

THE Home Field

MARCH 1916



Man has no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For the magnificent temple of the sky.

—William Cullen Bryant

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— 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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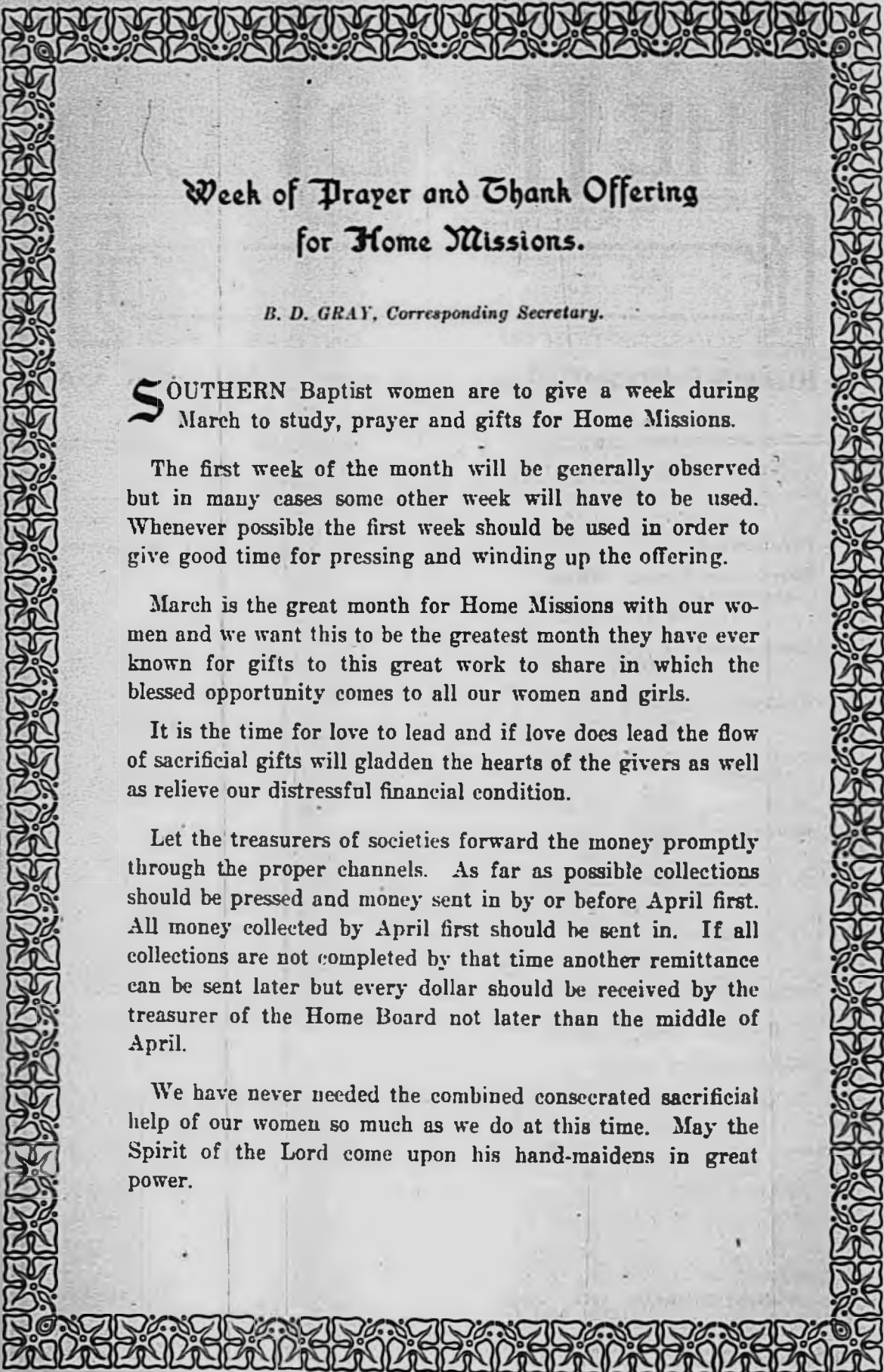
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Week of Prayer and Thank Offering for Home Missions.

B. D. GRAY, Corresponding Secretary.

SOUTHERN Baptist women are to give a week during March to study, prayer and gifts for Home Missions.

The first week of the month will be generally observed but in many cases some other week will have to be used. Whenever possible the first week should be used in order to give good time for pressing and winding up the offering.

March is the great month for Home Missions with our women and we want this to be the greatest month they have ever known for gifts to this great work to share in which the blessed opportunity comes to all our women and girls.

It is the time for love to lead and if love does lead the flow of sacrificial gifts will gladden the hearts of the givers as well as relieve our distressful financial condition.

Let the treasurers of societies forward the money promptly through the proper channels. As far as possible collections should be pressed and money sent in by or before April first. All money collected by April first should be sent in. If all collections are not completed by that time another remittance can be sent later but every dollar should be received by the treasurer of the Home Board not later than the middle of April.

We have never needed the combined consecrated sacrificial help of our women so much as we do at this time. May the Spirit of the Lord come upon his hand-maidens in great power.



VOL. XXVII

MARCH, 1916

No. 3

Evangelizing Through Mission Sunday-Schools

P. E. BURROUGHS, D.D., Educational Secretary of the Sunday School Board.



THE WINNING church is the church which faces out. It takes account of the destitution over against itself and looks far beyond to the ends of the earth. There are pastors who preach to small and unresponsive congregations in large and comfortable auditoriums, while in adjacent outlying sections there are literally thousands who hunger for the gospel message. I know ministers, good and true men, who chafe under the restrictions and grieve for the limitations of their ministry, while multitudes all about them are perishing for the bread of life. It is not enough for us to make provision and invite the people to come; our command is to go out and compel them to come in. If the people will not come to the gospel, we must take the gospel to the people. Zeal for the lost in foreign lands is no proper substitute for zeal in behalf of the lost at our own doors.

The means by which the pastor and the church may project themselves into the need and destitution which surround them are legion. The writer has long believed that among the most effective of such means is the mission and particularly the mission Sunday-school. As illustrating what is here meant and as possibly suggestive to workers who desire to multiply themselves and to project their influence into needy conditions about them we relate the story of such effort in a country pastorate and show how the victories won were later duplicated in a city pastorate.

A young minister accepted the pastorate of an old and cultured church in the country. He was told by the deacons and others that there was little opportunity for evangelism as the field had been thoroughly worked. He was encouraged to lend himself to building up and edifying the saints. The young man believed that to seek to build up and edify a church which remains inactive and makes no effort to save the lost means to court certain failure. He did not argue the question, but made plans to lead the church afield in soul-winning effort. He made a careful study of the entire surrounding section, observing especially small communities of which the little country school house was the natural community center.

A few miles from his own church he found such a community in which there were comparatively few people who attended any religious service. He announced at the public school that he would preach each night for a week or two in the school house and asked that the announcement be circulated throughout the community. Night after night the people came in enlarging numbers. Some attended who, for various reasons, had not enjoyed public worship before in many years. Believers were revived and lost souls sought the Lord. Some twenty converts came with the pastor to his church asking to be received for baptism. The old church waked up at the sight of the twenty happy converts going down into the baptismal waters.

At the close of the meeting, the pastor

led in the organization of a mission Sunday-school in the little school house. He would plant the seed for further evangelistic efforts and he would in this way seek the training and development of those who had been recently converted. When the mission school was finally established so that it could go forward without the constant attention of the pastor, another similar school house neighborhood was invaded, first by a revival effort and, following this, by a mission Sunday-school. Thus the work went forward until five outlying communities had been thus carefully evangelized and developed. Seventy-five converts were received by baptism into the old church which had been ready to close in and settle down to a self-centered life. There was more material for evangelism than the brethren had thought. There usually is.

This pastor was called to a city church where, in like manner, he was assured that former pastors had pressed evangelistic efforts until there was little material left for evangelism. Again he was advised to give himself to edifying the saints. He was now more than ever convinced that edifying inactive saints and building up a church which is making no effort to save the lost is a hopeless and thankless task. As he had done in the country pastorate, so he proceeded to do in the city. Going into a populous but neglected section of the city, he circulated announcements for revival services, securing for this purpose a suitable meeting place. At the close of the meeting a goodly number of converts came to be baptized into the central church. A mission Sunday-school was organized in the community and the church members in the neighborhood were authorized to carry on the work and to receive members, as an "arm" of the church. This effort was substantially duplicated in three other sections of the city and in an adjacent country district. The fires of evangelism thus kindled on the outskirts soon began to burn in the church community, so that within two years the church which felt that there was "no material" had received by baptism more than one hundred and fifty converts.

The mission Sunday-school stood central in all of these efforts. It served the double

purpose of conserving and developing converts already made and of paving the way for further evangelistic effort. Some other fruits may be noted.

The poor had the gospel preached to them. Many people who, lacking what they considered suitable conveyance and respectable raiment, could not be induced to go to distant churches, readily consented to go to the neighborhood school house to worship among their friends and neighbors. The pastor had the joy which Paul so often sought, of building not upon some other man's foundation. He broke new ground, he wrought in pristine conditions. The old gospel took on new meaning and possessed new sweetness as it was preached in unusual places, and as plain, hungry men and women heard it, many of them for the first time in long years.

Churches which were in peril of losing the evangelistic note and of dying at the center were led to face out and to give themselves anew to world evangelization. In the Revelation we read of churches which had lapsed from their first love and which were in danger of having the candlestick removed. Such churches, having a name to live, but are dead, are not limited to New Testament times. What reason is there anyway for a church to live when it has lost the winning note and come to live sorely for itself?

The pastor found thus a key to the problem of training his people. His young people followed him gladly to destitute fields, helping in the revival work and serving in the mission schools. They went to teach, to sing, to pray, to do personal work. There were duties enough to go around and each could find his own place and develop his own talent. Two young men developed rapidly and gave themselves to the Christian ministry. Many young people and some older people thus secured development and training which they could hardly have enjoyed in any other way. There may be here a hint to pastors and others who face the problem of the training of their young people. Send them afield into needy communities and let them know the joy and blessing of real service.

Some American Idols.

B. D. GRAY, Corresponding Secretary.

Mariolatry.

ROMAN CATHOLICS worship Mary in the United States as well as in Latin-America and Europe. In essence Mariolatry is the same wherever practiced. It is balder in Italy and Spain and Brazil and Mexico and Central America, where Protestantism is not so strongly felt as in America, but the essence of it dominates Roman Catholic worship. They bow down before the image of the Virgin. They bow to her in many places more than they do to Jesus. They invest her with divinity and power to work miracles and to bless and to deliver them from trouble.

