

THE Home Field

JULY 1915

Mrs. D. Baars, Rooms 304
Hollenberg Bldg.
Apr. 1916



July is on her burning throne,
And binds the land with torrid zone,
That hastes the ripening grain;
While sleepers swelter in the night,
The lusty corn is gaining might
And darkening on the plain.
— John Burroughs.

HOME MISSION BOARD

— of the —

SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

HEALEY BUILDING

ATLANTA, GA.

Regular Meeting 3:00 P. M., the First Thursday of Each Month

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CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1915.

	PAGE		PAGE
Frontispiece	2	Cuban Baptist Convention	20
A Visit to a Mountain Home	3	E. L. Barlow	
R. R. Acree		Editorial	21
"Jim, He's Dead"	6	District Associations—and One	
A Journey Skyward	8	Suggestion.	
C. C. Brown		"The Breath of the Nation's	
Home Mission Receipts	10	Nostril's"	
P. H. Mell		Our Home Mission Study Book.	
The Country Church	11	Southern Presbyterians and the	
D. H. Howerton		Federal Council.	
The Enlistment of Oakdale	15	"A Visit to a Mountain Home."	
Robert Lee Baker		Commendations of the Home Mis-	
A Conquering Country Church in		sion Album.	
Texas	18	Woman's Department	29
J. M. Dawson		Mrs. D. B. Gray, Editor.	
		Rural Life in the South.....	32

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VOL. XXVI

JULY, 1915

No. 7

A Visit to a Mountain Home.

R. R. ACREE, D. D., Clarkesville, Tennessee.

YEARS AGO THE HOME MISSION BOARD published the following story by Dr. Acree as a tract. It had in it unusual elements of human interest and became exceedingly popular. Edition after edition of the little classic was exhausted, and still the requests came to us for "A Visit to a Mountain Home." At last we quit publishing it, on the theory that it is best to change even the most popular tracts after they have been generally read by that element of the denomination (alas, too small!) which studies missions and uses mission tracts. But we have decided to give the story to the public again. The Baptist women will study the mountaineer work in July and THE HOME FIELD is glad to present their old tract friend in this form. How many of you wish us to issue this story as a tract again? Write and tell us. We will be guided by your wishes.

I WAS A YOUNG MAN just out of my teens, when I was sent by the Virginia State Mission Board to work in a mission field in the mountains.

I had not been long on the field when we decided to begin a series of meetings in one of the churches at the foot of the mountain. It was something new to the people to have a boy preacher, and, moved by curiosity and sympathy, the people in large numbers came to the meeting. The interest steadily grew, and in a few days several had publicly confessed their faith in Jesus. Among them was a tall, shy, awkward boy of some sixteen years. He lived on the top of the mountain, and was one of a family of five. His father was a tall, raw-boned, high-strung fellow, and he was not a Christian. Along in the week the boy of whom I spoke, asked to join the church, and I determined to visit his home and consult his parents. I confess I was just a little afraid. I did not know how the parents, especially the father, would receive me, but I determined to trust in God and make the visit. The day was fiercely cold. It was snowing rapidly, and the northwest

gale swept the mountain. The trail up the mountain was narrow, but not very steep, and my faithful little mare slowly picked her way along until we came to the open in which was located a small log cabin and a few out-houses. I hesitated a moment, and whether I prayed or not, I do not know. Screwing my courage to the sticking point, I rode to the gate, and being morbidly afraid of dogs, especially the dogs that guard these homes, I halloed from the gate. A small, black-eyed woman, with a shock of hair black as night, put her head through the door and answered:

"Who's thar? and what do you want?"

"Is Mr. Jenkins at home?"

"I dunno; I think he is to the barn. I'll fetch a whoop. Bill! Bill! Thar is a man here wants to see you. Git down, hitch your horse, and come in."

In a few moments I was in the cabin, thawing before a roaring fire of great logs. Mr. Jenkins came 'n, nodded, and sat in the corner watching me, and curiously awaiting to know my business there.

I was nervous! I did not know how to begin. I spoke of the weather, the snow,

the wind, the cold, and hoped he was well. I was pumping hard. Finally I said: "Mr. Jenkins, I am a preacher. I am holding a meeting down at the church, and one of your sons has found the Saviour and wishes to join the church, and I am come to speak with him and to get your consent."

Quick as a flash he blurted out: "He is out there, and can answer for his self. I don't keer nothin' about it no way. He kin if he wants, and he needn't if he don't."

"Thank you, sir; I think he is prepared, and we will baptize him and help him all we

wife and children and for him, and his heart was touched. As he strided out to the door, I called after him: "Can I come again, sir?"

"You kin if you want; I tell you I don't keer." I spoke a few words to those in the room, and went my way.

The next night, to the surprise of all the people, Mr. Jenkins came to the meeting. He got as far away as he could, and sat on the bench, and in the next seat to the door. He sat through the service, but did not appear to be interested. The next night he came again, and sat farther up;



The day was fiercely cold. It was snowing rapidly and the northwest gale swept the mountain. can. I wish you would all come to the meeting."

Silence—only the howling of the storm and the crackling of the logs in the fire, "Mr. Jenkins," I said, "I have here a Testament, the Word of God; will you permit me to read a chapter and pray?"

"You kin if you want, and yiu needn't if you don't. I tell you I don't keer nothin' about it."

Slowly, and as impassively as I could, I read, and then we all knelt, and I poured out my soul to God for this man and his family—all grown, four boys and a girl. As we arose, he got up quickly, turned his back to me, but not too quick for me to see him wipe away the tears. I had prayed for his

but showed no other interest. This continued for several nights. Meantime, two more of his sons had come to the Saviour.

Finally, in the second week, and at the morning hour, Mr. Jenkins was at church. Every one was interested at the unusual circumstance. They had rarely seen him at week-day meeting of any kind. He was evidently restless, but kept to himself and said little to any one. The attendance was good, and the meeting tender and spiritual. When the sermon closed and the invitation was given for those who fully trusted Jesus and believed themselves saved, to come out and confess him, several responded.

Then there was a lull. The singing went on, and just before the end of the last verse

Jenkins arose, tears streaming down his face, and came to the pulpit and gave me his hand. The audience was greatly moved. Many eyes were blinded, and many voices choked. As the song of invitation died away, he turned to the audience and said:

"Friends and neighbors, you all know me; you all knows Bill Jenkins, and the kind of man he is bin. He ain't that sort no more. He has found the Saviour, and is a new man. I can't say much; I ain't fitten; but I feels in my heart my sins forgiven, and I wants to jine this church with my wife and children. I thank you all for what you have done for us, and I thank God. I thank the preacher for coming to my home in the storm and praying for me and mine. It was the first prar ever said in my home. Lord, folks, I wonder if he knowed what he done that day? Here we all is, me and mother and children, saved!"

As he sat down, many who had known him and his manner of life came forward and gave him the hand of Christian love and blessing.

During the rest of the meeting, and at every service, the Jenkinses—all of them—were at meeting. When the day came for baptizing, it was still very cold, and the clear stream at the foot of the mountain was covered with ice. We broke the ice and made ready the beautiful pool. When I had baptized two or three candidates, Mr. Jenkins came to me in the water, and said, with great tenderness in his voice: "Pastor, you look so little and so cold out here in the water. Don't you come to the shore. You stand out here, and I'll bring them to you and take them back. You won't get so cold in that way, and I don't mind it; I'd love to do that if you will let me."

And he did. With the grace of tenderness, made perfect by love, he brought them in and carried them out, and when all were baptized—eighteen, I think—he came out to me and said: "Now, me; let me get down on my knees; I ought to; I have been so wicked, and God so good." He knelt, bowed his head, folded his hands and I buried him with his Lord.

Not many days after, I went again to the home on the mountain. This time they were watching for me, and the family met me at the gate. The glory of God was upon

the mountain and the peace of God was in that home. What a holy, happy hour that was! Before leaving, I said:

"Brother Jenkins, you are a Christian now, and this is a Christian home, and God trusts you to do all you can to make it glorious. You are amply able, and you must build you a larger and better house, and let these children go to school as much as you can." He was silent for a moment. Then, lifting up his face and looking far away over the mountains, he said:

"Yes, I bin thinking, and I must do what I kin, and I will try."

In a few months my engagement with the Board ended, and I gave up the work and went to another State to take a year in school. When the next summer and vacation came, I went back to visit the church, and to see how they did. Among the first to greet me was Jenkins. He was steady, strong, earnest, determined. He was growing in grace, and every one knew it. Many said to me, "He is walking in the way, and his family is followin'."

After the sermon I accepted Mr. Jenkins' invitation to dine with him. We chatted as we drove along, and presently halted at a place I did not recognize. The family got out, but I sat still.

"Ain't you goin' to git out?"

"What for?" I replied. "I thought I was going to your house."

"So you is," he said, "and you are thar! This is my home."

I did not—could not—recognize it. In place of the old cabin there was a neat and commodious two-story cottage—large yard—new fence and flowers! Inside, new furniture and carpets and an organ. I stood in the door; took his hands in mine, and neither of us could speak. Jesus had transformed the home inside and out. After dinner we sat for awhile under the trees and talked of the goodness of God. Presently he said: "You have got to preach at three, this afternoon, and ag'in tonight. You had better git some rest. Come, go in, lay down and sleep if you kin; I'll call you in time."

I could not sleep, heaven was flooding my soul. I was inexpressibly happy. I lay there with my eyes closed—praising and praying. In about an hour I heard Mr. and

Mrs. Jenkins talking in the next room. He said: "Mother, shall I wake him? I want to hear him talk. Do you think he knows how we all love him? Won't he be proud of the house? Lord, he don't know; he don't know what he has done for us, but we know." Then they came quietly in the room and sat by my couch. My eyes were closed. He put his great hand tenderly over my head, bent over me and I felt tears of love fall upon my face as he said: "I

love him! God bless him!" As he lifted his hand I opened my eyes; we looked into each other's faces and understood. We were brothers in Jesus forever.

I am still a pilgrim, but he and she have gone to the home in heaven. So far as I know, the children are alive, and are men of God, filling well positions of trust in the world and in the church.

I am not good at application. You know the story, and interpret it for yourself.

"Jim, He's Dead."

How Grim Tragedy Destroyed a Highland Cabin Home.

OUR MOUNTAINEER friends object to many of the stories which are told to illustrate backward conditions in various sections of the Highlands. We have sympathy with them in their objections. It has often seemed to us that the spirit of vulgar curiosity rather than the spirit of love and helpfulness was exhibited in such stories. It is to the credit of the Highland people that they feel indignation at such a spying upon the simplicity of the life of a people who are at once proud and trustful.

On account of our sympathy we have often foreborne to relate stories which illustrated the Highland needs, even when we would have wished to do so. There is, however, a pathos and a beauty in the following tragic narrative which will grip the heart of all our readers. The story is told by Alma C. Moore, of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. It carries its own appeal and its own evidence of genuineness. We do not believe any open-hearted man or woman can read it without wanting to have the privilege of aiding the boys and girls of the great and beautiful Highland country in their desire to train their powers and enlarge their outlook on life.

