

SELECTIONS FROM LETTERS

FROM MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Work of the Holy Spirit.

THE Holy Spirit alone is able to develop in the human agent that which is acceptable in the sight of God.

Study the Character of Christ.

THE Lord of glory stepped down from his throne, laid aside his kingly crown, his royal robe, and clothed his divinity with humanity, that divinity might touch humanity, that humanity might lay hold of divinity. Look at Christ's life, and make it your study. For your soul's sake study the character of Christ. For our sakes He became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. This condescension on the part of Christ, was in the plan to redeem and restore the moral image of God in man, and to leave an example of self-denial and self-sacrifice, that the poor might not be despised on account of their poverty, and that the rich might know that earthly wealth will never secure to any soul eternal riches and an immortal inheritance in the kingdom of God.

Following Christ.

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." All who have a deep and living experience will understand the import of these words. "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth, . . . And of his fulness have we received, and grace for grace." Christ

said to his disciples, "He that will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." Those who drink of the cup of Christ's sufferings, must meet the temptations that Christ met, and overcome in his name. And every trial endured will add to the weight of their eternal glory; every faithful discharge of duty, every act of charity in the name of Christ, every word of encouragement and consolation spoken, will bring to them according to their works. They will be acknowledged before the assembled universe as co-laborers with Christ to save a perishing world.

No Time for Idlers.

WE have no time to lose. We are to form characters that will stand the test of the judgment. Satan is playing the game of life for souls. Build upon the Rock, the eternal Rock. Remember that Christ, the world's Redeemer, came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. In his manhood He made Himself servant of all. Christ worked at the carpenter's trade, and helped to support the family, and in this He has forever set his seal that work is a blessing. Useful employment of all the physical powers is essential for health. It is honorable, praiseworthy, approved and blessed of God. To every man God has given his work. No one is to be idle, for this invites the enemy to tempt him. God has assigned to every one his work.

Developing Power of Truth.

THE truth, if received, is capable of constant expansion and new developments. It will increase in bright-

ness as we behold it, and grow in height and depth as we aspire to grasp it. Thus it will elevate us to the standard of perfection, and give us faith and trust in God as our strength for the work before us. We need the truth as it is in Jesus. As his representatives and witnesses, we need to come to a full understanding of the saving truth which we must know by an experimental knowledge.

The Sons of God.

THE character of Christ is an infinitely perfect character. The Word declares Him. He is lifted up, and proclaimed as the One who gave his life for the life of the world. We have not the least right to trust in any man, or to make flesh our arm. Christ gave his own life, that all the disloyal and disobedient might realize the truth of the promise given in the first chapter of John: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." Tell it over and over again. We may become the sons of God, members of the royal family, children of the heavenly King. All who accept Jesus Christ and hold the beginning of their confidence firm to the end, will be heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ to "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time."

SHALL we serve Heaven

With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves?

—Shakspeare.

Jinny Witter's Thanksgiving.



R. Wendell Walpole had enjoyed a dainty, bountiful supper, and emerging from the warmth of his handsomely furnished dining-room he buttoned

him his heavy overcoat, preparatory to going out. It was bitterly cold, but in view of his many mercies, Mr. Walpole, who was a professor of religion, found it his bounden duty to be present at the evening meeting for prayer. He had asked his wife to accompany him, but as usual she had refused. Very placid and grateful he felt on entering the comfortable vestry; if any sorrow haunted his life, it was in the background tonight, and he mentally resolved that his pastor should not wait in vain to hear his voice in prayer that evening at least. The goodness of the Lord had followed him in a signal manner through the year, whose fast

fleeing months had brought again "the harvest time, Thanksgiving." Next week would come the annual festival, and although all anniversary days were saddened for Mr. Walpole and his wife, yet the great ledgers at the counting-room showed profits, which made the heart of the business man rejoice.

Mr. Walpole's muffled figure paced slowly up the aisle until, nearing the platform, he seated himself with unconscious self-satisfaction and complacency near the sacred desk. The door of the well-lighted vestry kept opening and shutting, admitting warmly clad figures; ladies enveloped in plenty of velvet and fur, and gentlemen in heavy coats, doubly lined, and double breasted, and well reinforced at the collar and cuffs. The church was in a populous, fashionable locality, and if the numbers who attended its evening meetings attested anything as to its spiritual warmth and life, the pastor need not to have wanted for encouragement in his blessed work. At last, when old Captain Bertram, clad in an enormous camlet cloak, had slowly lumbered into the soothing atmosphere of the vestry, a little, half-starved thing clothed in a few garments evidently



intended for a still smaller boy than himself, had managed to glide in under the concealing folds of the

wide-sweeping cloak. The sexton espied him after a moment crouching in a corner of the settee nearest the great radiator, but the child was perfectly quiet, and the man had n't the heart to motion him out. He reflected that had he seen the little Arab entering, he might perhaps have prevented him from stopping, but evidently the light and shelter had attracted him, for it was unusually cold for the middle of November.