There are between five hundred and six hundred thousand Mexicans on the Texas side of the Rio Grande River, most of them under the sway of Roman Catholicism, and the worship of the Virgin in San Antonio is as open and bold as it is in the City of Mexico. In New Orleans images of the Virgin are found in all their churches and she is worshipped just as she is in Havana, Cuba.

The Roman Catholics claim from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 adherents in the United States, which is about one-fifth or one-sixth of the population, a large number of Mariolatrists. Surely idolatry is not confined to the countries beyond the equator and the Atlantic Ocean. The Mississippi Valley was dominated by Roman Catholicism from the time the Jesuit Priests and explorers discovered and helped Catholic Spain and France to take that great section of our western world. The banks of the Mississippi are now, so far as religious life goes, chiefly dominated by Roman Catholicism, particularly in the cities—St. Louis, Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez and New Orleans. The whole seaboard from Boston to Brownsville, Texas, feels the power of Roman Catholicism. These coast cities in turn greatly influence the entire country. Mariolatry, the worship of the Virgin, is strongly entrenched in the Catholic centers like Boston, New York and Baltimore. Familiarity with it instead of breeding contempt produces toleration on the part of many people. The beautiful life and character of the Mother of Jesus is marred by this idolatry which millions of

Catholics in our own country are rendering to her. Jesus our Lord is dethroned from his rightful seat of authority and Mary enthroned in his place. Surely God our Father must be displeased with this adoration and worship which ignorance and superstition accord Mary instead of Jesus.

We cannot issue too strong a protest against this insidious and powerful form of idolatry. We are to bow down before none other than God himself and Him alone must we worship.

Love of Pleasure.

The baggage room in the Union Station in Jacksonville, Florida, was burned in January. A Chicago woman lost sixty trunks of French dresses in the blaze. She was enroute to a point in Florida where the combined church properties would not equal in cost the contents of one trunk of her Parisian finery.

Two winters ago a New York woman lost \$200,000 at a single sitting in the card room, at one of the Florida East Coast winter-resorts. She died in her rolling chair as she was being wheeled back to the hotel. The loss was nothing, only an incident in her life. The excitement of the play caused death.

A Washington woman stopped several weeks at "The Breakers," Palm Beach, Fla. Her bill, for herself and her companion, was \$3,500 a week. When she was leaving her only remark was that she had been treated fairly well. The salaries of the ministers of all the churches there will not total \$3,500 for the year.

It is claimed that Southern Baptists spend \$3,125,000 a year on Moving Picture shows.

It is estimated that Southern Baptists spend over \$5,000,000 a year on drinks at the soda fountain.

In one of the wealthiest States in the South the sum invested in automobiles is twice the value of the national bank stock in the State.

Cooper, the Enlistment man in the Delta of Mississippi, found a town where the Baptists were about to close their doors be-

cause they could not pay the preacher for two Sundays a month. Cooper, upon investigation, found that if the amount of money invested by the local Baptists in automobiles were drawing interest at six per cent, the amount would pay the salary of every minister in the town. The good Baptists had seemingly overlooked this fact, for when it was forced upon their attention, they called their minister for full time and raised his salary.

Surely the Goddess of Pleasure is exalted and our American people bow down and worship her.

Love of Money.

America is run mad on money. We are worshipping Mammon. We exalt riches above righteousness. We want money, money, money. The rich want to be richer and the poor are pestered about poverty.

Covetousness, which is idolatry, is a dominant trait of American character. The glitter of gold beguiles our people.

Mr. Carnegie has said that it is a shame for a man to die rich. But the fear of this shame is not holding back many people in their scramble for wealth. The rich and the poor alike have this idol in their heart and the worship of this cruel master Mammon shuts out God.

A pile of shining silver, of glittering gold

is the object of our longing avaricious hearts. It comes between us and our God. Not that money is wrong within itself but the love of it is the root of all evil, is a rust that cankers. Let us set our affections upon the true riches which are above and not upon the perishable riches of this earth. Let us lay up treasures in Heaven where neither moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

The annual income of Southern Baptists is estimated at FIVE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS. Last year we gave for all causes less than TWENTY million. If the tithe is an intimation of the minimum return upon our stewardship, we owe God THIRTY MILLION dollars from last year alone.

"The God who rounded the world in his imperial hands—who fashioned the heavens and scooped out hell—knows the difference between a cheat and a charity."

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," should be inscribed upon the pocket book of every Southern Baptist, as it was upon the pocket book of Amos Lawrence, the great Boston philanthropist.

Evangelistic Echoes.

WESTON BRUNER, Superintendent of Evangelism.

EVANGELIST W. M. Anderson with Singer P. W. Martin has just closed a splendid meeting at Fort Gaines, Ga., with about fifty additions. He and Martin are now at Ft. Myers, Fla., with Pastor A. M. Bennett.

Evangelist A. J. Copass and Singer W. E. Rodgers had a remarkable meeting at Rusk, Texas, before joining the Georgia campaign. Every student in Rusk Academy was converted and \$1,066.00 raised towards the great educational campaign now going on in Texas. \$225.00 was raised for Home Board Evangelism.

Brother W. F. Fisher followed his Fowl-town meeting with some pioneer mission-

ary evangelism at Faceville, where at the close of a two weeks' meeting they organized a church with about twenty members. Brother Ira Martin rendered valuable aid in this enterprise.

Rev. J. W. Hickerson slipped away from the Georgia campaign in order to aid Rev. R. M. Miller in meetings at Ivyton and Falcon, Ky. This is missionary ground but important. It is in the vicinity of our Salyersville School in Magoffin County.

Dr. S. W. Kendrick likewise has dropped out of the Georgia campaign long enough to hold two meetings in Eastern Kentucky with Pastor J. W. Crow, the first at Burdine, the second at Jenkins. Pastor Crow has

just completed houses of worship at each place and is wisely leading his people toward the more spiritual things.

Brethren F. D. King and E. L. Wolslagel have held remarkable meetings at Durham, N. C., and Moultrie, Ga., with 300 additions in the two meetings. They are now in meetings at Frederick, Maryland.

Evangelist J. E. McManaway has taken up the task of the Home Mission Campaign in South Carolina and is consequently out of Georgia Evangelistic Campaign. He is arranging, however, two associational evangelistic campaigns in South Carolina, one with Union as center, the other in Edisto Association.

Evangelist E. V. Lamb with Singer Scholfield had blessed meetings with Pastor Bealer, Tabernacle Church, Valdosta, Ga., and Pastor Bailey at Baxley, Ga. Lamb is now at Adrain and Scholfield with Pastor Granberry, Macon, Ga.

Brother J. W. Michaels is a bird of passage—he covers the entire Convention territory in behalf of the deaf and dumb. Recently he has worked from Washington to Florida, teaching the deaf and hear the gospel story and the dumb to sing the gospel song of joy.

Brother Henry Miller has been faithfully awakening the saints and winning the lost in Southwest Georgia for six weeks. He goes March 5th, to Tennille, Ga., with Pastor Davis.

Evangelist J. C. Owen and Singer Hudgins are being greatly blessed in winning to Christ, to the church and to the Kingdom—service the young men and women in our Highland Schools. They are now at Magoffin Institute, Salyersville, Ky.

Ray Palmer and Singer Babbitt are just closing a fine meeting at Second Church, Thomasville. Dr. Palmer in addition to preaching twice a day at the church is preaching every afternoon in the theater down town. Our staff are ready to go anywhere in the effort to win the lost.

Evangelist T. O. Reese and Singer Scholfield had gracious meetings at Hahira and Norman Park. They are now in DeFuniak, Florida for one meeting, after which they rejoin the Georgia Campaign.

Rev. J. A. Scott as usual gave his holiday rest period to the Indians in Oklahoma. It was a blessed meeting this year. He arrived at Camilla the middle of January for the first Georgia meeting, and is now with pastor Helm at Unadilla.

Evangelist L. C. Wolfe had to battle with snow and ice as well as other obstacles at Mound City, Ill. He won a victory for the Kingdom and then returned to Oklahoma for two meetings. He joins the Georgia Campaign March 12th with Pastor Kendrick at Vidalia, Ga.

The resignation of Evangelist Raleigh Wright is a great loss to our Department. He had been a member of the staff longer than any other Evangelist and had become exceedingly proficient as a teacher. He is also a strong preacher and a great soul winner. We bid him God-speed in his work as pastor of the First Baptist Church at Ruston, La.

The Board at its January meeting elected Rev. H. R. Holcomb, pastor Tabernacle Baptist Church, Waycross, to fill the vacancy caused by Brother Wright's resignation. Holcomb was on our staff four years, so is no stranger to us. God has greatly honored him as an Evangelist as well as pastor. Under God he will now do his best work. With all our heart we welcome him back!

Singer J. L. Blankenship has been in a glorious meeting with Pastor W. W. Chancellor, First Baptist Church, McAllister, Okla. There were more than one hundred "for the water," as Bailey says. It was the greatest meeting ever held in that city. Blankenship is now in a meeting at Moody, Texas. He will join the Georgia Campaign with Evangelist Scott, at Vienna, Ga., on February 27th.

The home going of Singer A. I. Ruby, of Asheville, N. C., was sudden indeed. He was a rare spirit—gentle as a woman—brave and true to conviction, faithful to duty. He won all our hearts during his brief connection with our evangelistic staff. He was a sweet singer of songs of Zion and a splendid leader. He was true to his trust and God has called him to a higher service. We extend our deepest sympathy to his bereaved wife and four little children.

On the Home Run for Home Missions

B. D. GRAY, Corresponding Secretary.



AUL USED FIGURES of speech to enforce his thought—the race course, the boxing bout, the gladiatorial arena. If Paul were here now to launch the Home Mission campaign base-ball would furnish a figure to fit the case. He could put it about this way:

The critical moment is at hand. The last half of the last inning is being played. We are behind. But the bases are full. A home-run hitter is at the bat. Will we win?

The task before us for the next sixty days is to meet our financial obligations. The year's work is drawing to a close. A great year it has been, wonderful in results beyond anything we have known. In order to make it so and to pay our workers we have had to borrow heavily at the banks.

Five-sixths of the time is gone and we have received less than one-fourth of the money needed to complete the year's work without debt. It is a serious situation but not too great for us to seize and make a victorious inning. We can, we must succeed.

Marvelous Growth.

