after she reached the Indian Territory. She then gave the little girl to a Baptist preacher and herself sickened and died.

The preacher soon deposited his treasure for safe keeping in the Home. Although less than five years old, little Sallie hated every pale face and obstinately refused to speak their language.

Every day for quite a while little Sallie was given an apple. After a while she was asked by "Mamma Rischel" to say "apple." She would pucker up her mouth, then turn away, crying bitterly.

For four days she came, asking in her own language: "Tochin chitto!" "Tochin" is peach, and "chitto" big; thus an apple to a Choctaw is a big peach.

Other little Indian children would put their arms lovingly around her and beg her to yield, but all in vain. After nearly a week had passed, little Sallie came with a sweet smile and said: "Apple!"

There was no more trouble. The Rubicon was crossed and she learned English with remarkable ease and spoke it fluently.

Although so bitter in her prejudice at first, little Sallie was soon won by the loving kindness and tender care shown her in the Home, and in return gave a wealth of love that blessed and brightened and sweetened the very atmosphere about her.

Little Sallie, like so many of her people, early fell a victim to that fearful disease, tuberculosis, and, after only lingering a lit-



Sallie Bob

tle while—seventeen months—this beautiful little rosebud was mercifully taken to bloom, without blight, in her home on high.

Dear Mrs. Rischel says that the memory of little Sallie, with many of the other children in the home, will ever remain as a beautiful picture to cheer and encourage when the shadows creep over them. "A little child shall lead them."

Newatsa's Plea for Osage School Children.

THE OSAGE village near Pawhuska, Okla., is where our home mission chapel and missionary's home are located. There are about five hundred Osages living there in ordinary frame cottages, costing from five hundred to a thousand dollars.

The cottages are out in the open or enclosed with a barbed wire fence, with no gates. There are three ways to get in—climb in, crawl under or slip through.

In the middle of this village is the council house, which is also their place of worship and dance hall. Here, intoxicated by the meschal bean, the chief and others sit and gaze into a fire till they see, as they say, their god in the burning wood. Impressions they get, or dreams they dream, they think, are messages from their god. This is their worship. There are incidents connected with this worship that tend more to licentiousness than virtue and good morals.

Near this council house is the home of Newatsa, who is a glorious trophy of the gospel and a rich asset of our home mission work among the Osages. She is an old woman of about seventy, a widow, and lives all alone. Her feet are firmly set in the Jesus road and her heart is full of Jesus' love. Her chief delight is to attend the religious services. She never loses an opportunity. If she has gone to bed—she retires very early—she rises at the sound of the church bell, quickly dresses, throwing her blanket over her shoulders and slipping her feet into her leggins and moccasins, and is off to the service. Newatsa enjoys a visit from the missionary or any one who will talk about Jesus and pray.

One day the missionary and a friend, who was a minister, called to see her. She had left home for Pawhuska in a wagon. She saw the visitors stop at her house, and she quickly left the wagon and came back, crawled under the wire fence, unlocked the door and entertained her guests as ambassadors of the King.

I can never forget the eager interest Newatsa showed in a woman's meeting, which had been announced to her by the interpreter in some uncertain way. She saw me leave town in a carriage with the missionary, and, thinking the meeting would be held as soon as I could reach the chapel, she ran two miles to it, and when we got out of the carriage at the missionary's home, next door to the chapel, we saw Newatsa coming as fast as she could. She did not stop till she sat down in the church, about four hours before the meeting was to be held.

I shall not attempt to describe the difficulty of the missionary, in the absence of his interpreter, in trying to explain the situation to the dear old woman, but leave to your imagination to picture his signs and motions, smiles and frowns, etc., all to no avail. I have said often since that I had never before seen a woman leave her shopping and run to a woman's meeting for fear she might miss some part of it.

When at last the hour for the meeting arrived. After others had spoken, the missionary insisted on Newatsa talking. She

hesitated at first, but afterwards, with an earnest manner, came to the platform and, after "thanking the good Christian people for coming and talking so nice and helping her heart to feel better," she said:

"I can close my eyes and see all the Osage children over on the hill in school, and my heart longs for my people's children to walk in the Jesus road. Won't you good people pray the kind Father to help the children to get in the Jesus road?"

Mr. Carleton held a service at this Osage government school, with about 230 students, worth in money more than three million dollars in their own name.

Every Osage, including children, has about twenty-two hundred dollars in property.

An Osage came twenty-two miles to attend Mr. Carleton's meeting in Pawhuska, and his daughter, attending school there, was the first convert in the meeting.

Realizing something of the glorious results of our work among the Indians, may we not increase our efforts, give more of love and sympathy and prayer? Then we will surely give more of money.

Fifty-three Cherokee girls, in the Cherokee National Female Seminary, at Tallahassee, were converted in a meeting Mr. Carleton held there as State evangelist. This building, with grounds, cost one hundred thousand dollars and was the best in what is now Oklahoma, when it was built, about ten years ago. It has been recently bought for the State Normal at forty-seven thousand dollars.

Mr. Carleton has had about three hundred professions of Indians, from six tribes, in his meetings. Among them were two grandchildren of Rev. John McIntosh, a notable Baptist preacher and missionary of S. B. C. to his own people, the Creeks, and also to wild tribes.

Last month Mr. Carleton held a meeting within thirteen miles of the recent battle scenes with Crazy Snake and his band. A former member of this band attended the meeting and manifested special interest. He is now a merchant at Checotah and an extensive land owner.

Oklahoma City, August 4, 1909.

Miss Salter's Impressions of New Orleans

HAVING recently been appointed missionary of the Home Mission Board to work in New Orleans, I wish through the columns of the Home Field to come in touch with those who are interested in Home Mission work generally, and especially those whose interest in this particular field has made it possible for me to labor here.

I can give only my first impressions of this great field, but perhaps a tiny peep into its needs and the work which their missionary is trying to do may cause some to lift up their eyes to catch a larger vision of the rich harvest right at their doors.

The membership claimed by all Protestants here is only about 35,000 white and black. The white Baptists have 1,150. A comparison of the numbers in other cities will help one to realize how very small this force is relative to the size of our city. For instance, I have been told that in Atlanta alone there are at least three Baptist churches with a larger membership than the entire membership in all our six churches. When one stops to consider the vast amount of Christian work needed to be done in Atlanta with her hosts of Baptists, it is appalling to think of the little body of workers who represent our cause in this great Roman Catholic city of 325,000 people, almost three times the size of Atlanta.