"The mission teacher was making her way along the mountain trail toward a log house. As she drew near a woman scarcely more than a child came to the door looking eagerly up the creek. A tiny two year old boy tried in vain to pass her that he might play in the shower of water of the creek.

"A wailing cry reached the teacher's ears as the mother turned into the room and in a moment was again standing in the doorway. This time holding in her arms a smaller bit of humanity.

"As the teacher reached the house she paused for a man was riding down the creek. At sight of him a face of the mountain woman in the doorway assumed a stolid almost hard look as if life had already brought her all the misery and trouble it could and there was nothing now but indifference.

"The man rode to the door saying, 'Hullo, Ocle.'

" 'Howdy Alf,' was the reply.

"He swung around sidewise on the horse and remarked: "'They had a fight up to Lef' Fork las' night. Boys been a drinkin'. Jim, he's dead. Andy's not hurt much. They hev taken him to the Cou't House.'

"That was all. The child-woman's expression scarcely changed. The man sat his horse quietly, then with the words, 'You Pa'll be down sometime this mawnin' afte' ye,' he turned and rode up the creek.

"The teacher crossed the foot-log, lifted the fretting child in her arms and drew the mother after her into the house. The room was without light excepting from the open door; the bare rough hewn floor and table was spotless. One chair, a bench, and an old chest of drawers of furniture was the only furniture beside a large bed with its neat, homespun, blue counterpane. The hearth of the huge fireplace was swept clean, and although the middle of May a good fire

was burning. The teacher, sitting on the bench behind the table, let the little boy play with her watch, her purse, her rings until in a wealth of happiness and satisfaction, he fell asleep in her arms. The girl-wife shifted the sleeping babe in her arms, raised her head and with all the pathos of a hurt and ignorant child spoke her heart to the woman whom she knew would understand.

"'I've learn this thing for a long time. Las' winter befo' the baby come, I used to set befo' the fire all night long, dreadin', dreadin'—I didn't know what—this, I guess. We've been married nigh onto fou' years now, though I ain't seventeen; Andy he's comin' nineteen. It's agen the law to marry that young, but pa he hed a big family and Andy, he was a mighty nice young man, so we fixed it all right.

"'We never hed no preachin' fo' more'n three year befo' yo' all come, exceptin' when Mis' Lawsons baby died and when Ben and Lixy was married, ole Brother Bonat come over an' preached a couple o' nights. Fo' more'n year now Andy an' Jim ha' been hangin' roun' Eskin's store, an' you've never know'd 'em exceptin' as the rough men they are. When yo' all come I tho't maybe yo' could get 'em back, but it was too late. Now Jim, he's dead, and Andy—cou'se he never'd tetched Jim if he'd been hisself."

"The soft, hopeless drawl stopped, and



again there was silence. Soon the sleeping children roused, the dog barked, and three men came to the doorway—the father and brothers. Without greeting, the old man said: 'Yo'd better come home, Ocie. Jim, he's dead, an' Andy'll hev to go to Moundsville, I reckon.' (Moundsville meant the state penitentiary.) The teacher helped to dismantle the poor little home and saw the few household belongings loaded on the ox sled.

"The silence which she knew was more acceptable sympathy to the tearless child-woman than words would have been, was only broken when they were standing on the steps above the creek. Then the words were interrupted by the child-mother.

"'It's too late to help this now, but ef yo' all will just see that there's a school here where my children can learn what their pa an' me an' Jim didn't know, an' will keep the meetin's agoin' at the schoolhouse so they'll know how to be good, I'll be mighty glad. These here little fellers named Jim an' Andy, too, yo' know, an' I want 'em to hev more of a chancet than we've hed. They's lots of us here thet hed in us a great big feelin' of wantin' to be somethin' and to do somethin' that we didn't know what nor how, 'n' I guess we get reckless sometimes thinkin' it's no use."



C. C. BROWN, D. D., Beaufort, S. C., in *The Baptist Courier*.

IN SOUTH CAROLINA for many years there has been a versatile and prominent Baptist minister whose varied gifts include a penchant for and marvelous facility with the pen. Always interesting and sprightly, often humorous and philosophical, nearly always quaint and intimate, and not seldom eloquent, even through the dull medium of type, this minister's name is a household word among the readers of *THE BAPTIST COURIER* in South Carolina, and is well known to religious paper readers throughout the South. Dr. C. C. Brown senses good "copy" even before he arrives at the community where it is to be had. He wrote this story of Long Creek School, one of the Home Board System in the South Carolina Highlands, because he could not help it. It wrote itself, and that is one reason why it is so good.

I DID NOT SAY, Mr. Courier, that I would never again write about my peregrinations through the world and among the churches. I only said my writing about these journeys was too much like a diary or an Ayer's almanac, full of dates and places and things of no special interest to the living or the dead. But, as some folks will persist in saying, "I have went" again.



Far up in Oconee County, where we had to walk cautiously lest we stumble and fall over into the State of Georgia.

This time I had a cyclopean protector in the massive person of the right Rev. Dean Crain. At 10:30 at night, he met me at the Interurban depot at Greer, fed me, and tucked me away in a bed until daydawn. Then, in company with his whole family—a wife and two children, the latter always full of promise, and often full of ple—we took the midday train for Westminster, sixty miles away, far up in Oconee County, where we had to walk cautiously lest we stumble and fall over into the State of Georgia. Bro. P. P. Sullivan was my host. I liked his treatment of me so well that I told him to his face I would never patronize any other house at Westminster.

On Saturday—it makes no difference which Saturday—using a Ford and an Overland, we climbed sixteen miles up the mountains to attend the first commencement of the Long Creek High School. Half mile before reaching the school, we came to Long Creek Church. Crain, who had gotten in ahead of me, waved my chauffeur to a stop, and informed me that there was a demand from the gathered multitude for

a sermon from me. - I preached. But we can let that go. It is only an accident in this story.

We had lunch at the school house, after which we went back to the church, where both Crain and I made commencement speeches. Crain's speech was *sul generis*, that is, a sort of a none-such, if we may adopt a free translation.

The occasion stirred his blood. He was among his own people. A few moonshiners were there. The seven-year locusts were there too. They sat and sang in thousands on the trees and bushes about us.

Crain told the people this was the first commencement they had ever seen. By commencement it was meant that they would now begin to think. Even the locusts had come to celebrate the occasion. At other places they had music too, but none this. The very air was vocal, and every limb on every tree alive with the charming melody. God had honored the occasion by sending this vast orchestra. It was the music of the hills and of heaven.

Each pause in his speech was punctured by the harmony of thousands of little creatures, whose merry singing was not unwelcome. Crain begged the people for their children, begged that they be sent to school, and allowed to use the gracious opportunities which lay spread out like a feast before them. He told of the elephant that sought to be mother to two little birds by sitting on them, and intimated that so had the children been treated by some mountain parents. But a new day had come, and he was happy. Two girls sang, "Make Me a Channel of Blessing," and two others, "I Would Be a Sunbeam."

It was all new to the mountaineers. It was new to me. My eyes filled with tears as I looked upon the sad, hard features of the singing girls, as sober in their song as if they had been reading a nobituary notice. It was all new to them too.

They had an academic procession also,

and that was new. They marched down, two by two, from the school to the church. The girls kept step with the boys, side by side. Their skirts were wide enough to allow it, and they all marched in perfect unison, though there was no drumbeat to give them time—only the merry chant of the locusts in the trees and on the bushes and everywhere. Their faces did not show special commencement joy. They were serious and solemn, and seemed to feel that much depended upon each one doing his part. That was their idea of commencement decorum.

And the professor caught my eye too; I



They have now the blessing of a High School in their midst, set up by our Home Mission Board.

am writing down a true story. I can't say that Mangum is really handsome. I don't know that even his wife has ever accused him of this offense; but I was all the time tempted to take off my hat in his presence and to do obedience to him. Without father or mother, and without a dollar in store, he went through Furman University. He would sell papers or black shoes, or hold horses, or do anything but steal. He wanted his diploma—wanted it so badly that he finally got it—got it as they say in a dead and half forgotten tongue, "Magna cum

laude." That means he got it with a whoop, and it is not wrong to whoop when a real man, as poor as a church mouse, wins a college diploma, along with his daily bread and shelter.

Mangum is a man with a soul. He told the people that anybody could get an education in this day—anybody who really wanted it, and was willing to pay the cost of it in labor and self-denial. He even offered to explain the process, and tell how a boy with nothing could go through college. Now he is happy in his work. He is waving a white banner among the tall mountain peaks, and God is his companion among the hills. He is a latter-day Enoch, and he and God are friends. Somehow I don't feel inclined to fall out with God for loving and fellowshiping with a man like Mangum, who knows what sacrifice is and how to offer himself for the good of others.

I was a little disappointed that none of the Beaverdam pastors were at the High School commencement. Only the veterans were there—the men of other days, whose work is done—Cobb, Moore and Carter, all beneficiaries of the Aged Ministers' Board, about each one of whom I could write a story far better than all I have written above.

There is a pathos about the whole thing that I cannot bring out in this writing. The girls and boys, long used to hard things at home, to work in the fields, to a sort of domestic bondage, and never hoping to do more than read and write, have

now the blessing of a high school in their midst, set up by our Home Mission Board. Through the open door, these sad-eyed youths are getting a glimpse into the world of books. It is a world unknown to their fathers. Who knows but that among these girls and boys there may be some who will yet figure largely in the affairs of the Kingdom—the one to bear aloft Immanuel's banner far over the seas, the other to sit a queen in some enchanted palace of service and usefulness among her sisters!

I ought to say something about Mrs. Mangum, but women—so rumor says—do not like to be paraded before the world—that is, unless they are dressed for the occasion. She seemed to be one big nerve with arms and legs and feet, capable of being in several places and doing several things at the same time. When I asked her for a room in which I might rest an hour, she introduced me to one, very plainly furnished with bed and bureau and washstand, but without curtain or shade.

She told me there were none in the house anywhere. They had not yet grown rich enough to have money to spend for shades. I promised to tell the world of this, and when the school opens next fall, the shades must be in place. They will cost about a dollar each. If twenty-five living and loving souls will send me a dollar each, I will get Mrs. Mangum to write to each giver a letter that will be worth two dollars in the fulness of its gratitude. Ho, all ye good women everywhere, you know what I want you to do, and won't you to do it?

