

Spelman Seminary.

BY MABEL H. PARSONS.

(Continued.)

We have twelve departments of instruction. A girl may secure her degree of Bachelor of Arts in the college course in affiliation with Atlanta Baptist College of which Dr. George Sale, a Canadian, is President. Diplomas are given when assigned work is completed in the Teacher's Professional course; the Christian Workers; College Preparatory; Academic; Printing; Dress making; Nurse Training; Cooking; and the Industrial Arts. Washing, ironing, sweeping, dusting, plain sewing and mending are embraced in the term "Industrial Arts." In all 685 diplomas have been given in the twenty years of the school's existence.

Most important is it that these girls shall learn the art of home-making; many and frequent are the lessons along this line. Spelman is fairly land to a large proportion coming to her. Windows are a revelation to many new pupils and the scrupulous and enforced cleanliness, quite an unique experience. Following these practical precepts, comes the lesson of passing on the blessing. A transformation takes place in many a home when the daughter returns from Spelman. The light of freedom dawned too late for the elderly women, but to the present generation—the bright ambitious girls in our care—all the good things of civilization are possible. Through them is being wrought a mighty work; not of an ephemeral nature but of uplifting power for the many millions in America and throughout the dark continent. The spiritual life of the school is exceedingly beneficial. Half hour services are held morning and evening. We have a Temperance Society, a Congo Mission Circle, a Y. M. C. Association, The King's Messenger Band, a Dorcas Club, Mother's Meetings, Sunday School and seven Christian Endeavor Societies. Much aid is given needy and sorrowing families of the city by active members of these bands. The older girls and women do what is possible to uplift the humanity of the slums. When frosty weather comes, the suffering is intense: the poor are so inadequately prepared for the cold. Once our Christian workers found a little girl, about seven years old, whose clothes, badly tattered and torn, were fastened around her with nails. She belonged to no one and was begging from door to door. By her new friends she was placed in the Orphans' Home near us and now no longer forlorn, she has every chance to grow into a good womanhood.

Great responsibility rests upon the forty-two teachers of this institution. In the education of the threefold nature, the supreme significance of soul service is ever in view. Above and through all else, the pupils are versed in the Bible. Rankin says that the Scripture learned at his mother's knee, was more to him than his university course. The prayer of all interested in Spelman is that her daughters shall be endowed with the spirit of him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. When they leave this Christian school to perform life work, their chances are innumerable for repeating the lessons learned here. One experience stands for many. A graduate went to teach in a country place where only one sermon was preached in six weeks, no service being held in the interim. Eat, drink and be merry was the motto and practice of this hamlet. At first, strenuous effort was made to entice the "new teacher" to join in the hilarious gaieties of the village, when she gave decided refusal prejudice was bitter against her as being proud and too lofty. In trying to do right had she made a mistake and lost the opportunity of helping these—her people? Oh! for the wise advice of loving hearts at Spelman! Alone she must fight and win. "Fear not for I am with thee." Only by much patience and tact did she gain the love and confidence of her pupils. She bettered the condition of the school room so devoid of comfort and teaching appliances. That her scholars spent little time in perfecting their toilets, was early forced upon her. How to rectify without giving deep offence, was an enigma. One day she arranges her hair in a new and pretty style. Calling attention to the change, it was admired by the pupils upon which she suggested that all the children make their hair pretty also. She thought this awakened interest in their personal appearance would demand the use of soap and water, comb and brush, nor was she disappointed. Other improvements followed till all were anxious to appear clean and tidy. Through her winsome ways with the little ones, the hearts of the mothers were won, and Saturday afternoon meetings were started for them. At first these were entirely of a religious nature when our friend would give a Bible reading such as she had heard at Spelman. These poor unfortunate souls born to slavery, with no chance whatever to be ought but what they are, gradually unburden their hearts to this young teacher who tells them of higher, nobler things than they have known. Then are the homes welcome to her and oh! what a vista opens! her knowledge of industrial arts is put into practice for now that they are fully assured of her friendship and sympathy, all the advice is received in the like spirit as

given. Gaining ground she organized a Sunday School, a Temperance Society and a Mission Band. The men learned what they never knew before—the pity of it—that it was wrong to drink: wrong to spend money for what steals away their brains.