It was during our evangelistic campaign in March, conducted by the Home Board of evangelists, that I began to realize what a real mission field I was in. Until that time I suppose I had not come in contact with more than one or two persons who never heard the story of Jesus and His love, but in our street meetings at that time as I looked into the upturned faces of the great crowds that gathered around the gospel wagon, their eager, longing expressions told me that many had never heard before that simple faith in the Lord Jesus brings salvation and peace and joy and satisfaction. The case of one girl who first heard there, comes to my mind now. I noticed her as she came in the crowd, edged her way up near the wagon and stopped to listen. Her face was a study as her expression of curious wonder deepened into eager attention. The new story found its

way to her heart and when the invitation was given she timidly raised her hand for prayer. I said to my friend, herself only a day or so converted, "we must speak to her," and pressing our way through the crowd we spoke to her as she hurried away and handed her our "Philathea" card with the invitation to attend our Sunday-school class the next morning. Some one standing by said, "Oh, she won't come. I know her. She's a Catholic." But the next morning she did come and was there at nine o'clock with her mind and heart full of eager questions about the "Protestant religion." She

said she knew her priest wouldn't like it if he knew she was there, but that she had decided to look into the question for herself. She had never heard the gospel until she heard Dr. Little preach it on the street.



Miss Ethel Salter.

Now, though her friends tell her it is a mortal sin to attend the Protestant churches and especially the Baptist, "which is the very worst of all," she is a regular member of my Sunday-school class and has brought others with her.

I recall with sorrow the story of two other young women whose hearts were touched in a street service. It was Saturday night and we were near their home. They heard the first sermon and followed the workers into the slum district and down there pressed their way through the immense throng of people and gave their hands in token of their desire for prayer. One of our workers invited them to church. Their companions jeered at them and dared them to accept the invitation. They came and were melted to tears and seemed so eager to learn more, but their courage failed under the bitter persecution which followed, and I fear the seed has perished.



Miss Willie Lamb, Cor. Sec. for Kentucky.



Mrs. B. H. Allen, Cor. Sec. for Tennessee.



Miss Eleanor Mare, Cor. Sec. for Missouri.



Mrs. W. R. Wood, Cor. Sec. for Mississippi.

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Mrs. Hight C. Moore, Cor. Sec. for North Carolina



Miss Sue O. Howell, Cor. Sec. for Oklahoma



Miss Jennie L. Spalding, Cor. Sec. for Florida



Mrs. D. M. Malone,
Cor. Sec. for Alabama.



Mrs. Geo. E. Truett
Cor. Sec. for District Columbia

Carolina Baptist State Lady Missionaries

MRS. A. L. CRUTCHFIELD, Cor Sec. W. M. U. in South Carolina.



HERE ARE 159 cotton mills in South Carolina, scattered from the mountains to the seaboard, and the cotton mill population constitutes one-fifth of the total white population of the State, and contains 85,000 American born men, women and

children.

In the mill villages are found all kinds and conditions of people, from the thorough going, substantial men and women, among whom are the very salt of the earth, to the shiftless ones always moving, moving, restless as the ocean, and seemingly irresponsible as the birds of the air. From the nature of their work, these people are to a large degree isolated from other classes of society. Therefore it has been found the better plan for

them to have their own churches, and in some instances their own schools.

The State Mission Board recognizing the tremendous importance of giving the gospel to these people has, in a large measure concentrated its energies upon



Mrs. A. L. Crutchfield.

this object and now has a force of forty-five men and twelve women at work among the people of ninety mill villages. In these villages are sixty-eight organized churches, all of them being trained to contribute regularly to every object of our benevolence. South Carolina, by the way, under the leadership of Dr. T. M. Bailey, Corresponding Secretary of State Missions, was the very first to put lady missionaries at work at home, and each succeeding year approves the wisdom of this act.

It is of the work of these lady missionaries that I have been asked to write, and I

must hasten in the performance of my pleasant task. When our loved ones leave us for a foreign field, our thoughts follow them, oh, so tenderly, and we are lost in admiration at their spirit of self-sacrifice. This is well, for they are brave and sacrificing; but in my judgment it requires as much bravery and self-sacrifice to be a missionary in the home land as in a foreign.

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," said the poet, and this is as true of a missionary view as of any other.

How our hearts yearn over the Chinese in China, the Japanese in Japan, and the African in Africa; but when they come to our own shores—lo, our enthusiasm vanishes, and we turn from them with indifference, if not disgust!

The true missionary is the one who lends a helping hand to the person nearest him, and our twelve devoted women, having learned this lesson well, are trying to help the mill people in every possible way. Their duties are multiform, and are confined principally to work among the women and children.

Homes are visited, sewing classes organized, also W. M. Societies, Sunbeams, and Young Peoples' Societies; Sunday school classes are taught, the sick cared for, and by precept and example, they encourage, inspire and uplift. Last year our lady missionaries made 19,687 visits, and 2,134 meetings were held. These are the figures, but who can tabulate results? Who can tell the number of weary hearts that were encouraged, as they stood appalled at the dreary waste of life stretching before them, the monotony of which would kill, did it not change the person living it into a machine.

To these toilers, and oftentimes heart-sick ones, were carried the words of the compassionate Saviour: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." To the repentant sinning ones were taken the joyful message: "Thy faith hath saved thee; go and sin no more."

The children were made to feel the stirring ambition in their tiny breasts, and learned to love the lover the of the little ones, who said: "Suffer them to come unto me."

Who can tabulate results? Ah! we leave them in the hands of the All-wise Father until that day when everything shall be revealed and each shall receive her reward.

On one Sunday of last July, in one of our mill towns, three houses of worship were dedicated, largely is the result of five years faithful service of one of our lady missionaries.

Here is an incident illustrative of how they reach the people among whom they labor.

She was a hardened sinner, and one whom the Christian women of the village had never been able to reach. The missionary, a gentle, shrinking little woman, had been warned against her; like her Master, it was her desire to go where most needed, so she hesitatingly knocked at the door. A harsh, forbidding face appeared, and a croaking voice said:

"You needn't come here; I got no time to pray."

The missionary spied a washtub in the

missionary's willingness to become one with her, and she listened as she was told of Jesus and his love. After several visits she became a Christian, and a helper in the



MISS ELIA Y. HYDE.

State Board Missionary at Charleston, S. C.

This gracious woman has the distinction of being the first of her sex among Southern Baptists to have an appointment for domestic mission work from one of the boards of the denomination.

work of reaching others. In many instances the management of the mills realizes the importance of regarding the highest welfare of the operatives, and cheerfully co-operate with the Board and missionaries.

The Woman's Missionary Union of South Carolina is much interested in this feature of the State work, and one of the most interesting events of each annual meeting is the coming before the Union of this noble band of women, who in a few words bring messages of greeting and good cheer to the sisterhood. Just before the opening session of the meeting the missionaries hold a private conference and choose one from their number to represent them during State Mission hour.

