

Pray.

Is thy heart very sore
At close of busy day?
Think for thyself no more,
But go and pray.

Is the road hard and long?
Do sorrows block thy way?
Leave then the pressing throng,
Retire, and pray.

Do bitter loss and pain
Stand mocking thee to-day?
From such, steal thou away
And go and pray.

Does labor seem in vain,
And work bring little pay?
Win strength to try again,
Go, friend, and pray.

Do foes rise up against thee?
Care not what such may say,
Thou hast a Friend in heaven
Who aids thee pray.

Is darkness all thy light?
He gives the gladsome ray.
This blackness shall not fright
If thou but pray.

And if thou ask in faith
He will not answer nay,
But even as He saith;
Then go, and pray.

Even God's Holy Son
When weary in life's fray,
Sought oft a quiet hour
To rest, and pray.

Are we above our Lord?
Who would dare so to say?
Then walk where He has trod,
And like Him, pray.

—ANNIE E. FATCH.

Spelman Seminary.

BY MABEL H. PARSONS.

(Concluded.)

Four days last November were devoted to the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the school and the dedication of MacVicar Hospital, Morgan Hall, Reynolds Cottage and Morehouse Hall. Hundreds came to review with us the past and praise the Lord for his marvelous goodness. Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Coleman, Dr. Morgan, Dr. Morehouse and other officers of Home Missionary Societies in Boston and New York, gave finished addresses; Dr. and Mrs. MacVicar of Virginia Union University, Dr. Osborn, President of Benedict, and other noted workers spoke on such subjects as, Spelman's Aims; The General Survey of Spelman's Twenty Years; The Work of Negro Women in the Home, in Public Schools, in Society, in church and Missionary Activities; and Hospital Work for Women. Many of these addresses were published in our valued little monthly, "The Spelman Messenger" edited by Miss Werden, a native of Ontario. I regret that it is no longer in my power to send this paper to friends in the Provinces. Interesting discussions took place at each gathering when the conditions of the Negro race, past and present, gave food for reflection. The experience of many alumnae present testified to the refining and powerful influence of their Alma Mater. The occasion was most inspiring and all felt encouraged and strengthened; felt also a glow of pride at being connected with so noble an institution.

Six of "Spelman's loyal daughters," as our school song has it, have gone as missionaries to Africa, while others are fitting themselves for life work on that Continent. Miss DeLaney, a graduate in the Academic, Nurse Training and Christian Workers Departments, is now on her way to Michuru, near the Zambesi river. She has taught several years in Georgia and Florida. For some months, while the colored convention was awaiting the necessary funds to send her, Miss DeLaney visited the churches explaining the missionary work and the needs of Africa and becoming well known to the home laborers. A native Christian and his wife are now at the station assigned to her and for some time she will probably be the only foreigner. We are glad she is to be under the English flag, bless its protecting power!

Among those who during 1901 were called from us to enter into the Hostel of Rest, was Mrs. Whaley, a dear old auntie and most familiar figure on the Campus. She was one of the first pupils, attending faithfully ever since the memorable days of the basement. We miss her warm expressions of gratitude, her happy countenance, her kindly words of sympathy and encouragement, but most of all do we miss her prayers—such marvelous petitions—never to be reproduced. She said once to me, "I can't pray grammar, Honey, but the Lord knows what I mean, and always sends the blessing."

This, my third year at Spelman, finds me more enthusiastic regarding the profession of teaching and more fond of this particular work and I welcome the days and their duties. To be associated with so noble a band of consecrated women as compose the teaching staff, is in itself a benediction. Numerous are the openings for pointing out the true from the false, of proving what is

worth while, of teaching practical religion, of building strong, pure characters, of guiding those intrusted to us into a noble womanhood. My Sunday school numbers thirty-five, six of whom have been converted this year, and now all are one mind in Christ Jesus.

