

The Story of Spelman Seminary.

BY KATHERYN C. MCLROD.

This is a Bible story. It is not in the Bible, to be sure, but that is not my fault, and anyway that makes no difference. I insist that it is a Bible story. It belongs with the account of the Ethiopian and Phillip, of Peter and Cornelius, of Saul and Ananias, and the cry from Macedonia, because it tells of man's sorest need met at the critical moment by God's sure relief; because it shows that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps;" because, in fact, it so closely resembles those same stories. All it needs to make it read like a chapter from the Bible is Bible language, and that instead of saying "it chanced," we admit, as did the sacred writers, that "eternal God that chance did guide." How I would like to tell it that way—which would be something like this: There was a woman in the land of New England whose name was Packard; the same was a devout woman, one that feared God and was full of good works. And it came to pass that she journeyed into the land that was to the South, and as she was in a certain city the hand of the Lord was upon her and she was exceeding sick, nigh unto death. Now her friends heard of all this that was come upon her, and the Lord troubled the heart of one so that she rose up and came to her that was sick, and comforted her and ministered unto her, and she was healed. Now they tarried many days in that land, and the Lord opened their eyes, and behold the people were corrupt; every imagination of the thoughts of their hearts was only evil continually. And they looked and there was none to help. Then the Lord showed them that this was the work whereunto He had called them, for He said "these also I must bring and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." Then they lasted and—yes, good brethren, I expect this does sound rather like sacrilege, and I will quit. God gave those Bible writers such a sweet way though of telling life's stories; "are we better; wiser grown, that we make it not our own?"

Perhaps it seemed to others an accident that in the spring of 1880 Miss S. B. Packard, journeying South in the interests of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society of Boston, should be taken ill at New Orleans. Owing to the severity of her illness a friend from the North, Miss Giles, joined her, and during their sojourn there, and later in other places, their eyes were opened to the appalling condition of the colored women and girls. An infirmity of the flesh in another delegate of a Mission Society, some time ago, detained him among some benighted people and led to his preaching to them the gospel, (Gal. 4: 13-14). He saw the hand of the Lord in it, and in like manner did these modern disciples view this like event, for the deep impression made by what they saw convinced them that it was God's call to the uplifting and christianizing of these down-trodden people.

At home again in New England the conviction deepened into a heavy burden, and later into the very command of the Lord of the harvest. For in the stillness of sleepless nights "the angel of the Lord spake unto them" by this conviction as plainly as He did to Phillip, "saying, arise, go toward the South;" and in their ears there were voices of myriads of Ethiopians saying, "how can I understand except some man should guide me?" At length, "assuredly gathering that the Lord had called them," they arose and went.

But not at once. The resolute opposition of friends, and the distrust and hesitation of the Mission Board had to be met and overcome. Finally, however, a way was opened, and with hearts full of joy the two lone women, one of them past fifty, by faith went out from the home land not knowing whither they went.

The State of Georgia had been suggested as a place where no education had been provided for colored women, so at Atlanta they stopped to reconnoitre. Concluding to interview a colored Baptist minister whom they knew by name, they sought out his home and knocked for admission. There was some delay before the door was finally opened by the brother himself. When he learned whence they came, and their mission, his dark face became radiant with joy. "Why I was on my knees when your knock came," he exclaimed, "praying that God would send help for the colored women of Georgia. I've been praying for it for years, and while I called it answered." This good brother, known as Father Quarles, at once offered them the only available place for a school-room, the basement of his church, a dark, dingy room, breathing out threatenings of malaria from its damp walls and floor.

Thankful, however, for even this encouragement, they began canvassing for pupils. Many whom they visited found in them an answer to the same prayer Father Quarles had so often sent up. One, with tears rolling down her cheeks, said, "I've been a-prayin' dese years dat de Lord He'd sen' us poor col'd folks teachers, fer we's in de dark an' de chilluns in de dark, an' now He's done did it!" To all such the two sweet-faced women seemed as angels sent direct from heaven.

Early in April, 1881, a few weeks after their arrival, school was opened with eleven pupils, the majority mature women. Within three months they numbered eighty. Father Quarles, in his anxiety to aid them, risked his southern constitution in a northern winter seeking money for their support, and while in New York laid down his life for his friends.