Our State lady missionaries are the objects of our most genuine affection, and while they have no higher ambition than to be known among their fellow men as those who serve, we delight to do them honor, and are persuaded that they, too, deserve a place among the heroes of faith, for they also "endure as seeing him who is invisible."



MISS JULIA TYLER.

Miss Tyler is one of 12 women missionaries employed by the Baptist State Board in South Carolina. The Palmetto State is the pioneer among us in recognizing the value of this service.

dirty, unkept room, and replied, as she rolled up her sleeves:

"Yes, I see that you are busy, so I'll help as I talk with you a little while."

The woman's heart was won by the mis-

EDITORIAL

Editorial Staff of the W. M. U. Number of the Home Field.

MISS FANNIE E. S. HECK, } Editors.
MRS. J. B. GAMBRELL, }

MRS. B. D. GRAY, Office Editor.



THE EDITORS OF THE HOME FIELD congratulate our readers upon the feast of good things spread before them in this woman's number of the magazine. Our friends have been most gracious in responding to the joint request of the Home Field editors. Miss Heck and Mrs. Gambrell, as "Editors-in-Chief," are quite equal to the task undertaken, and lend a charm of personality to every editorial furnished. What an array of facts does Miss Heck present! How like an architect does she construct the vision of the organized forces of "Woman's Missionary Union, Auxilliary to the Southern Baptist Convention!"

At the same time the larger vision of future development looms up before the readers as she unfolds the latent possibilities of W. M. U.

With skill, candor and tact, Miss Heck informs us that we have not done as well as we might for home missions, and cites the fact that our Methodist sisters, though fewer in number, gave \$167,000 for home missions, as against our \$57,000.

This, however, is in our favor that our Union is still an auxilliary body and not independent, and by combining our forces for home and foreign missions under one regime, we can and do emphasize the oneness of missions.

We thank Miss Heck for her splendid work in helping to make the Woman's number of Home Field a success.

Mrs. Gambrell, as usual, touches our hearts with every stroke of her pen, and fills us with wonder and shame that we are passing by unheeded so many calls to the Master's service.

May this gifted writer and thoroughly unselfish, consecrated Christian woman long remain among us, is our prayer.

Many beautiful articles have been sent us, and our only grief is that one issue of the magazine can not contain them all. So, in this embarrassment of riches, we return thanks to each and every contributor and promise a continuation of these good things later.

Some of our friends, for reasons assigned, could not furnish us either pictures or articles. This we much regret. We have been anxious to present something of the W. M. U. work in every State.

We expect to keep trying until we realize our vision of making the W. M. U. department of the Home Field a common meeting place, a trysting ground for all W. M. U. workers in our great Southland.

Some of the best things we have for the special number had to go over. Among them is an article by Miss Edith Campbell Crane, the devoted and beloved corresponding secretary of the Union, whose face graces the lovely cover design. In fact, we have enough material on hand to give the flavor of this special number to several that follow it.

A TIMELY EDITION.

A WOMAN'S EDITION of the Home mission magazine is particularly timely, since this manifestation of the close sympathy and support between the Home Board and the Union comes when the latter has resolved to make a signal advance in this department of its work.

In the late annual meeting many more were impressed that the time had come when heroic resolves must be followed by heroic giving.

Animated by this thought the Union made apportionments among the States, which call for an increase over last year of forty-seven per cent. for home missions.

Be it understood that this does not include any increase in box contributions, but means in "hard cash" \$35,000 for the mountain schools, which are the W. M. U. Society, Home Mission "special" for the year; \$8,500 for work among Immigrants, the Young Woman's Auxiliary and Junior Auxiliary "special"; and \$8,500 for work among the Indians, the "special" of the Royal Ambassadors and Sunbeams, and also \$33,000 for the salaries of the Missionaries in this country, and in Cuba and Panama, a total of \$85,000 from the Union for home missions.

FANNIE E. S. HECK.

MISS HECK'S EDITORIAL BUDGET.

IT IS with no little pride that we present to the readers of the Home Field a Woman's Missionary Union number, chiefly because it is ours not by request but by offer.

We give hearty thanks to the Home Board for this gracious courtesy and earnestly hope that presentation of home missions from the woman's standpoint may not prove uninteresting or unprofitable to any of the Home Field's wide circle of readers.

The Union's work as a whole—its rapid expansion, its special branches, its official organ, our Mission Fields, its literature department, the new headquarters, the Margaret Home for the children, of home and foreign missionaries, the Missionary Union Training School for home and foreign mission workmen—these things are treated in special articles by writers intimately acquainted with these phases of Union activities.

From the cover looks out Miss Edith Campbell Crane, who has been for two years Corresponding Secretary of the Union and who is rapidly becoming known to all Union workers.

Coming into the Union from a high and responsible position in the Young Woman's Christian Association, Miss Crane brought into our work a wide experience in influencing and organizing young women and a knowledge of the plans of a large and widespread organization. Since coming to us she has been untiring and wise in His service, not only having done a vast deal of office work, but in successive and wisely planned tours she came into personal contact with the leaders in every State connected with the Union.

It is the earnest hope of all who know her, that Miss Crane may long continue in the office she now so ably fills.

The faces of other workers greet you from other pages. They are a few stars from that large galaxy of Union leaders—self-sacrificing, untiring, wise and progressive,—which in the past has made this organization rich beyond most in love and unity and success, and whose continued labors are our brightest promise for a still greater future.

OUR HOME FIELD.

The Home Mission Appeal. The very name home missions should be an appeal to women, the home-makers of the world.
The highest ideal of home missions is to make this the nation of the Christian home.

Home is the ultimate unit of society, Christian or godless. To hold one's hand from home missions is to condemn countless children to low ideals, harsh oaths, prayerless nights, churchless Sabbaths, a godless youth and an unhappy old age. Where is the woman's heart that does not quiver in response to such an appeal?

Home Missions and Our Homes. Where is the home mission line drawn? Who can say where the circle of your home will overlap that line?
"Go West young man," has been the cry for forty years. The city draws our youth as a gigantic magnet. To what will you consign your sons when they leave your side? To the churchless frontier or the Sabbath-breaking city?

While you still have your own flock around you, are you doing your part to make America, from border to border, a safe place for your sons?

Women and the Larger Patriotism. Women have ever and justly claimed to be patriots. The cry for God and Home has ever been on their lips. It is they who have cheered the advance and softened the horrors of defeat, who have scorned the coward and crowned the brave, be his fortune good or ill. The larger appeal of our country's good should draw every woman into devotion to home missions. It is a present-day test of truest patriotism.