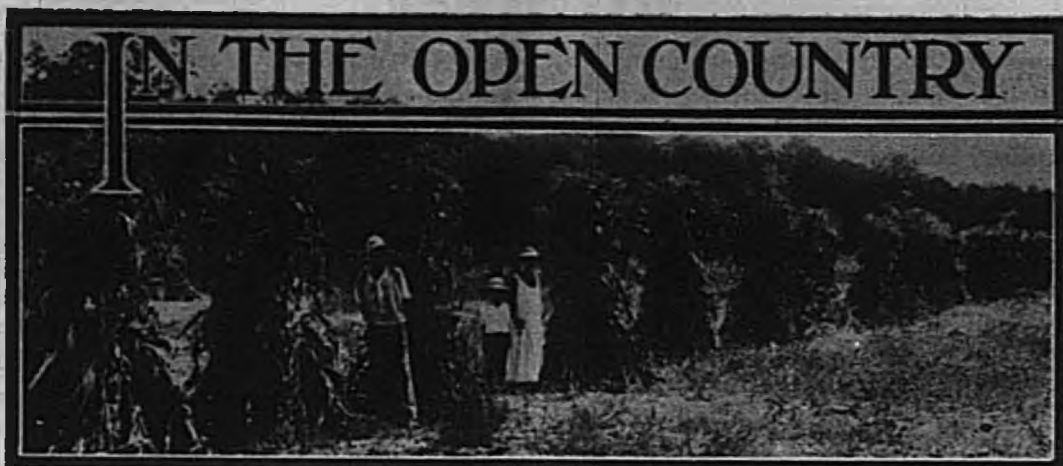
Home Mission Receipts.

P. H. MELL, Treasurer.

RECEIPTS by the Home Mission Board from the States between the dates May 6th and June 15th, 1915.

	Apportionment.	Receipts.
Alabama	\$30,000.00	\$ 19.49
Arkansas	11,000.00	
District of Columbia...	3,000.00	25.00
Florida	8,000.00	212.46
Georgia	51,000.00	66.28
Illinois	4,000.00	
Kentucky	35,000.00	2,924.78
Louisiana	12,000.00	173.59

Maryland	9,000.00	372.23
Mississippi	25,000.00	1.16
Missouri	19,000.00	988.50
New Mexico	1,750.00	
North Carolina	37,000.00	165.07
Oklahoma	10,000.00	508.94
South Carolina	38,000.00	838.70
Tennessee	25,000.00	27.80
Texas	80,000.00	9.56
Virginia	43,000.00	.60
Totals	\$441,750.00	\$6,334.16



The Country Church.

D. H. HOWERTON, Bunceton, Missouri.



IN GENERATIONS past the church in the country was the conserving force in the moral and spiritual life of the community. No one can forecast the future with certainty, but it is the confident opinion of this writer that its power for good will be multiplied, perhaps manyfold, in the days to come, though its activities will be of somewhat different nature, manifested along slightly different lines.

To be sure it will never cease to minister the gospel of salvation to lost men. But in the future it must minister to the whole man, body, mind and soul, if it is to render its complement of service to humanity. Conditions change; principles, never; and while sin, human nature and the gospel are ever the same, methods of operation must be adjusted to circumstances. Country life today is far other than that of a generation ago. In like manner must the country church be different from that of days gone by.

No doubt the country church is facing a crisis. But just as surely as Jesus Christ is the Head of the church, so surely will she weather the storm and continue to save "rural life for moral and spiritual ends."

Some Handicaps.

LET US FACE fairly some facts which complicate the situation and aggravate the difficulty. The country church is handicapped by criticism, misunderstanding, misconception and abuse. It is quite as true of a

church as of an individual that if one is not sufficiently interested to do his Christian duty, no amount of fussing, "knocking" or or'carping criticism will be effectual. They must be aroused by a different method.

It is said of many churches that they do not want a pastor; or if they do, they are too stingy to support one. Often they do remain without a pastor longer than



Rev. D. H. Howerton.

necessary. Too frequently they do not pay a living salary. Yet neither charge accounts for the unfortunate situation.

Usually conditions have arisen to discourage the membership. They seem unable to rally courage or strength to make plans for another pastor. Then also many of these churches have not recovered from the reaction of generations ago when Baptists were persecuted for refusal to support the ministry of a State church. They then looked on such ministers as hirelings, and time has not yet been sufficient to teach them the true relation of each church to the Kingdom.

Such conditions are due most largely to lack of information, and to failure to catch a vision of the possibilities of the Kingdom, and their place in it. They have not been adequately instructed in the doctrine of



Church, which was for long the spiritual and inspirational center of a Kentucky country community, but which has now given its life that other county and town churches may live. There is pathos in this picture.

Christian Stewardship, and of personal obligation to use funds in their hands for the maintenance and spread of the gospel at home and abroad.

The country churches are also charged with being indifferent to the claims of the gospel. But in reply it is to be said that among the country people there is the utmost regard for religion and the most profound respect for the gospel. They are conservative. They hesitate to adopt new methods. The utility and advisability of a proposition must be demonstrated before they accept it. They demand a "Thus saith the Lord" for what they undertake. Consequently many an ardent pastor has become discouraged because his plan of work

was not immediately adopted. He failed to get the viewpoint of his flock. He was unwilling to "stay by the stuff." He had not learned to labor and to wait. He resigned and went away feeling unkindly toward the membership, and in such cases left the field in worse condition than he found it.

Again the platform, pulpit and pew teem with references to the fact that very many of the country churches are not contributing to the work of the Kingdom. It is all too true that statistical tables are against the country church, so far as cash is concerned. But much of their contribution is not susceptible of tabulation. And that which is, compares exceedingly favorably with the city churches.

The choicest young men and women have been leaving the country, and they have been contributing, in no small degree, to the intellectual, moral and spiritual uplift of the city. In the country church they received their first spiritual impulses which became controlling factors in their conduct through life. They labored as best they could in the home church. When the lure of the city led them from the country they entered into the church life of the city with unbounded enthusiasm, and in many instances became the most active and efficient workers, and the largest givers to the progress of the Kingdom.

Unfortunately this is not true of all who go from the country to the city. But it is true that a very large per cent of the active leaders of the city churches were converted in the country churches. It is also a fact that a great majority of the pastors and missionaries are country-bred.

If these facts are true, then the country church is contributing very largely to what the city church is doing for the Kingdom. In many instances the going of these young people means the ultimate waning of the country church. It thus becomes true that the country church is dying that the city church may live. And, may we inquire if it is a calamity for a church that has served well its day and generation to give up its life that another church may become a more efficient agent of the Kingdom? There are a number of such instances within the range of the writer's experience. Surely these

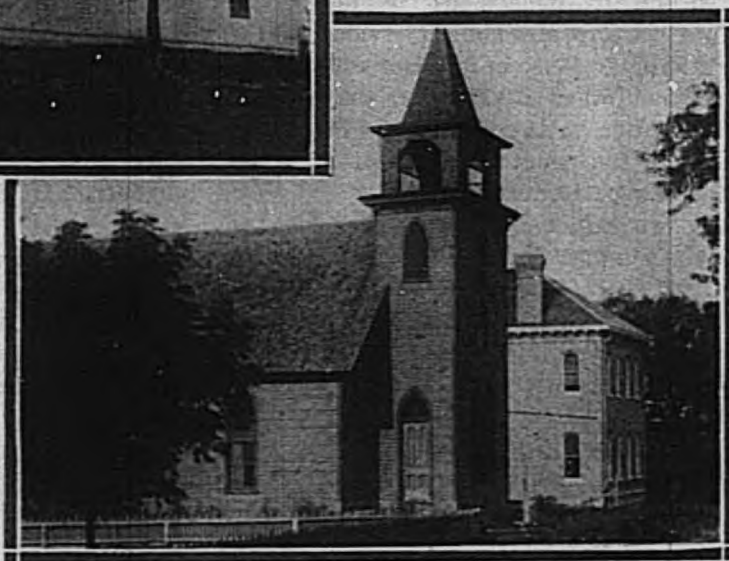
facts are not to be discounted in estimating contributions to the Kingdom.

A glimpse through the statistical tables of one of our great State Associations shows that a large per cent of the increase among the city churches is by letter, while by far the largest number of additions to the country churches is by baptism. Many of these letters came to the city churches from the country. Were it not well for the leaders in the work of the Kingdom to pause and consider whether we have been guilty of

But with heavy college or seminary duties he is unable to devote sufficient time to his church. Then so soon as he finishes his course he usually resigns and leaves the work to another. Two evil results follow: The pastor does not become a part of the community's life. He is with the church only temporarily and so can do little real constructive work. Then too many of these churches find they can get a student at a smaller salary than would be required for a man on the field. They are thus not de-



Church, Near Bunceton, Missouri, of which the Author is Pastor.



At Right: Bunceton Baptist Church, Serving a Rural Population.

the charge so often brought against our commercial and industrial magnates of placing dollars and things above souls and spiritual values?

The Rural Church and Student Pastors.

MULTITUDES of our country churches are suffering from the abuse of being made an agency for the payment of school expenses of student pastors. It is true that the student pastor usually puts a great deal of enthusiasm into his work while on the field.

veloped in giving of their money for the support of the Kingdom at home and it is difficult to lead them to see the necessity of a man living on the field and devoting his entire time to them.

A moderator had a letter, not long since, from his State Secretary asking him to write of the problems in his association. His reply was that the problem was that of the student pastor. This is not to discredit the student pastor, for the writer was one for

several years. Yet his experience taught him the truth of what is above written.

Then the country church is abused by being made a stepping-stone to a village or city church. Such a pastor soon feels he has outgrown his church and resigns to go where he believes he shall have a larger field.

He is unmindful of the fact that the range of influence and power for a consecrated man is far wider and more fruitful of results in molding character for the Kingdom in the country than in the city. It is easily possible for such a pastor to become, not only the spiritual adviser but also the general leader of all matters that make for community uplift and progress.

Lack of Trained Leadership.

NOW AT THE BOTTOM of all the present inefficiency in the country churches is the lack of trained leadership. The churches that are willing to pay the price find it almost impossible to secure the leader who is willing to undertake the task. The trained pastors are not impervious to the city's lure. Because of superior educational, social and other advantages, they forego the invitation to the larger field of service offered in the country and accept the call to the city pastorate.

May we notice an explanation for the trained minister surrendering the country field. It is not because he is shunning hard work. The explanation must be found elsewhere. It is just this: In multitudes of our denominational gatherings the city pastor is exploited to the neglect of the country pastor. There is a tendency, perhaps unintentional, to depreciate the country preacher. He is made to feel that he occupies an inferior place in the denominational social scale. The student for the ministry observes this tendency. He is as much human as any one else. He naturally aspires to places of preferment, and so fits himself for leadership with a view to the city field. Beeman says, "Baptists claim to be democratic, but the rural pastor has not received due recognition at our hands."

Then, too, the tendency in the schools is to educate away from the country. The country pastorate is not duly contemplated in the courses of study required for students

for the ministry. What is needed is such a change in denominational sentiment and educational standards as will impress the young man who loves the country with the fact that a country pastorate is quite as honorable in men's sight as that of the city, and thus be encouraged to fit himself definitely for service in a country place.

Another pernicious influence is the disposition to ordain any man who claims a call to the ministry, even though he may display no especial fitness to minister in spiritual things, on the presumption that he can preach to country churches. If there is a place in all the world where the need is for a man of keen insight, balanced judgment, thorough training, a knowledge of God's word, added to earnest consecration and deep piety, it is in the country church. And, yet it is at this point more greatly abused than at any other.

Certain Crying Needs.