My classes are English Language and Literature in the Academic Department and in the adjacent Atlanta Baptist College. The Senior Academic class work this year is the study of Silas Marner, selected poems from Tennyson and the Merchant of Venice. Note books are filled with items of literary interest and a brief sketch of the English writers since Chaucer, with quotations from each. Ivanhoe and Tale of Two Cities are read out of class. Frequent papers are required. The sixteen graduates of last year wrote essays on various subjects. Four only—Tennyson's 'The Princess,' Optimistic View of Millionaires; Pictures and their Power; The Poetry and Dignity of Labor—were read commencement day. Sermons, lectures, addresses heard and noted are given me as class work; after correction, they are placed with Miss Upton's Sunday morning Bible Readings, in note books, safe for future reference when these pupils go out as workers on home or foreign fields.

Many eminent men and women visit us speaking of their special labors. Among these have been Dr. Torry, Rev. A. C. Dixon, Countess Shlimmelman, who has told the story of Christ in seven languages, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Commander Booth Tucker, Mr. Hadley, of the Jerry McCauley Mission, Rev. Chas. Sheldon, Mrs. M. F. Crawford, who since girlhood has labored in China, and now at the age of seventy longs to return to give the remainder of her days to that people. Mrs. Howard Taylor recently inspired a deeper interest in our hearts for the China Inland Mission. Two thousand missionaries and native helpers are supported though not a single appeal has ever been made for assistance. Prayers made in secret are rewarded openly: the Father supplies all their needs.

My particular guests have been Dr. Young, formerly Professor at Acadia, and Miss Annie MacLean. Dr. Young is at Athens, Ga., where he has entered upon the ninth year of a very successful pastorate. It has been my pleasure twice to visit with his family. Miss MacLean is now Dean of Stetson University, DeLand, Florida, affiliated with Chicago University; professors and students may winter in DeLand with no break in the line of their pursuing.

In a volume lately perused, these closing words of a prayer have stayed with me. "When Christ has forgiven us, help us to forgive ourselves! Help us to forgive ourselves so fully that we can even forget ourselves remembering only Him! and so let thy kingdom come; we ask it for the King's sake, Amen."

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Destruction by Fulfillment.

There are two ways by which a system or an organism may be destroyed. One is by blight, or ruin, or general desolation. Some storm comes; some overwhelming opposition presents itself; some wave of annihilating power sweeps over it, and it is gone. Where it was it is not, and what it was it never again shall be. Nature is full of the records of such destruction, and the pathway of history is strewn with the wrecks it has left behind. The other is the more benign, beneficent, blessed way of fulfillment. The dawn goes, but it was swallowed up in the glory of the morning. The boy is lost, but the man takes his place. The bud is destroyed, but it is preserved in the unfolding leaf or fragrant blossom or perfected fruit. The system is set aside, but only because it merges into something larger, better, grander, which is its fulfillment, and of which it was a prophecy.

It seems a somewhat surprising thing that the first one to grasp this principle, in respect to the religion of Jesus Christ, as related to the Hebrew cult, was the humble martyr Stephen. Peter did not get it until afterward, nor did John, nor any of the others. But Stephen seems to have been lifted to a lofty plane of vision, and saw things as they were. We have heard him speak against this holy place, the unborn witnesses said, meaning the temple, and against the customs of Moses. Well, doubtless they had, only not as they reported it. One can lie in the manner of a report, while being truthful as to its substance. He had spoken against Herod's temple and against Moses' law. But it was only because in opposition to both he set Jesus Christ. The temple sacrifice was needed no more since the world's offering had been made. Moses' ceremonial had no more a place, since He, of whom it was prophetic, had proclaimed and wrought out his mission. There was destruction of both, but it was the destruction of enlargement, of unfolding, of fulfillment for both. And Stephen led, taught by the Holy Spirit, was great enough, clear-visioned to catch and hold the thought.

There is something worth thinking about in all this for us all. We grieve sometimes at what seems destruction when it is only fulfillment. The mother mourns when her baby boy comes to put away his childish things, when she should rejoice at the coming of a man. We lament

over the frustration of some plan, when the rather we should be jubilant over a larger and a better. We bemoan sometimes the disappearance of dear ones into the unseen, and think it blight. If we could see clearly we should hail their advent there, and deem it fruitage. For the things seen are temporal, the things not seen eternal. All here then is plan, is bud, is preparation, and for it to give place to structure and fruitage, and completion, is not blight but benediction. It is not the destruction that sweeps away, but the perfection that fulfills.—The Commonwealth.