Into a figurative den of lions do some of our dear girls go. The salary in a southern country school district is small and uncertain—as a Reformer she receives no pay, but joy is hers because of the changed condition of the people. Every community into which a Spelman girl has gone to teach, shows her good influence. Among other things, she instills admiration and desire for Spelman which bring others to the Seminary. Such good results cause us to realize that God blesses our endeavors. Twenty-six have been converted this year, the number was seventy-six at the close of the last school year.

The history of Spelman reads like a romance. Twenty years ago two superior women Miss Packard and Miss Giles, left homes of comfort in the North and came to this South land here to live and labor for the women of a down-trodden race. Father Quarles, an earnest preacher, had for years prayed that the Lord would send helpers to uplift his people. One day while in his study at the church there came a knock. From his knees the aged pastor arose to greet these women—to welcome the answer to his prayer! They were without money or promise of any, for their friends had deemed the undertaking heroic but unwise and one soon to be abandoned. Father Quarles could offer them but the basement of Friendship Church where he preached—a low, damp, dark, smoky place but the next morning found eleven pupils there assembled. Very soon the number increased, the room filled—overflowed so that another teacher coming some months later was obliged to take the coal bin as her domain. Nearly two years did this continue till people in the North, aroused to the realization that a grand work was begun, sent help to these brave workers. At a large public meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, where Miss Packard spoke, Mr. Rockefeller happened (?) to be present. Impressed by her statements regarding the vast field of labor and its pressing needs, he asked for an interview when he put to Miss Packard this question, "Do you intend to stick?" Her reply gained the school a life long friend. Soon after this, they moved from that unattractive basement to the present grounds to occupy the old wooden buildings, formerly barracks. During my first year here I had charge of one of these historic houses wherein were fifty girls. Many were the stories my sister and I heard of the "haunts" of the soldiers. Their belief in ghosts is firm and their wonder unceasing at our incredulity.

The school was named for Mr. and Mrs. Spelman, the parents of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. The large flag which last Founders Day—April 11th, floated from Giles Hall, our highest building, was the gift of Miss Spelman sent in memory of the 91st birth-day of her mother, now in Heaven. With Miss Packard she watches from above. Miss Giles is with us and our prayer is that she may long be our blessing. We cannot fancy Spelman without her sweet influence and queenly presence.

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The Pity for Pain.

If we were called on to mention the principal emotional characteristic of our present civilization, we should unhesitatingly say that it is the pity for pain. One has only to consider what appeals most readily to touch the sympathies and the pockets of the masses of people to realize that it is just this pity for physical suffering. You may describe at length the spiritual destitution and degradation of multitudes and your words will awaken little emotion, but recount instances of physical suffering and the response will be immediate. There is not a missionary society to-day in the United States that does not find it increasingly difficult to support its preachers and teachers, but let an appeal be made for famine sufferers in Russia or India and money flows forth like water, even though the public is aware that the need is grossly exaggerated, and that its contributions are simply relieving a great Government like that of Russia or Great Britain from doing its full duty.

Compare the attitude toward pain taken by that thoroughly wholesome and sane writer, Sir Walter Scott, with the average sentiment of our present society and you will at once see the difference. We do not recall a paragraph of Scott's in which he magnifies sympathy with physical suffering. He sees it and sympathizes with it. But from his point of view suffering is something to be overcome and conquered in the pursuit of love or honor; in the devotion of man to his fellow, or in loyalty to a great cause. We cannot imagine one of Scott's heroes weighing the pain it would cost him to be true to his purpose. He knows it, but he does not think of it. It does not influence him in the least.

The popular theories of home-training and of education have been greatly modified within the last fifty years by this cult of pity for pain. Many parents cease to insist that their children shall acquire habits that will be of permanent advantage because some element of discom-

fort may be involved in the acquisition. The problem set before many of our teachers is that of discovering how the child may learn the most with the least possible discipline of his powers which is always more or less painful.