THE FOREGOING discussion hints at the needs. Let us re-emphasize a few points. We mention leadership, that leadership that comes from fellowship with God and from the best preparation of mind and heart that can possibly be made, that culture of intellect and of soul that fits for service in spreading the Kingdom among the country folk.

There is also the need for equipment. The church that is to wield the largest power for the Kingdom in the country must equip itself for service with a plant that will harmonize with the modern improvements that are being made in the matter of good roads, better farm methods, more comfortable homes, improved schools and other matters that make for the uplift of the country community. There should be a building thoroughly adapted to the preaching, the teaching and the training agencies of the church, and which can be utilized for other occasions that look toward intellectual and moral culture. Then use the building on every such occasion, and thus make your church the center of all movements for the improvement of the community. In this way can the church bring the folks under its influence and reach them with the gospel.

Another matter that should receive the attention of the country church leaders is

that of organization. Organization has to do with life. The church is concerned with the affairs of the Kingdom and of eternal life, and should be so organized as to minister most effectively to the spiritual life of the country community.

Another crying need is that of locating the pastor on the field where he can be identified with every interest of the country people to whom he would minister in spiritual things. The absentee pastor has in days gone by rendered notable service, and can still do much good. But the time has already passed when the church is to be a vital factor in the community without the pastor near at hand. When the individual church cannot support a man, then it is a

practical necessity for two or more churches near to each other to form a group and locate a man as nearly as possible in the midst.

Let there be renewed emphasis in our denominational press on the country church question. Why not let us have a book on the country church from the Baptist point of view? The agitation that is going the rounds for a federated or community church composed of all the Christians in the community, irrespective of creed, finds no warrant in the Scriptures and for Baptists is not to be considered at all. For it could only be a temporary expedient beginning and ending in compromise of fundamental principles.

The Enlistment of Oakdale.

ROBERT LEE BAKER, Marshall, Texas.

THE ENLISTMENT FEAT recounted below challenges admiration, and is a fresh confirmation of the value of the work. From \$360 pastor's salary in 1913 to \$1,500 in 1915. From half-time to full-time preaching. From absentee pastoral service to resident pastor. From comparatively small gifts to a total for all objects of \$2,800. From a ramshackle church room to a handsome \$7,000 building (paid for) with a fine Sunday-school plant. From no parsonage to a neat pastor's home, half paid for. From fifty to 229 in the Sunday-school and 130 to 380 in church membership—all in two years, following incitation and aid through Rev. Robert L. Baker, at that time Home Board Enlistment Field Worker.

This is the thrilling story which is all too briefly told in the following lines. Let everyone read it and ponder its significance. Unusual? Yes, but Home Board Enlistment work has already produced scores of instances of like kind, and thousands of such instances await for their creation only the enlarged vision and faith of Southern Baptists.

UP TO AUGUST, 1913, Oakdale Baptist Church had half-time preaching. In a small inadequate house (see picture) with a membership of one hundred and thirty members; paying a salary of thirty dollars per month.

The Enlistment man came at the call of Brother L. W. Martin, the student pastor, living at Louisiana College. A few days' meeting resulted in thirty-three additions, mostly by letter. Bro. L. E. Reynolds and wife helped us eight days in the meeting, and should be remembered for having a part in the largest Enlistment feat which has ever come to the attention of Enlistment men.

During the meeting the Enlistment man kept taking pledges for salary until it

reached \$960. The church voted to go to all-time. Brother L. W. Martin should have the compliment passed on him of helping make this great work possible. He being in college and not being able to remain in college and take charge of the church, quietly resigned. He had much to do in getting it ready for the great work.

Brother J. B. Herndon was recommended and called. He came to pay them a visit and finding only \$960 subscribed, said he could not live on it.

The Enlistment man came on the scene again and helped them secure the amount for salary and plan a parsonage which cost \$1,500. This done, Brother Herndon came on the field January 1st, 1914. The parsonage was ready for occupancy in April.



The Enlistment man came on the scene again and helped . . . plan a parsonage which cost \$1,500.

It looked like a boom struck the old church. Additions, crowds and interest soon necessitated an open air meeting, especially at night, to accommodate crowds.

January 1st, 1915, just one year, and the church raised Brother Herndon's salary to \$1,500. During the year gifts show on the book \$2,800 to all purposes. Membership increased about two-hundred and twenty. Plans were formulated to buy suitable lots and build a house to meet their growing demands. The Enlistment man again was in the council, looking forward to large plans.

Rev. J. C. Burkett, formerly church-

builder of the State Board, was secured to furnish plans and contract for the building.

Operation began February 1st, and on May 30th, the handsome new building at a cost of \$6,500, seating capacity of 600 and seventeen Sunday-school rooms with ample room for at least 500 students was dedicated. It was a great day and the Enlistment man (now a pastor) was honored

again to preach the sermon. Lacking a sufficiency of funds, we raised that day near \$1,700, which provided enough with a good margin to care for the church building. They have \$900 debt on the pastorium. The house received many donations in lumber and other valuables, paint, hardware, furniture, etc. The house would have cost at least \$8,000 under normal conditions. It is pronounced the best wooden structure in the Baptist denomination in Louisiana, and we believe it challenges any in the State.

The growth is wonderful, Sunday-school growing from the normal number of fifty to now 229 in attendance. Number of church

Below: The church voted to go all-time. . . . It looked like a boom struck the old church.



Above: On May 30, the handsome new building was dedicated. . . . This Enlistment feat challenges comparison.

members increased from 130 to 380 in eighteen months. Brother Herndon is a great and wise leader. He believes in progress.

Space forbids telling of the excellent board of deacons and many others who have

stood firmly by the work with a large vision.

This Enlistment feat challenges comparison, and should in the minds of the doubtful settle the wisdom of the work.

At Ridgecrest With the Mountain School Teachers

B. D. GRAY, Corresponding Secretary.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS each summer Superintendent A. E. Brown has held a Summer Conference at Ridgecrest with the principals and teachers in our mountain schools. The Conference has grown steadily in numbers and interest. This year there was some fifty-five or sixty present. It has been my pleasure on two former occasions to be with them and the increase in attendance and interest has been very marked.

It was a real pleasure, even in the midst of urgent work elsewhere, to spend the sixteenth of June with this good company of Christian workers. Dr. Brown presided with alertness and decision and there was not a dull moment. The questions of method, of discipline, of curriculum and every other phase of school life and work came before them. The exchange of ideas was most helpful. The fellowship was fine and a cordial communion was sweet and uplifting.

The cross fire in the afternoon's conference on methods in the school room and dormitory life was exceedingly bright and helpful. Without any hesitation the position of a speaker was contested and a great friendly discussion proceeded throughout the meeting. In a brief session the school life of the mountains was brought to view. Dr. C. T. Ball of the Southwestern Seminary at Fort Worth, who was present, was thrilled with joy over the great work that the Home Mission Board is doing for the mountain people through our schools.

Dr. P. E. Burroughs of the Sunday School Board was giving great satisfaction with his series of lectures on educational work. His praise was on the lips of all.

Good things were also said concerning Dr. C. T. Ball's addresses on Baptist Young Peoples' Missionary Movement. He is lead-

ing in that great forward movement for our Baptist Young People on missionary lines.

A Friendly, Fraternal Visit

IT WAS NOT my purpose in the address delivered to talk on technical school matters. I went in response to an urgent request of Dr. Brown to bring a friendly, fraternal and helpful message. In the large lobby of the hotel the fine group of God's servants gathered at the evening hour and a brief service of song and prayer was a good preparation for my address. The teacher's profession was declared to be one of the greatest, next only to the ministry of the gospel itself. It furnishes the great field for shaping and moulding character. It is the business of soul-winning and character shaping and life making all in one. The greatest field before Christian women is the Christian school wherein the gospel and culture are mingled to make life truest and best.

Our common task and unity of purpose was given emphasis. The same work in essence though different in manner and method is going on in the mountains and in the plains of the far West among the Red Men; in the high hills of the mountain sections of the States and in the towns and cities and country side in Cuba. The oneness of our work and our comradeship in doing it furnished inspiration and quickened our pulse.

It is helpful likewise to know that in the midst of our difficulties and problems others sympathize with us because they have like problems and we all have a common Master and can seek and find help and strength at the same great source, the Spirit of light and life.

An Unfilled Task and an Unsatisfied Heart. THIS COMPANY of alert, consecrated men and women have an unfinished task. They

see vastly more to be done than has been done. They are in a large measure restless to achieve greater things for Christ. What they have done is a stimulus to greater effort, the victories of the past only encourage them to go forward.

Accentuation is being placed on training mountain boys and girls for service in their own section though not neglecting the other great fields at home and abroad. The idea of living in the mountains and lifting up the people is gaining permanent lodgment in the minds and hearts of our teachers.

His heart aglow with evangelistic fire, Bro. J. C. Owen, our mountain Evangelist, was taking the liveliest interest in the educational conference. He is doing a great and blessed work among our mountain schools and finely supplements the splendid work of Dr. Brown. We could have no better man for this work.

The Quickening Impulse.

THOUGH REMAINING only for the day and night my brief stay with those noble princi-

pals and teachers heartened me greatly. They are diligently at their separate tasks. Their culture and gifts of heart and mind are put on the altar of God. They are servants of the Most High and are bent seriously on their sacred mission. They are doing a work that not only is telling on the present generation but will be felt for generations to come. I found them at work, kept them at work, and left them at work. God bless every one of them.

His many friends will be glad to learn that Dr. Brown's health is better. He hopes by care and some occasional rest soon to be entirely well.

Dr. B. W. Spillman, the great, all round, splendid man at the head of Ridgecrest affairs, has recovered his health and was making everybody glad to be present.

The inspiration of the day with the mountain teachers will stand me in good stead during the Summer and Fall campaigns.

A Conquering Country Church in Texas

J. M. DAWSON, Temple, Texas.



NINE YEARS AGO I was invited to preach a week in the country. The invitation came from Rev. W. H. McGee, pastor of the School Creek Church, fifteen miles north of Lampasas, who gave two Sundays in the month to the field, notwithstanding the church was small and the field was limited. I rode out to the church in a buggy with the pastor and noted that it was a ranch country through which we passed.

Nearer the church, however, coursed the limpid Lampasas, a little river of singular beauty, and along its narrow valleys farms stretched. The meeting was a good one, though not exceptional in any sense. But it afforded me an opportunity to study a man who has influenced the country churches of Texas in a far reaching way and to investigate some rural problems which have since interested me much.

One of the great difficulties which depress country churches everywhere, but

peculiarly in Lampasas County, which is one of the poorest in Texas, is the lack of houses of worship. I observed that a neat meeting house crowned the hill of vision where our meeting was held, and was told that the stimulus for the erection of the building came from the associational building plan.

This plan provides that as much as two hundred and fifty dollars will be given as the last payment on any meeting house erected at a cost of not less than one thousand dollars, situated on a lot to which there is a good title. The money so paid is from individual subscribers who agree to help to this extent as many as two communities each year. I was informed recently that through such stimulation practically every church in the county is now supplied with a substantial house of worship. This plan was originated and has been operated by Pastor McGee, who for most of the time has been moderator of his association.