The meeting was a more than ordinarily live one, and in due time Mr. Walpole arose, and in well chosen language dwelt eloquently on the goodness of God. Surely his children should trust implicitly so bountiful a Provider. The mercies had followed each other in such regular succession during the year, they had been literally new every morning, and fresh every evening. Then he asked, with great earnestness, "What shall we render to our God for all his benefits? I, for one, my brethren, intend to make such returns as will



seem well pleasing in the sight of the Lord. It is our duty"—talking in a more generalizing, less personal style—"to copy the example of our Blessed Saviour, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, warm the poor, and assist the needy, always remembering the words of Divine acceptance and approval—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Inspired by his own fervid words, his enthusiasm had risen to such a pitch that he felt drawn to supplement his remarks by a hearty prayer, in which he begged to be shown in what way he could best attest to the real thanksgiving with which his heart was

NOTE.—Although late for Thanksgiving, the lesson in this story is so good that we cannot refrain from giving it to our readers at this time.

filled. He concluded the prayer by urging that at last he might hear from his Master's lips the welcome plaudit, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Remarks followed from others present, and in more than one instance allusion was made to "the earnest words of our dear brother Walpole." There was considerable hand-shaking and interchange of friendly inquiry as the meeting broke up, but at length Mr. Walpole had again closely buttoned up his coat to his chin, and was briskly walking toward home, when he thought he heard a slight call. He half turned, but seeing no one, still in that exalted frame of mind he paced on until he felt a decided little pull at his coat. He turned way around this time, and stopped short at sight of a little figure close by him in the cold moonlight. But before he had time to say a word, a little, thin, wiry voice asked eagerly:—

"Say, boss, did you mean that, wot you said?"

"Did I mean what?" asked the tall man, in surprise.

"Did you mean that wot you said just now in the church, the beautiful, warm church?"

"Why, what do you mean, boy?"

Any practical or even possible connection between his happily uttered remarks and this pinched little atom of humanity never occurred to Mr. Walpole's mind for a moment.

"I mean that wot you said 'bout you must feed folks wot was hungry, and buy clothes for them as had n't got any, and warm folks as was freezin';—we're almost freezin', sister an' I, an' Jinny's sick—awful sick she is."

"Well, don't you have a doctor?"

They were walking side by side, the piteously incongruous pair, for it was too cold to linger on the glistening pavement. Mr. Walpole wished his fragile companion would run away, but the little illy-shod feet

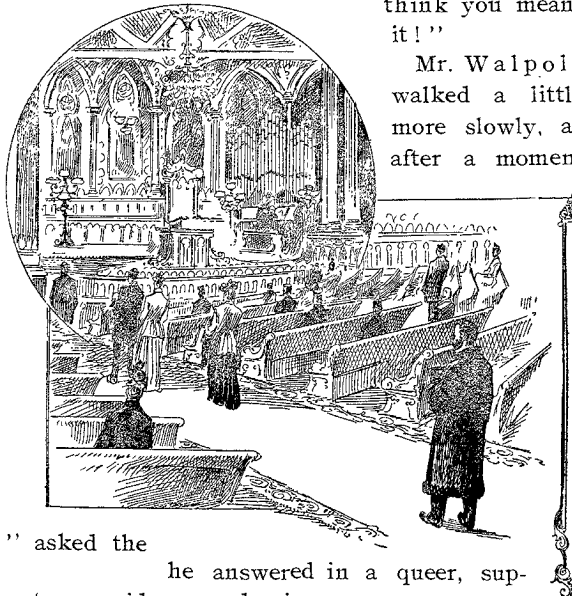
managed somehow to keep up with his own long strides.

"Yes; we's had the doctor, but he do n't stop Jinny a-coughin'."

"Well, I'll give you some pennies; then you'd better run home and get warm."

"We ain't got no coal, and the wood's most gone, and Jinny's that sick she can't pray out loud no more. I would n't a-axed you," he added, in a dreary, patient tone; "for Jinny an' me ain't the beggin' kind, only you talked so good and grand in the big warm church," then he half sobbed, in a kind of desperate outburst, "an' I'll be blest if I did n't think you meant it!"

