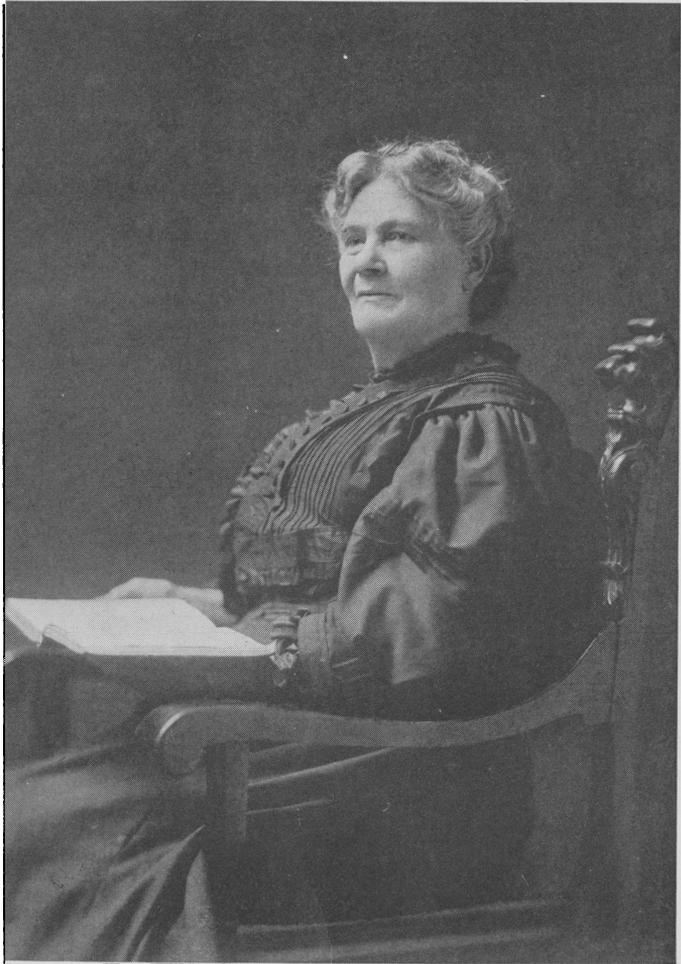


Heart Thoughts



MRS. H. B. FOLK

Heart Thoughts

PAPERS *and* ADDRESSES

By
Mrs. H. B. Folk

*As in water face answereth to
face, so the heart of man to man*

— *The Book of Proverbs*

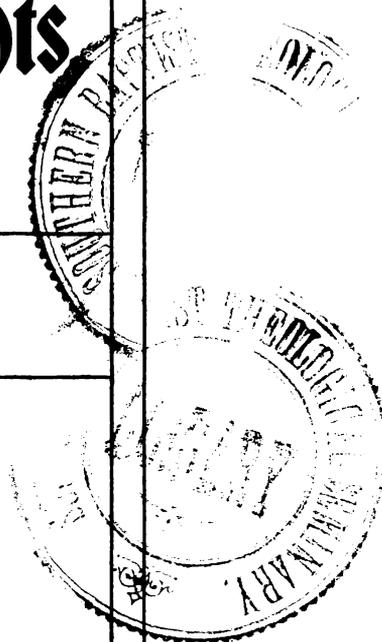
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WITH LOVE
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK
TO

My Children

WHO HAVE CHEERED THE YEARS
OF MY LIFE, AND WHO NOW
ARE TENDERLY GUARDING MY
DECLINING DAYS

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THESE Earnest Thoughts were written to be read in women's meetings. My children and friends wish them preserved in book form. If, by reading them, one heart is uplifted to God, I will feel that I have not lived in vain.

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My Mother

Take my withered hands in yours,
Thus your heart will prove ;
If you owe me anything
Pay the debt in love.
Press me in your strong young arms,
Breathe a loving vow,
That as I've loved and petted you,
You'll love and pet me now.

—*Mrs. R. A. Winds.*

One of the sweetest words in the English language is “mother.” How dear is that name to those whose mother is still living, as they look upon those eyes, once bright, now dimming with age ; upon that hair, once black, now turned to white, or once golden, now turned to silver ; upon that brow, once so fair, now furrowed with wrinkles, and remember that it was the love, the care, the self-sacrifice for them, for their welfare, for their health, for their happiness, for their waywardness, it may be, which caused those eyes to

grow dim, that hair to turn white or silver, that brow to become furrowed with wrinkles. O boy, have you a mother? Is that mother still living? I beg you love that mother. Care for that mother. She is the dearest friend you have on earth. You will never have but one mother. When she is gone, there will be nobody to take her place for you. Love her, care for her, and never, never, I beg you, trample with ruthless feet upon her affections, or do anything to bring down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

And if that mother is no longer living, but has gone to that home land beyond the skies, where she awaits your coming in the sweet by and by, that fact should make her name all the dearer to you, and lead you to live such a life as she hoped and prayed that you might live. God bless and keep our mothers!

Love and Pet Me Now

Take my withered hands in yours,
Children of my soul,
Mother's heart is craving love;
Mother is growing old.

See the snows of many years
Crown my furrowed brow;
As I've loved and petted you,
Love and pet me now.

Lay your hands upon my head;
Smooth my whitened hair,
I've been growing old, the while
You've been growing fair.
I have toiled and prayed for you,
Ask not why or how;
As I've loved and petted you,
Love and pet me now.

Take my withered hands in yours,
Children of my heart,
Mother's growing old, your love
Make of life sweet part.
Touch with love my faded cheek,
Kiss my anxious brow,
As I've loved and petted you,
Love and pet me now.

Take my withered hands in yours,
Hold them close and strong;

Cheer me with a fond caress,
It will not be for long.
Youth immortal soon will crown
With its wreath my brow ;
As I've loved and petted you,
Love and pet me now.

Woman's Mission

Woman's mission may not be to send the magnetic thrill through an audience; her mission may be to send the thrill of love o'er loving hearts at home. Her mission is to write lines of glory upon the unspotted page of life. Her hand, though woman's, must not pause nor falter. Her mission is to kindle in her home the fires of love and devotion, whose flames will rise high and yet higher, until this continent brightened by the religion of love will send its illuminating rays o'er ocean's wave to regions yet in darkness. Her mission is to ennoble, elevate, and Christianize mankind. Such gifts are woman's priceless dower, yet how few take the precious burden up and woman's true

work do. Woman should go forth in the path of duty bearing in every deed her part. Esther, the beautiful queen of Ahasuerus, braved danger to save her people. Esther had her divinely appointed mission. You and I, my sisters, have ours; as with her, let the holy influence which will save our people begin at home. Like her, go forward in the path of duty until the waters of trouble and difficulties roll aside. We pass through. Angels will sing a song of triumph as our feet touch the golden shore. .

When Miriam the prophetess, sister of Moses and Aaron, sang that triumphal ode as the waters of the Red Sea rolled over the hosts of Pharaoh, she touched a chord of praise in the hearts of millions yet to be; she had her mission to perform. Deborah the prophetess and judge, beautiful in character, noble in life, performed her woman's mission with the best light before her.

Looking forward to the coming of a Saviour, woman's holy, uplifting mission only began with that Saviour's birth. Women of pagan Greece and Rome were not unworthy of praise. The grace and virtues of some who dwelt in classic lands may well be imitated in a later age. The wifely virtues of Lucretia, the motherly excellence of Cornelia, are commended in all

lands. Greece and Rome had great orators among her men, but Aspasia, Cornelia, Hortentia, and others might be mentioned to show the genius and eloquence of their women also. But not until Christ lifted the veil could her mission of brightening the world be felt. We need only compare the earliest Christian women with the ancients in their purest days to know what Christianity has done for woman. There were many noble women before the word of Christ was known—women of high character, accomplished Greeks, and rigid Romans—but their mission failed in its high ideal of brightening the world; there was no religion of love to fill the longing of her soul.

Had not the pagan creed its vestals, priestesses, and prophetic symbols? Not there lay the difference. Christianity freed woman when the long-closed world of spiritual knowledge was unclosed to her. She felt the uplifting influence of her woman's mission when the fetters which had bound her soul were broken. She became a heaven-born influence in the world, her mission in the home became a lofty one. Mighty the influence she wields in that home, whether she be its good or evil genius.