Some time ago I was invited to conduct

another revival meeting with this church. The invitation came from the same pastor, who has now been pastor of the church for fifteen years. I was happy to learn that he now preaches there every Sunday in the month. I rode out in an automobile, but it belonged to the pastor's son, a banker in town. The pastor drives about in his buggy as of old, and somehow it does not look much worse for the wear, just as the owner seems not to age fast. When I alighted at the church I saw many autos which had brought members of the church to the services.

The meetings were to be held outdoors under an "arbor" of approved variety, and many of the people had come to camp. I found the preparations had all been made with scrupulous care and that the people assembled for worship with an orderliness and reverence seldom observed.

Very noticeable were the children who sat on the front benches and gave careful attention to the preaching and joined heartily in the singing. One of the things Pastor McGee has sought to do all during his pastorate has been to instruct the children. This has been done, of course, largely through the Sunday-school, which is well organized and graded and maintains a regular teachers' meeting. In addition the pastor has for a number of years conducted special Sunday afternoon meetings for the boys and girls. These meetings have grown steadily and have been a powerful factor in the lives of the children, also in the homes and in the church, holding the young to Christ and training them in doctrines and work.

Through the constant upbuilding of the work in this noble church there has been developed a spiritual atmosphere that is conducive to soul winning. A failure in reaping is unknown, and most of the young people of the community are active members of the church. During the last meeting, which lasted five days and in which there were nineteen public professions, a young man came from another community

declaring that he wanted to find the Lord and ere the service was closed that night he was rejoicing in the Saviour's love.

Several of the young men of the church have felt called and have yielded to the call to preach. Two of these, while I was there, came in from meetings which they had successfully conducted. They are being well trained in our colleges and are already pastors in charge of churches. Pastor McGee is himself a college graduate, a very useful trustee of Baylor College at Belton, and while he has been pastor of some large city churches, asserts that there is no better field of labor than in the country.

Brother McGee has consistently and persistently preached to his people the value of good public schools and the School Creek neighborhood employs two excellent teachers, has a neat school house, and there is now an agitation in favor of a high school there. He has also declared for good roads, improved agricultural methods, and rural telephones and mail delivery, all of which have been secured with the result that life is attractive there. After nine years I returned to find the same families residing there. The people own their own homes and have improved them until the same comforts are to be had in them that are found in the smaller towns.

School Creek is a stronghold of civic righteousness and its voters always line up on the right side of all issues.

This choice church is a demonstration of the value of trained leadership exercised continuously through a period of years. There are countless neighborhoods now languishing that would be flourishing if strong leaders with a devout interest in their job were put at work in them and they would stay on the job. The church, it is true, is only one factor in the upbuilding of country life, but who will say it is not the most mighty? If the church is alive and faces out properly the other things will come easier.

The Cuban Baptist Convention.

E. L. BARLOW, Santa Clara, Cuba.



WE CELEBRATED in April in the city of Matanzas, our eleventh annual meeting of the Baptist churches of Occidental Cuba, or that part of the island in which the Home Board labors.

It was the best and most fruitful session that we have ever held. Every session was inspiring from beginning to end. The brethren were mutually helped and strengthened for the tasks that lie out before them in the Lord's vineyard this new year. They have returned full of enthusiasm and new visions of what our Master's cause really means for the Cuban folk, and we trust that God's favor will be with us in the accomplishment of still greater things for him. Of course, our work has not shown any signs of mushroom growth, to the contrary, it has been slow and of a permanent nature.

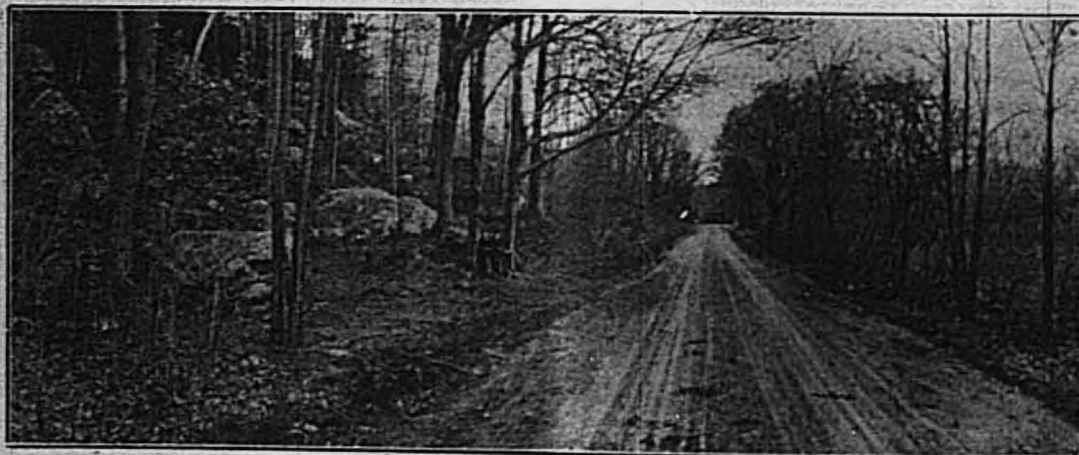
It was the writer's first privilege to attend that body since coming to Cuba, but he could not fail to be impressed with the harmony and good will that dominated the Convention. Every one of the brethren demonstrated themselves as deeply interested in every move that would mean a step forward in the uplift of his less fortunate brother.

There was a general spirit of happiness, and it did our hearts good to hear them sing the old favorite gospel hymns with such manifested zeal.

The morning and afternoon of the first day was devoted to the Sunday School Con-

vention which meets annually in connection with the regular Convention. There were present 62 delegates. Reports show that all our schools have done good work in the year just closed, and the Normal course has had another book added which has just been translated. It was, of course, one of the Convention Normal series. The teacher training classes presented 134 studies this year, which is by far the greatest number ever presented in any one year before. A beautiful standard was presented to the school offering the largest number of studies. This standard will pass to the school offering the largest number each year. We hope to see still greater effort during this year.

At the evening session we began our regular work of the Convention of the churches. There were present eighty-three delegates, representing twenty-six churches; and there were some twelve visitors, bringing the number up to about ninety-five. It is interesting to note that nine years ago the Convention met in the same city, and there were present only seventeen delegates representing less than half that number of churches, and further, that the Ladies' Aid Society gave more this year than all the churches gave nine years ago. The reports this year show that there were 178 baptisms and forty-six received by letter. The churches contributed \$4,875.19 for all expenses during the year, of which amount \$1,026.16 was for self support.





DISTRICT ASSOCIATIONS—AND ONE SUGGESTION.

LONG AGO OUR CHURCHES formed themselves into District Associations. State Conventions were not known, neither General Conventions, in the days when by a holy spiritual impulsion the churches first banded themselves into Associations. Their purpose was fellowship and a co-operative advantage which began with doctrine and discipline and worked its way slowly, slowly forward and outward to co-operative missionary effort.

Every year about this time a number of us arise in our places and remark that the District Association is the co-operative agency of Baptists in the South which has the greatest potentialities for reaching and enlarging local churches and that these potentialities are not being cultivated in a way commensurate with their importance. It will do no harm to reaffirm the remark here, for there is a power in reiteration.

The season has come when the 900 Associations with 25,000 churches in the Southern Baptist Convention will be holding their meetings. May the Spirit of God be in power upon the delegates and others who throughout the far-extending territory of our body gather in the associational assemblies. May He guide and use preachers and speakers and put upon the people the spirit of love and of reverence for God. May they be given a holy yearning better to know and do His will.

There will be discussions of policies this year, more than usual. We devoutly trust that these discussions shall be in the Spirit of Christ, conducted with a sense of responsibility to God and to the brethren. God forbid that there should be censoriousness or bitterness anywhere, for these things do not and cannot lead forward. Inevitably they tend to pull us backward. Of all people Baptists need most to learn to "use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh," (Gal. 5:13), for they have more liberty and therefore are more in danger of letting liberty lapse into license.

It is a day of change. In many Associations changes will be suggested. The right attitude toward changes is set forth by the Apostle: "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." A new thing may not be better because it is new, and an old plan may not be best, even though it has the sanction of custom and treasured associations.

Many and varied are the opportunities for helpful planning and discussion at the Associations. They embrace such things as the consideration of the condition and need of the churches, pastoral support, systematic giving, how to get the people to read religious literature, the presentation of various interests of the Kingdom, etc. Baptists have no forum comparable to that afforded by the District Association.

Shall the Association encourage or discourage the presence and participation of the representatives of denominational interests? Rather, to what extent shall these be encouraged, for all agree that they are desirable. Is there really much duplication of denominational-interest representatives at the average Association?

Our own observation has been that for one Association with too many denominational-interest visitors there are ten or more which suffer because this

fraternal interchange is too little in evidence, albeit remarks are made by some about the too-many who seem to forget the too-few which is so sad a characteristic in the considerable majority of our Associations.

"The State of the Churches!" It is an old theme of the fathers. It still abides in the schedule of committees in most Associations. It has in many instances come to be like Ezekiel's vision of dry bones in the valley. Would that it might have a resurrection and re-vitalization similar to that promised in the prophet's words. For we do not know of a single particular thing which the Associations could do with the assurance of such large returns, as could be expected from having some brother get ready beforehand a live report on the State of the Churches.

If this is done right, it will stir the Association to the centre, for it will touch with definiteness and detail the actual condition in the churches, and the tendencies both good and bad; and it will also suggest "the way out." But the brother who makes the report ought to be appointed at least a month, or, better, a year ahead, so he will have time to secure and report clear-cut facts, instead of merely more or less obscure generalities. If moderators and pastors who read these lines desire it, we will gladly send a printed form of suggested lines of investigation for the brother who works up material for this report.

Prognostications concerning the best way out to "a place in the sunshine" seem to be in the very warp and woof of our Baptist "psychological climate" these days, and not even The Home Field editor is able completely to disassociate himself from it. He begs to be allowed a word of preachment.

Our preachment, beloved, is that great good can be accomplished in our Baptist Associations by rescuing the State of the Churches report from the innocuous desuetude into which it has fallen in most places and giving it the central place in the program. Large and happy results in the life, outlook and activities of our churches may be expected to follow.

This report should deal with conditions, tendencies and needs in the life and environment of the churches, and not merely in a recital of such facts as may be had by glancing at the statistical tables in associational minutes. Whatever it should do or not do, it ought not to pick out undeveloped or backward churches for criticism and scolding. If that would help, they have already had enough to cure their ills. But it will not. To engage in it is to show a wrong concept of the relations which hold the churches together. It is one of mutual love and helpfulness, the strong helping the weak. Stockmen who ship horses from the Northwest to the South do not blame their animals for not being acclimatized; they help them to become so. No more should we blame backward churches of to-day, which were not backward in the life of yesterday, for not having become readjusted so as to serve the needs the new and intense life of today. Not blame, but love and help they need.