"My Country! right or wrong, My Country!" is a better motto to die than to live by. On woman's lips a worthier one would be—

"My Country! May my life condemn what in her is wrong and my love animate and uphold what in her is right!"

The Home Mission Test. Will the patriotism of Southern Baptist women bear the Home Mission test?
Comparisons are always odious when they do not compare in our favor. But bear with us a moment. The test may stimulate us a bit to larger endeavor.

Southern Methodist women are less numerous than we, yet they gave to home missions last year \$167,000 while we gave \$57,000!

Who will admit that they love this Southern land better than we. Yet such are the facts judged by one patriotic test.

Doing Good By Proxy. The times change. For better? For worse?
Women change with the times. For the better? For the worse?

Hear their critics of today: They give more money and less moments. They sustain more charities but are less charitable.

They talk more of love to their fellow-man and love their fellows less.

They establish beds in hospitals, but are rarely by the beds of pain.

They do good by proxy, but do not approximate their mothers in gentle goodness.

What is the truth? It ever lies between the bitter cynic and the thoughtless optimist.

The women of today are in danger of losing the gentle art of personal ministry. With no irreverence, but with painful relevance, we can easily imagine a woman of today making answers to the Great Questioner:

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"Yes, Lord; when you were in prison I visited thee—by proxy. When naked I clothed thee—by proxy. When an hungered I fed thee—by proxy."

What then? Shall we disband our organizations? By no means, but organize more to do first hand service for our Organization or Master's poor. Add to the W. M. Society, the Mission More Organized? Society Workers, the Friendly Visitors to the poor and the Dorcas Branch. To the Young Woman's Society add the Home Bible Readers, who read to the sick, the Ice Mission, and the Summer Outing Group. To the Sunbeams add the Flower Mission and the Sunday-school Look-up Band. To the Royal Ambassadors add a Recruiting Station for church and Sunday-school.

To draw a line between giving and doing is to dwarf our own souls and to retard indefinitely the coming of the time when no man shall say to his neighbor: "Know ye the Lord? for all shall know him from the least to the greatest."

Think of the South with the Baptist churches suddenly blotted out. The Christian life of certain sections of the cities would survive, but that of whole counties would be blotted out.

In the South the two denominations which to any large extent administer to the religious life of the country are Methodist and the Baptist, and the latter more than the former.

This is the Baptist honor. Ashamed that we number hundreds of thousands of the poor in our churches! Never! To no other denomination in the South has the training and uplifting of so many of God's poor been entrusted. No other includes in its numbers so wide a variety of opportunity, learning and fortune, so many poor and so many rich.

Has the college bred man advantages such as many of his brethren lack? Here is his opportunity to share them. Has the young woman learning, fortune, position? Here is an ennobling demand to help some one less fortunate than herself.

Hold up your hands, Baptists, young and old! Boast that the poor came unto us as they did to our Master. It is his trust to us. May we as individuals and as a denomination be worthy to lift them up as he did.

When girls left school at sixteen and married at seventeen the conservation of young-ladyhood to Christian of Young-ladyhood. work was a matter of little importance.

Now, when the average age of marriage is said to be twenty-eight, and the period of young-ladyhood about ten years, the question becomes one of much significance.

How can these ten years, full of life, hope, freedom, physical and spiritual buoyancy, be saved and turned to the best account for Christian advancement? With a large command of their own time, with an earnest desire to be somebody and serve someone, the young women between twenty and twenty-eight are often restless, unhappy and disappointed that they find no place for usefulness. This is an engine of power, if we can join it to the need. Here are teachers for free kindergartens, sewing schools, friendly girls clubs, day nurseries—for any and all kinds of service.

When they marry and other claims upon their time press they will enter their new life rejoicing in the memory of their two or three or four years' work for others, while the work itself will be passed on as a precious legacy to other girls.

SHADOW AND SHINE ON MISSION FIELDS.

IT TAKES consecration, zeal and devotion to the cause of Christ to work among foreigners in the home field. Beautiful as is our Americanism in its patriotic aspects, it too often partakes of arrogance and insolence toward the foreigner who comes to find a home in our midst. Witness the opprobrious epithets, "Dago," "Greaser," "Dutcher," which are on the lips of the irreverent youth and too often quoted with gusto by adults. To the true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, who looks upon the bodies of these foreigners as temples enshrining precious souls, there must come this feeling of aversion and arrogance.

A faithful portrayal of the experiences of one missionary among the Mexicans showing what dark clouds may lower in Christian skies, may readily find a place in these pages, and listening ears and attentive hearers among the women of this Southland. Among the missionaries to the Mexicans, within our borders, was one particularly gifted in speech, and with a gift for evangelism. He was instant in season and out of season, preaching by the wayside and in the houses, going in the highways, telling them of the joy of having a Mediator between God and man without the intervention of human priest. It was but natural that he should find enemies among those who believed differently, and "Verily thought in themselves" that they would do God's service to put this heretic out of the way; but, oh! the pity of it, that among those claiming to be of the same faith and order, were not lacking some who, having traded on the gospel and found in their mission enterprises opportunities for filling their pockets, were fain to do away with this man, and who made common cause with conscientious people of a different faith and conscienceless people of no faith. It was easy to procure witnesses. It was easy to manufacture testimony, and so, capturing the man on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, they succeeded in having him put in prison "in comunicado," which means that no one would be allowed to speak to him or communicate with him in any fashion. In the meantime, all these enemies industriously circulated reports derogatory to his Christian character and his morality. They failed not to spread through the public prints these tales, because anything that at all smirches a minister of the gospel will be read with avidity by those whose lives are rebuked by Christly living.

For weeks this man of God was in jail, but the power of God in touching the hearts of jailers was again manifested. He was allowed to speak to the prisoners, and to tell them the old, old story of freedom through the Lord Jesus Christ. Among these sorrowing prisoners, he found men willing to hear and heed the gospel, and the old, old story in the Acts of the Apostles found its counterpart in the Mexican prison. After awhile, the real friends on the outside found access to him through the American Consul, and had the matter investigated, and finally the brother was released, because no proof of the charges for which he was incarcerated could be obtained. And so he came back stronger in faith and more determined than ever to preach the gospel to those of his own people so needing its light. In this land, perhaps we have never felt the need of praying for prisoners. In the spirit of the Pharisee we have felt that prisoners were criminals and therefore had forfeited their claim upon God and humanity, but this fact in the blaze of twentieth century freedom and enlightenment may be made a means of awakening in the hearts of people an experience of the love of Christ, which goes out to the lost, to those who have lost hope, who have lost heart, who have lost honor, who have lost everything earthly and are in danger of losing their souls. I write this as a call to prayer on the part of Christians for the unfortunate and sinning, the downcast and the outcast.