GRATITUDE for the blessings of God on our work in the past as well as during the present year should move us to sacrificial liberality. So wonderful has the work been blessed in recent years that we say each year is better than the preceding and we tell the truth. It seems to have crystalized into a law, this upward, regular and rapid growth of our work.

Multiplied thousands of the lost led to Christ, hundreds and thousands enlisted in larger service for the Master, waste places changed into fruitful gardens, destitute frontiers given the stability and culture of older communities, thousands of foreigners made citizens of the heavenly Kingdom, the blessing of salvation brought to the multitudes, a great social uplift among our people through the preaching of the gospel and the sacred ministries of our host of faithful missionaries. These are some of the achievements that fill our hearts.

During the last fifteen years Southern Baptists have increased in numbers sixty-one per cent. The increase in baptism for 1915 was 105 per cent over the increase in 1900. Our mission contributions last year were 353 per cent over those for 1900 and our total gifts to all objects 333 per cent increase.

More than any single agency our Home Mission Board has contributed to this great advance. It is the great unifying, constructive, inter-

state agency of Southern Baptists and has been the prime force in making our people a great, splendid, virile body with a solidarity of thought and purpose unsurpassed by any religious denomination. Here we set up our Ebenezer, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

How We Stand Financially.

OUR VERY PROSPERITY has become our embarrassment. Our work has been so signally favored in every direction that enlargement has been necessary. It is more necessary now than ever. One success has opened the way for another. Foundation laid must be built upon if we are to have a beautiful edifice rather than a heap of rubbish. We must therefore not only hold our own but reach forth and seize the opportunities all around us.

At the annual meeting last July the entire apportionment of \$441,750 was appropriated for work in the various departments, so numerous and urgent were the calls for help.

We had spent much more money up to the 15th of February this year than we had to the same date last year. Our debt is therefore much heavier. We had borrowed February 15, \$155,573, which is nearly \$20,000 more than the amount borrowed to the same date of 1915.

We have received in gifts from the churches, which does not include evangelistic receipts, \$104,957, some \$14,000 ahead of last year, but \$12,000 of this increase is from Kentucky alone. Most of the States are much behind their gifts a year ago at this time.

In order to meet our obligations we must raise \$330,000 in two months. This is a large sum. In order to raise it all our forces should be enlisted immediately. It will not do to wait until April. March should be the greatest month for Home Mission receipts we have ever known. At least \$150,000 should be raised in March so as to lessen the risk that unfair weather or unfavorable conditions may bring in April.

Last year we received from February 15th to April 30th \$279,703. The last week in April we received \$196,476. We received the last day in April \$170,255.

Will it be wise, will it be safe for us to wait until the last week of the year, or the last day of the year, with these large sums to be raised? Never. We must begin at once. Brethren and sisters, pastors and laymen, let us come immediately to the holy task and give the whole of these sixty days to the work. It is all important that we meet every claim, close the books free from all debt and face with confidence and courage the future that is so auspicious for Southern Baptists at this great juncture of our history and progress.

Plains and Indians



The Editor.



OR A LONG while I had desired to take a trip among the Indians in Oklahoma, for the double purpose of seeing our mission work among the Red Men and of trying if I could get a true glimpse of the Red Man's soul, so as to tell our great company of paleface people.

In January, when the opportunity at last arrived, the weather bureau was not kind. On the day I departed from Atlanta came scare-head announcements of a bitter cold wave in the West and Southwest, which was coming on eastward. My co-workers joined me in the cheerful prognostication that the hard wave of winter would pass me on the way and I would come into the Southwest in the cheer of sunshine and balmy breezes. It was, however, the coldest weather Oklahoma had had for several years. The mercury sank well down below zero. Two or three inches of snow was on the ground, and it stayed there hard and slick and slippery all the time of my visit. On trains and in hotels sneezing was the popular pastime, and there came to me discomfoting stories about how the grip was here and there and everywhere, and tended to develop into pneumonia.

If one must be sick, he does not desire the experience a thousand miles from home. I devotedly practiced every hygienic precaution I could think of, and, though I was subject to all of the unhygienic compulsions of

a long journey, of days driving across plains under leaden skies in bitter winds, of visits into grip-gripped and overheated homes, and of breathing air in railway stations and hotels which had been impregnated with thousands of sneezes, I made the trip and returned to my sunny-South Atlanta home without mishap and in fine health. Very thankful I am.

An outline map of Northeast Oklahoma will show the points I visited. The trip was also to have included some days with Dr. A. G. Washburn, the veteran Indian missionary, among the five Civilized Tribes at points east and southeast of those I visited, but the long-continued cold made it desirable to postpone that visit to another time.

I reached Pawhuska, the home of our mission for the Osage Indians, on Saturday and soon found myself in the hospitable home of Missionary D. Noble Crane at the Osage Mission. In the mission home resides with Brother and Mrs. Crane, Miss Grace Clifford, the faithful woman missionary, who has served so devotedly at this place for years.

Brother Crane has had charge of this mission only a few months. He served the Home Board at Hominy, Oklahoma, for some years, where there is another band of Osages, and has for many years been in Indian mission work, most of the time under the Home Mission Society, though he is

a native of Mississippi. The picture herewith of Brother Crane shows that he is a man of prepossessing appearance. He is also an impressive and engaging man personally, a brother of strength, of sanity and greatness of spirit, a faithful preacher of the Word.

A Day With the Osages.

ON SUNDAY morning it seemed to the tenderfoot visitor that the thermometer must have been from ten to twenty degrees below zero. It had been seventy above in Atlanta when he left! The wind cut to the quick, as soon as one ventured outside. It is a way the winds have on the winter plains,



Osage Mission Church and Parsonage at Pawhuska, Oklahoma.

blow they from the north or east or west or south (all of which they do). We gathered, a small group, at the church and had Sunday-school. But not even the big natural gas stove could take the chill away. So we went back to the parsonage and had the church service, where two rooms were thrown into one and the temperature was right.

We ordained two deacons, Brethren Orlando Kenworthy and Raymond Redcorn, both of them full blood Indians. Brother Kenworthy is the mission's interpreter. It was touching and impressive to see those two strong-faced men, in early mid-life, children of blanket Indians who have not found the Jesus Way and who still hold to the Indian ceremonies as a religion, giving themselves to the service of the diaconate. After the ordination came dinner, the Indians remaining as guests of the parsonage. Hospitality is a habit of the non-Christian Indian which he properly brings with him into the new faith, though it is purified of much dross in the change. If one is the Indian's trusted friend, he eats with him, and they foregather often to eat with each other.

Great Wealth of the Osages.

THE OSAGES, in addition to the other dangers which beset all the Red people, as they are more and more hedged in by the white man's civilization, have that of unusual wealth. Osage County, which is held for them, is larger than Rhode Island. There are 2,200 Osages and their per capita wealth is \$30,000, while that of the whole of America is only slightly more than \$1,000. Their income from oil land leases last year



Missionary Crane and Two New Osage Deacons, Raymond Redcorn and Orlando Kenworthy.

was \$560,000. Besides this they receive great revenue from grazing lands. Money is a sword which cuts two ways, bringing welfare to the strong and good, and curses to the weak and bad. These adjectives are relative. The crying question of our day is, "Are our people strong enough to dominate for good great material advantages, or are they weak and sensuous?" If the latter, juggernaut never rolled over heathen devotees with more destructive effect, than our boasted material advantages will grind into dust the men who worship things, instead of worshipping God and using things to serve him.

How much more the Indians! Picture an Osage family, the elders yet in blankets and unable to understand the language of the white man, who has re-made everything and destroyed all possibilities of the wild huntsman's life, which is all the Indian has

as were some of the deeds done by the Indian in war, yet the experience did keep at concert pitch the royal and fearless qualities of his wild and unhampered soul. Those things are all gone. Instead there is only money, and a life which is cut off from all either he or his ancestors ever knew. The white man has negated everything. The Indian must either in one or two generations adopt the white man's civilization in its positive and constructive aspects, or fall a victim to the snares and be damned by the vices of that civilization.

A Most Difficult But Promising Work.

MISSION WORK among the Osages is peculiarly difficult. I doubt if a more difficult field can be found in America, and not many in the world. Roman Catholicism has done its best to kill Indian allegiance to evangelical religion, while itself has been



Missionary Harry Bock to the Pawnees and Otoes, Opening an "Oklahoma Gate," On His 35-Mile Trip Across Plains to the Otoes. Puzzle: Find the Gate.

known from pre-historic times. Railroads, firewater, automobiles, gambling, agriculture, telephones, pianos, houses, stores where food may be had as long as the money lasts—both the vices and the virtues of the white man's civilization greatly try the Indian's soul. Whiskey absolutely ruins him. He cannot hunt any more; still in his Red Man's code that is the only dignified and manly way to make a living.

Gone the days of the warpath! Horrible

adjusted to the requirements of the Red people, so that there would be a ritualism compounded of Indian and Romanist mummeries. Romanism has a school at Pawhuska and, as everywhere else, it whispers subtle and malicious words against the way of salvation by faith. Great wealth, Roman mis-teaching, heathen traditions, lack of knowledge of the true Jesus Way, and abundant examples all around them of white-man greed and selfishness—did ever



Rev. D. Noble Crane.

an evangelical missionary face a more difficult field?

Yet the work among the Osages is distinctly hopeful. The Indian does not lack power to judge men. He hates the "forked tongue" and "singing bird" pretense, and has his own way of discerning them. Crafty as Rome is, the Red Man is by way of being something of a student in subtlety himself, and some of our Indian converts understand foxy Rome and estimate its cunning at its worth. At Pawhuska the government is giving Rome \$125, a year for each Indian student in the school. Part of the fat result of this Rome has turned into erect-

ing a large brick church building out at the suburb inhabited by the Indians and near our mission. It looks like an \$8,000 or \$10,000 building and is nearly completed.

An Automobile Needed.

THERE IS ONE way in which our missionaries have had the advantage of the Romanists, and will have it more than ever. Rome depends upon her teaching of the children to accomplish her designs. This is her age-long practice in countries where she has had to compete with evangelical religion, just as it is her shameful neglect where she has a free and undisturbed hand. For whatever reason—arrogance, indolence or whatnot—Rome's priestly emissaries do not much trouble themselves to visit among the people in order to enter into their lives.

The Osages are scattered throughout a large county. Brother Crane's field of visitation is about thirty miles in every direction. He has one faithful old horse for this service, while the field is big enough and important enough to require three horses. Indeed, Missionary Harry Bock at Pawnee, with a field until recently less extensive than that of Brother Crane, finds it necessary to keep three horses.