The need of intelligent, Christian women at the head of households is felt throughout this land. Would

that I could in burning words paint a home sanctified by the indwelling of Christian woman. Draw that curtain, would you look upon domestic happiness. Behold yon scene! There woman feels the grandeur of her mission. She is implanting in the bosom of her children the seeds of love and truth that will blossom unto life eternal. From that home will go forth men and women who will be heroes in life's battles. I would not if I could picture a home unhallowed by the presence of Christian woman. As well might I draw a picture Oriental and century-worn. Behold Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus in her barge of purple and gold! See Mark Anthony periling duty and destiny, waiting to glide with her to destruction! Cleopatra knowing naught of that glorious beyond, wielded the influence of her woman's charms for temporal power. She knew naught of the sweet Christ-like influence of woman's mission when the love of God fills her heart. The holy mission which came to woman when angels sang upon Judean hills! The influence upon the home of woman endeavoring to fulfil her God-given mission, might be compared to a vine which creeps through crack and crevice until the structure is covered with a luxuriant growth. The children, the household—will partake of the uplifting influence.

The home, where the mother spends her time in the giddy whirl of fashion, will become ungodly—her holy mission will be unfulfilled.

Despair not, Christian mother, though to mold the character of your wayward boy, you have again and again to sow the seeds of truth. Each planted seed must take root ere it can blossom and bear fruit. Teach on! wrestle on! No prayer falls powerless; none can tell how vast its power may be.

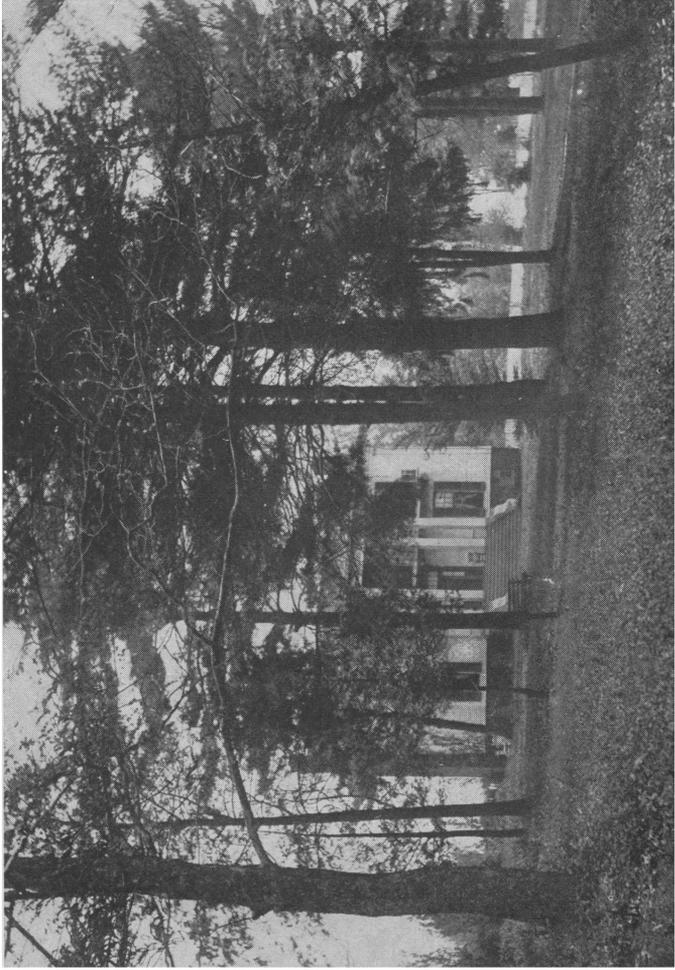
Wasted opportunities! How like white mountain-peaks they loom before us. Often do opportunities arise, often deferred until the morrow, of guiding our children, our household, heavenward. To-morrow, Christian mother, a coffin may enclose your form. To-morrow, the blessed opportunity of leading that little one to Christ may have passed forever. Your mission may be unfulfilled. There is work for intelligent, Christian woman which only intelligent, Christian woman can do. The time is short; improve each passing hour; speak words of cheer, do deeds of love over which angels will rejoice, for which vanished faces will watch your coming on the golden shore. Bear sweet consolation to all who mourn. Awaken heavenly wisdom in their hearts, that flowers of resignation may wreath their cross. Woman's thought should be

winged with fervent prayer—for opportunities improved—opportunities that have come to her since she proclaimed the good news of a risen Saviour.

Not appreciated you will be. God knows it all. In the brightness of eternal day, your good deeds will come to light. You will be measured according to real merit. Only do your duty now; you may not have, you will not need, erected over your grave a costly mausoleum of pure white marble inlaid with precious stones, such as was built in India by Shah-Jehan two hundred and fifty years ago, and which still stands in snowy whiteness as a mark of appreciation for his beautiful wife. You can erect while living, for you will need, a pure white monument of love and faith based upon a pedestal of prayer which, mounting through Jesus to the throne, will stand as a memorial of your belief in him. You can encircle that monument with jewels—souls saved through your instrumentality—which will be your guard of honor to your heavenly home. You can, by words and deeds, speak forth the praise of Him who weighed the earth in balances. You can be the light of the world; you can, by fulfilling your woman's mission, make yourself appreciated. Let not care or sorrow still the sweet music of hope's heavenly voice.

Look up, Christian woman, be brave, be cheerful; to be appreciated you must unfurl your banner; engrave upon its folds, in letters of living light, "She doth well and nobly perform her woman's mission who ministers to others in the blaze and glory of Christian womanhood."

A century ago an infidel German countess, dying, ordered that her grave be covered with a solid granite slab; that around it should be placed blocks of stone; and the whole fastened together by strong iron clamps. On the stone she ordered these words: "This burial-place purchased to all eternity must never be opened." Thus she defied the Almighty! But a little acorn had found its way in, sprouted under the covering, and a tiny shoot found its way through between two of the slabs and grew there slowly but surely, until it burst the clamps asunder and lifting the immense blocks, the structure ere long became a confused mass of rock, among which in verdure and beauty grew the great oak which had caused the destruction. Thus good influences uproot evil; thus intelligent, Christian women, by prayerfully sowing the seeds of truth and love, by guiding their children, their households, to heaven, by showing to the world what the religion of Jesus has done for woman, can uplift the granite slab of infi-



THE QUAIN OLD HOMESTEAD STANDETH SQUARE

delity, though wedged in by marble blocks of sin and fastened with iron clamps of skepticism.

Rouse, Christian woman, to your mission! Burst that iron clamp, uplift that block of stone, raise that granite slab! Rear upon the ruins thereof a mighty structure of strength and beauty, whose doors shall open to the glory of God a structure which will proclaim the grandeur of woman's mission when faithful to her home and to her God!

The Old Folks at Home

To Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Folk, written by their friend
A. J. Holt

The quaint old homestead standeth square
In Brownsville, Tenn.,
With light and shadows on it there,
And love upon its lea.
For deep within its portals wide
Love still delights to stay;
Father and mother, side by side
Are bright and light with May.

Time's silvery signet hath been set
Upon each placid brow ;
And locks that once were glossy jet,
Have frosted over now.
So gracefully they old have grown
As years have sped away ;
December scarce can claim his own
When life is young with May.

Their noble boys, through youthful joys
Have grown to bearded men ;
And laid aside their bats and toys,
For paper, ink, and pen.
But in the strife of busy life,
Working their winning way,
Where'er they roam, the dear old home
Is light with brightsome May.

Two flow'rets rare, a lovely pair,
About this home entwined,
With eyes so bright, the stars of night
Vie vainly to outshine.
The one a rosebud scarcely grown,
A fragrant flow'ret gay,
And one a blushing rose, full-blown,
The brightest, merriest May.

Thus side by side so sweetly glide
 Adown the stream of life,
These lives as one, flow sweetly on,
 This husband and this wife.
But lengthening shadows gather fast
 Along that twilight way;
May ne'er a sorrow overcast
 Their rare and radiant May.

The flying train may jolt in vain
 Along the iron way;
My heart and pen will try again
 To write of brightsome May.

How to Train Boys

First, boys must have the right descent. I would not know what to do with a boy who traced his ancestors to the zoological garden instead of the garden of Eden. Boys created in the image of God—how can we keep them from a downward career until we hand them back to God? How prevent their faltering under life's scorching trials?

Once the down grade begun, how easy the terrible descent! Blighted youth that once gave promise of usefulness—every city and town tells the tragedy. Bright the picture of young Saul, as his heart leaped with a noble ambition when told by the prophet he should become the first king of Israel. See him in his exalted position, mid worldly honors; does he ask guidance of God? For answer, watch him on his downward career. The Spirit of God came upon him; failing to hold sweet communion with God the Holy Spirit departed from him—grieved. Behold a melancholy old man, fearing death, encamped with his army in front of the Philistine host. What sight more pitiful than a godless old age.