MRS. J. B. GAMBRELL.

A STORY OF A FRONTIER BOX.

A GROUP of sisters had come together to pack a box for a frontier missionary. Bundles and packages of all sorts and sizes cumbered chairs and tables and every available space except that covered by the box and the sisters.

Here was a bundle of nice, new table linen, there some nice sheets and in another place some new pillow slips. And here were some dainty things from the notion and remnant counters sure to please the eye of the housemother and the girls in the far-away Western home.

One faithful soul had fitted up a box with buttons, spools, pins and needles and all the little "belongings" which go to furnish a sewing basket. There were new print dresses and some real handsome ready-made dresses, and a woman with a sorrowful curve to her lips said, "I am sending these because I must wear mourning. Do not think I am sending cast-offs." There was also a suit of clothes for the missionary. There were some things not so nice.

In another pile there were a lot of boys' clothes, little worn, but bearing the marks of boys' rough usage, having grease spots and dust on them. There were four suits of clothing, and those packing the box turned away from the pile in disgust.

Said one: "I think she might have cleaned them anyway." Another said: "I would have been ashamed to have sent them and advertised my boys as such dirty pigs." One in the crowd, who had mothered many boys, remarked on what an affinity there is between boys and dirt and that these gifts were from a busy mother and were all good.

But the sisters could not agree about putting in the clothing and said they would all go home and "sleep over it," and, one added, pray over it. The next morning the woman who had spoken in behalf of the busy mother felt impressed to put it in with a note stating why the gift was sent in that condition. Weeks afterward she received a letter as follows:

"Dear Sister—I do not know how to thank you and the good sisters for all the beautiful and useful things that were in the box, and I want to tell you that I know God will bless you and that His hand guided in the packing of the box.

"Nothing in my life has so strengthened my faith as those four suits (sollid) of boys' clothing. A month before we received the box a German family came across the Rio Grande from Mexico, having lost everything they had in a business venture in that Republic. There were four boys in the family, and when I said to my good wife, 'We will divide what we have with them,' she said, 'We will gladly divide what we have to eat, but when it comes to clothing there is absolutely nothing to divide. We have barely enough for ourselves.'

"I said, 'Never mind about their clothes; they can wear their ragged clothes until they get more, and I feel sure the Lord will provide some clothes.'

"If you had seen that German mother, with her face wreathed in smiles and the tears coursing down her cheeks, when I gave her those four suits of clothes and asked her if she could clean them and fix them for her four boys! She said, 'How gladly I will do it! How grateful I am for them!' And, would you believe it? the clothes fitted those boys as if they had been made for them! So I do not think I am wrong in thinking that the bundle of clothes was indirect answer to my prayer."

MRS. J. B. G.

OUR HOME FIELD.



MISS MARY NORTINGTON
W. M. U. Organizer for
Tennessee



MISS GEORGE BURNETT
W. M. U. Organizer for Louisiana



MISS MARY A. TAYLOR
Missionary to Cubans
Tampa, Florida



Miss Carmen Garcia
(Cuba)

Miss Matilda Fagnus
(H.C.)

Miss Katherine McCall
(La.)

Group of Home Board Women Workers at Havana, Cuba.

Our Woman's Missionary Training School

Mrs. Maude Reynolds McLure, Principal of the School



IN A LARGE and splendidly equipped building the Training School started its career as an incorporated school, in the fall of 1907, under the direction of the Woman's Missionary Union.

The gracious generosity of the Baptist Sunday-school Board in providing a house for the school was the beginning of the blessings that have daily illustrated God's watchful care, for as difficulties have appeared his loving hand has removed them one by one, and enabled this department of his work to grow in usefulness and efficiency.

Opening its doors in 1907 with twenty students, that session closed with an enrollment of thirty-one, and during the session of 1908-09 forty students were matriculated. August sixteenth, 1909, finds us with an applicant for every place in the school, while yet others are anxious to come.



Mrs. Maude Reynolds McLure

and faithful" ones to lack for the training they so much desire. The work of enlargement may press heavily upon our earnest



Woman's Missionary Training School

women, but we know they never falter when a duty faces them, and to us it seems a part of the service to which the Woman's Missionary Union is pledged in this year's motto:

"The people that know their God shall be strong and do exploits."

Our Southland is already feeling the benefit of workers from the Training School, for in various departments of mission activity their value is proven. These students are busy as city missionaries, teachers in mountain schools, missionaries among the mill people, workers in their home churches and associations, and State organizers of women's missionary societies. One is now employed by the State Board of Missions to work among the Germans of St. Louis, another is at work among the Italians at Tampa, Fla., and another among the foreigners in New Orleans.

In the city of Louisville the students give a good proportion of their time to work among Americans and among Italians, Germans and other immigrants. They teach in nineteen different mission Sunday-schools, and in industrial schools. On these mission fields during the last scholastic year 3,664 visits were made, 118 Sun-

WOULD YOU win souls to Christ, or comfort the sorrowing? Then send 10 cents for 50 leaflets, or 300, no two alike, for 50 cents.
M. E. MUNSON, Publisher, 77 Bible House, New York

This fact will be the call to Southern Baptist women for enlargement, as the W. M. U. will not suffer "the called and chosen

beam societies were led, 794 Sunday-school classes were taught, 2 Royal Ambassador bands were organized, 2 Y. W. A. societies were organized and led throughout the year, 725 Bibles or testaments were distributed.

Thus our students are doing their part towards the redemption of that city.

Dr. Gray has put before us the urgent need of missionaries who can work among the "incoming millions," and with this end in view those students desiring to prepare themselves for such work will have opportunity of studying the modern languages.

The Home Mission Board will be able to draw on the Training School for women missionaries at will, since at least half the students are fitting for Home Mission work.

The earnest, heartfelt desire of the school to "save America" is shown in many ways, but the manner in which, for the past two years, the week of prayer and self-denial for Home Missions has been observed by our household evinces a helpfulness which, if practiced by all Baptists, would keep debt from our Boards, and lift the burden from our secretaries.

334 East Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

The Women Workers of the Home Board for 1909-10

Before giving the list of twenty-two women workers, most of whom are maintained solely by the Home Board, while a few are co-operative workers, there are two or three things to be briefly said.

First, we call attention to the statement of Mrs. Maud Reynolds McLure, principal of the Woman's Missionary Training School at Louisville, that at many of the young women at that admirable institution are studying with a view to devoting themselves to home mission work. Mrs. McLure's words suggest that there is among the young women of the Training School, as in many quarters to-day, a steady increase of a realization that the problems of home missions are both great and fascinating, and that the large needs and overshadowing problems make an appeal that can not be surpassed to the Christian heroism that is in consecrated young men and women.