Mr. Walpole walked a little more slowly, as after a moment



he answered in a queer, suppressed voice:—

"Come into my house, little boy, and I'll see what I can do for you."

As they stood by the furnace register in the spacious front hall, Mr. Walpole inquired:—

"How long has your sister been sick?"

The child's eyes wandered from the bronze figure holding the gas lamp to the tufted-like paper on the wall, then down to the softly carpeted floor, as he answered, softly: "Jinny ain't never been well, she ain't, not sence I can remember. She worked hard to fetch me up decent, but now her cough's that bad she can't get out any more, and can't talk, only in a whisper."

"What doctor do you have?"

"Dr. Stangood; he's been to see Jinny lots o' times."

"Well, I know Dr. Stangood,"

said Mr. Walpole, encouragingly. "I'll speak to him about your sister. Let's see, what is your name? and where do you live?"



He felt a decided little pull at his coat.

"My name's Lou Witter, and I live down to No. 55 Scott's Court, up three flights an' turn to the left."

"Do n't you know, my boy, there are societies that help people like you and your sister? I belong to such a society myself. I should be sorry to know of a truly worthy person's suffering."

The boy's face worked itself into a wicked little grin as he answered, with shrewd logic way beyond his years, "I earns more spendin' the same time runnin' errands for pennies, than I gets a-answerin' o' their questions. I gets a pint o' coal, or a dish o' soup after I've told who my granny was an' where she lived, an' who she took in washin' for. I do n't like s'cieties, nor Jinny do n't neither. You see,



Carrying the food.

we do n't know any too particular just who our folks was, nor what parish we belongs to, nor what church we's members of.

We mostly don't go to church, but Jinny always went reg'lar to

the Mission Sunday School long's

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The Gospel Herald

YAZOO CITY, MISS., JANUARY, 1899.

J. E. WHITE, EDITOR.

SPECIAL NUMBER.

THE February number of the GOSPEL HERALD will contain pictures of many of our leading denominational buildings, with a brief description of each. It will also show many of our foreign mission buildings, giving some statement of the work done by them.

This "extra" has become a necessity to our work in this field, as all sorts of wild rumors are set afloat about us. We have been called Mormons, and political agitators who have come South to stir up the Negroes to deeds of violence; and other surmises not necessary to mention have come to our ears.

Many ask why we have undertaken to work for the Negroes, and why we do not work for those of our own color. They have no idea of the world-wide nature of our message, which must be proclaimed to every "nation, kindred, tongue, and people." Our religious belief is different in some respects from that of the masses of professed Christians; hence it is not surprising that many should form the opinion that we are a set of religious cranks, independent and alone, without denominational backing, and working for the Negroes because they are the only people among whom we can work.

For the safety, standing, and prosperity of the work we feel that we should have a special number of the HERALD which shall show something of the extent and magnitude of the work which we represent. We must be able to show the large facilities of the work in this country, and the mission work that is now literally being carried to every "nation, kindred, tongue, and people," and that in carrying such a world-wide message this field must be covered as well as all others, and that this is only one branch of the great message of the coming kingdom that is now going to Africa, China, Japan, Turkey, Australia, the formerly cannibal islands of the Pacific, and all other of the world's great mission fields.

These papers will be distributed widely and gratuitously in places where work is now progressing, and a goodly supply will be kept on hand for future use.

It will cost nearly one hundred dollars to produce this number of the HERALD and circulate it properly. *Heretofore no call has been made for funds to meet any of the running expenses of the work. They have been cheerfully met out of the private income of the workers in this field.* But the spread of the work is carrying these expenses beyond our means; hence if there are those who desire to aid in the expense of this "extra" of the HERALD, as here described, it will be gratefully received. For let me drop a word to you. The workers are often put to their wits' end to devise ways and means for meeting these large running expenses, and often the work is sadly crippled for a little ready money to undertake some needed work.

VISIT OF ELDS. IRWIN AND EVANS.

THURSDAY night, December 8th, on the arrival of the 6:03 train, we were glad to greet Elds. Irwin and Evans. We had long looked for a visit from these brethren, for we were very desirous that they should look over the field with us, that we might have the advantage of their counsel in the future of the work. The steamer "Morning Star" was placed at their disposal and the following places were visited:—

PALO ALTO.—Friday, Dec. 9th, we ran to this place, seven miles below Yazoo City. Sabbath passed quietly, the boat's company holding its regular Sabbath-school, and receiving the benefit of two lessons from Eld. Irwin on the "Principles of Health Reform." Some calls were also made upon the people living near the landing. At night the boat's chapel was well filled, and Eld. Evans spoke upon the nearness of the coming of Christ. There is a deep interest at this place.