Mothers, when asking temporal blessings for your boy, redouble your prayers for heavenly wisdom. True greatness only comes from above. Is your boy on the road to riches? Well, then, give him Burdette's advice: "Don't travel the Jericho route—unless you are stronger than the thieves. Stay in Jerusalem." Wealth of character, riches of mind and heart, are more to be desired than gold for your boy. Prayer, communion with God—teach him these. Teach your boy to look upward; implant religious principles in his heart while young, if you would have him bear the



THE TIME OF OPPORTUNITY WHEN YOU
CAN TRAIN YOUR CHILD

fruits of righteousness and be held firmly on the ascent of life. Sublime heights are only reached by clinging trust in God. Wait not until his soul is starved, until he becomes a moral and physical wreck, and has gone down to the level of brutes; until your own heart has winter's chill, before you give him spiritual nourishment. The supply must be bountiful. Merely an occasional view of the glorified One will not keep your boy from faltering under life's fierce trials. How often are mothers, when pressed with care, tempted to reply to the earnest questions of their boy, "I'm hurried, son." Ah, mother, an eternity will be yours in which to repent. If cares must come, as come they will, make not of them stones to build a wall between thee and thy boy. The time of opportunity, when you can train your child, is so swift to take its flight. Make home attractive, let not your boy feel that he can be happier elsewhere than with you. Incite him to good deeds and noble actions, which will ring through heaven. From pleasant homes with manly principles instilled within their hearts, go forth heroes buoyed by hope, who will successfully battle with life. Choosing a profession should be done with a view to usefulness—not with the sole object of making money. Perseverance, honesty, industry, business

habits, all good qualities shine brightly in the boy who puts his trust in God. Had the little Hebrew boy not loved the rod, suppose you he would have founded the house of Rothschild with its untold wealth? That question of the rod—I've been trying to dodge—my little boy converted me to his side, long ago. He thinks "Spare the rod and spoil the child" don't always mean a switching—a good, earnest talk might sometimes do as well. As the world grows older, our interpretation of many things changes. Admit, would not the rod be almost consigned to the dark ages if parents and those entrusted with the training of children, governed themselves? Is not a child sometimes chastised in anger? What, strike a child in anger? The very heathen would cry "For shame!"

Sympathize with your boy; get him to tell you his little troubles. Loving his mother, he will not be apt to go on the downward road. "Don't the noise of those boys drive you crazy?" said a friend to me, when my four boys, all nearly the same size, were engaged in some noisy amusement. "'T is music, to my ears," I replied, "I love for them to be happy at home."

Enter into their little sports and joys. Now those boys all rise up and call me blessed. Even the dead

East has been roused to some sympathy for children and slaves. Encourage your boy; bring out the good that is in him; gently repress the evil. Do not expect perfection of your boy all at once. God has been ages bringing the human race to its present degree of perfection. Make the surroundings of your boy perfect; I'll promise you the perfect boy.

Need I say educate the head as well as the heart of your boy? Mental nourishment prolongs, enriches, and elevates life. Mothers, be true to your boy; give him the best of yourselves. Train him physically, mentally, morally, spiritually. Then will he keep on an upward career—be a hero in life's battles. Though his eyes grow dim with age, his body be racked with pain; though the waters of death be rolling o'er him, he will yet feel the best of life is beyond. Clasp his Saviour's hand, he will land upon the golden shore. You will hand him back to God.

Treasures

Many mothers who have treasures "softly laid away" will be glad to possess this beautiful expression of their tenderest thoughts and hopes.

I have some withered flowers
That are softly laid away,
Not because they were so beautiful
And fragrant in their day;
But little fingers clasped them,
And little lips caressed,
And little hands so tenderly
Placed them on "mother's" breast.
The paper that infolds them
Was white in other years;
But 't is yellow now, and crumpled,
And stained with many tears.
Yet, though they look so worthless,
This paper and the flowers,
They clasp and hold like links of gold
Memories of jeweled hours.

I have some little ringlets;
They are softly laid away,
Their luster and their beauty
Are like the sun's glad ray.

But 't is not for this I prize them ;
It is that they restore
The tender grace of a loving face
That gladdens earth no more.
As shipwrecked men at midnight
Have oft been known to cling—
With a silent prayer, in wild despair,
To some frail floating thing—
So I, in darkened moments,
Clasp with a voiceless prayer,
Whilst wandering wide on grief's
deep tide,
These locks of golden hair.

I have some broken playthings
That are softly laid away,
With some dainty little garments
Made in a long-past day.
To each there is a history ;
But this I may not tell,
Lest the old, old flood of sorrow
Again should rise and swell.
Now that the skies are brightened,
And the fearful storm is o'er,
Let me sit in tender calmness

On memory's silent shore,
And count the simple treasures
That still remain to show
Where hope's fair freight, by saddest
fate,
Was shipwrecked long ago.

I have another treasure
That is softly laid away,
And though I have not seen it
This many a weary day,
From everything around me
Comes a token and a sigh
That 't is fondly watched and guarded.
And that it still is mine.
When the flowers lie dead in winter,
In their winding sheets of snow,
We know they'll rise to charm our eyes
Again in summer's glow.
Thus I, in this chill season,
When frost and darkness reign,
Wait the blest spring whose warmth
shall bring
Life to my flower again.

The Privilege of Prayer

“That they may behold my glory, which Thou hast given me.”

Behold our Saviour's glory, become ourselves glorified by ascending to heights of joy. For four hundred years there was no communication between heaven and earth. God talked with Moses; spoke to his people through the prophets. From the time Malachi spoke the burden of the word of the law to Israel, until John the Baptist said in thunder tones “Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand,” though the blood of bulls and of goats flowed in streams from the temple pointing to the one great sacrifice, no voice was heard from heaven. Love, infinite love, God was again ready to show himself to his people by sending his *living Word* to intercede for fallen man. That we might behold his glory!

“This is my beloved Son, hear ye him,” was the last audible voice heard from heaven. The tables of stone upon which God's word had been written were broken by Moses, as, descending from the mount, where he had been talking with veiled face to God, he beheld the Israelites worshiping the golden calf which they had made. The spoken word—the written

word—now the *living Word*, God can only be reached through him. The close communion the Father had with the Son while on earth, the power given the Son by the Father, even to raising the dead, the kingdom of love established upon earth by the *living Word* prove that the sacrifice was not in vain. Nothing but the blood of his beloved Son could redeem fallen man. Our prayers must ascend to God through him. When our Saviour was at the height of his popular favor, when the multitude wanted to take him by force and make him king, what did he do? He sendeth his disciples away, goeth into a mountain apart to pray, and spends the whole night in close communion with his Father. Ascending to heights of glory, his humanity was strengthened to withstand the temptation. He came into the world to become its king, but the road to his kingdom was through suffering. When he was being tested as the world's Redeemer he was in sweet communion with his Father. Heaven and earth were close together. Faltering not under the fierce trials, he proved himself worthy of becoming the world's Saviour.

Prayer is the shaft which reaches heaven. The more we pray, the more we become like Christ our Saviour. God requires heart service. Mosaic forms nor priestly

ceremonies can uplift us to God. Only by pouring out our souls to God in prayer does the blessing come. Affliction is sometimes sent upon us to draw us nearer to God. Not that his face is turned from us, as was the old Jewish idea; often wave after wave of sorrow rolls over us; like Peter, we begin to sink, before we lift up our eyes and take our Saviour's outstretched hand. Blessed affliction that brings us to Christ!

David's psalms had ne'er been sung,
Had not his heart with grief been wrung.

Sorrow brought Jairus to Christ; his daughter was about to die; in his distress he went to the Saviour. Finding him upon the streets of Capernaum the mighty ruler knelt upon the crowded street before the Master, imploring him to go with him to his home and save the life of his daughter. Said the messenger, "Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master." Then came the Saviour's cheering voice, "Fear not, only believe." Going with that father to his home, he raised his daughter even from the dead. That prayer of belief was answered. In prosperity do we always feel the need of our Father's outstretched hand, the need of heaven coming close to earth? When our prayers are

not answered we know that a loving Father's hand is withholding the blessing for our good—leading us often over rough places that we may climb to heights sublime. Our prayers must be the heart's outpouring for God's honor and glory, not centered on self. He will have no rival in our hearts. "Not my will, but thine be done," is his cry. Unanswered yet? Nay, do do not say unanswered. Perhaps thy part is not yet wholly done. Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned, we will feel that God's guiding hand was best.