Of course, if we counted the wives of missionaries of the Home Board, many of whom sacrifice and labor equally with the husband—some of them sacrifice more—we would greatly increase the number of names in our list. But these elect women receive no salary and have no commission.

We really ought to add to the following list the twenty-five or more ladies who teach in the mountain mission schools. The list follows:

Baltimore.

1. Miss Marie Buhlmaier.
2. Miss Froelich.

3. Miss Julia Dunahoe (co-operative).

4. Miss Bertha Bartholomew (co-operative).

Tampa, Fla.

5. Miss Mary A. Taylor.

6. Helper to Miss Taylor, to be supplied. Havana, Cuba.

7. Miss Carmen Garcia, city missionary.

8. Miss Mabel Haynes, teacher.

9. Miss Kate McCall, teacher.

10. Miss Maria Pons, teacher.

Tennessee.

11. Miss Mary Northington, Clarkesville, State organizer (co-operative).

New Orleans, La.

12. Miss Ethel Salter, city missionary.

13. Miss Georgia Barnett, State organizer (co-operative).

Texas.

14. Mrs. E. E. Robinson, teacher, El Paso.

15. Lady missionary to be supplied for Galveston, Houston and Port Arthur.

16. Lady missionary to be supplied for Galveston, Houston and Port Arthur.

Missouri.

17. Miss Minna S. Rosemann, St. Louis.

Oklahoma.

18. Miss Grace Clifford, among the Pawnees.

19. Miss Mamie Campbell, among the foreigners at Colgate, Okla.

20. Miss Kate D. Perry, at McAlester, Okla.

21. Lady missionary (co-operative).

22. Lady missionary (co-operative).

Florida.

23. Miss Sparkman, Tampa, Miss'y Italians.

THEY WHO ENTER THE OPEN GATE



Wayside Stories of a Port Missionary

MISS MARIE BUHLMAIER.



VERILY, our immigrant work affords splendid stories, for hardly ever one of the great immigrant steamers coming to our shores fails to bring us fresh material for such. Below I present a few stories. Others will follow.

The Pathos of Separations in the Family.

DO YOU see those two children with a tag fastened to their clothing? Let me tell you about them. Nearly three months ago they left their home in Russia in company with their mother and her

fore. Prior to embarkation all passengers must submit to a physical examination in order to prevent any who are not considered entirely well from coming over to be rejected.

Upon this examination it was found that most members of the family in question were afflicted with diseased eyes and were, therefore, refused passage and promptly placed under treatment. After five weeks of such unlooked-for delay, they were considered cured and passage granted them. But who can picture their sorrow and disappointment when, upon their arrival here, the examining physician marked the word "Stop" on the face of their health certificate, and then ordered two of the children to the hospital for eye trouble, which had again broken out on the way over. This, according to law, necessitated also the detention of the others in the detention house, besides the separation in itself, which certainly is hard enough.

No wonder we found the mother in tears when we visited the detention house the next day. Here we learned all of the sad story, as well as the fact that they were very poor, whereupon we agreed to call upon the Commissioner of Immigration to determine if it were not in his province to at least release the two children first mentioned in the story and permit them to proceed to their father. The Lord prepared the way, and soon the children were admitted and their release secured.

There was gladness and sadness both when we brought the mother this glad news; gladness that at last two at least of their number could leave to be with their father and help him till the soil, and bitterness at the separation. Fear was evident



Miss Marie Buhlmaier, Port Missionary at Baltimore.

three other children and set out for the land of promise and opportunity—"America." Their father had come some time be-

at the thought of traveling such a distance all alone, foreigners in a foreign land. They were given over to our special care, and all possible precaution was taken by us: The tickets arranged for, the tags from the United States Immigration Service were gotten, properly filled out and securely fastened to their clothing. A telegram announcing their probable arrival was sent, provision furnished and instructions given, and at last, with a prayer for a safe journey, they were brought in the train, which soon pulled out.

We have since heard of their safe arrival and the joy of their father at meeting them. The mother and baby are still in the detention house, much comforted not only by this glad news, but also from the fact that we had gained permission to take the mother to see her children in the hospital, and there learned of the likelihood that the trouble could be cured and would not develop trachoma, thus removing doubt and lifting the cloud of dread of deportation. The children, too, became happier, and, while at first it was hard to stop their crying, they now met us with a smile of hope.

You ask how long it will take to cure them? The doctor never commits himself on the subject. Fact is, no one can tell. It may be weeks, it may be months. We have a Polish woman in the same hospital at present who was placed there more than nine months ago, and still she is not yet cured.

She is the mother of four children, whom she brought over with her at the time. They live here in Baltimore and frequently come to visit their mother. Their father is a hard-working man, getting small pay, so that it is surprising to us how he manages to make ends meet when it costs a dollar each day for his wife in the hospital.

The little girl of ten is the housekeeper, and it is touching to see their devotion to one another. Would that we could talk to her and lead her to know more of the Saviour than the beads in her hands suggest, but our meager knowledge of Polish does not permit us. We must rely on the printed word and the direct work of the Holy Spirit. Yes, and we may also pray for her. Don't let us forget or neglect that.

An Orphan Girl from Russia.

AN ORPHAN GIRL has come over to be with her brother in B. She, too, is from Russia, and very poor, for, aside from the clothing she had on, she owned nothing more than a coarse white chemise, a waist, a calico skirt and a shawl, which were all neatly folded, while her purse contained just one mark, all told (22 cents). We supplied her with food for her journey, got her a cooling drink, for it was very warm, sent a telegram to her brother and finally saw her safe aboard the train. She was indeed very grateful and also much pleased with the Testament we gave her as her very own, on the fly-leaf of which we had entered a few personal words. Poor child! May she learn to love and obey Jesus implicitly and find in him her all in all.

WHILE dealing out the literature to the crowds, our attention was especially directed to rather an old-looking woman. Taking her aside at our first opportunity, she told us of her sad bereavement in the death of her husband on the way over. Together they had left home to spend the remainder of their days with their children in America. A sudden attack of illness cut him off in a very short while. Soon they laid him away in the great deep and she reached here alone. At first she seemed dazed from the suddenness of the blow, but after awhile she became perfectly reconciled, and without murmuring accepted the inevitable as coming from a loving Father's hand.

We wondered at her composure, but soon learned the secret of it. Twenty-six years ago, after being led through deep waters of trials and suffering, she accepted Jesus as her personal Saviour, and the words, "Thou art mine forever," brought peace and contentment to her troubled soul. Even now it gave her joy to tell it, and we were both very happy at having met.

Her baggage had not arrived, so we filled out a tracer and then conducted her to the train, where we saw her placed as comfortably as possible, and finally bade a last farewell, with a silent prayer that the dear old soul might be spared long enough to point her loved ones to Jesus, who had not yet heard of their father's death.