LINTONIA.—This is a suburb of Yazoo City, and it is here that the movable chapel has been erected. It is a building 21 x 48 feet, and presents a good appearance, both inside and

outside. Returning to Yazoo City Sunday morning, we met at this chapel at 4 p. m., at which time it was formally dedicated to the service and work of God, by Eld. Irwin.

WILSONIA.—This is another suburb of Yazoo City where Bible readings, preaching services, and night schools have been held in the Baptist church. There are many good people in this suburb who are deeply interested in the study of God's Word. Sunday night Eld. Evans spoke in this church to a deeply interested audience. A good impression was left with the people. A night school, and perhaps a day school, will soon be established here.

SCHOOL AT LINTONIA.—A day school was opened in our chapel at this place, Wednesday, November 30th, with Bro. and Sister Rogers from the Walla Walla College as teachers. The first day the attendance was 15; the next day 26; and it has continued to increase until it now numbers 50. On account of an epidemic of scarlet fever, all schools in this locality have been closed by the health officers for three weeks. But the interest in the school increases. Many new scholars are promised, and the indications are that the building will soon be filled. Bro. and Sister Rogers bring a ripe experience to the work, and their good school work is being appreciated. On Monday morning, Elds. Irwin and Evans visited the school and expressed themselves pleased with the work being done, and the success attending it.

CALMAR.—Monday afternoon the "Morning Star" started for this place. Tuesday, at 3 p. m., Eld. Irwin spoke in the partially completed chapel. It was not completed sufficiently for dedication, and owing to cold weather and a change in the appointment only a few were present. The service, however, was instructive, and our duties regarding the sacredness of the house of God, and the care that should be taken of it were plainly set forth. We have since seen the good results of this discourse. Our visitors were well pleased with our location and the work begun, and favored starting a school at an early date.

VICKSBURG.—We reached this place Wednesday at 1.30 p. m. At night a goodly company assembled at the church, and listened to an instructive, practical discourse from Eld. Evans. The company at this place are holding firmly to the truth, and are growing mentally, spiritually, and in the knowledge of the truth under the faithful labors of Sister Osborn. Thursday morning Elds. Irwin and Evans visited the flourishing school taught by Sister Agee, assisted by Sister Jensen. At noon we accompanied them to the train, as they desired to reach Keene, Texas, before the Sabbath.

We were very glad to have these brethren with us, even for a short time. Their visit was much appreciated by the people. They have seen the field, and know its opportunities and needs. We look for good results from this visit in many directions.

The "Star" laid over a week at Calmar, during which time an addition of 12 x 24 feet was built. This gives two rooms 9 x 12 feet, and a gallery, or veranda, 6 x 12 feet across the front. It makes a very pleasant home, and it is in one of the pleasantest and most healthful localities in the State.

While in Vicksburg we also secured such household utensils and furniture as were necessary, and when we left Calmar for Yazoo City, Saturday night, December 31st, Bro. Stephenson was left in possession to care for the work in that locality. He will conduct the Sabbath meetings, hold Bible readings, and as the way opens start a night school. It is also probable that a day school will be opened in a few weeks.

LATER FROM LINTONIA.

Just before going to press Bro.



BUILDING THE CHAPEL AT CALMAR.

CALMAR, MISSISSIPPI.

ACCOMPANYING this article is a picture of the chapel at Calmar as it appeared in process of building. The work was done by the crew of the "Morning Star," with two or three volunteers from the neighborhood.

When the boat was last in Vicksburg it was decided to put up an addition to the chapel that could be used as a home for a teacher. Considerable lumber was left from building the chapel, and enough new was bought to complete the building. This was loaded on the guards of the "Morning Star" and brought to Calmar on our return trip.

Rogers reports the number on the school roll at that place to be *seventy-seven*. Such a growth is phenomenal, and indicates a confidence in our methods of work hardly expected.

The night school has been opened at Wilsonia, and will soon be started at Lintonia.

A STRANGE HARVEST.