Elijah, under the juniper tree, weary of persecution prayed for death, not knowing what glory awaited him. His ascension to heaven, without tasting death, proved the immortality of the soul. That he was afterward seen upon the mount of Transfiguration proved the immortality of the body. He beheld his Father's glory in a way no mortal had ever dreamed of before. God's face is not withdrawn; our prayers are answered in love.

Paul prayed earnestly that he might go to Rome to comfort the little band of saints in that imperial city. He was carried to Rome—"Hast thou appealed unto Cæsar? Unto Cæsar shalt thou go." See him as he kneels upon the shore at Miletus, praying blessings

upon the elders who, fearing the future and weeping about his neck, have come to bid him a last farewell. He had stood upon Mar's Hill at Athens, had by his thrilling eloquence swayed the multitude, as he preached the resurrection of the dead. He had planted the church at Corinth, had borne in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, been persecuted as he went from place to place, preaching Christ and him crucified. All this he could do; but bound to Roman soldiers with Roman fetters, what could he do? He could tell those soldiers of the risen and ascended Saviour, and point them to the Lamb of God. He could through these soldiers reach the dignitaries of Rome, a thing he had never dared hope for nor pray for. His prayer was more than answered in God's way. God's face is nevermore turned from his children.

Stephen's prayer opened heaven; he beheld the glorious beyond as, kneeling when he was being stoned to death, he prayed, "Lord lay not this sin to their charge." The glory revealed to him lifted him above all earthly trials.

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," were the words of our Saviour on Calvary's cross when he was about to enter into glory—that glory which he had with the Father before he came as the

living Word. to redeem fallen man. Being our Mediator, he intercedes that God's face may nevermore be turned from his children; that they, beholding his glory, may become glorified. How can the Christian shrink and fear to die when God's loving face is looking upon him? Heaven is open in answer to prayer; awaiting us is a life of glory through long unending ages.

I may not reach the heights I seek ;
My untried strength may fail me ;
Or, half-way up the mountain-peak,
Fierce tempests may assail me.
But though that place I never gain
Here lies life's comfort for my pains,
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labor ;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbor.
But though that goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me—
I will be worthy of it.

The Unemployed Talent of the Church

Must I wait for my audience? I might have longer to wait than did the stump speaker, who said he was speaking for posterity. The unemployed talent of the church is not found at these meetings. Looking into your faces this evening, I see imprinted there a desire to use your talents for God. So I will change my theme, talk to you about the employed talent of the church. An earnest question: Are you using all your talents for God's glory? Though we have one talent, should we use that for God's honor, he will increase our capacity for more. Climbing rugged mountain heights, passing jagged rocks and yawning precipices, though faint and weary, will avail naught unless we reach the summit. There the beauteous view repays us for our toil. Use your God-given talents to make the world happier, until the glories of heaven burst upon your view. There, untrammled will be your talents to do God's will. We must be content to reflect our Father's image in his own way. Perhaps there is not one within the sound of my voice whose duty it is to bear the message of redeeming love upon

foreign fields. Perhaps it is not your duty to brave the hardships of a frontier missionary. But can you not use your talents for God? Look around you, see the places where your talents can be employed for good. There are hundreds of homes in Tennessee without a Bible. In this Christian land, men, women, and children are dying, unwarned, unblessed, and unsaved. Here in our county and town, in our home, our talents could be well employed uplifting to heavenly heights the perishing ones who come within our influence. When God beckons, the question is not, whether his will is going to be done, but whether we are going to assist in doing that will. Seventy years ago this whole country of west Tennessee was mission ground. Had not our sturdy, God-fearing fathers and mothers used their talents for God's honor, we might to this day be without a knowledge of God.

When quite a child I remember seven heads of families, living within a radius of five or six miles, without a leader, who organized a Sunday-school in a little log house which they built in the woods. It was only reached by a bridle-path. Early Sunday morning they would take their children, two or three behind them, as many more in front—even the baby was dressed in its sweetest smile to go to Sunday-school

—and stay all day, carrying dinner with them. I can see in my mind's eye now the faithful colored man, George, on a horse with a hamper-basket in front of him, taking dinner to the little log house where our parents were using their talents studying and teaching God's word, delving deep for its hidden treasures, knowing there was gold at bottom.

The children were taught to love and to honor God's word. To this day I remember verses of Scripture and poetry taught me by my mother, and which I repeated to my Sunday-school teacher, Mrs. G. W. Young, of blessed memory. Without such efficient helps as we have now, they earnestly used their talents seeking to know God's will. They studied and taught until dinner, which was spread upon a long table, all eating together. After dinner, they went back in the log house for more singing, more prayer, more studying of the Bible, more teaching—more using of their talents for God. The influence of that Sunday-school spread far and wide; people came to be taught of God. Praying for guidance in the choice of a leader, the choice fell upon Bro. George W. Young, a godly man, who used his time and his talents for God's honor. Bro. Champ Connor, a natural-born orator, and almost the only preacher in that country, preached the ordina-

tion sermon. He had preached a few times before this at the little log house. As a child, I loved to hang upon his words of eloquence. Though more than sixty-five years have passed, I still remember his talent in speaking—remember some of his sermons and texts. One text, “The sow that was washed has returned to her wallowing in the mire,” made quite an impression on my childish mind. Wondering what Brother Connor was going to do with that pig, I asked my mother if she did not think that a strange text, and if she was sure it was in the Bible, anyway.

After a time, the church was moved to Durhamville, a nice house of worship built, with a space partitioned off for the servants, or slaves as they then were, who loved to be taught of God. How earnestly they used their talents singing and shouting. We could now go to church in our carriages; though the church was four or five miles from most of the homes, our parents never thought of staying from church or Sunday-school, and went taking all their children with them. Brother Young was pastor of that church until his death, about forty years afterward.

All honor to these godly pioneers who blazed the way that we might use our talents in brightening the world. When God commands, the question is not

whether his will is going to be done, but whether we are going to assist in doing that will. We will not allow our talents to go unemployed. I see the answer written upon your faces.

Frontier missions deserve our time, our talents, and our prayers. We need not go upon the rugged frontier fields to know of their hardships. One of the most pathetic talks I ever heard was from the wife of one of the frontier missionaries, at the Southern Baptist Convention, in Dallas Tex., in 1894. Though years have passed, that thrilling talk still thrills my memory. A refined, delicate lady stood before the ladies' meeting with tearful eyes, as she told of untold hardships endured as they used their talents for God in that godless region, receiving only a bare pittance in money; often for days and weeks they had to live on peas. Once, when the peas were nearly gone, they did not know where the next were coming from. Her husband said, "Wife, I cannot stand this any longer, I must engage in some secular pursuit to keep you and my babes from starving." She replied, "Husband, let us pray; God will not forsake us." Arising from their knees, she said, "Husband, let us trust God a little longer." I feel that the women of our East land are using their time and their talents to assist those

who are suffering hardships in their stead in this rugged West. After more days of waiting, no help came. Her husband said, "Wife, I cannot see you and the babes starve; I feel that duty calls me to provide for them." She replied, "Husband, wait until tomorrow. We have a few peas left, we will not starve before then." The morrow came, bringing no help. Upon their knees, they felt they must give up. The husband must make money for his loved ones. A knock was heard upon the door. Opening it, they found a box filled with provisions and clothing, and in a sealed envelope was twenty-five dollars in money. Kneeling around that box, in humble penitence, they rededicated their time, their talents to Him who is all wise, all powerful—though sometimes he tries our faith. Her husband again with joy was eager to brave hardships, and overcome difficulties, that he might meet with the open Bible the wicked who pour in streams upon that frontier, undermining the very life of our God-given institutions. Scarcely a dry eye was in that audience when she sat down. Mrs. Burnham, of Missouri, who never allowed her talents to go unemployed for God's glory, moved that we all come to the next Southern Baptist Convention in calico dresses, and give the money other dresses would cost to fron-

tier missions. We did not carry that motion, thinking perhaps our old dresses would do instead of buying new calico ones, but we gave liberally to frontier missions. That sister's heart was cheered; she was more than ready to rededicate her time and talents to her God and country.