Treasurer's Report, April 20, 1909, to August 1, 1909.

First Quarterly Report from Treasurer of Woman's Missionary Union Auxiliary to Southern Baptist Convention.
 Mrs. W. C. Lowndes, Treasurer.

STATES	WOMAN'S SOCIETIES					YOUNG WOMAN'S AUXILIARY					BANDS AND ROYAL AMBASSADORS					TOTALS
	Foreign	Home	S. S. Board	Margaret Home	Training School	Foreign	Home	S. S. Board	Marg't Home	Training School	Foreign	Home	S. S. Board	Marg't Home	Training School	
Alabama	604 01	235 03	25 00	45 88	179 35	185 87	123 95		\$ 1 00	\$ 10 00	\$ 84 38	\$ 87 22				\$ 1,581 66
Arkansas					12 40											12 50
District of Columbia																17 00
Florida	223 45	302 96	6 25	19 70	14 64	6 91	1 91				2 60	67 55				648 99
Georgia	4,202 23	2,846 63	83 39	136 08	365 17	286 87	362 70	3 05	3 55	27 25	229 08	228 80	84 11	40	43 99	8,631 73
Kentucky	935 11	430 00	25 74	28 71	211 90	95 17	21 54			8 97	24 50	45 82	2 26	11 00	2 50	1,902 72
Louisiana	175 50	98 85	8 65	15 75	17 80					2 50	10 32	4 50				281 57
Maryland	179 87	34 30			1 50					21 00	1 00	10 83				391 50
Mississippi	544 59	347 20		73 55	144 65											1,114 96
Missouri	632 92	874 04		28 68	178 00											1,621 96
North Carolina	1,669 83	3,044 30	9 32	6 60	388 80	44 95	472 95			42 25	20 15	12 45	4 54	12 10	3 20	6,263 64
Oklahoma	81 30	117 42		50	3 05	6 00	6 00				1 25	1 50				217 02
South Carolina	2,218 12	1,999 84	63 25	238 95	450 85	274 19	219 65	18 71	10 31	90 85	149 68	666 18				6,135 13
Tennessee	626 41	1,067 15	36 90	14 80	12 00	219 65	244 80				254 42	271 14	21 20	16 27	21 10	2,655 01
Texas					40 00	367 81	350 55				117 59	72 70				40 00
Virginia	2,588 50	1,183 11		28 70	247 57	194 75	113 25			271 39	322 91	117 21			17 90	5,111 51
Totals	\$ 14,581 34	\$ 12,272 52	\$346 50	\$669 84	\$ 2,267 48	\$ 1,681 27	\$ 1,748 65	\$18 76	\$22 31	\$177 21	\$ 1,267 38	\$ 1,585 70	\$28 84	\$69 54	\$88 69	\$ 37,025 93

THE ABOVE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR
 THE TRAINING SCHOOL, IN-
 CLUDES \$273.86 FOR THE
 STUDENT FUND.

STATES	VALUE OF BOXES TO HOME MISSION ARMS AND MOUNTAIN SCHOOLS			TOTALS
	Home Mis- sionaries W. M. S.	Mountain Schools W. M. S.		
Alabama	\$ 15 00	\$		\$ 15 00
Georgia	118 28			118 28
Louisiana	122 00	12 00		134 00
Missouri	158 00			158 00
North Carolina	50 10	60 00		110 10
Virginia				
Totals	\$ 443 28	\$ 72 00		\$ 515 28

MRS. W. C. LOWNDES, Treasurer.

THE TREASURY OF THE LORD

Home Mission Receipts, July 15th to August 1st, 1909

ALABAMA.—Notasulga Ch., by Rev. A. P. Price, Evang., \$46.06; Ex. Acct., \$10; Tract Fund, \$3.20; Clayton St. Ch., Montgomery, by Rev. J. W. O'Hara, \$6.96; S. S., \$1.21; B. Y. P. U., \$4; John Stats, Mobile, \$25.35; E. Tallassee Ch., by W. P. Price, Evang., \$23.55; Shiloh Ch., Evang., \$18.30; Notasulga Ch., Evang., \$2; A. W. Lee, Montevallo Tr. fund, \$1; Gordo Ch., by R. O. Patton, \$3.91. Total, \$142.18. Previously reported, \$423.53. Total since May, \$565.71.

ARKANSAS.—Previously reported, \$179.83.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Miss Serena Haygood, \$3; Metropolitan Ch., Washington, by Mrs. S. C. Tolbert, \$15. Total, \$18. Previously reported, \$61.50. Total since May, \$79.50.

FLORIDA.—Port Tampa City S. S., by Cinda De Shang, Sec., \$2.57; S. B. Rogers, Sec. and Tr., \$65.51; Rev. Earle D. Sims, Eaton St. Ch., Key West, \$26.50. Total, \$106.58. Previously reported, \$190.32. Total since May, \$296.91.

GEORGIA.—Undesignated Fd. by J. J. Bennett, \$718.12; designated: Capitol Ave., for education mountain girls, \$11.45; Lyon Sunbeams, for Cardenas Chapel, \$1.25; Moultrie Sun, for Cardenas Chapel, \$2; Social Circle Sun, for Cardenas Chapel, \$2.50; Rose Hill, for mountain girls, \$1.30; Wadley, for Miss Perry, \$5; Omaha W. M. S., \$3.65; Savannah Girls' Aux., for work among Indians, \$5; Dalton, for mountain schools, \$1; Mrs. A. C. Steinback, Augusta, Ga., \$1.50; Steel Creek Ch., by J. H. Meyer, H. Mission, Savannah River Ass'n, \$2.10. Total, \$754.87. Previously reported, \$2,297.06. Total since May, \$3,051.93.

KENTUCKY.—Ky. C. C. W. M. U., by Miss Willie Lamb, Sec. and Tr., for Miss Salter's salary May and June, \$50; W. D. Powell, Cor. Sec., \$341.61; Highland Ch., Louisville, by T. C. Humphries, Tr., \$110.89; Ky. C. C., by Miss Willie Lamb, Sunbeams for Cardenas, \$4.77; Sunbeams, for Indians, \$22.05; collection for building fund, \$26.28; Bardstown, for building fund, \$5; for Miss Salter for July, \$25; for mountain schools, \$64.80; thank offering, \$14.90; for general fund, \$248.47. Total, \$912.77. Previously reported, \$31.58. Total since May, \$944.35.