A Discriminating View of God's Love.

There is much talk above the love of God in our day, but much of it is of a very indiscriminate character. The Scripture writers are exceedingly careful as to its designations and its applications. They employ it at times to signify God's nature in certain aspects; at other times to express his sympathy for humanity in its sufferings and needs; again, to set forth his peculiar interest in, and regard for, his faithful and devoted people; in another respect, to denote his choice of those whom he has made the objects of his distinguishing favors from all eternity; under other conditions, to represent his temporal goodness, in which the good and the bad alike share; in a still farther and peculiar sense, to portray that complacency or delight, which he has in those who are, as his covenant seed, doing his will in this life, and who are to enjoy his approval and exaltation in the world to come. The Bible student, who is careful to note distinctions in statement and relation, as well as the considerate thinker, who desires to have an intelligent comprehension of truth, should have these distinctions as they apply to God's love definitely in mind as a regulating factor in his thinking and in his experience. He will thus avoid much confusion of thought, and be better able to understand God as he is revealed in his Word and in his grace.

In answering the question, Does God love all men? much depends upon the kind and extent of the love intended by the interrogator. If he means, Does God love all men alike, in the same degree, and without discrimination, we are compelled by a proper Scripture exegesis to give a negative answer. On the other hand, if the inquiry has reference to God's love of goodness and benevolence, whereby he causes his sun to shine upon the just and upon the unjust, and permits all classes of mankind to participate in the bounties of his Providence, or to enjoy, in their measure and relation, the provisions of his beneficent government, an affirmative reply may be given. But when it comes to his love as a matter of distinguishing grace and personal delight in individuals, all are not alike its recipients. The Bible constantly makes a distinction between those who please him and those who do not. It speaks of those who are the heirs of his salvation, and those who are not. Christ tells us of those whom he calls, in a peculiar and special sense, "his own." In his great intercessory prayer, he mentions them as those whom the Father hath given him; whom he would have God keep unto the heavenly Kingdom; to whom he would have him extend the same delight and interest as he did to him; whom he would have one in him, as he and the Father are one, that they all might spend a spiritual and eternal existence together. Here we perceive a love of the highest value and of marvelous character. It is eternal, unchangeable, unique, gracious and spiritual. It is the result, first, of divine choice; second, of divine drawing; third, of divine preparation; and fourth, of divine exaltation. It had its origin in the councils of eternity, and finds its manifestations in the regeneration and sanctification of the believer, in his Son, Jesus Christ, as well as in the glorification of the body and soul in God's own good time and way.

The glory of this predestinating and redeeming love of God lies in the fact that, as far as the recipients are concerned, it is undeserved. It takes hold of the sinner in his sins, puts into him the inclination to repent and accept the offers of salvation tendered him in the gospel, aids him all along his Christian career, and ensures his final entrance in the everlasting habitation. Over it, and through it runs the song of redemptive and perfecting love. He who becomes a partaker of its bounties not of merit, but of sovereign and amazing grace.—Presbyterian.

It makes a good deal of difference whether you take hold of God, or God takes hold of you. Said a father: "My little girl to day refused to let me take hold of her hand when we were walking together: she thought she should go alone. But when we came to a place which was slippery, she took hold, first of my little finger, and then, as it grew more icy, of my whole hand. As we went on, and it was growing worse, she let go entirely, and said: 'Papa, take hold of me.' She knew I was strong, and that she could not fall unless I fell. Now," said he, "I have been slipping, slipping for the last eleven years, and the reason is that I have not put my hand into the hand of God. I have been trying to take hold of him, but not asking him to take hold of me. As long as he has hold of my hand I can't fall. He would have to be dethroned first. If our hands are placed in his whose throne is in heaven, we can never fall down into hell."—D. L. Moody.