All through the heat of a Georgia summer they remained at their post laboring to arouse an interest in the school, and in October were enabled to re-open with one hundred and seventy-five pupils. One-third of these ranged from twenty-five to fifty years of age, and had experienced the sorrows of slavery. Many of them came out of great tribulation and through much persecution, walking seven and eight miles even in the severest weather.

At this time the two brave teachers were without means of support, but the field was white to the harvest, and they felt that He who directed them to it would not fail nor forsake them. Their surroundings at this time did not tend to elevate their spirits. The floor of their room was loose, decayed, and broken through in many places. The seats were hard plank benches. No desks, blackboards, or other school apparatus were possessed, and the smoke was often so thick that it was hard to distinguish teachers from pupils. One class occupied the coal-bin as a recitation room, and the class in arithmetic explored the science of numbers by means of broken twigs or grains of corn.

Amid such discouragements, which would have daunted less heroic natures, they persevered until definite support was assured and they were enabled to return North at the close of the second year to solicit aid in carrying on the work. They were on their way to Cincinnati when circumstances arose which made it impossible to proceed. As puzzled as Paul and Silas probably were when they "assayed to go into Bithynia and the Spirit suffered them not," they waited and pondered ways and means.

They did not know that back in Atlanta a pupil, who understood the need of better school accommodation, whose cabin faced the grounds and unused buildings of the old barracks, was standing daily in her door, and with her eyes upon the delectable land, was saying "Lord de yearth be yours an' all dats in it; just gib us two or three o'dem ar builden's fo' de school." She knew it meant the payment of thousands of dollars, but nothing daunted she continued her pleading:—"de silber an' de geo' be your; I dunno how its gwine be done, but Lord, you knows."

He did know. While the baffled travellers awaited developments there came an urgent invitation from a friend in Cleveland, Ohio, to come and advocate their cause in the church of which he was pastor, and they went. After the service a man whose keen eyes had searched the earnest faces of the two women, and whose pockets had been emptied of no mean burden in response to their plea, greeted them and asked abruptly "are you going to stick? if you are, I'll do more for you." They signified their intentions in that line, and from that moment the future of Spelman was assured.

School opened the next year with two more teachers, more pupils, and urgent need of better quarters. The matter was laid before the Home Mission Board, and the reply suggested that they try for the barracks, the board agreeing to purchase it if a given sum was raised. Thanks to the man whose silver and gold was also the Lord's, who had been guided to their meeting the year before in Cleveland. The property was secured and the school moved to one of the most delightful locations in Atlanta, and down in her cabin that faced the barracks the colored auntie, whose faith was great, sang "come, brudders, hololujah shout wid all yo' might an' main!" as she packed up to emigrate to her promised land.

Five frame buildings now enable them to open a boarding department. About this time the agent of the John Slater Fund granted two thousand dollars to the school, and industrial education was added to its instruction. On its third birthday the enrollment was five hundred and thirteen. More room soon became a serious question, and again the man who had emptied his pockets at their first appeal came to their relief, and a handsome new brick building soon graced the campus. Through all the history of the school this man has remained its friend indeed, because its friend in every time of need. Three other brick buildings—a four storey normal building, a laundry, and a steam plant—owe their erection to his generosity. They kept their promise to stick to the school, and he kept his. Verily "He led them forth by the right way" when the Lord guided them to Cleveland to meet John D. Rockefeller. Other friends with consecrated means have gathered around the school, whose sympathy and aid have brought its leaders through many a time that tried their souls.

The school which fifteen years ago began in a coal-bin has to-day six fine brick buildings, four frame dormitories and a frame hospital. It bears the name of Mrs. Rockefeller's father, a man who was for years the firm friend of the colored people. The courses of instruction are a primary and intermediate, which form the normal practice school, normal training, nurse training, academic, missionary training, college preparatory, and industrial. Its Faculty of two has increased to forty. More than six thousand five hundred girls and women have gone out from its doors to do effective service and become centres of influence for good in their own communities. Three

missionaries have been sent to Africa, and several others await appointment. And as the good work the school has done and is doing is recognized by the better Christian element of the community, the demand for its trained nurses and those fitted by the industrial training for domestic service, far exceeds the supply. "This is the Lord's doing," is the conviction of all who witnessed the beginning with its opposition, and have noted the divine blessing which, in spite of continued prejudice, has so signally rested upon this institution.