May the God of all grace be in power and great blessing upon the brethren as they come together this year in the associational meetings.



"THE BREATH OF THE NATION'S NOSTRILS."

RECENTLY IN AN ADDRESS on Flag Day in Washington, President Wilson said:

"As I think of the life of this great nation, it seems to me that we sometimes look to the wrong places for its sources.

"We look to the noisy places, where men are talking in the market places. We look to where men are expressing their individual opinions. We look where partisans are expressing passion, instead of trying to attune our hearts to that voiceless mass of men who merely go about their daily tasks, trying to be honorable, trying to serve the people they love, trying to live worthy of the great communities to which they belong. These are the breath of the nation's nostrils; these are the sinew of its might."

The President has not elsewhere revealed more clearly the underlying attitude of mind which has enabled him to sense and to interpret into action the spirit and thought of the American people.

There is here a great word for Baptists. If this great, quiet mass of men, each of whom is going about his own affairs and not writing and talking and getting up big meetings, is the real American citizenry, how much more is the similarly voiceless mass among Southern Baptists the real body which our responsible leaders in every section should daily pray that they may be able to understand and interpret and serve.

If President Wilson, leader of a nation, in many parts of which are city masses and noise and the shriek of urban newspapers, can wisely visualize for himself the real genius of the nation as being the quiet citizen who goes silently about his own work, how much more can we of the South do so in a section more than three-fourths of whose people live out in the open spaces where bird-song, wind-dirges among forest-tops and the peal of the thunder in the summer afternoon's down-pour, are the audible accompaniments of life, rather than shrieking whistles, street-clangor and the giant throb of power machinery.

If this be a suitable norm of action for civil life and for other Christian bodies than ours, how much more for our Baptist body, democrat of the democrats, freest of the free, a body in which the humblest child of God has all of the rights of the greatest and best.

It is not ours to try to point the way to Southern Baptists for their on-going. That is the task that needs all the wisdom our body has, consecrated and guided by the Spirit of God. But we have often felt like saying, as now, encouraged by the words of President Wilson concerning another area of life, we do say, that Baptists of the South will easily and naturally find the best plane and the best method for their on-going, if they shall come to think much and long in terms of the needs of our great voiceless mass of brethren and their churches.

What is their spiritual condition. What is their progress in the knowledge of the Word of God. How much do they know about the life of service. What can we do best to serve them and to enlarge their fellowship with the whole brotherhood, and their outlook upon life. What can we do to help them make their churches function efficiently for our Lord Jesus.

There are many important things today to be thought through and reduced to plans of action. We would not minimize any of them. But we believe that a realization on the part of us all of the imperative importance of thinking and acting and serving in terms of the needs and the ideals of the voiceless masses of our denomination, overtops all other needs in our organized Baptist life. Our service must be rendered with our hearts open to the great silent majority, that great group of people who do not write or make speeches, and who do not read our fine writings or hear our fine speeches, but who are, after all, "the breath of the nostrils" of our Baptist body, "the sinews of its might."

Without their understanding, their approval, their fellowship and co-operation, we cannot go forward in any great and adequate way. We need efficiency, but we do not need it half so much as we need on the part of our denominational

leaders and agencies such an attitude toward the mass of Baptists, who do not write nor speak, and who, alas, do not read after nor hear their own brethren, who are true and faithful men of God, but are so far from their brethren that they do not understand.

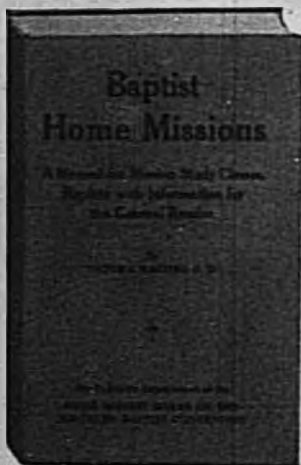
Southern Baptists have made marvelous progress in Kingdom service within fifteen years. But it has been the progress of a part of our body. Another part of it, who are truly our brethren through faith in Christ, have remained static in Kingdom vision and service. Readjustments may be desirable, but no conceivable readjustment of methods can possibly reach the heart of things, which does not take cognizance of this tension created by part of the body moving forward, while the other part only stands. If part moves and part stands the cable of love which binds must be stretched to great tension.

We have no criticism for those who stand. We have love for them. If we have the spirit of sharp criticism toward them, we thus show that we are unworthy to be of use to them. They are as good as we. By the blessing of God, we have learned some things they ought to know. We want to impart to them what God has given us. But we will only be able to do so to the extent that we possess that insight into underlying realities which was revealed by the great man in the President's chair in his effort to visualize the American spirit and serve it, when he said of "that voiceless mass of men:" "These are the breath of the nation's nostrils; these are the sinew of its might."

Happy the nation and the religious denomination whose leadership is permeated with this conviction so thoroughly that it will act upon it and live by it.



OUR HOME MISSION STUDY BOOK.



A YEAR AGO under the instructions of the Home Mission Board the Publicity Department prepared and published Baptist Home Missions, a mission study book of 175 pages bound in paper and sold at 30c a copy, postpaid; \$2.40 a dozen plus carriage.

The book has met with general approval on the basis of its suitability for use in mission study classes. We have from time to time published some of the commendatory words of the brethren. Before us as we write are these generous words from Dr. J. F. Love, Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board.

"The author has performed the distinct service of setting forth in harmonious completeness the work of the Home Board. The work is indispensable to one who wishes to be informed concerning

Baptist Home Missions and is invaluable to pastors as a reference book on the subject."

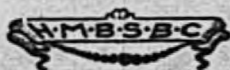
The season is now on in which most study classes will be held in our Baptist Encampments and Institutes. We cannot too earnestly urge upon brethren who have not used Baptist Home Missions in study classes, to make use of this volume before others in Home Mission classes. The normal approach to the study of Home Missions is through a general and complete setting forth of the work and ideals of the particular spiritual body with which the student is himself associated. This is only another way of saying that the denominational approach to this subject is sound and can be successfully defended as a pedagogical principle.

While Baptist Home Missions has been largely used, there are hundreds of

churches which are contemplating forming Home Mission study classes in which the book should still be used. In fact we fail to understand how a class can believe it understands the Home Mission problems as approached by Southern Baptists unless it studies a book which is definitely dedicated to the task of imparting this information in a way adapted to class use. Baptist Home Missions does not claim to be anything more nor less than a book for Baptist students and preachers, though it deals in principles that apply to all evangelical bodies. If the book had claimed more, it would have accomplished less. That is, it would have dealt in high principles and ideals, but would not have tied these high principles and ideals on to any definite task. Baptist Home Missions does tie its idealism on to an immense task for which all Southern Baptists are directly responsible.

We invite correspondence from all leaders and teachers who are contemplating forming Home Mission study classes. There are other good books suitable for class use, but we insist that Baptist Home Missions is the first book that ought to be used by classes in Southern Baptist churches.

Another thing we can claim for our book. Our Baptist people will not find in it, mixed with the good things, a lot of things that are contrary to the faith of our people. We do not say that it is never wise to use books written by writers who do not at all points represent our faith. But we do insist that common prudence will make teachers of classes, especially of immature youth, hesitate to use text books in mission study in which there are so many objectionable presentments that the teacher will need to be almost as much engaged in explaining away the contentions of the books as he is in enforcing them.



SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIANS AND THE FEDERAL COUNCIL.

SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIANS are now scrutinizing the Federal Council boat afresh, with a view of deciding whether they can continue to journey in it, even for the privilege of the amiable companionship afforded. At the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterians at Newport News in May, the Presbyterian body approved of some of the projects of the Council, but with vigor and determination expressed dissent from others.

The particular propositions of the Council to which Southern Presbyterians objected are the politico-religious ones. One of these is "Suggestions to President Wilson and Secretary Bryan that they take steps at an early date to urge upon the governments of the world the need of a universal treaty." And proceeds to point out what this treaty should require. Another proposition, "That steps be taken to secure similar action on the part of the Roman Catholic Church of the United States, appealing to the Pope, etc., to take similar action in the matter." Another commits evangelical America to the proposition that "There is no solution of the problem of the country church apart from the reorganization of rural business."

After setting forth the significance of this tendency in the Federal Council to unite Church and State, the Assembly Committee concluded its report as follows:

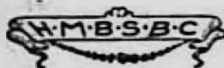
"In view of these facts your committee is forced to one of two conclusions. Either that this Assembly should now sever its relations with the Federal Council or that we postpone action with the hope that the said Council may

yet regard the principles for which our Church stand and we recommend that action be deferred for one year."

The report of the committee was received with hearty approval and action was deferred for one year. However, there is small prospect that Federal Council will quit mixing in politics and little that our Southern Presbyterian brethren, having taken the action set forth above, will stay with the Council after the next year has passed.

Southern Baptists never united with the Federal Council. Fundamental denominational principles made us object to the idea of federation. We were criticised on this account, but the criticism did us good rather than harm. We rejoice, however, that so conservative and highly honored a Christian body as the Presbyterians of the South are seeing as clearly as Baptists saw all along the dangerous tendencies which are in the Federal Council. Undoubtedly good may be expected to come from fraternal conference between the leaders of Christian bodies, from the interchange of ideas. But the Federal Council proposes to do something more than meet for mutual inspiration. It has been parcelling out our country and others among the various Christian bodies and more and more it has come to mix in politics.

More fellowship among all the Christian bodies is greatly to be desired. Union and unity are no doubt desirable to the extent that they may be had without sacrificing principles which follow from an honest study of the New Testament. But they are not to be desired at all costs. The propaganda of interdenominational union is still abroad in the land, but there are many things which show it has passed the zenith of its popularity. Already the swing of the pendulum is back in the other direction. In which we rejoice.



"A VISIT TO A MOUNTAIN HOME."

IT IS A PITY that a definitely religious story seems to be taboo in collections of literature. It may be literature of a high order, but it is hard for it to "get across" if it has definitely religious flavor and purpose.

Witness "A Visit to a Mountain Home" by Dr. R. R. Acree, which will be found on page three and following in this magazine. Years ago we used it as a tract. We could not publish that tract in enough editions to satisfy the demand. After about the sixth edition we quit, for reasons given elsewhere.

The Baptist women of the South study the Highland Schools and mountaineer field in July. Primarily to serve them we have dug out the old tract from our files, and once more present it. We think we are rather more than usually unable to shed tears, even for a man. But we are just fresh from reading "A Visit to a Mountain Home" and the dew is still on our eye-lashes. Like mercy, the quality of pathos is not strained. The writer of this story told it out of a heart that was so full it felt that it must find expression. If writing may be called eloquent, this story is eloquent. Throughout its length runs the impression of reserve force. The narrative is in the simplest language.

With no reputation to lose as a literary critic, but with conviction which would prompt us to speak, though we had, we cast our vote in favor of the proposition that this story is real literature. What say our fellow-craftsmen, the religious newspaper editors? Particularly do we covet an expression from our Baptist women leaders, the Missionary Society presidents and others.