Said the earnest Mrs. Burnham, you are all so fashionable, I should not wonder if some of you would want fashionable coffins to hold your big sleeves (our sleeves were mighty big then, sure enough). We must be intensely in earnest about using our talents for God—be earnest about heavenly things as we are in worldly affairs. As an instance of perseverance in the affairs of this world, I might point you to Russia upon the field of battle in Bulgaria. Wishing to take the town of Plevna, a strong force of men was sent against it. They did not succeed. Again they organized a strong attacking force, and again were driven back with fearful slaughter. With vast patience they then established a regular siege, which at length was successful, and Osman Pasha surrendered. Like these soldiers in battle, we should strain every fiber of our being to succeed in what God commands us to do. Let there be no unemployed talent among us. The Southern soldier was an example of heroic devotion to duty—

marking his steps in blood; starving and in rags he fought to the death for the cause that went down in defeat. Port Arthur, drenched in blood, tells of joy for the Japanese soldier who fell in battle; tears for those who died, whose heroism will be written upon the pages of history. The valor of the military hero pales into insignificance beside the heroism which stands loyally for the right and uses talent for God. Were we as much in earnest in our Master's work as we are in worldly affairs, soon the world would have a knowledge of God. When our hearts are interested our purses will fly open, and we will freely give of our money, our time, and our talents to advance God's cause.

Thirty-six years ago the ladies of the Brownsville Baptist Church formed a missionary society of seventeen members; of this number only five survive. Other consecrated women have taken their places. Though we are still few in number, we are endeavoring as best we can to use our talents earnestly for God's honor and glory. During the thirty-six years they have only had three presidents. Feeling that the voice of the members was the voice of God, they remained at that post of heavenly duty. For a soldier to falter upon the field of battle means death or dishonor. As God's

soldiers, let us not falter in carrying forward his work, using every talent for our Redeemer's glory, constantly renewing our consecration, constantly keeping our God-given talents employed.

Nothing to Show

“ My day has all gone.” ’T was a woman who spoke,
As she turned her face to the sunset glow—
“ And I have been busy all the whole day long ;
Yet for my work, there is nothing to show.”

No painting nor sculpture her hand had wrought,
No laurel of fame her labor had won ;
What was she doing in all the long day—
With nothing to show at the set of the sun ?

What was she doing? Listen ; I'll tell you
What she was doing in all the long day ;
Beautiful deeds, too many to number ;
Beautiful deeds, in a beautiful way.

Womanly deeds, that a woman may do,
Trifles that only a woman can see,
Wielding a power unmeasured, unknown
Wherever the light of her presence might be.

She had rejoiced with those who rejoice;
Wept with the sad, and strengthened the weak,
And a poor wanderer, straying in sin,
She in compassion had gone forth to seek.

Unto the poor her aid had been given,
Unto the weary, the rest of her house;
Freely her blessings to others were given,
Freely and kindly to all who had come.

Humbly and quietly all the day long
Had her sweet service for others been done,
Yet for the labor of heart and of hand
What could she show at the set of the sun?

Ah, she forgot that our Father in heaven
Ever is watching the work that we do,
And records he keeps of all we forget,
Then judges our work with the judgment that's
true.



WAS E'ER SUCH BEAUTY BY GRECIAN
CHISEL CHASED?

For an angel writes down in a volume of gold
The beautiful deeds that all do below ;
Though nothing she had at set of the sun,
The angel above, had something to show.

—*Mary H. Rowland.*

The Talk that Won the Parsonage

Beauty of soul, beauty of mind and heart, was e'er such beauty by Grecian chisel chased? Would you be beautiful? All women love to be—I mean, love for their husbands to think them beautiful. Then listen: here is a sure recipe. Fill your mind with beautiful thoughts—your life with noble deeds. Let the world take knowledge of you as it did of the disciples, that you have been with Christ. As John, “the son of thunder,” was transformed by his close association with Christ into “John, the beloved,” so you, by beautiful thoughts and deeds can encircle your brow with a halo of love; heavenly joy beaming from your soul will brighten and beautify the most homely face. What thought more beautiful—what deed more noble—than a par-

sonage for the Brownsville Baptist Church. Noble deed; it will be nobly done by noble women. Though not of marble quarried from Greece, it will stand as a monument to women faithful to God and duty. Sisters of this Brownsville Baptist Church, "well done." Heroic effort has been yours to raise the money now in your treasury for a parsonage; you feel ennobled by that effort, but we must not falter until our pastor and his gifted wife not only have a home, but a home without a debt upon it. Growing upon Alpine heights is a tall pine which came from a tiny seed, dropped deep down in the crevice of a rock. Perchance, the effort we make this evening in behalf of a parsonage, may be as the tiny seed which will grow to everlasting good. 'T is said that woman can move the world's great heart.

Under the law there was no worshiping of God without offerings. Though no offerings are required under the spiritual New Testament dispensation, yet giving is a proof that we have the grace of God in our hearts. Because we are not under the law, but under grace, have we no gratitude for rich spiritual blessings? The heathen came not before their gods empty-handed. To attain that high spiritual growth before which the portals of heaven open, our prayers and our alms must

go up as a memorial to God. Imitate the grand giving of the Hebrew woman at the building of the tabernacle. There she gave her prized jewelry—earrings, armlets, anklets, amulets. Prizing jewelry as Hebrew women did, great was the sacrifice. The woman of Ephesus gave her jewelry to the rebuilding of the temple of Diana of the Ephesians—that temple which glittered in brilliant beauty; that temple to which Cræsus, the king of Lydia, and all the Greek cities of Asia—old poetic Asia—lent their aid. Woman gave her costliest gifts to help restore it to more than its early magnificence. Women of Japan gave the hairs of their heads out of which ropes were made, to be used in hauling timber to the site of the new temple of Buddha. Will heathen women make greater sacrifices to their gods of stone than Christian women for Him who lifted empires off their hinges and still governs the ages? “I gave my life for thee, what hast thou given for me?”

A Word to Woman

“ Kindness in woman, not her beauteous looks, shall win my love.”

“ Love is woman’s whole existence,” sang the poet. To be loved woman must make herself lovable, must cultivate those graces of mind and heart which will make every wrinkle a line of beauty.

Be prayerful, be cheerful, be hopeful. Though clouds may gather o’er us, behind the clouds “ the sun is ever shining ”; fill home with laughter rather than tears. Don’t grieve or grumble over the tangled ends of life.

Better do God’s will with a ready heart and hands that are swift and willing. “ Then you will weave in the web of life a bright and golden filling.”

Remember this is only to women; men, “ lords of creation,” never get vexed or fill home with aught save gladness. They can cheerfully ride the billows of adversity and disappointment. They are (or ought to be) “ like the sturdy oak to which the ivy clings.” “ Heaven permits no good to light on man which cannot be shared by woman.”

It has been said of woman she has no “ sense of humor.” Men say women as a class (we didn’t join

that class), when they begin to grow old, become cross, look sour, forget how to laugh; like "Mark Twain's" deaf and dumb man, they can sit unmoved, with not even the merry twinkle of an eye, while one of the sterner sex pours from the rostrum volley after volley of wit and humor. "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone."

Woman in ancient days, or woman among modern Orientals might say to cheerfulness, "Thou art a taunting word." But woman living in a land where the religion of love prevails should have her soul thrilled with the melody of love, her heart wide open to the influence of heaven, then she will "ne'er grow old, though years on years roll by."

True woman has many and grave duties; duties which demand serious thought and heroic action (here I put in a special plea for tired mothers); those duties, though mountain high, can be leveled by prayerfully, cheerfully, resolutely, working ever onward and upward in the path of duty. Strive to become

A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel's light.

Let woman have cheerfulness beaming in her eye, in every movement dignity and love.

Speak gently, wisely, cheerfully to children. Teach them to look on the bright, the cheerful side of life. Greet your husband with a smile of love, a kiss of affection, a word of cheer, smooth—but I would whisper you, man allows not his brow to become clouded. Of such a woman the Bible says, “The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.”

Such a woman, whether clothed in the long blue garment, red head-dress, coarse white veil of the Palestine woman; the red veil, pointed sleeve of the woman carrying water on the plains of Esdraelon; the white veil, silk robe, broad scarf, many-colored trousers, dress peculiar to women of Nazareth for more than two thousand years; or clothed in the ever-varying style of our own loved land—such a woman, though no gold or diamonds, no titles or land be her heritage, will be a treasure, a blessing to man; will be to earth light and loveliness; will have “a mansion where unfailing fountains flow and pleasures never end”; will have all space filled with that glorious invitation, “Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Will the Heathen be Saved if We do not Send Them the Gospel?