Brother Crane wants an automobile. He needs it and must have it. I speak with authority, for the Home Board has already provided a part of the cost of a small machine for him, in the hope that before long the devoted missionary may be able to secure the machine. The hospitality of the Indian and his readiness to hear the Jesus man when he comes to the Indian's home and table, makes this automobile imperative. As a matter of fact, Brother Bock needs a machine also, and is hoping to get one. Besides his almost daily movements



Indian Women Waiting for the Train at a Railway Station on the Plains.

to this home and that out in Pawnee County, he goes twice a month to the Otoes, thirty-five miles to the northwest.

A Stream on the Plains.

ON SUNDAY afternoon I left Brother Crane and journeyed by once-a-day train on a new road that runs up the creek and over the plains, fifty miles northwest to Arkansas



The Editor and David Gillingham, Pawnee Mission Interpreter, Muffled to Withstand January Wind and Cold on the Plains.

City. With a four-mile double-back into Oklahoma on the Santa Fe System to Chillico, it was my itinerary to the great head school of the Oklahoma Indians, where I was to assist in ordaining three Baptist deacons Sunday night.

For hours at car windows and other

hours in the plains rig of Brother Bock, I gazed at the plains and at the creeks and questioned my spirit for words that would enable me to tell others what it looks like. I have had no chance to read Bret Harte, and Mark Twain is usually too interested in the humorous angles of men, jack-rabbits and coyotes, to devote his wonderful powers to description. On my own part, I suppose it is more modest not to try. The things in nature which speak to men's souls are elusive, and, I think, nowhere else more so than on the big plains.

But, though my text is difficult, I implicitly promised to preach when I decided to take this trip. Southwestern members of the audience may retire for a breathing spell. If they stay, they must keep their faces respectful and grave, as I did when I was conducted into the undreamed-of atmosphere of a Wild Indian Chief's home the other day, albeit the present speaker in his most complacent moments does not imagine he possesses a tithe of the nonchalance and dignity of that old Blanket Chief.

If you please, there are creeks and rivers on the plains, not many, but enough for the tree-fringe of one or more to be in the expansive perspective. A creek may be very, very long and yet a most modest and woe-begone looking lot of water may be all the fluid there is between the banks, except perchance in the oil fields, at which places a few of the millions of gallons of oil may find their way to the creek and add a scum. The Arkansas River and the Canadian rise in the Rockies. Where I saw the Arkansas, it had been journeying from the headwaters more than one thousand miles, but ordinarily there is not much water. Sandbanks do much abound above the surface, and quicksands are there to be avoided.

A creek is also long and its usual water-content small. It winds in and out among the plains hills. Steep banks lead down from an upper level to the water, which often flows from twenty to fifty feet below the general level of the valley floor. Down the inclined banks to the water is a tree growth of scrub oaks and cotton wood, and sometimes the elm. This stream is sometimes bordered by a valley. Hills on either side may rise to one or two hundred feet.

These are usually gentle in incline. Sometimes though not often, the tree growth extends out on the floor of the valley beyond the hundred-yards-across lip of the stream depression.

The rolling prairie in endless convolutions and hilly swells reach away in every direction and in every direction the horizon is a crystal clear line of sky against the curving line of the prairie. The effect on the far-reaching vista of these creeks with their fringes of stunted tree-growth, is a ranking characteristic of the plains landscape in the region I visited.

The Spell of the Plains

WHY HAS no artist ever managed to get into a picture of the plains what the eye of the beholder sees? None has done so, so far as I am aware. Why has not poet put the message to the soul of the expansive outlook of the prairie table-lands into metrical interpretation? Perhaps he has. Perhaps it is too elusive. But surely no one can catch even a true glimpse of it without wishing to pass it on.

The spell of the prairie is baffling, but it is potent. In 1886 a cattle man camped with his herd one night on a plains eminence overlooking the present town of Pawnee. The outlook was one familiar to this man, only there was more of it and in every direction. Before he broke camp next morning he registered a vow that if he ever made any money he would buy that place and build him a "ranch" (a residence) and live there. That man was Major Gordon W. Lillie, in later years known to fame in America and Europe as Pawnee Bill, head of a popular wild west show bearing his name. Major Lillie now has a beautiful home on that spot, in which he and Mrs. Lillie very graciously and kindly entertained the writer during some hours on a bitter cold day of my visit. Major Lillie wandered afar with his show and fortune smiled in gate receipts. Then he came back to his hill at Pawnee.

How God Found a Missionary.

THAT HOUSE was built by Rev. Harry Bock, Senior. But Brother Bock was not then a minister. For years he was one of the most trusted associates of Pawnee Bill in his show business. Bock went into the show as a boss trick rider and broncho buster, and

came out its master mechanic. He got converted up in Pennsylvania. When he came to build Major Lillie's bungalow he was a Christian. Bock knew and loved the Indians, with whom he had foregathered in the Wild West show stunts, so he attended our Indian church at Pawnee and joined it. In Missionary Brendal's sickness or absences he preached to the Indians. When Brother Brendal had to leave the work from health considerations, Brother Bock was ordained and became pastor. He has now served five years.

The other day when Brother Bock and I were driving thirty-five miles across the snow-covered plains in the wind and cold, he told me how, when he came to Pawnee and got upon the splendid elevation where Major Lillie's house now stands, he would every night, after he had sent all the workmen away and had no more badgering to perform, lie flat on his back on a plank and for hours just look up into the heavens. And when he did he said the immensity and mystery of it all overcame him. The cerulean vault was crystal clear, the stars shone from their wonder places far away in the undiscovered spaces of the universe, and the silent observer had a sense of being a disembodied spirit.

All this and more, far more, my companion told me as we journeyed behind his two faithful horses across the rolling, silent plains. I cannot write it all down here, but I took note that this missionary to the Indians at my side, whom God had led by so strange a path to the work of the ministry, has the soul of a poet.

The Plains, the Plains.

WHICH BRINGS me back to my effort to describe the plains. Be it known to tender-foot people that the plains are not by habit as horizontal as a lake of water. Why some writer has never taken the trouble explicitly to say this, I do not know. They are so busy telling how the eye can reach the unbelievable distances that they seem to forget that the neophyte will almost certainly conclude that it is all level as a table. Indeed the name "plains" lends itself to misconception. If the plains were not bare of tree growth, they would be in the tender-foot lore of the "East," rolling and hilly. But the plains are treeless, except for the

infrequent "creeks," and the atmosphere has a quality of purity and absolute clarity. If the reader will add these two things together, he will get the outstanding physical facts which underly the story which is written on the pages of the book of Nature in the high and immense reaches of the plateau country.

Sometimes as one journeys the plains way, he has an outlook of sixty miles. 'Way off yonder lies a long purple ribbon at the top of the general level of the plains-field. It is some hills sixty miles away, and the purple is of the earth formation and a gnarled tree-growth, painted by the pure air and the distance. Now we come to a gentle elevation and look out ahead. We see before us fifteen miles of our road, where it wanders in lower places and where it rises yonder far away, merges with

plain, and kisses the sky line, suggesting in the West's own way the mystery and majesty of the great Unseen.

The mysteries with which the plains puzzle the soul they share with no other places in Nature. Forests and fields, coverts and copses, valleys and mountains, winds and thunders have their own way of wooing the human spirit to a sense of beauty and majesty. The plains lie out before your feet, frankly, simply, openly, unpretentiously, and yet how vast the outlook of grass-clad expanse, rolling up here and down beyond and up again in a thousand swells and depressions.

This story lacks much of being finished. The rest of the general story will follow next month. Besides there are several special stories to be published when space permits.

C. E. McClellan---His Story.

L. B. WARREN, Superintendent of Church Extension.

C. E. McCLELLAN is something over six feet tall, straight as an Indian and muscled like a gladiator of ancient Rome.

And he needs his strength.

A weakling cannot walk sixteen miles through Florida sand beds, preach to the waiting people, administer the ordinance of baptism, then walk sixteen miles back to the station, lie all night on a wooden bench



The Schoolhouse Church in Florida to Which Brother McClellan Walks Sixteen Miles.

and at four a. m. catch a log train which takes him to his next appointment that he may repeat the program of the day before.

No, a weakling cannot do that, but McClellan can and did and does whenever it is necessary. He rides when and how he can, and when he cannot ride he walks, for he always gets there—there where the hungry people wait to hear him preach.

Did you ever walk sixteen miles, knowing that another sixteen commenced where the first left off? Golf sticks get heavy after the first mile or two, and gun and game bag increase mightily in weight where the sand is deep. But McClellan bore mightier burdens than gun or golf club. First of all there was



Brother McClellan and His Wife and Children.

the burden of the lost upon his heart. Then upon his shoulders was a suit case containing according to his list, 18 copies of *The Home Field*, 18 copies of *The Foreign Mission Journal*, 18 copies of *The Florida Baptist Witness* and my preaching clothes." The preaching clothes were a gift, for he says, "The good ladies of Jacksonville dressed wife and three boys and myself for a Christmas present." God bless the ladies of Jacksonville, say I, and God bless McClellan who wanted to wear his best when he told the people of his Lord.

And that baptismal service? McClellan was praying as he walked those sixteen miles to the little school house where he preached, and the Master walked with him as He walked with other loved disciples in other days, and, when McClellan preached, God moved upon the hearts of the people and "six persons were regenerated and united with the church by baptism."

And that night, waiting for the logging train? "I could not get lodging in the boarding house because they were full, so I lay all night on a bench on the porch. There was no room in the inn. I said, if the Master could take the whole world on his heart,



McClellan was praying as he walked those sixteen miles and the Master walked with him.

I can take this little corner on mine. So I laid myself and my field at the feet of my Lord and went to sleep." The next night he slept in the cooper shed of a turpentine camp.

McClellan is well paid. He preaches seven times each week, three sermons on Saturday, two on Sunday and two in the mid-week. He walks farther than a prospector and carries heavier burdens than a stevedore, but he is well paid. His salary last year was \$275 and the three boys are "farming with a friend and hope to raise a good line of vegetables this year." But his real pay is in higher coin, for he says, "My family and I have learned in whatsoever state we are, therewith to be content, and we count it all joy to endure hardship for Jesus Christ." McClellan is rich.

Yes, he is rich, and to him that hath shall

be given. He says, "God is with me in the work. It is growing and we must have a church house. If I can get the material, we can build the house."