Do you desire us to republish "A Visit to A Mountain Home" as a tract? We really need to know what our women think on these tract matters. Their consensus of opinion on tract problems we habitually regard as the final word.

And when you are about it, will you kindly tell us what you think of the "Jim, He's Dead" story and Dr. Brown's story, "A Journey Skyward"? Do you prefer human interest stories as tracts, or do you prefer articles which give the facts and principles of our mission work? We would not trouble our readers with these questions, except with the sincere purpose of learning through them how to be more discriminating and effective in tract presentations.



COMMENDATIONS OF OUR HOME MISSION ALBUM

I CONSIDER "Home Missions in Pictures" the finest thing I have ever had on any of our mission work. I shall take pleasure in making mention of it throughout the W. M. U. columns of the Biblical Recorder and am recommending it to our societies in every possible way.—Miss Blanche Barrus, Corresponding Secretary for North Carolina.

I have looked the album through and am very much impressed with it. You have done a fine piece of work and I shall be glad to do what I can to get the brethren secure "Home Missions in Pictures." It is a splendid presentation of the Home Mission work.—J. W. Gillon, Corresponding Secretary Tennessee Baptist Convention.

I want to write you what a beautiful little book it is. I shall be glad to put a notice of it in our Department of the Herald and am sure a great many of the women will be glad to have it and will gain much information from it. The more I look over the book the better I like it.—Mrs. Julian P. Thomas, Corresponding Secretary, W. M. U. for Virginia.

"Home Missions in Pictures" is an artistic exhibit put out by the Home Mission Board. It is a partial pictorial summary of the Home Board. The author has shown in this exhibit excellent taste and commendable enterprise.—The Word and Way.

It is most admirably done and I believe will prove exceedingly helpful.—W. H. Smith, Editorial Secretary Foreign Mission Board.

It is most artistically gotten up, and I feel assured it will prove a great help in the spreading of mission information. I shall take great pleasure in speaking of it to our W. M. U., not only through the columns of the Baptist Record, but as I travel over the State.—Miss M. M. Lackey, Corresponding Secretary W. M. U. of Mississippi.

I congratulate you on getting up this attractive booklet. It is well done and I am sure will be widely appreciated.—High C. Moore, Editor The Biblical Recorder.

The pictures are so good and the arrangement artistic, but these features are minor compared with its graphic portrayal of Home Mission activities. I shall request that it be used in our work.—Mrs. J. R. Fizer, W. M. U. Corresponding Secretary for South Carolina.

We have received an illustrated booklet from Atlanta entitled, Home Missions in Pictures. It is gotten up by the Home Board and bears on its every

page the stamp and evidences of the author's fine taste and fertile brain. The price of the booklet is twenty-five cents. We have spent an hour in looking through the collection of mission pictures which brings together photographs and scenes from every part of the varied Home Mission Board's field and work. If the pictures were all the booklet would delightfully serve the cause. But the pictures are not all. On the margins, in maps and diagrams and in page settings there are statistics and information concerning the great work; and it is all splendidly arranged.—Baptist Courier.

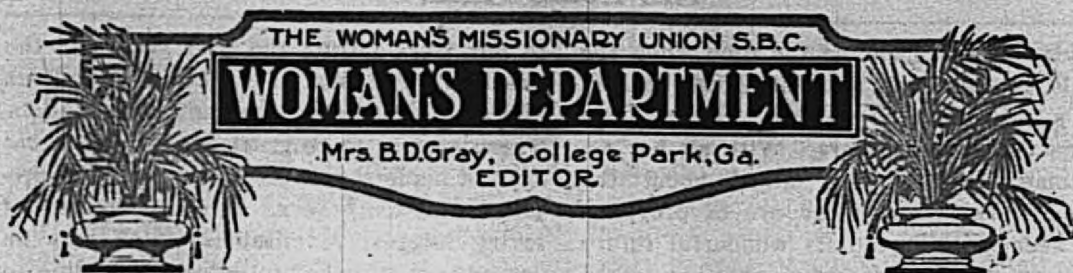
"Home Missions in Pictures," is the latest publication of the Home Mission Board. This album is quite creditable; being not only beautiful, but withal beneficial. The work is done by Dr. Masters, which is equivalent to saying that it is well done. He has a genius for work, which to our thinking is the best brand of genius. The book can be bought for twenty-five cents, which is the cost of production. Buy it.—Western Recorder.



IN RESPONSE to our request to one of our honored State Secretaries for photograph of himself at work out on the field, he writes: "When out on the field I get around too fast for pictures to be caught." We knew our secretarial brethren were quite busy and hard worked men, but we did not know that any of them went too fast for the camera to get a snap shot of him. Our friend is evidently in his spiritual ministries trying to catch up with the rapid pace of this materialistic age.

ON JUNE 15 Dr. P. H. Mell, Treasurer of the Home Mission Board, and Mrs. Mell, quietly celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their marriage. On the same day we had a letter from Dr. A. J. Holt, of Kissimmee, Florida, in which he says: "On June 16 wife and I will observe just quietly the fortieth anniversary of our marriage." With the young bride-wife, Dr. Holt, in the "seventies," went to the frontier as a missionary to the Indians, and she bore there with him the hardships of some most trying experiences. May the blessings of Him who cares for us all, and who has kept these two honored and beloved couples and permitted them the sweetness of fellowship through two-score years, abide richly upon them as they turn their faces toward what He may send in the years yet ahead. The Home Field extends heartiest felicitations and congratulations.

THE HOME MISSION BOARD rejoices at the hearty reception its former Assistant Corresponding Secretary, Dr. J. F. Love, is receiving as the incoming Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board. The Home Board has for long appreciated the splendid gifts of leadership and constructive thinking which Dr. Love possesses. Apropos of his ability as a thinker and writer, as we write we have before our eyes in the Baptist Standard these words of the lamented Dr. B. H. Carroll, quoted in an article by Dr. J. B. Cranfill: Referring to the books which Dr. Love has written on missions, "The Mission of Our Nation" and "The Unique Message and Universal Mission of Christianity," Dr. Carroll said: "These are the greatest utterances on the subject of missions that have been written in a hundred years. J. F. Love is a prophet and a seer." We know of no commendation which a Southern Baptist writer could prize more highly. The books are \$1.00 and \$1.25, respectively. Published by Revell Company, and for sale by Publicity Department, Baptist Home Mission Board, Atlanta, Georgia, or from any Baptist Book Store. These volumes deserve a larger circulation among Southern Baptists than they have had.



MISS FANNIE E. S. HECK
President, Raleigh, N. C.

Union Headquarters: 15 West Franklin Street, Baltimore, Md.

MISS KATHLEEN MALLORY,
Cor. Sec., Baltimore, Md.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Woman's Missionary Union, Southern Baptist Convention, May 1, 1914 to April 30, 1915.

A LOVELY CARD of greetings with a few notes in the treble clef engraved on it was sent me at Christmas time. Wishing to enjoy the greeting to the fullest and to thank the friend in the spirit with which she had remembered me, I went to the piano and picked out the notes, but they conveyed no message. Realizing that their meaning must be deep indeed and consequently all the more precious, I took the card to a trained musician. As she played the printed treble notes with her right hand, I watched her left hand finding its way to harmonious base tones. I can see her eyes now upturned to the ceiling, now resting on the key-board and then toward me with the question: "Why, yes, don't you know what it is?" and indeed I did, for the good, glad message of "Auld Lang Syne" was singing itself from the heart of my friend to me. The musician very kindly explained that the reason I couldn't understand the meaning was because one note was missing, but I knew that it was because my musical sense had not been trained sufficiently for me to harmonize and fill out the few notes given on the card that the full melody would be reproduced.

Harmonizing the Parts.

Continuously through the intervening months that music lesson has been remembered, especially when the message of the day seemed not to suggest any known harmonies. Sometimes it would be a glaring headline in an extra war-edition of the newspaper telling of so-called Christian nations at war, and despair would say: "Can it be that Christianity is retreating?" To the Great Musician of all harmony I would hasten and, above the clang and cry of war, I

would hear His clear tones: "I have overcome the world." Sometimes the message would seem to say: "The times are hard indeed and we must retrench in our mission work." But from the Great Conservatory of God's trained Missionaries, the antiphonal response would come in a mighty plea for enlargement and better equipment and in a pathetic protest against retrenchment, their constant refrain being Christ's own words: "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest." Then I knew I had not interpreted the message aright—that I had forgotten that His is a progressive, ever-widening campaign of world conquest and that with Him there can be no retrenchment—that He has promised to go with us to the end and we have the assurance that "with Him" God "doth freely give us all things." In the harmony of these thoughts let us review the work of the past year.

A Song of Faith.

In such a review we would first pause gently by the bedside of our honored president and beloved friend, Miss F. E. S. Heck. You know that she was taken sick early last summer and that at the beginning of the fall she was carried to a hospital in Richmond, Virginia. At first, the doctors seemed very hopeful and then they said she could never be well again. They placed her where she could look far up to the blue sky. She had such joy in this and those who visited her sick-room found such brightness in her cheery faith that, all over the hospital and out among her great circle of friends, the room came to be called "The Room of the Blue Sky." She sent for me to visit her there in January, and so

calmly did she speak of the time when she would go far away into the Great Blue of God's sky that the rainbow of her hope shone through my tears. With all her accustomed interest she talked about the Union work, as with the eye of prophecy she seemed to foretell its wonderful future even as, year after year, she has stood before us in our annual meetings and girded us for the greater task. No note of discouragement, no limited vision had any part in that song of faith. "The Union should assert itself," she said, "as an instrument for service that knows its strength." As your corresponding secretary during three years of her wonderful fifteen years of service as president of our Union, I wish to give thanks to her for her un-failing kindness, co-operation and leadership and to God for permitting me to be so closely associated with her.

A Requiem.

Sad, too, were our hearts over the home-going of Dr. R. J. Willingham. During his entire twenty-one years as corresponding secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, he was the ever loyal friend of our Union, always encouraging us by his faith, always counseling us out of his rich experience, always binding us more closely to the women missionaries on the foreign field, always challenging us to answer the call to service by a more complete personal surrender and by a more genuine support of those who have truly answered the great "Go thou." We would not have detained him here, but we shall ever miss him as we give thanks for his abundant life. During the year, other friends have also been called to their reward, and we would tenderly mention them one by one if the time were ours, but surely in the "great cloud of encompassing witnesses" today we can see the face of Miss Emma L. Amos, the really wonderful W. M. U. corresponding secretary for Georgia, and that of four others who were distinctly pioneers in our woman's work: Mrs. F. B. Davis, of Texas; Mrs. Theodore Whitfield, of Virginia, and Mrs. Margaret A. Waller and Mrs. T. A. Hamilton, of Alabama.

Records of Love.

One of Miss Heck's distinct contributions

to our work during the past year was the preparation of most of the Union Year Book and of the four simple organization leaflets. There seemed to be great need for just that kind of leaflets, and the ones which she prepared will truly be as so many records of loving interest in missions which may be reproduced with helpful effect from time to time. It was a pleasure to try to carry on her Union Notes Department in "Royal Service" and also to assist with the Editorial Department. These two departments with that of Society Methods and for five months that Book Reviews have made our popular new monthly a very close friend of mine.