To the question, Will the heathen be saved if we do not send them the gospel? the reply comes, Will we be saved if we do not send the heathen the gospel? Will we be like Christ, who is our leader in every work of love? We dare not disobey our Saviour's last command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," beginning at Jerusalem. The early Christians were willing to begin at Jerusalem, were willing to tell in thrilling tones of the death, burial, and resurrection of Christ; proclaim earnestly there was no salvation except through a risen and ascended Saviour. But it took the most bitter persecution to make them leave Jerusalem; carry the message of redeeming love into the regions beyond. The temple had to be destroyed before they could be taught that God was a Spirit that could be worshiped elsewhere than in the temple at Jerusalem.

No other name under heaven given whereby we can be saved. Will we not heed the cry which comes

From o'er the mighty ocean,
From Burma's distant shore,
From India's plains and mountains,
From China's open door,

There comes a voice of wailing ;
'T is woman's bitter cry,
" O sisters, haste and help us,
Come hither ere we die."

Knowing that none but Christ can save, will the blood of the heathen not be upon our heads if we do not send the gospel message into the regions beyond?

The deep anguish of that Hindu mother as she follows her child to the grave tells of no heaven—no hope, no immortality, no divine Burden-bearer to whom she can pour her griefs—as her husband, pronouncing his childless wife an outcast, accursed of the gods, turns to some more favored beauty. How great is our desire to take to her the message of redeeming love; tell her of a Saviour who so loved her that he gave his life that she might live in realms of bliss?

When the Arab conqueror, Amrou, forbade the yearly sacrifice of a lovely virgin crowned with garlands as the bride of the Nile, he could point Egyptian woman to no religion that could brighten her life.

Woman is in bondage to-day in all the land of the Nile; to-day she has never heard of the One who is mighty to save. China, with her crystallized institutions—social, political, and religious—cries aloud for help. Until the religion of Buddhism, which for ages has enslaved her women, is changed for the religion of love, men of China, with all their boast of learning, will not have learned that in honoring woman they do elevate themselves. How sadly they need to know of a Saviour who taketh away sin. Though porcelain towers, such as were built by an emperor in memory of his mother, overshadow every temple and pagoda, 't would but show veneration for ancestry—not reverence for women; show they are reaching for a higher and more enduring life. Go into the regions beyond, tell the story of redeeming love, which alone can elevate both man and woman.

Catholics claim to honor woman in the worship of the Virgin Mary; for answer, I would point you to Italy, full of art and history as she is. Go to Rome; there religion is written upon the houses, upon the streets, upon the garments, the manners, the food of her people; but 't is the religion of form and ceremony, the religion which would “away with the Bible,” the religion that enslaves the soul of woman.

Priest-ridden Italy is now throwing off the priestly yoke. Godly men and women are telling of the unsearchable riches of Christ. Others are needed to sound the gospel message of salvation through Christ to all who trust in him. Go—ere they die!

Mohammedanism—the black-eyed houris—surely there woman is exalted, surely there we find an uplifting influence. Did you ever sail up the Bosphorus? Behold the mosques and minarets of Turkey? See her long-robed men smoking the nargileh by playing fountains and cooling streams. Then tell me of her ignorant, yashmak-covered women, with dormant souls, leading meaningless lives. Didst thou rouse her soul with love divine? Didst thou point her to realms of bliss? Didst thou tell her of that Saviour through whom alone salvation comes? Didst thou tell her of that religion, that only religion, which purifies the heart, ennobles and makes useful the life of woman? For, know thou, she is only reached by woman. Godly men and women are needed in lands of the Crescent, in lands under papal rule, as well as in pagan lands, to uplift the perishing. Tell them of the only Saviour who can save them. Perishing without a knowledge of Christ; can we withhold that knowledge? In that high work of sacrifice woman has her part.

The three gifted women who successively stood by Adoniram Judson's side are known and honored in all lands. Their memoirs thrill every Christian heart. Harriet Newell, whose work was short, whose toil soon ended, was the first, though not the only martyr. Missionary women sleep on almost every shore, while the bones of some are whitening in the fathomless depths of ocean. This other answer to the question, "Will the heathen be saved if we do not send them the gospel?" Would men and women leave home and country, braving danger, go into the regions beyond, to bear the message of redeeming love—the message that through Christ alone is salvation—if that dear-bought message were not needed to lead fallen man to heavenly heights?

One from our midst has taken upon herself the missionary cross; one who, while tossed on ocean's waves, we followed with our love and with our prayers. We will not forget her now that, with Mrs. Crawford, Sallie Stein, Lottie Moon, and other noble women, she stands in heathen lands afar the word of life to bear. "There woman's glory proudly shines; the gathering dust of time nor yet has fallen on the page to dim the tale sublime."

Hard as it was for father, sister, brother, friend to

extend the parting hand, her aged father ne'er more expecting to behold the face of his child until they meet around the throne of God, yet they would say to her, "Teach the Chinese mother the way of life and truth. Sow seeds of wisdom in tender hearts of Chinese youth. Point them to Christ, through whom alone salvation comes." We all remember now that famous scene in one of Walter Scott's romances, where the clansman and seven sons died for their chieftain. As one fell, another gladly stepped forth and filled the gap, crying one more for their chief. So with the reserve forces of missionaries—so we say of our loved one—one more for Christ. She has gladly stepped forth to help fill the gap where so many have fallen. Souls are perishing; belief on Christ is the only rescue; he alone can save. The way is open for a triumphal march; God's command is, "Forward."

Read to the Ladies' Missionary Society of Brownsville, Tenn., by Mrs. H. B. Folk, on the occasion of Miss Mary Eager marrying and going with her husband as a missionary to China. Her husband's (Mr. Joyner's) health soon failed; they had to return to this country. Miss Mary had been primary teacher at the Brownsville female college; the children thought she could do more good teaching there than going to far-off China. Hence the question, "Will the heathen be saved if we do not send them the gospel?"

How to Live

He liveth long, who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain!
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things, truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him
That in service freely give;
Else is that being but a dream
'T is not to be and not to live.

Be what thou seemest! live thy creed!
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life alone, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the truth would'st reap;
Who sows the false will reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest ripe;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And reap the harvest home of light.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

Brighten the World

So may woman brighten all the world; so move the world's great heart.

One heart-throb beats through this audience this evening. That throb is a prayer for the uplifting of woman in this and in other lands; a prayer that the religion of love which brightens the life of man and woman may spread over the earth.

Woman's pathway has been brightening ever since angels sang on Judean hills the good news of a Saviour's birth. No woman's voice was heard in that clamor for his life. Woman prepared spices to em-

balm his precious body. Woman was first to tell of a risen Saviour that would brighten the world, and woman to-day stands first and foremost in her Master's work, first and foremost in brightening the world. But what eulogy can surpass the "well done" which every woman will receive when faithful to her new-born duty of brightening the world?

Contrast the condition of woman living under a flag which protects her dearest interests, with woman living in a land where the light of the truth is yet to dawn, where the world is yet to be brightened for man and woman. The very mention of woman in lands where Christ is not honored brings to mind the need of something to elevate both man and woman—the need of something that will brighten life. Child of a King, brighten the world as you are traveling to your Father's home, where the brightness of his glory shines on a city paved with gold.

The stoic indifference stamped upon the face of the savage woman in our own West land tells of no hope for a brighter life; no hope of moving the world's great heart. Woman, under blighting Turkish sway, is ignorant, her life meaningless. Changing the time-honored mantilla for a Paris bonnet, though with a sigh, brings no light of hope to her soul for a brighter life.

Wearing the Spanish mantilla or the Turkish yashmak—which laying aside infringes a solemn religious duty—the religion of love is needed to brighten life. Asia has a few spots brightened by the religion of Jesus. Africa needs many a Christian teacher before the land of the Nile will show the world bright for men and women. Europe, with its historic and classic treasures, has done much for woman in uplifting and brightening her life; as much, perhaps, as the form of Christianity which prevails over by far the greater portion of it will permit. It is reserved for America to show to the world the rarest excellence of woman; here the deep chasm between man and woman has been bridged; here the great souls of man and woman have aspirations high and noble; here the world's great heart is being moved; here life is bright for man and woman; here the husband calls his wife blessed. Woman thus exalted will use her God-given privilege of brightening the homes of her sister woman, not idly stand enjoying her inheritance. We condemn the Hebrews in unmeasured terms as they stand shrinking upon Canaan's border, preferring to live slaves than die freemen. God's command is, "possess the land." Let us go forward to our privilege of brightening the world, our blessed inheritance of moving the world's

great heart. Noble Christian woman will go forward, bearing in every deed her part; she has ever been the firm adherent of the new religion that is brightening the world. The new faith showed no favor of sex in its rewards; the old showed none in its cruelty. From the days when Nero lit up the evening sky of Rome with fires, in which Christians were slowly consumed, woman shared all the tortures and heroism of the martyrs. Woman worshiped in the Catacombs, died in the arena, gave her life that the religion of love might brighten the world. Woman to-day stands first and foremost in endeavoring to move the world's great heart, first and foremost in brightening the world. The Acts of the Apostles bears record of the hospitality of Lydia and the charity of Dorcas. Tradition has preserved the memory of Paraxides and Prudentia, daughters of a Roman senator, at whose house the earliest Christian meetings were held in Rome. The wealth of the two virgins went to relieve the church and the poor. United in their lives and in their charity, they were not divided in death. They were buried side by side on the Salarian road. Having faith in the religion of love, they acted upon that faith in spreading the religion that would brighten the world.