There are many thousands like McClellan, many thousand who by lives of untiring toil, uncomplaining sacrifice and unfailing ministrations are building up the cause of God and making mighty the Southern Baptist name. But this is McClellan's story, or a part of it, and it is the need of his field which is portrayed. Secy. S. B. Rogers, Heard Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla., can tell you more of it. I can tell you more, if you want to know. And either of us can tell you how to help McClellan if you want to furnish the material for that church house he needs.

A sixteen mile walk to a church house will be shorter than the same walk to the little school house where he preaches now.

A Tribute to Altha Ira Ruby.

DR. RAY PALMER, Home Board Evangelist.

BROTHER RUBY had been on our force but a short time, but he had won his way into all our hearts. He was a splendid gospel singer, possessing a voice of rare sweetness and power. If any man ever sang from the heart, he did; he sang as one having a message from the Lord. Great congregations were held spell-bound by his soulful singing.

He was also a man of prayer; many have said to me: "When he prays, he talks to God; how I love to hear him!"

Our brother possessed remarkable poise and patience; again and again I have seen him sweet through the most trying ordeals.

In all my life, I have never known a man more devoted to father and mother; to wife and children, than was Brother Ruby.

From the first, I felt that my co-laborer was bearing some great burden; shortly before we parted he composed a poem of merit, lofty and ideal in sentiment, but shadowed by a strange sadness; and yet, at the close, I heard the ringing, of the golden bell of trustful resignation, to the sweet will of God. In that moment, I did not know its meaning, but from my present angle of vis-

ion, I believe that my comrade had a premonition of all that has come to pass.

Our last meeting in Brunswick, Md., was to close shortly before Christmas; in response to the earnest appeals of the devoted wife, Brother Ruby's heart yearned to go home. He had selected the toys for the little ones, and the presents for his companion, and had wrapped each one in an envelope of love. When we informed him that he could go a few days before the meeting closed, his face shone, like the tops of the highest hills, when kissed by the morning light. How precious was that last Christmas with his darlings, in that little home, only God knows. I shall always be a better man because in blessed fellowship I have known Altha Ira Ruby.

May the dear parents be comforted in this—that God has honored them with a son so noble, in filial devotion; may the sweet wife and little ones find strength in the knowledge that they were loved by one of the truest of husbands and noblest of fathers; and oh, may our Lord Jesus Christ be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless.

Peyote Worship among the Indians.

The Editor.



DURING A RECENT visit among several of the Wild Indian Tribes in Oklahoma in which the Home Mission Board conducts mission work, I became interested in their peyote ceremonial or worship.

My interest grew out of information from our missionaries and their helpers that the peyote ceremonial is the central religious ritual of practically all the Wild Indians in this country and also Mexico.

Besides the Peyote ceremonial the Indians still hold to several others, but they are not of such frequent occurrence and their significance seems to be less characteristically religious, except perhaps that of the Ghost Dance, which the government has recently forbidden among the Oklahoma Indians. There was the Green Corn Dance, which is now discontinued, and the War Dance, which still continues, under the name of the Gift Dance.

The Ghost Dance lasted for five days and nights. On the last night they danced all night, had prayers and chants, saw visions, beat drums, and swooned away. They claimed to see Jesus and their departed friends. Excesses in connection with this, particularly the demoralization of young men and women back from government school, has led to a recent order abolishing it.

The Gift Dance is a concomitant of the Indian tribal custom of visiting in groups from tribe to tribe. If a lot of Indians from some tribe in Nebraska or New Mexico come to see their Oklahoma friends, a Gift Dance is in order. The picture herewith shows a richly caparisoned horse, which the Pawnees are giving to a visiting tribe, the horse being only one of many gifts. These gifts often total more than \$1,000 in value. When the visitors go home, it is in order for their Oklahoma friends to visit them, and then the Gift Dance is done over for the Oklahomans.

Peyote, the Indian's Religion.

PEYOTE WORSHIP differs from all these in that its central idea is religious and its recurrence more frequent. They form groups for this ceremonial, which may meet

as often as weekly. The frequency of its celebration and its practical universality among the Wild Indians, makes it worthy of special study. It is incidentally the great institutional force through which the Wild Indians express their opposition to white man ways, particularly the white man religion. It is the tribal group custom to which Red Men's souls instinctly grope for buttress against the unrest and dissatisfaction with sin created by the story of Jesus which the missionary holds up before the tribe.

Peyote does not vindictively fight Christianity. Sometimes the missionary is even invited to its all-night seances, and



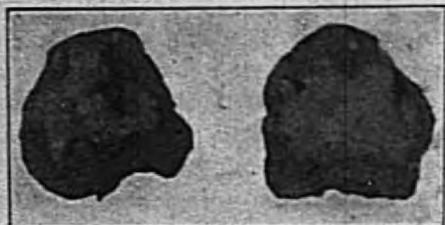
A Horse Which Pawnees Gave to a Visiting Tribe in the Gift Dance.

asked to talk to the Indians about the white man religion when the ceremonial is over, to see if he can prove that the Jesus Way is better. The Wild Indian is something of a philosopher, and more open to a new faith than most heathen. Still the peyote devotees naturally and rightly look upon the Jesus Way as the great enemy of their traditional religious performance.

The Peyote Plant.

PEYOTE WORSHIP gets its name from the peyote button, or bean, the eating of which is a regular part of the seance.

Peyote is a small cactus which grows in the lower Rio Grande Valley, mainly on the Mexican side. The plant is said to resemble the radish. The part of it used in the religious ceremonial is the button



Showing Peyote Buttons, Used By Indians in Their Heathen Worship.

which grows at the top of the plant, though in Mexico they stew the roots and drink the concoction. The picture herewith is of two peyote buttons given me by Missionary Harry Bock to the Pawnees.

The New International Encyclopaedia says in part about peyote that it is taken at intervals during a ceremony of the Indians which lasts throughout the night; that it produces a peculiar exhilaration and intensifies the imagination, producing a pleasant dreaminess, without overmastering the will power or producing a disagreeable reaction later; that the Indians regard it as a vegetable god, and prize it as a medicine.

How the Ceremonial Was Introduced.

FROM INFORMATION gathered from our missionaries, it appears that the ceremonial is not always observed with exact uniformity in all details. Missionary D. Noble Crane traces the ceremony from the time of its introduction among the Oklahoma tribes by one John Wilson, a halfbreed Caddo. Wilson taught it to all the Oklahoma tribes. He said he had died and gone to heaven, where he saw Jesus, and that Jesus told him that peyote was for the Indian and that Wilson was the apostle of Christ to the Red Man. Wilson declared that peyote was the Indian Way; that the white man's religion was the Paleface Way.

In actual practice the Indians hold peyote worship either in an octagonal "round" house or in a tepee designed for the purpose. Always the door must face the east. The tepee has the advantage of being portable. In the more elaborate observance the house has a crucifix on the top, and on the

ground floor at the center of the room a fire is kept burning throughout the seance. A horse-shoe or crescent trench is dug with the points toward the door. At the center two trenches cross and at the crossing a heart is shaped.

The Seance Portrayed.

THE HIGH PRIEST sits at the toe of the horse-shoe and the participant braves are ranged to his right and left to the ends of the shoe. Each man has a gourd to rattle and a drum to beat. This drum is either made of skin stretched over a jar one-fourth full of water, or is of a more drum-like construction. All night long (and sometimes the day before), the ceremonial proceeds.

Each man has got him up a special song for the occasion, and after the high priest prays, the person next on his right begins his weird chant, his next door neighbor to the right adding to the cheer by beating the drum, while the singer rattles the gourd. When this worshiper is through, he helps the man next to his right, and so on all night. As they chant they eat the peyote beans, slipping some of them to the women who stand ranged back of the worshipers, when not engaged in cooking outside of the tent for the big feast next morning. They eat as many as forty to fifty of the peyote buttons during the night. Before the night is over many of them swoon away and see visions, and this ecstasy seems to be the great religious summum bonum. They claim to see animals, their dead friends, and Jesus. Often they bring messages back from the spirit land when the swoon wears away.

If a creek is near, after they have had the feast next morning, they sometimes go from the feast to the sweathouses, made hot by heated stones and water, and sweat profusely. Then they take a turkey feather and put it down the throat, producing a retching and a return of the food eaten at the feast. Then they jump heels over head into a stream and bathe. By the emetic they say they are made pure within and by the sweat and bath pure without. They are now holy—too holy to talk to a white man!

Other shameful excesses of a grossly lascivious nature are habitually practiced in

the peyote ceremonial, which do not admit of description here, but which are the central reasons of the Christian Indian's shame when he tells of the Old Way from which Jesus has saved him.

Indian Wit Versus Paleface Law.

SOME YEARS AGO, Oklahoma enacted a law which was aimed at peyote worship. The State desired to stamp it out, for the reason that it debases and corrupts the Indian. Especially is this noticeable among the hundreds of young men and women, some of whom return from college only again to take to the blanket and to the peyote indulgences.

The peyote braves thought they saw their finish. They went for advice to a shrewd and unscrupulous Indian lawyer down at Shawnee. The lawyer said the law would hold all right, but he would show them how to get around it. They were to take the White Man's Bible and fix a place for it in the peyote ceremonial. That would bring peyote in as a form of real religious worship under the law.

This the peyote men promptly did. Missionary Bock sat up all night as an invited guest at a certain peyote pow-wow. He found afterwards that they were on good behavior that night so as to hoodwink him, but his story of their use of the Bible is interesting. The high priest in full regalia begins the seance by opening the Bible and putting it down on the ground before him. Then he puts on the open Bible a peyote button which he blesses and prays to. The Bible lies there all night. He never reads it. The man who led while Brother Bock was present could not read, and an examination which Bock made at two o'clock in the morning showed that the Bible was up-side down.

The peyote men have found one proof text in the Bible. It is where Paul says some eat herbs and some eat meat. The peyote man says he is the foreordained herb eater, though next morning he gorges himself on meat also, thus demonstrating, I suppose, his broadmindedness. I commend this fellow to the study of some of our learned present-day religious liberalists.

The Peyote "Church."

THE PICTURE herewith shows the high priest and before him the Bible and the peyote button on it. In less discriminating, but more impressive language than that of the Encyclopaedia, the Indian eats peyote because it makes him drunk. Now that Oklahoma is dry, it is often the only drunk which is practicable, and hence its



A Peyote Priest, with a Bible Before Him, Which He Does Not Read. On It Lies His Vegetable God, the Peyote Button.

great popularity. The drunk seems to be more like that which comes from opium than that which results from whiskey.