We think that it could be shown that this pity for pain has arisen in part from the response of the human mind to the Christian doctrine of human brotherhood. Uhlhorn has shown, in a masterly fashion, how the early Christian preaching introduced love into a loveless world. But he has also shown how that sympathy embraced the spiritual as well as the physical needs of men, always making the spiritual primary. Why is it that our modern civilization so over emphasizes the physical? May it not be that the reality of the pains and satisfactions of the spirit make a far less impressive appeal to the modern man than the sufferings and pleasures of the body? Is not the transfer of emphasis from the spirit to the body one of the most subtle manifestations of the materialism, which is stirred so much more deeply over the Prodigal's rage and husks than over his alienation from his home and his evil life?—Watchman.

Baby's Grave.

Amid all the whirl and dizziness of life's tragedy, in which creation seems to be but one great cloud, I find myself suddenly brought to a sweet baby's grave. A gray old church, a gurgling stream, a far-spreading thorn-tree on a green hillock, and a grave on the sunny southerly side. That is it. Thither I hasten night and day, and in patting the soft grass I feel as if conveying some sense of love to the little sleeper far down. Do not reason with me about it; let the wild heart, in its sweet delirium of love, have all its own way.

Baby was but two years old when, like a dewdrop, he went up to the warm sun, yet he left my heart, as I have seen ground left out of which a storm had torn a great tree. We talk about the influence of great thinkers, great speakers, and great writers; but what about the little infant's power? Oh, child of my heart, no poet has been so poetical, no soldier so victorious, no benefactor so kind as thy tiny, unconscious self. I feel thy soft kiss on my withered lips just now, and would give all I have for one look of thy dreamy eyes. But I cannot have it.

Yet God is love. Not dark doubts, not staggering argument, not subtle sophism; but child death, especially where there is but one, makes me wonder and makes me cry in pain; Baby! baby! I could begin the world again without a loaf or a friend if I had but thee; such a beginning, with all its hardships, would be welcome misery. I do not wonder that the grass is green and soft that covers that little grave, and that the summer birds sing their tenderest notes as they sit on the branches of that old hawthorn-tree.

My God! Father of mine in the blue heavens, is not this the heaviest cross that can crush the weakness of man? Yet that green grave, not three feet long, is to me a great estate, making me rich with wealth untold. I can pray there. There I meet the infant angels; there I see all the mothers whose spirits are above; and there my heart says strange things in strange words—Baby, I am coming, coming soon! Do you know me? Do you see me? Do you look from sunny places down to this cold land of weariness? Oh, baby, sweet, sweet baby, I will try for your sake to be a better man; I will be kind to other little babies, and tell them your name, and sometimes let them play with your toys; but, oh, baby, my old heart sobs and breaks.—Joseph Parker.

A Cheerful Look Exceptional.

Examine the first twenty faces that you meet going through the street, and nineteen out of the twenty faces have either an anxious look, or a severe look, or a depressing look, or an avaricious look, or a sneering look, or a vacant look. Here is missionary work for those who have trouble. Arm yourself with gospel comfort. Let the God who comforted Mary and Martha at the loss of their brother, the God who soothed Abraham at the loss of Sarah, and the God of David, who consoled his bereft spirit at the loss of his boy by saying, "I shall go to him;" the God who filled St. John with doxology when an exile on barren Patmos, and the God who has given happiness to thousands of the bankrupted and persecuted, filling them with heavenly riches, which were more than the earthly advantages that are wiped out—let that God help them. If he takes full possession of your nature, then you will go down the street a benediction to all who see you, and those who are in the tough places of life, and are run upon and belied, and had their homes destroyed, will say, "If that man can be happy, I can be happy; he has been through troubles as big as mine, and he goes down the street with a face in every lineament of which there are joy and peace and heaven. What am I groaning about? From the same place that man got his cheerfulness I can get mine. Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God."—T. DeWitt Talmage.