The Bugle Call.

The first articles which I furnished to this magazine were written at the close of a delightful tour of the summer conferences. First there was the Missionary Education Movement Conference at Blue Ridge, N. C., where the bugle call, out over those mountains, not only summoned the students to their classes, but seemed truly typical of the call of the Spirit for mission-filled lives. The same call I heard sounded at our Baptist assemblies in Georgetown, Ky., Arkadelphia, Ark., Hattisburg, Miss., and Phelan Heights, Ala.

Our Full Chorus.

At our W. M. U. hour in such conferences much time was spent in explaining the parts in our full chorus of workers in the Graded Missionary Union of the local church. From seven states alone comes the encouraging note that there are 138 churches maintaining this almost universally practical system of teaching missions. Like Miriam and her host of women we shall sing together for joy when the Graded Missionary Union becomes the "week-day mission school" of each church. Along with this ideal must inevitably come another great practice—namely, the hearty policy on the part of pastors and church treasurers in seeing that every mission offering made through the deplex envelopes by a member of any of the missionary organizations of the church shall be credited accordingly.

Echoes.

With our Training School girls and the hosts of other Southern Baptist students in

mind especially, I went in March to New York with the W. M. U. college correspondent to the Conference on the Student Problem, which you will see from her report was a most helpful occasion. Similarly constructive was the Triennial Conference of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions in the United States and Canada. This was also held in New York in January. As Baptists we must guard carefully our fundamental principles in any federation, but, with this in heart and mind, one need look for only good to come to us from association with representatives from many organizations all eager like ours to take the world for Christ. In common with other women's boards we have charts in the Religious Exhibit of the Panama-Pacific Exposition and are planning to send several frames of our literature to the Woman's Congress of Missions in San Francisco early in June. We hope that many of our W. M. U. members and missionaries will attend this congress. Through this federation we are co-operating by prayer and by articles in "Royal Service" in a great mission-wide campaign for permanent peace through Jesus Christ. Our Union has also kept in touch with the Baptist World Alliance, though necessarily our work as corresponding secretary for the Woman's Committee of the Alliance has been hindered by the European War. It is interesting to know that the Baptist women of Sweden will hold their first annual session in June. Woman's work truly seems to be growing throughout our mission stations and certainly the women's missionaries are coming into closer touch with our Union. The calendar of Prayer has greatly helped this condition as it keeps the hearts of them and us mutually echoing and re-echoing in united prayer.

A Fine Score.

In reviewing the year's work, careful at-

tention should be given to the reports of our splendid Personal Service and W. M. U. Literature Departments. The statistical table at the close of this report will also be interesting. It tells its own story of the fine score played by the several states. All glory to each organization which strove toward the Standard of Excellence—all the more glory to those attaining it! But even the many figures of the table do not tell all that was done, for I suspect that hardly one-third of the societies in any state filled out the annual report blank so carefully outlined in the Union Year Book and sent out from the state W. M. U. headquarters. And yet word comes that in thirteen states at least 2,242 mission study classes were held; that in eleven states over 2,500 societies observed at least one day each of the special seasons of prayer; that 139 Jubilates were held in five states; and that in ten states there are fully 3,700 W. M. U. titheers.

The Director of the Symphony.

And so the message of the year has come to your hearts and to mine, dear co-laborers. God grant that it may be truly in harmony with His plans and that we may have studied His Word and Way so carefully that we may be able to produce the most perfect harmony and the sweetest, most familiar melody. While in Louisville, I was guest at a symphony concert, and I shall never forget how the director led the many parts of the orchestra without having a single note before him. Dear friends, our heavenly Father is an even more infinitely wonderful Director of the Symphony which He is leading. He knows every part by heart and He looks to you and to me to bring forth just that melody which He has entrusted to us.

KATHLEEN MALLORY,

W. M. U. Cor. Secty.

HONOR ROLL, MAY 15 TO JUNE 15, 1915.

Rev. J. A. Scott, Lockhart, Texas.....48
Dr. W. D. Powell, Louisville, Ky.....31
Mrs. Lavina Slocum Palmer, Little Rock,
Ark.26
Miss Mattie S. Martin, Chatham, Va.....16
Mrs. Jno. W. Crawford, Greensboro, N. C. 14

E. B. Atwood, Albuquerque, N. M.....12
Mrs. L. F. Pierce, Windsor, N. C.....10
M. H. Kemp, Gholson, Miss.....10
Mrs. W. O. Biggs, Elm City, N. C.....10
Mrs. Geo. Whan, Laurens, S. C.....10
J. C. Owen, Graham, N. C.....10

Rural Life in the South.

AN ARTICLE in Methodist Quarterly Review by former Enlistment Secretary Arch C. Cree, of the Home Board, sets forth in an edifying way before the Methodist audience the problems of the country churches in the South and how they may be solved. This valuable article was republished in large part in The Baptist World and has been made the basis of an editorial in the Baptist Standard. The Standard says:

"Most of the books on the problems of country churches miss the mark so far as the churches in the South are concerned. They are written from the viewpoint of churches in the North where conditions are different. In the current issue of The Methodist Quarterly Review, from which we quote elsewhere, is a sane, practical discussion of this subject by Dr. Arch C. Cree, Enlistment Secretary of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

"We agree with him that Southern rural life is not decadent, neither are the country churches of the South dying. A church is not necessarily dead because it does not have its own house of worship. There are houseless churches in Texas that within the past few weeks have each received into their fellowship, by baptism, more than half a hundred converts. They are not dead as long as this kind of work is going on.

"Among the concrete evidences of the new day in the country life of the South are

better conditions and means of living and laboring, and better agencies and aids for personal and community improvement.

"A very significant evidence of the vitality and progress of the rural churches embraces in a survey of 3,558 churches in 256 Associations. Aside from an increase in the membership of a majority of them, was the fact that in the past five years these churches have set apart over a thousand young men for the gospel ministry.

"On the point of the increased efficiency of the country churches, Dr. Cree says: 'Let the churches unite in natural and compact fields, and the time formerly spent in traveling from church to church will be spent in pastoral work. Let the churches be aroused to provide better pastoral support, and the time spent by the preacher in supplementing the paltry pittance of the meager salary of former days will be spent in study, meditation, prayer and service for the edification of the saints and the salvation of the lost.'"

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H O M E M I S S I O N C H A R T S

THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT of the Home Mission Board has just issued an entirely new and much enlarged set of Home Mission Charts. Each chart is 42 inches deep and 28 inches across. The white paper used is of high-grade and is heavy and strong enough for the purpose. The charts are printed in red and black. The letters are large enough to be read across a church auditorium of average size, and the leading idea of each chart is also set forth in diagrams.

The charts bear the following names:

H O M E M I S S I O N S I N 1 9 1 5
A W O R L D O P P O R T U N I T Y
I S A M E R I C A N C H R I S T I A N ?
R U R A L C H U R C H P R O B L E M
S O U T H E R N H I G H L A N D S

To illustrate the value of the charts, we may say that the first one named above carries an outline map of the South and shows in red ink the population, number of white Baptists and number of Home Board Missionaries in each State. Each of the charts sets forth in the briefest, most graphic form some big idea. A set of these charts should be possessed by each church and each Sunday-school and Mission Society. Sent securely packed post-paid for 50 cents the set of five. Or will be given as a premium for a club of fifteen new subscribers to The Home Field, if request is made in the letter enclosing the subscribers. Address

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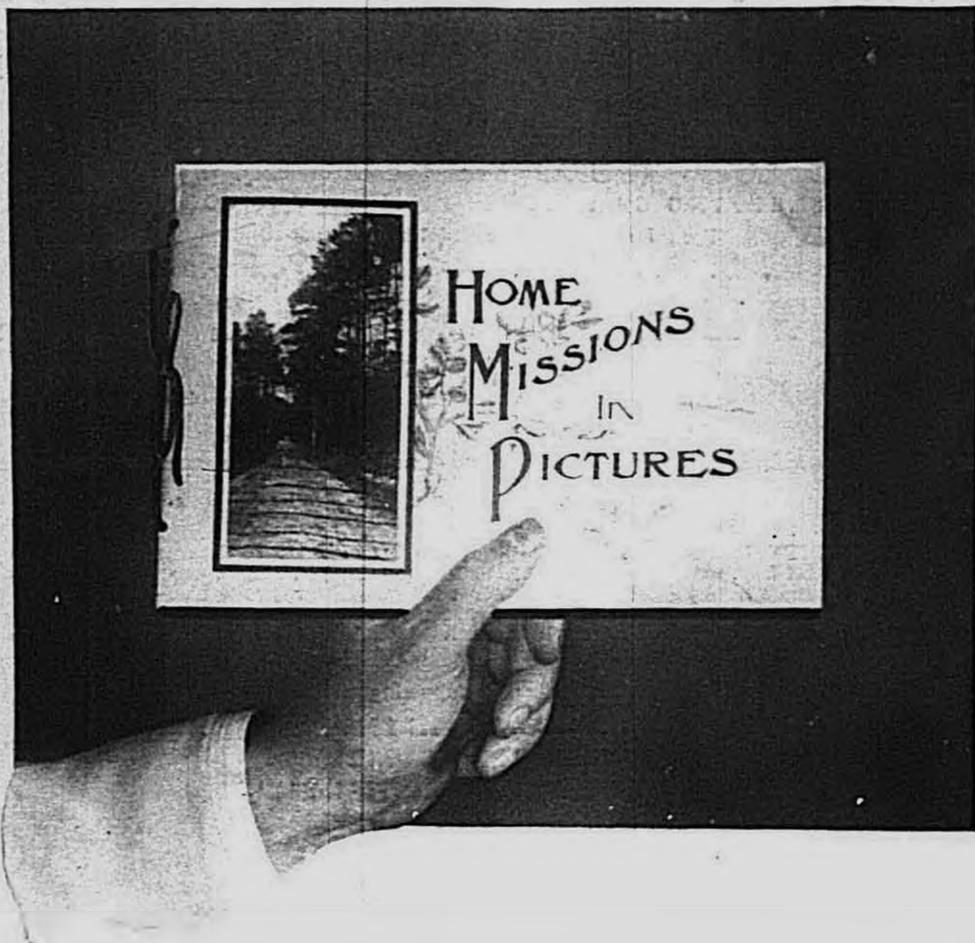
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"HOME MISSIONS IN PICTURES," pictured above, has the same size pages as *The Home Field*, but more of them—fifty-two pages. Also a very high-class heavy enamel paper is used, which makes the pictures show up almost like the original photographs. The book is in two colors, black and orange, the cover black and green. It is bound with an attractive silken cord.

The pictures tell the story of Home Mission work and needs and portrays the environment of the work. Read in the editorial pages what reviewers say of it. Every Mission Society and every pastor and teacher of missions should have it. Price, postpaid, 25 cents.

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