Jerusalem knew not the time of its visitation—it came not again. Before that generation had all passed away its utter destruction under Titus came to pass. In love our Saviour would have spared the awful doom. Jesus of Nazareth is passing by; honor him now by spreading the religion of love, that only religion that can brighten the world. God uses human agencies to forward his will. Our hearts and our hands are needed to help brighten the world. We are not only to use our influence to brighten this continent, but carry the message of redeeming love where it has never been heard; uplift and brighten the lives of man and woman in darkened heathen lands.

Mrs. Crawford, who stood in China more than forty years bearing the message of redeeming love, was sent from the Big Hatchie Association of west Tennessee. We all love our own Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, who also were sent from this Association as missionaries to Japan—knowing there was need of haste, to brighten the world for Japanese men and women, as she was bursting her crystallized institutions, taking her place among the nations of earth. Her railroads, telegraph, and other improvements show the rapid strides she has made in civilization during the last twenty-five years. Some of us remember the thrill-

ing scene in Nashville, in 1893, when Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, the gifted Bryan and wife, and other missionaries bade adieu to home, friends, and native land to brighten lives in heathen lands by bearing to them the blessings of redeeming love. Mrs. Maynard brightened the Japanese world as best she could by pointing them to the glories of heaven until, broken in health, she had to return home, to rest from her labors, honored and beloved by all. Who that knows Mrs. Graves does not love her; love to hear her tell of brightening the life of Chinese women? Mrs. Bryan, wife of the silver-tongued orator, R. T. Bryan, took the place of Mrs. Matthew T. Yates who, as a youthful bride, went with her husband to China to tell the old, old story of redeeming love, bearing the cross until she had won its crown. Mrs. Bryan is pointing Chinese women to the only religion that will brighten their lives. Lottie Moon we follow with our love and with our prayers as she endeavors to brighten the pathway of women in Northern China. Mrs. Hartwell, Lottie Price, and others are brightening the darkened homes of heathen women. More than twenty thousand missionaries from this country of all denominations, are upon the foreign field, or are preparing to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in every land under the sun. But a

thousand more were all too few to sound the gospel trumpet; too few to brighten the heathen world; too few to move the world's great heart to Christ.

In Richmond, Va., in 1888, at the Southern Baptist Convention, the Baptist women of the South organized an auxiliary, called the Women's Missionary Union—that we might better systematize woman's work; better spread a knowledge of the Lord that would brighten the world. We have organized unions all over the South, where consecrated women are using their talents for God's honor in uplifting and brightening the world. Studying the religions, the manners, the customs, the geography of each country has caused more interest in missions, more interest in brightening the homes of heathen women. Last year, 1907, the women of the South gave five hundred and sixty thousand dollars to preach the gospel upon the home and foreign fields. This year, 1908, we hope to raise more for the grand work of brightening the world, for moving the world's great heart. To the work! Rescue the perishing!

Asheville

“ The Land of the Sky,” “ The Garden of the Gods,” this Asheville plateau is sometimes called. Here are mountains towering on one side and the picturesque, historic French Broad on the other. In some places there is barely room for the trains to pass between the mountain and the river. For miles the windings of the French Broad are followed, the eye feasting upon scenery of rare loveliness which is scarcely equaled under any sky. Magnificent the spectacle as range after range of mountains greets the eye, from many of which silvery waterfalls come tumbling down. A gentleman who had traveled in two continents said he had never elsewhere beheld scenery so grand. Here, surely, nature has molded her choicest gems. Hot Springs is a beautiful place, nestling among the mountains, where the hot water gushes out of a rock. It is said to have the same curative powers as Hot Springs, Ark. Here we saw a number of poorly clad mountain children with mountain flowers for sale. Asheville, that famous health resort, is a charming city of twelve thousand inhabitants. The temperature is several degrees higher than that of Berne, Switzerland, and Turin, Italy. Local pulmonary diseases are

said to be unknown. Many men of wealth, attracted by the salubrious climate and the grand views, have erected homes in this place. Mr. Vanderbilt, after traveling the world over, decided upon this region in which to build his palace which, with its sunken garden and greenhouses, surpasses anything ever heretofore dreamed of in America. Battery Park is so closely associated with Asheville that the names are almost synonymous. It is where the hotel now stands that the Confederates planted a battery of artillery for the defense of the town, hence the name is of historic interest. The old breastworks still remain; the house can be seen for miles around; the views from its porches are grand. The descent of the mountain is the steepest in all America, with perhaps one exception. Around and around the mountain the great train creeps, doubling on itself several times. At one point the track below, over which the train has come, may be seen on fourteen different grades. We noticed one house with a fountain playing in the yard, which we went around several times. There are seven tunnels through this mountain, the longest of which is nineteen hundred feet. As we emerge from the tunnel, which pierces the summit, we have passed the watershed of the gulf and entered that of the ocean. All the water on

one side runs to the Gulf of Mexico; all on the other side runs to the Atlantic Ocean. In some places there are vineyards upon the sides of the mountains, reminding one of the vineyards of Palestine. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem," "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I," were some of the passages of Scripture quoted, as we gazed in awe upon the wonderful works of God.

Washington Letter No. 1

The Washington letters were written for the "Young South Page" of *The Baptist Reflector* on the occasion of the Southern Baptist Convention meeting in Washington, in May, 1888.

Washington is attractive at all seasons, with its magnificent public buildings, fine residences, broad and well-paved avenues, lined on either side with beautiful shade trees; its many and well-kept parks, filled with rare blooming trees and shrubs and flowering plants. But in May, when these plants are in full bloom, it is a joy to behold. Beauty on every side; beauty!

Some one on being asked what was the chief charm of the social life of our capital replied, "Kindly courtesy." Among well-bred and cultivated people the saying of harsh and unpleasant things is seldom heard. Remember that, children, when tempted to say unkind things about each other.

Thursday, May 9, was devoted to the Young People's Movement. Good and earnest speeches were made for and against the young people's organization auxiliary to the Southern Baptist Convention. I could not help thinking that no matter which way the vote should be cast, the Young South would move grandly forward. Children, I wish every one of you could have been at that meeting in Washington. You would have felt proud of yourselves, as I felt proud of you, thankful for the good you are doing. Often and often was the Young South alluded to at the woman's meeting. Think of the good cause in which you enlisted, how you help dry the orphan's tears, how you help cheer Mrs. Maynard as she tells Japanese children of a loving Saviour who loves children, one to whom they can pour out their hearts in prayer. Do you know how Japanese children are taught to pray? They kneel down before an idol of wood or stone and grind out their prayers from a machine. Mrs. Graves,



OFTEN WAS THE "YOUNG SOUTH" ALLUDED TO

our returned missionary from China, had one of those praying-machines at the ladies' meeting. She also showed us the image of stone to which they are taught to bow. She had a shoe which the ladies of China wear after they bandage their feet out of shape; also the sedan chair in which they ride. Do you know, children, that more is now being done for missions than has ever been done before, and that you are nobly helping? Doctor Willingham, in his address to the women, urged concentrated effort upon the women of the South. I would urge united effort, continued effort, upon the children of the Young South.

Friday evening President Cleveland received the Convention in a body. The afternoon was very warm. We assembled in groups under the shade of the trees until the hour arrived, when you would have been amused to see with what eagerness we grown people—Baptists, two thousand strong—pressed into the White House. There we stood in line, the perspiration dripping from our faces, awaiting our turn to shake the President's hand and get one smile—a conventional smile, you know—perhaps a word from him. "There are many more behind," was what I heard some one say. Another said, "I feel sorry for you." "Well, you needn't," replied Mr. Cleveland, as he

stood smiling that conventional smile upon each one, the perspiration dripping from his face also. When the reception was over, we all enjoyed joking each other for being in that crowd. Mr. Cleveland in youth cultivated the virtues of truth, honesty, and integrity, else he could never have risen to become the head of this nation.