LOUISIANA.—First Ch., Shreveport Sunbeam Band, by Mrs. A. B. Boazman, \$1.50, for Cuban work; Hebron Ch., by M. H. Shaws, \$2; W. M. U., Midway Ch., by Mrs. H. L. Lamblin, for mountain missions and schools, \$5. Total, \$3.50. Previously reported, \$1,235.26. Total since May, \$1,238.76.

MARYLAND.—Lee St. Ch., Baltimore, by Frank West, \$20; "A Friend," \$25; First Ch., Baltimore, by Geo. Miller, \$5; W. H. M. S. of Md., by Mrs. H. B. Weishampel, thank offering, \$26.50; Gen. Fund, \$15.50; Eutaw Place Ch., Baltimore, by H. W. Porter, \$153.09; Franklin Square Ch., by F. E. Wilson, for subscription, \$100. Total, \$353.09. Previously reported, \$552.35. Total since May, \$905.44.

MISSISSIPPI.—Mrs. J. A. Anderson, Abbeville, \$1; Quitman B. Ch., by Rev. W. A. McComb, for Evang., \$33.04; for tract fund, \$10.68; for expenses, \$5; Long Beach Ch., by Rev. W. A. McComb, Evang., for tract fund, \$10; for Trav. Ex., \$2.45; A. V. Rowe, Cor. Sec., Home Missions, \$338.05; A. V. Rowe, Cor. Sec., Cardenas Chapel, \$11.95. Total, \$473.17. Previously reported, \$1,877.98. Total since May, \$2,351.15.

MISSOURI.—Women of Mo., by A. W. Payne, Tr., \$123.67; do., \$12.74; A. W. Payne, Tr., \$442.70; Rev. Jno Gaines, Jefferson City, \$5; First Baptist Ch., Joplin, by I. L. Rosenbaum, \$100. Total, \$685.11. Previously reported, \$327.26. To-

tal since May, \$1,012.37.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Mt. Herman Church, Spring Hope, by D. T. Brown, \$1.47. Total, \$1.47. Previously reported, \$473.76. Total since May, \$475.23.

OKLAHOMA.—Waywoka Ch., by Rev. Van Kretzinger, \$2.50; W. M. U. of W. B. M. S. of Oklahoma, by Miss Sue O. Howell, \$32.93; Miss Sue O. Howell, \$57.53. Total, \$92.92. Previously reported, \$250.90. Total since May, \$343.82.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Standing Springs Ch., by W. M. Cox, \$3.75; S. S. Wolf Creek Ch., Landrum, by B. F. Owens, Tr., \$9.60; Fairview Ch., Union Co. Ass'n, by De Aubrey Gregory, \$1.50; Cross Roads Ch., by B. N. Glazener, \$1.26; Montmorenci Ch., by D. L. Toole, \$3.67; Ebenezer S. S., Orangeburg Ass'n, by P. M. Baldwin, \$22.50; Bysschtburg Ch., by C. E. Timmons, \$1.25; Dr. T. M. Bailly, Cor. Sec., Greenville, \$7.86; Double Pond Ch., by J. P. Chitty, \$4.24; Dillon Ch., by W. S. Ivey, Treas. (apportionment), \$78; Saluda Ass'n, by R. M. Burris, Tr., \$65.65; Beaver Dam Ch., Piedmont Ass'n, by D. B. Owen, Tr., \$6.61; Graniteville Ch., by Jackson, Ky. Tr., \$5.12; S. S., \$9.17; Lela Morgan Sod. New Westminster Ch., by L. A. Tannery, \$4.15; Friendship Ch., No. 1, Spartanburg Ass'n, by Nathan Staggs, \$1.60; Abner Creek Ch., by W. H. Broachman, \$4.15; Rosemary Ch., by F. P. Lee, \$3; Unity Ch., Spartanburg Ass'n, by D. E. Skinner, \$3.11; Laurens Ass'n, by C. H. Roper, Treas., \$57.13; Double Branch Ch., by E. B. Workman, Tr., \$6.44; Mt. Tabor Ch., Beaver Dam Ass'n, by Rev. H. B. Fant, 50c; First Ch., Gaffney, by R. E. Le Master, \$163.50; First Ch., Columbia, by David Jones, Tr., \$5; Shandon Ch., Columbia, by W. D. Wakefield, for Evang., \$19.75; Two Mile Swamp Ch., by J. M. Rutland, \$7.18; S. S. do., \$2.48; Campobello Ch., by H. P. Wheeler, Tr., \$7.50; Greenwood Ch., by J. G. Mattison, \$5; Little River Ch., by S. F. Ellins, \$2.53; Corinth No. 2 Ch., Piedmont Ass'n, by W. T. O'Dell, Tr., \$100; Bethel Ch., Spartanburg Ass'n, by B. S. Beason, Tr., \$15; Ridgeway Ch., by L. E. Hinnant, \$2.50; Springtown Ch., by Barnwell Ass'n, by J. C. McMillan, \$1.60; Abbeville Ass'n, by W. B. Aker, Treas., \$13; Sandy Springs Ch., by Joel A. Ellison, Tr., \$5; Providence Ch. (Broad River Ass'n), Gaffney, by D. W. Cooper, \$26.56; Victor Ch., Spartanburg Ass'n, Greer, by G. E. Ross, \$2.48; New Prospect Ch., by G. M. Hicks, Tr., \$1.75; Heath Springs Ch., Heath Springs, by R. E. Small, \$11; W. M. U. S. C., by Mrs. J. N. Cudd, Tr., Home Missions, \$176.31; Indiana, \$26.90; Osage Indians, \$42.65; Thank Offering, 25c; Saxon Mill Ch., Saxon, by F. P. Wyatt, Ch. Clerk, \$4; First Ch., Columbia, tent meeting, collection by W. D. Wakefield, \$32.20; Cedar Shoal Ch., Spartanburg Ass'n, Enoree, by G. A. Watson, \$3; New Hope Ch., Spartanburg Ass'n, Cross Anchor, by M. C. Peole, \$4.45. Total, \$900.35. Previously reported, \$2,760.72. Total since May, \$3,661.07.

TENNESSEE.—Previously reported, \$1,063.37. Total since May, \$1,063.37.

TEXAS.—First Ch., Galveston, by Rev. Luther Little, \$96, for Evang.; Tract Fund, \$4.00; Total, \$101. Previously reported, \$2,877.67. Total since May, \$2,978.67.

VIRGINIA.—B. A. Jacobs, Tr., \$1,500. Total, \$1,500. Previously reported, \$1,215. Total since May, \$2,715.

MISCELLANEOUS.—J. W. Michaels, for Evang., \$29.73. Total, \$29.73. Previously reported, \$186.87. Total since May, \$216.60.

AGGREGATE.—Total, \$6,081.74. Previously reported, \$16,005.93. Total since May, \$22,087.67.