In 1891 its heroic founder, Miss Packard, entered into her rest. But her memory, and the influence of the life that was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, still lingers in Spelman and is felt in the lives of those for whom she spent her energy. Her fellow-laborer, Miss Giles, now superintends the school.

Religious training has always been prominent at Spelman. In all lines the school aims to uplift the colored race from their ignorance, superstition and vice, by sending out to them trained and educated women to make refined, pure homes, which shall be object lessons wherever planted. Some idea of how that training is accomplished you may gain, perhaps, when I tell you about "A day at Spelman."

Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

Sights and Sounds in India for Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:—

Northward ho! Northward, our jinricksha rolls, and we are half way to Bobbili. Vizianagram is ten miles behind and we have struck our lights for an all-night ride toward the north star.

"Do these coolies love Jesus?" Marion asks. "I am afraid they do not," we are forced to reply. "Why don't they love Jesus?" she persists, with sad voice. She is beginning to feel a part of that burden which rests upon us all, and which made our Saviour weep on Olivet. "Papa, you must tell them about Jesus," she exclaims, with an authority which I dare not resist. Therefore the jinricksha is stopped, and the coolies are told the story of the cross.

About thirteen miles north of Vizianagram we turn to the left, pass in under the tree to a Travellers' Bungalow, and startle Mr. Sanford from his evening reverie. He, with a number of native helpers, is here on a preaching tour. The name of the place is Gajapatanagaram. After an hour's conversation we bid him adieu and go on our way with a new set of coolies. But soon we are obliged by our child's entreaty to stop in the road and tell them too about the Saviour. Again the discovery is a sad one: They do not love Jesus. She cannot dismiss the thought from her mind, and asks again and again, with pain and surprise, why they do not love Him. At length wearied with asking innumerable questions, her face is upturned to the stars, and she falls asleep in her mother's arms.

On the right hand the moon rises to brighten our journey. A long hill intervenes, but we soon pass out of its shadow, blow out our lights, and rejoice in the moonlight as in the light of morning. Indeed to us the moon is more congenial than the sun. We regard the former as our friend, but the latter as our foe. After the glare and heat of a torrid day the beams of a full moon on the cool and balmy air of night are delicious beyond expression.

Boys often run to see the moon run after them. So the welcome orb follows us to the north and shows us all the way, like the pillar of cloud that was a pillar of fire, by night to light Israel through the wilderness. About two hours before sunrise, when the moon is directly over our heads, we come to a halt, where the road turns off to the right.

With our faces toward the northeast, let us stand for a moment at the junction of these two roads. On the corner before us is the front yard of a dwelling house. It is protected from the road by a low wall. Over the wall is a well, whose circular curbs reminds one of pictures I have seen of Jacob's well in Sychar. Near the well are a number of young coconut trees, whose fronds are gently rattling in the breath of the morning watch. Through the trees, gleaming in the light of the moon, are the white pillars of the verandah. On the west of the lawn a gate opens out upon the road, which runs north and south. On the south of the lawn a gate opens out into the road, which runs east and west. This road leads into Bobbili town and this corner lot, at which we have been looking, is Bobbili mission compound. We take the road toward the east, turn in at the south gate, drive up to the south door and waken the missionaries, with the noise of our arrival. They are soon out to meet us, and give us as hearty a welcome as if we had not disturbed their slumbers.

On Sunday we all go out to the south gate, turn to the left toward the morning sun, and enter the town. On our way we pass the fort of the wealthy Rajah, who, like a petty feudal king, owns all the land for many miles around. On one of the main streets in the heart of the town is the new chapel, which Mr. Churchill has nearly completed. It serves both as a house of worship and as a school-house for Mrs. Churchill's Caste girls school. To this school come the daughters of many proud Hindus. Here they learn to read the Bible and are taught about the Saviour. Neither their mothers, nor their

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