Since these men have introduced the Bible, so as to dodge the law, some of them have got to calling their peyote circles the peyote church. They have actually introduced the ordinance of baptism in some of these. We hope no one will tell the dear men of the Church Union leadership of this.

They seem to be grieved almost to death already over the "divided condition of the sects," and it would be cruel to add to their sorrows by telling them of the Indian "peyote churches" in Oklahoma.

What the poor benighted peyote worshipers need is Jesus, and our missionaries are winning many converts from them. If

faithful and adequate work is done, it will not be long till we can expect all our Red brothers to be happy and blessed in the knowledge of the new and better Way in which Jesus leads, in which Way the Indian becomes clothed and in his right mind, a devout worshiper, a pure man, and a good citizen.

Home Mission Receipts.

P. H. MELL. Treasurer.

STATES	MAY 1, 1915, TO FEB. 15, 1916			MAY 1, 1914, TO FEB. 15, 1915	
	General Fund	Apportionment still due Feb. 15	Evangelism	General Fund	Evangelism
Alabama	\$ 7,047.25	\$ 16,702.75	\$ 1,729.93	\$ 6,424.17	\$ 1,583.27
Arkansas	58.44	8,652.83	724.70	562.16
District of Columbia.....	737.95	1,637.05	1,906.15	1,130.30	31.00
Florida	1,391.22	4,942.05	1,289.03	3.11
Georgia	10,222.13	30,152.87	719.75	10,329.15	2,389.15
Illinois	200.00	2,966.68	1,268.91	4.00	559.77
Kentucky	26,007.58	1,700.69	207.95	13,957.86	1,994.65
Louisiana	1,552.35	7,947.65	428.10	1,288.85	1,701.84
Maryland	4,873.85	2,251.15	369.53	4,471.99	529.29
Mississippi	3,578.62	16,209.38	266.22	6,214.01	444.56
Missouri	8,611.81	6,429.87	291.56	8,560.52
New Mexico	514.35	870.65	322.05	60.09
North Carolina	9,839.53	19,452.15	2,212.56	8,810.14	1,742.33
Oklahoma	1,659.36	6,257.32	552.70	876.47	662.03
South Carolina	11,113.19	18,970.08	1,249.34	8,716.52	1,020.14
Tennessee	3,520.62	16,271.01	532.14	4,084.16	156.32
Texas	156.96	63,176.31	3,603.73	97.97	1,146.18
Virginia	13,870.43	20,171.20	1,787.36	13,791.13	4,994.13
Total	\$104,957.58	\$244,762.69	\$ 18,172.69	\$ 90,106.36	\$ 19,519.93

AT THIS SEASON many churches will wish to use our Home Mission stereopticon slide lecture. Lecture A covers the subjects, Cuba, Canal zone, Southwest, Indians, Mexicans, Foreigners. Lecture B treats Country Church, Evangelism, Church Building and Mountaineer Work. The views are unusually attractive. Each lecture has about 80 slides. No charge is made for their use except the payment of express costs. We do not loan loan stereopticons.



THE RED MAN OF THE PLAINS.

THE STORY ELSEWHERE by the editor of his visit in January to the Blanket Indian Tribes among which the Home Board is conducting mission work, gives a portrayal we believe our readers will be glad to have. Though of necessity longer than the average article, it is yet only a partial picture of the Red People and our work among them. Several special articles will follow of material secured on the trip, and an intended visit to the Civilized Tribes, which promises a rich fund of instructive information, is yet to be made.

At least two striking impressions must abide from a study of the Indians. One is that the mission work of Baptists among the Indians in Oklahoma has been and is paramount. The other is that the only hope for the Indian is Christianity, and that Christianity abundantly supplies his deepest needs, both as an individual and as a race. After having seen our Indian work, we can understand as never before the abounding faith and enthusiasm of our foreign missionaries. The gospel of Jesus works! It takes the most hopeless and depraved and clothes them with beauty, purity and strength!

Everyone has been touched by the pathos of the Indian's lot in America. Lossing's History gives a letter from a Catawba Indian Chief which admirably indicates the Indian's lot. From the little Reservation of the waning but war-famed Catawbans in South Carolina, Chief Harris, who had fought with the Whigs in the Revolution, wrote in 1822 to the South Carolina Legislature and said:

"I am one of the lingering survivors of an almost extinguished race. Our graves will soon be our only habitations. I am one of the few stalks that still stand in the field where the tempest of the Revolution has passed. I fought against the British for your sake. The British have disappeared and you are free. Yet from me the British took nothing, nor have I gained anything by their defeat.

"I pursued the deer for subsistence; the deer are disappearing and I must starve. God ordained me for the forest and my ambition is the shade. But the strength of my arm decays, and my feet fail in the chase. The hand which fought for your liberties is now open to your relief. In my youth I bled in battle that you might be independent; let not my heart in my old age bleed for want of your commiseration." The old Chief did not appeal in vain.

Paleface poetry has done little to celebrate either the courage or the pathetic lot of the Red Man. But a long search has located these expressive lines by Charles Sprague:

"Alas for them! their day is o'er,
Their fires are out on hill and shore
No more for them the wild deer bounds,
The plow is on their hunting grounds;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods;
Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children,—look, by power oppress,
Beyond the mountains of the west,
Their children go to die."

And yet there is a ray of hope amid this gloom. If the Indian wrote books, the white man would not get off so easily as he does for his deeds done to the Indian. We are sorry that he does. The truth is not always pleasant, but it is wholesome. The white man was far from perfect before the Lord in his dealings with the strange children of the forest. Whatever the white man wanted he took, if he could, and he wailed loudly before high heaven and all mankind when the Red braves wrought upon him reprisals and punishment.

And now our Red brothers are yonder on the big plains and among the great mountain spaces beyond, hedged in more and more by the paleface civilization. Two things have retarded the ultimate catastrophe of the American Indian. One is the paternalism of our Government, which is in good faith seeking to protect the Red Man from the rapacity of whites and from the pitfalls of untutored Indian feet which abide in the white man's strange economic customs.

The other is the Jesus religion, and this is by far the greater of the two in its promise of ultimate effectiveness. The government can, with more or less effectiveness, protect the Indian from the greed of adventurous whites, and can by educating him sharpen his powers of reasoning. But the kindest paternalism can not change the heart of the wild lord of the open places and make it new. Peyote worship undoes for the Indian all which education can do for him.

But Jesus cleanses his heart, and makes him adjust himself to the good in the Anglo-Saxon civilization; instead of committing suicide through its vices, while at the same time he hates the white man and his ways.

Baptists of the South will respond to the appeal we make. Since 1855 they have sent missionaries to the Indian and have shown a peculiar interest in his Christianization. But that was the day of small things. Now that we are great and strong, now that railroads carry us almost to the door of his tepee, our people are ready to stand behind the Home Board in a large and triumphant program to bring all the Red people of Oklahoma and of New Mexico—yes, and of Mississippi, North Carolina, and the Florida Everglades—into the Jesus Way.

Gone the game which was his Red Man vocation. Gone the warpath, cruel yet heroic, and friendly to the maintenance of his wild prowess. The Blanket Chief of today sits brooding in his wigwam, and feels the white-man civilization tightening around him as the constrictions of some great devouring serpent.

We have taken his life away from him. Shall we not take off of his soul the nightmare of negative brooding and hopelessness, and by the grace of God and the words of Jesus, show this big soul of the wilds how he and his people may find in our white-man day compensations more than adequate for the age-long habits which he must forsake? We can do it—we are doing it now and should do it on a larger scale—through the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ.



MISSIONARY DAY IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS MARCH 26TH.

A SPLENDID PROGRAM has been prepared for Missionary Day March 26 in our Baptist Sunday-schools throughout the South.

The lesson for that day is on Idolatry. Idolatry in heathen lands and in our own country is set forth in a striking manner.

The "Sunday School Teacher" for March contains excellent articles bearing on the subject in addition to the regular program.

In the present issue of The Home Field there is an article on "Some American Idols" in which attention is called to some of the idols that we worship.

We are expecting great results from this Mission Day in the Sunday-schools this year. The number of schools asking for literature in order to observe that

day is greater than those for last year by over 4,000. If they would average only \$10 a piece that would mean \$20,000 beyond the gifts for last year.

It is our hope that at least \$150,000 may be raised for Home and Foreign Missions on that occasion. This will be divided according to our apportionment at the rate of two for Home and three for Foreign Missions.

Of far greater importance than the money value of that day, even if we raise the \$150,000 in full, will be the mighty lesson of loyalty and worship of the one true God, Christ enthroned in the hearts of our people young and old so that we may all truly cry out,

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear, from thy throne,
And worship only Thee."



PASTORS URGED TO PREACH ON HOME MISSIONS.

HOME MISSIONS is the highest expression of Christian patriotism. In it the love of God and the love of country are wedded in a sacred bond. By all nations patriotism has been esteemed as an exalted virtue. Of how much more worth is it when purged of its dross by the consuming fire of the love of God and of lost souls!

Home Missions is an easy subject on which to preach, for the appeal of the prophet of God has at once all of the sanctions of the divine command and power and all the warrant of devotion to one's own country and people.

For several years at this period The Home Field has issued a special edition of sermon material for our pastors. Considerations of economy and of limited working force have constrained us not to do so this year. But we take this opportunity to suggest that our pastors everywhere shall during March or early in April, preach at least one sermon on this great theme.

The material is abundant. In concrete fact it expresses itself in such terms as follows: 18,000,000 persons in the South of responsible age who make no profession of religion; nearly 10,000,000 Negroes who are looking to white Christians to hold up for them the torch of knowledge and point out for them the way of hope; 150,000 Indians in the South who are mostly heathen and food for destruction from paleface vices; 4,000,000 foreigners in our section to be reached by the message of salvation by faith; thousands of communities which are inadequately provided with or destitute of gospel privileges, either from the remoteness or the newness of their environment; 16,000 Baptist churches which meet for worship only once a month, more than 14,000 of which are without a resident pastor, representing a situation which is absolutely incompatible with an adequate spiritual impact on Southern society; 9,000 churches in our Convention which are non-participant in any co-operative missionary work of our Baptist body; one-half score of false faiths which deny that Jesus is the Lord, rearing their anti-Christ heads impudently and sending forth from printing presses and platforms destructive teaching for the undoing of the people; tremendous material forces and great national wealth which are straining almost to the breaking point the uplift and religious forces of the Republic, and making a supreme challenge to American Christianity for an adequate spiritual dynamic.