Washington Letter No. 2

The city has elegant equipages, with spirited horses thronging the streets in the fashionable northwest quarter at certain hours of the day. There are cable cars, but few electric cars. The Herdic, with its two poor horses—a vehicle peculiar to Washington—was what we Convention people mostly rode in. You would have been amused at the different names we called it. Some of us called it the derrick, some the heretic, and every kind of “ic” except the Herdic. It looks a good deal like an omnibus, but if we had called it that people would have thought we had never been in Washington before. For three cents we could go to almost any part of the city, being transferred as often as we wished.

Returning from Washington, we had a daylight ride through Virginia, past Culpepper Courthouse, past the famous battlefield of Manassas. Indeed, almost every inch of her ground is historic. Instead of turning off at Salisbury and returning to Asheville, as we came, we kept on the main line to Atlanta. Like ancient Rome, just now, all roads seem to lead here. Her citizens, full of energy and enterprise, are preparing to open this fall a magnificent exposition, to which all the world will be invited. From her "Kimball House," her Peach Tree Street with its elegant residences, from all her beauty, I turned with a sad heart to the battlefield where, on July 22, 1863, so many noble youths of our South land gave up their lives in defense of the city, among them two of my own brothers.

After passing many other points of interest we are nearing Chattanooga, with its picturesque scenery on the banks of the noble Tennessee. There is grand old Lookout Mountain. Viewing it from a distance, I thought I wouldn't like to go on the road which runs straight up the mountain as I did several years ago with a party of friends. The views from the summit are magnificent. Seven different States are within range of the vision on a clear day. What so inspires

the soul to lofty thoughts as these scenes of transcendent loveliness? The views are also of historic interest. Looking down upon Missionary Ridge we are reminded of that terrific struggle between the contending armies. There too is the once bloody field of Chickamauga. All around is historic ground. But, after all, where can we find a State so grand, beautiful, and fertile as our own east, middle, and west Tennessee?

The Mammoth Fair St. Louis, 1904

A ride on the intramural railroad will give you an idea of the large grounds, the grand buildings, and the artistically laid-off flower beds and shrubs. This railroad will put you off near any point to which you wish to go. Roller-chairs are plentiful, but don't seem to be much in demand.

Most people prefer to stop first at their own State building, register their names, meet friends, sit in the easy-chairs, talk, read, write, get a cool drink of water free—you have to pay for all the water you drink elsewhere on the grounds.

The Tennessee Building, in the old Colonial style of architecture, is an exact reproduction of the Hermitage. The furniture was all brought from Jackson's old home; his bedroom is copied. There stands the high-post, rich-canopied bed on which he died. Many Jacksonian relics are in this room. At the dedication of this building speeches were made telling of the great resources of the State, rich in agriculture and minerals; also were called to mind the many great men who have and who will hand down their names in history, making Tennessee the proudest of her proud sister States. Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence is the hostess of this building. She was the little Rachel of the White House when Andrew Jackson was president. Tennessee also has a fine exhibit in the Agricultural Building. A house made of corn, pictures of grain, and various other Tennessee products are shown.

The Missouri Building is the largest of the State buildings, and is a magnificent piece of Roman architecture. The gilded dome is crowned by a figure representing the spirit of Missouri. From two floors balconies and porches surround the building on all sides, thus giving promenaders a good view of the grounds. Entering the large rotunda, one is cooled by the electric fountain in the center. The rooms are all elegantly

furnished; the furniture in the governor's room and the hall of State being in Missouri-grown satin walnut. Most of the social functions of the fair are held in the hall of State of this building. Beautiful was this hall on June 20, when draped with Confederate flags the Sons of Veterans and Confederate societies of Missouri greeted with speeches, music, and song the two thousand old veterans who stopped over from the reunion at Nashville to visit the World's Fair. When the Filipino Band, which made music for the occasion, struck up "Dixie," the enthusiasm was wild. These battle-scarred veterans are fast passing into the beyond. Our hearts are thrilled with emotion when we see the sons of veterans, with all the manly qualities inherited from their fathers, take up the flag emblazoned with truth and honor and plant it high upon the mount of integrity and usefulness. "Behold the sons of noble sires."

The majestic Alps seem transplanted to the banks of the Mississippi. We see the bold-cut mountain region glittering with ice and snow. The scene is most beautiful when the lights are on and its fountain is sending up many-colored waters to the height of fifty feet or more. Tyrolean men and women dressed in their gay native costumes are singing their native

songs. You get a general view of all this loveliness when you pass through the fortress gate and come to a large square. On the right is a little church built in the style of Tyrolean Gothic, where the Ober Ammergau passion play is performed. Next is the café, with terrace and verandas, where large numbers take their meals while listening to the Tyrolean singers. The houses are built in Tyrolese fashion. In these houses Tyrolese girls do all kinds of needlework, which they sell as souvenirs. To the right is the castle with its massive watchtower, vividly reminding us of the stormy times when the lives of the inhabitants of the castle were menaced. At the foot of the mountain stands a Tyrolean chateau, with its gray embattled walls. A railway is in this chateau which leads up to the sublime Alpine world, where mountain scenes feast the eye.

Jerusalem

Jerusalem, with its mosques and minarets, its sacred history, is a place every Bible student would love to visit. The reproduction of the holy city at the World's Fair is disappointing. Few natives of Jerusalem were

brought to the fair. Much that is reproduced is not exact. But do we not have a feeling of disappointment when visiting the real Jerusalem of to-day? By giving the imagination full play we can feel that Jerusalem has been visited. Enough traffic is going on at the Joppa gate to make us imagine it is the real gate to the city. There stands the red-fez Turk at the gate, standing where those like him have stood for centuries. There is the golden gate still walled up with solid masonry and guarded, as it has been since walled up by the Moslems in 1244, when Jerusalem was besieged for the last time. Through this golden gate, tradition says, the Jews are to reenter Jerusalem.

The mosque of Omar, one of the chief sanctuaries of the Moslem world, standing where Solomon's temple once stood, and upon the rock where Abraham was about to offer Isaac as a sacrifice, was the next place of interest to which the guide called our attention. We were then led up a flight of steps to the mount of Olives. A large panoramic view of the mount greets the eye. On the summit, where our Saviour wept over the city, stands a Turkish mosque. Right up the mountain is the broad road over which our Saviour made his triumphal entry. To the side of the mount is the narrow foot-path over which he walked to Bethany.

“All who have paid twice step this way,” said the guide. It seemed to us that we had paid at every step, so we stepped. A few others also stepped. We were taken into a little room, the door shut, then told to behold the garden of Gethsemane, with its olive trees—the same, it is said, under which our Saviour shed great drops of blood. Thence we were led to the via Dolorosa, said to be the street our Lord walked from his trial and condemnation in the judgment hall to the place of execution on Calvary. Along this route attention is called to the different arches. The first is where the Roman governor, Pilate, said to the enemies of Jesus, “Behold the man; I find no fault in him. Take ye him and crucify him.” Another arch is over the place where our Lord fainted under his cross. Attention is called to the Roman pavement once pressed by the feet of our Lord, though the pavement trod by our Saviour’s feet must have been forty feet below the present surface. From this street we were led to the tomb of our Saviour, representing the one hewn out of solid rock. Thence we were led to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, first built by Constantine and his queen mother Helena. Here our guide said his father would take charge of us. An elderly man stepped upon the platform, followed by native men and

women. Dressed in native costume they illustrated the Oriental salutation of bowing to the ground, hugging, kissing, and knocking their foreheads together; they also showed how they shake hands, the ladies always covering the hands before shaking. The different manners of carrying and using the staff which travelers always take with them was shown, as was the way they walk, the men always in front, so as (the lecturer said) the ladies wouldn't have to be forever turning around to look at the men; closely veiled as they are, they can only peep one eye out at the men.

The Jews' wailing-place, all that is left of the temple, was pointed out. The Jews still go there to wail and pray for the restoration of the Hebrews to temporal power. The castle of Antonia is pointed out, as is David's tower. Solomon's temple can be seen for an extra charge, as can the babe in the manger with his mother sitting by his side, the shepherds standing around with bowed heads. Many other places the Catholics have for making money. Going through streets lined on each side with wares to sell, we come to the street where there are numerous camels and donkeys. Their drivers loudly insisted that we ride "Holy Moses," the meek-eyed camel, or one of the little donkeys. We prefer passing on to the outside world.