Are not such facts as these enough to thrill with a holy longing and purpose the heart of every preacher of the gospel of salvation? No preacher can let his thoughts dwell upon our situation in America today without longing to appeal to his people that they shall gird themselves through prayer and faith to win a great

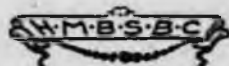
victory for Christ in such a day as this, and support with sacrificial liberality the cause of Home Missions, which is the answer of our whole Baptist body to the challenge of these needs and opportunities.

Surely there was never a time when the appeal to Home Missions should more stir the preacher and layman than the present does. Most of the civilized world beyond America is torn and bleeding almost to ruin by bitter strife. The Christian influence of these nations is reduced almost to nothing. On American Christianity the end of the ages have come, a tremendous responsibility to keep brightly burning in our civilization the light of faith and of hope, so that the world which sits in darkness, and almost despair, may see and hope and believe.

Great have been the successes of this present year of the workers of the Home Mission Board. Their labors have always been greatly blessed, but even more so in these latter days. On request we shall gladly send to pastors tracts and other material that will aid them in preparing to speak to our people on the needs and opportunities presented by Home Missions. This material is free to all who ask, though on request we will gladly name books that will stimulate the preacher, for which a charge is made. In the front rank of these we unhesitatingly place our new book, *Baptist Missions in the South*, which is forty cents postpaid in paper binding, and fifty-five cents postpaid in cloth binding.

May we urge that country pastors who reach their churches only once a month, will during March speak on this subject to each of their churches, or else early in April?

The greatness and urgency of the needs of Home Missions are presented elsewhere in this magazine. We hope no one will fail to read the appeal of Dr. Gray. Our pastors and churches have come bravely to our support at this season now for many years. We beg and plead for even larger aid during the next brief weeks to meet the urgent needs which confront us.



A New Immigration Bill.

IT IS REPORTED that a committee of Congress is again preparing a bill to restrict immigration, that the emissaries of Rome and other non-patriotic interests are fighting it, but that at present it includes the literacy test. To keep out the unlettered hordes from Catholic countries is to thwart the nefarious Romanist scheme to "make America Catholic." The bill as reported to Congress should embody the literacy test. If that is in, it will not matter much what else is out. If that is out, no amount of piling up of imposing verbiage will atone for the lack. Readers should write their congressmen and senators to that effect. It is hoped President Wilson will not again veto such a patriotic and just measure.

An Attractive Book Offer.

AS ADVERTISED before, we will on request send to pastors or other leaders a copy of *"Baptist Home Missions,"* or of *"Baptist Missions in the South,"* for examination. If it is decided to keep the books, the recipient will send us the price. Otherwise they may be returned to us. The first book is thirty cents, postpaid; the second (cloth binding), fifty-five cents. All who have accepted this offer so far have decided to keep the books. *"Baptist Missions in the South"* is developing an unparalleled popularity, both for class use and for the general reader. In a letter just received, Mrs. Sanford C. Smith, of Danville, Virginia, orders the book sent to two friends, and adds: "One of those friends is in danger of being lost to the Baptists. I do not know of a more convincing book to make her see she is now in the right place than *'Baptists Missions in the South'.*" In fact *"Baptist Missions in the South"* is a thrilling story of the Baptist mission in the South and in the nation.

Appreciated Approval.

A CLASS of more than fifty in a large church in Nashville, on finishing the study of "Baptist Missions in the South," sent through Dr. P. E. Burroughs, who taught the class, a hearty vote of thanks to the author. We appreciate warmly such approval, even though convinced that the work gained much of its convincing quality from the distinguished teacher.

Free Tracts for the Home Mission Campaign.

WE WILL GLADLY send free on request a package containing the required number of each of our Home Mission campaign tracts. Each of these is a "center shot" tract, prepared especially to give to busy people in a few minutes a great central truths about Home Missions and its present needs. Each of the tracts may be read in less than five minutes. They are as follows: "The Home Run for Home Missions" (also published in this magazine), "Giving to Home Missions—Why?" "March a Month of Home Missions", and "Home Board and Social Service." The last two are prepared primarily for our Baptist women. In ordering, state whether one each is desired for examination, or a larger package for distribution. In ordering for a church one tract to three or four members has been found effective and economical.

"It Was Easy to Get Them."

SUCCESS DEPENDS largely upon how one goes at a thing. If he goes at it with the purpose of accomplishing it, whether it is easy or not, the chances are large that he will succeed. Once he warms to the work, the difficult task becomes easy. In these few words we have told the essential story of what it takes to get subscribers to The Home Field or the denominational paper. Here is a club of subscribers just in from Evangelistic Singer J. L. Blankenship. He says: "The enclosed list of seventy-seven subscribers to The Home Field is from a church of about 200 members. It was easy to get them." It was easy to Brother Blankenship, as it is to others of our Evangelists and Field Workers and other friends, because he has made up his mind that it is a thing really worth doing. We thank God for such friends and helpers. They greatly cheer and comfort us in our work. They make possible the large usefulness of The Home Field. Next month we hope Brother Blankenship and others will tell our readers briefly how they get the subscribers. Our Honor Roll tells who some of the friends are who make The Home Field and many another good work more largely useful.

"The World by Wisdom Knew Not God."

MRS. GRAY has an article by Bishop Warren A. Candler of the Southern Methodists, in the Woman's Department, which touches convincingly one of the really great problems of civilization today. Bishop Candler is a seer. We have no doubt the Methodists are proud and grateful that they have him. Many of his utterances have a ring which could not thrill more, even if he was a Baptist. When the editor was a novice preacher, he once drove behind a mule from an association in the country to the railway station with the lamented Dr. Harvey Hatcher, who equalled his more distinguished brother, William E. Hatcher, in the greatness of his personality, and perhaps surpassed him in homely wisdom and philosophy. As we urged our mule over the rough roads, Dr. Hatcher discoursed to the effect that from the standpoint of the Kingdom, education is worse than a failure, unless it is shot through with the Christian motive. It came to us at a time when we needed just that incisive tutelage. Twenty years have passed, now social service looms large. Adapting his approach to the present danger, Bishop Candler re-affirms the abiding principle that the "world by wisdom knew not God," nor will ever know Him.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY UNION S.B.C.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT

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A Memorial for Mrs. M. J. Nelson.

MRS. T. A. MOORE, Beaumont, Texas.

FOR MORE THAN a year it has been on the hearts of many of the friends of Mrs. M. J. Nelson, whose sudden and distressing death occurred two years ago, to place her name in the Baptist Hall of Fame. After hearing Dr. L. B. Warren explain the purpose of the Memorial Fund, to be used as a Church Building Loan Fund to aid poor churches in building meeting houses, as a perpetual memorial 'o some loved one who has laid down the burden of life, some of sister Nelson's life-long friends felt that there was none more deserving of such a memorial than this dear sister, who spent her life from young womanhood to old age, in such unselfish devotion to the service of the Mas-

to contribute something to this fund and are now just waiting for the opportunity to do so, and I feel sure that a cheerful response will be made, and we will be able to raise a sum that will be worthy of the name of this lovely Christian woman.

Mississippi, where she spent so much of her early life in mission work, and New Orleans, where she labored under the State Board, will be glad to join her many friends in Texas, where she spent the last years of her life, in this laudable undertaking. Mrs. Mollie Pearson, a kinswoman of hers, at whose home dear sister Nelson died, although of different church relations to hers, expressed a desire to help in this memorial offering.

The name of sister Nelson's friends is Legion, and it is certain that it will be easy to raise this fund as a fitting memorial to her name.

How reluctant she was to lay down the burden of active service when old age was creeping upon her. It seems good that her labors of love could be continued in this way by her friends after she has gone to her rest. It would have been an unspeakable joy to her to have known before her departure that she would be remembered in this loving way, and who knows but that her joy in heaven is increased tenfold as she watches the ongoing of her work which was begun during her earthly life.

I remember she told me a dream she had when young in the work, and was very sick. An angel appeared with a scroll in his hand, and rolled off piece after piece of unfinished work, representing the many things she had begun but had not finished, and finally indicated to her that she would live to finish



Mrs. M. J. Nelson.

ter. Mrs. R. F. Coleman and Mrs. T. J. Walne, of Texas; Mrs. I. P. Lipsey and Mrs. L. F. Johnson, of Mississippi, with myself, conferred together with other dear friends of sister Nelson, and it was agreed among us that such a fund should be raised by her friends amounting to \$2,000.00, to be known as "The M. J. Nelson Memorial Fund."

Since then, many of her friends have expressed themselves as willing and anxious

them all. The dream revived her spirit and she rapidly recovered and entered her work with renewed joy and faith. Her beautiful face, her lovely spirit and her attractive personality won to her a host of friends wherever she went, and she ever used all of her personal charms to draw others to her Savior, whom she loved so dearly.

The week of prayer for Home Missions comes in March, and during that week let us begin our contributions to this memorial fund, and send all we can to Dr. P. H. Mell, Treasurer, 1004 Healey Building, Atlanta,

Ga., indicating that it is for The M. J. Nelson Memorial Fund.

Let us do something worthy of her to perpetuate the noble work she began while she was among us. We were denied the privilege of ministering to her necessities in her old age, but the Lord had better things in store for her and took her to himself. I am sure it will bring one of her beautiful smiles to her dear face in the Glory Land as she looks down upon us as we are making it possible for her work to go on till Jesus comes.

Godless Education a Poisonous Prescription.

BISHOP WARREN A. CANDLER.



WELL-BALANCED prescription, which is curative when properly compounded, may be positively poisonous if an essential element be left out of it.

This principle is as applicable to formulas and programmes prescribed for remedying social evils as it is to medical agents compounded for the healing of physical diseases. Nevertheless it is often overlooked by well meaning men, who in seeking to do good bring to pass evils which they do not intend. There are many reasons for fearing that such is the case with many who prescribe education as the panacea for all social, industrial and moral disorders.

Statesmen and reformers of all types and grades offer education as the means to cure all the ills of the social system and the body politic. They proceed on the idea that ignorance is the source of sin, and that if that fountain of evil be dried up, nothing but good will issue from the lives of men. They offer the leaves of the tree of knowledge rather than those of the tree of life for the healing of the nations, forgetting the solemn declaration of the Holy Scripture that "the world by wisdom knew not God," and that out of its godlessness flowed its abounding wickedness. Their slogan is "Knowledge is power," but that power may be good or bad according to the character of the motive and purpose back of it.

It is as certain as if it were written in the book of fate that the education which increases the power of men, without at the

same time inspiring them with the spirit of self-sacrifice for the unselfish use of their increased power will breed discontent and end in revolution.

This inevitable outcome of universal education is brought in view by one of the greatest living Scotch writers in a passage found in a recent volume in which the distinguished author discusses the effect of popular education. He says:

"All observers agree that a fundamental cause of our present social unrest has been the eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. But this fruit is about to be more largely cultivated and more generously bestowed. The education of the masses is one of the immediate advances of our social and political life.

"All educationalists have been busy discussing its problems, outlining its ideals, and suggesting the modes and means of a higher attainment. Our statesmen are pondering not only more comprehensive, but more detailed and more efficient systems of national education. Every nation has become persuaded that the battle is not to the strong, and the race is not to the swift by nature, but the battle is to the drilled, and the race is to the trained and disciplined.

"As a consequence modern ideals of education are not content with the simple rudiments of a former era. They aim at the development of the powers of the body and of the mind, the quickening of the masses, the refining of the tastes, the training of the aptitudes. But realize the effect of this uni-

versal higher education upon the habits and ambitions, and upon the work of the people. Conceive the youth of a time close at hand, who is familiar with the thoughts and the language of Shakespeare, can understand the gay worldliness and the debonair grace of Horace, is able to recall and sum up the results of the past history of his own race, and to look out on the world with an understanding of its strategic geographical positions, is not only deft in the use of tools put into his hands in the public schools, but is also quick and sensitive to things beautiful.

"What kind of life will such a youth demand? What kind of work will he aspire to do? What inevitable tasks and toils will he endeavor to escape? If any man declares that this more highly educated populace will bend its back to the work of the scavenger and the toil of the stevedore, except under the influence of religious sanction, he seems to be speaking without warrant."

Somewhat to the same purpose was an utterance of Prof. Harry Thurston Pack, of Columbia University, a few years ago. Discussing in a magazine article "Modern Education," he deprecated the idea "almost universal among our people that education in itself and for all human beings is a good and thoroughly desirable possession." Contending with this idea is fraught with "social and political peril," Prof. Peck said:

"Education means ambition and ambition means discontent. We see on every hand great masses of men stirred by a vague dissatisfaction with their lot, their brains addled and confused by doctrine that is only half truth and vaguely understood, yet thoroughly adapted to make them ripe for the work of the agitator and the enemy of pub-

lic order. Such education as these possess can never qualify for any serious role; it only makes for grievous disappointment and a final heart-break. Nor is there any moral safeguard in a limited degree of education. Quite the contrary. It only makes the naturally criminal person far more dangerous, converting the potential sneak-thief into the actual forger and embezzler and the bar-room brawler into the anarchist bomb-thrower."

Prof. Peck exemplified in the tragedy of his life and death the truth of what he said. His culture contained no moral quality to safeguard its effect, and he died as a suicide, two women claiming his body by a wife's dower right to bury her husband.

But the remedy for the dangers which Prof. Peck pointed out is not less education. A poultice of ignorance will not draw out the dangerous inflammations which afflict and imperil the social system, even if the people are willing to submit to its application. The cure must be found by restoring the religious element to the educational prescription. Hereby the educated men will be inspired to self-sacrifice and restrained from a self-centered life,—a result which religion alone can secure.

Secularized education means selfishness equipped with the greatest power to work its own ends, and that means discontent and disorder.

Secularized education is a modern thing, and even now it is confined for the most part to the United States. The experiment of such education has produced already very unsatisfactory consequences, and it promises worse results in the future.

Without the religious element the prescription of education is poisonous and perilous.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Christian education is the palladium of our liberty in America. We are so impressed with Bishop Candler's recent address upon this subject that we present it in full for our readers.

We feel sure that throughout our Southland our sisters are busy with preparation

for the "Week of Prayer." God grant that the gifts may be liberal. The needs are great. Our blessings are manifold. Our gratitude to God should seek a channel of expression through our gifts.

Will America be saved for Christ? Your gift and mine will help to answer the question.

THIRD QUARTERLY REPORT FROM TREASURER OF WOMAN'S MISSIONARY UNION, AUXILIARY TO SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.
Mrs. W. C. Lowmides, Treasurer.

November 1, 1915, to February 1, 1916		Alabama	Arkansas	District of Columbia	Florida	Georgia	Illinois	Kentucky	Louisiana	Maryland	Mississippi	Missouri	North Carolina	Oklahoma	South Carolina	Tennessee	Texas	Virginia	TOTALS
W. M. S.—Foreign	\$352.06	\$783.18	\$108.50	\$605.87	\$621.17	\$423.67	\$279.35	\$978.60	\$731.99	\$4716.42	\$1391.92	\$1424.82	\$403.66	\$3309.66	\$2521.63	\$6705.78	\$10326.92	\$46967.10	
Home	935.60	97.35	65.09	259.75	1766.90	127.47	671.05	176.43	172.81	2285.11	206.57	386.68	258.71	559.38	676.95	4022.66	749.34	13306.91	
S. S. Board	216.44	131.60	1.00	34.68	20.00	20.00	11.47	470.36	101.40	227.50	110.91	416.23	215.35	294.52	200.00	238.00	478.81	2920.05	
Training School	167.60	10.00	1.00	83.75	1382.80	22.50	13.10	13.10	1.00	95.27	26.00	104.54	187.95	4.66	377.42	167.18	160.00	215.17	
Mate. Fund	43.47	10.00	2.50	147.11	22.50	6.41	430.30	86.61	31.01	374.20	6.00	81.92	3.00	116.08	3.25	132.39	132.39	4731.80	
Y. W. A.—Foreign	37.60	10.10					64.37	21.50	25.00	13.00	32.95	25.00	41.10	1.93	1.00	69.97	340.59	5.18	
S. S. Board	34.00	7.85					6.50	24.00	1.15	48.82	2.00	1.00	66.95	17.12	1.30	235.83	399.25	1.30	
Home	10.70						3.75	3.20	2.25	1.40	1.00	1.00	11.75	65	11.75	30.43	1.00	30.43	
Training School	9.00						2.25	2.25	2.25	1.40	1.00	1.00	4.47	86.68	13.93	8.60	192.87	756.16	
Mate. Fund	1.20						1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	2.22	2.90	1.00	2.90	1.00	2.90	
R. A.—Foreign																			
Home																			
S. S. Board																			
Training School																			
Mate. Fund																			
S. B.—Foreign																			
Home																			
S. S. Board																			
Training School																			
Mate. Fund																			
Alumnae Pledge																			
Student Body																			
Totals	\$5134.91	\$1022.23	\$206.59	\$1043.42	\$10449.23	\$630.74	\$4705.09	\$1257.43	\$1335.28	\$7551.66	\$1838.21	\$2681.59	\$913.72	\$5726.46	\$3500.99	\$10966.44	\$16148.92	\$74307.63	

The above amount for the Training School includes \$1,192.34 for the Scholarship Fund.

Jubilate Offerings Reported by State Treasurer in Addition to Above.	
W. M. S.—Foreign	\$83.50
Home	79.05
Totals	\$162.55
Alabama	\$435.03
Arkansas	149.50
District of Columbia	210.45
Florida	60.92
Georgia	183.30
Illinois	151.30
Kentucky	47.83
Louisiana	10.48
Maryland	91095.73
Mississippi	10.48
Missouri	10.48
North Carolina	10.48
Oklahoma	10.48
South Carolina	10.48
Tennessee	10.48
Texas	10.48
Virginia	10.48
TOTALS	\$2610.65

Total Value of Boxes to Missionaries. \$262.18

New Mexico (Training School) \$2.25.

HOME FIELD HONOR ROLL JAN. 15 TO FEB. 15, 1916.

Rev. F. D. King, Charlotte, N. C.....	113	Miss Aretta Beswick, Kansas City, Mo... 11
J. L. Blankenship, Dallas, Texas.....	101	Rev. J. C. Owens, Asheville, N. C..... 11
Dr. W. D. Powell, Louisville, Ky.....	95	Miss Mary Northington, Marion, Ill..... 11
Rev. J. A. Scott, Stillwater, Okla.....	74	Mrs. J. M. Coleman, San Antonio, Texas 11
Rev. J. B. Pyatt, Waurika, Okla.....	39	Mrs. H. J. Council, Oxford, N. C..... 10
Rev. S. W. Kendrick, Nashville, Tenn....	34	Mrs. F. D. Bolton, Fincastle, Va..... 10
W. E. Rodgers, Muskogee, Okla.....	28	Mrs. J. W. Battle, Dothen, Ala..... 10
M. J. Babbitt, Brevard, N. C.....	24	Mrs. T. P. Carver, Dallas, Texas..... 10
Mrs. E. M. Dickinson, Washington, D. C.	21	Mrs. P. W. Odom, Dallas, Texas..... 10
Rev. J. E. McManaway, Greenville, S. C.	21	Rev. A. J. Arthur, Capitol Heights, Md... 10
Rev. J. W. Kay, Dallas, Texas.....	20	Mrs. W. L. Narramore, Prattville, Ala.... 10
E. C. Routh, Dallas, Texas.....	19	Mrs. T. W. C. Bice, Billingsley, Ala..... 10
B. F. Green, New Smyrna, Fla.....	19	Mrs. F. W. Lee, Fort Smith, Ala..... 10
Rev. C. E. Perryman, New Orleans, La... 18		S. D. Monroe, Mobile, Ala..... 10
Mrs. E. M. Mitchell, Barnesville, Ga....	16	
Rev. E. B. Atwood, Albuquerque, N. M... 16		
F. S. Carter, Smoaks, S. C.....	15	
Lellah Attaway, Saluda, S. C.....	15	
Mrs. V. B. McIlvaine, Tampa, Fla.....	15	
Rev. W. F. Fisher, Lynchburg, Va.....	14	
M. L. Harris, Ozark, Ala.....	13	
J. M. C. Duke, Portsmouth, Va.....	13	
S. M. Harrell, Coushatta, La.....	13	
Mrs. W. J. Matthews, Maxton, N. C.....	13	
Mrs. E. J. Whilden, Greenville, S. C....	12	
Mrs. L. G. Neal, Atlanta, Ga.....	12	
Mrs. Ray Palmer, Warrensburg, Mo.....	12	
Mrs. R. J. Severence, Florence, S. C....	12	
Mrs. W. W. Gilbert, Orlinda, Tenn.....	12	

NOW IS THE TIME

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A WORLD OPPORTUNITY
IS AMERICAN CHRISTIAN?
RURAL CHURCH PROBLEM
SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS**

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