It is related that a Bible colporteur in Spain one day entered the little village of Montalborejo in Toledo province, and offered his Bibles for sale. Among others he sold a large Bible intended for family use. The village priest heard of his presence,

and ran to the colporteur. He tore the book out of the buyer's hand, and angrily exclaimed, "These books of the devil shall never enter my parish." He roused the people, and especially the pious women, to anger, and they took up stones to cast at the inoffensive man.

Six weeks later the colporteur was again on the road leading to the selfsame village. Gladly would he have avoided it had he been able to find a roundabout way. Approaching the village at dusk, he hoped the inhabitants would fail to recognize him. To his astonishment the very first man he met at the city gate detained him with the question:—

"Are you not the man who sold the Bible?"

"Yes, I am the man."

"Then welcome to our village; every one of us desires to purchase your book," was the amazing reply. In his utmost astonishment, the man inquired:—

"Are you not the selfsame people who only a few weeks ago cast stones at me?"

"Most certainly," answered the man, "but a great change has come over us, so that each and every one desires one of your books."

A merchant of the village had picked up the book in the market place, concluding that the paper might be used. Accordingly leaf after leaf was torn out to serve as wrappers for salt, sugar, rice or other groceries, thus entering every hut in the village. Through this means, the people became acquainted with the gospel, and were burning to learn more of the wondrous message which had been conveyed to them by the leaves of that Bible, which the priest thought he had destroyed beyond recall. The village ultimately became a centre of Christian activity.—*Christian Herald*.

SOMEONE has said that ours is an age when someone wants to reform the world, but no one thinks of reforming himself. We must begin with ourselves. . . . Life for God in public is a mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbal unless it is balanced by life with God in secret.

—Rev. James Stalker, D. D.

she could, an' up to the time she got so hoarse she kept a-singing, 'The Lord will provide.' I wish to gracious he would!" But the thin little voice was not passionate, nor consciously irreverent, only so longing, poor hungry child—so longing.

Just then Mrs. Walpole, hearing voices, looked from the library door into the hall, and with a glance at the strangely matched pair, was about to return to her easy chair, when her husband said: "Wife, if I send this child to the kitchen, can't the girls give him something to eat? we must have some food to spare for—for one of our Master's poor little ones."

Mrs. Walpole replied rather indifferently, but not unkindly, that of course there was food down stairs the child was welcome to. She had the air of a person too much absorbed with personal cares, or troubles, to think of extending much aid or sympathy to others, but she noticed her husband accompanied the little waif to the kitchen.

When the boy went out of the basement door, he had enough food to last himself and sister for at least two days, and a bundle of coal besides. Mr. Walpole feared the child's little strength might be taxed too much by two such packages, but he bore out the load right manfully, trying to conceal his efforts, and all the time thanking his benefactor in his crude, untaught way. "I thought as how you meant it, boss. I'll try and be a good Christian myself, if ever I get onto my feet. Good night, boss, and thanks again."

After Mr. Walpole had told his wife all there was to tell, she asked:—

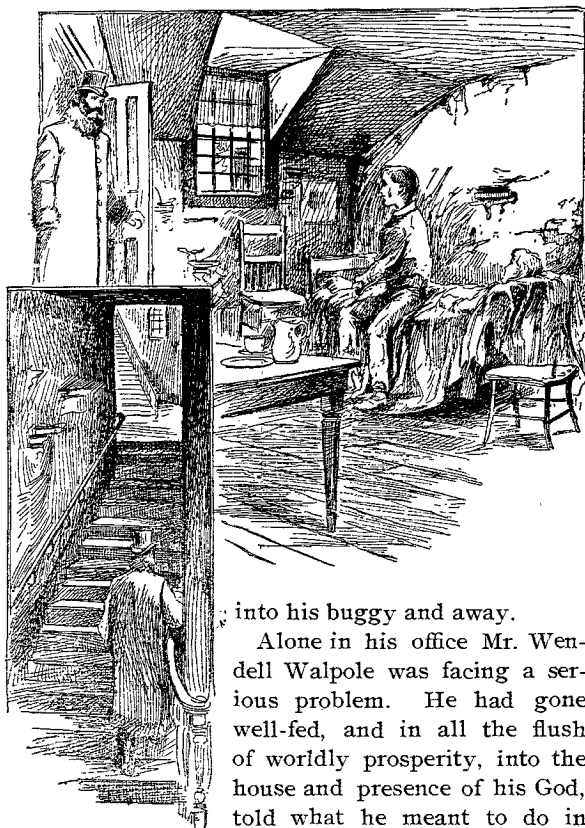
"What shall you do about it?"

"I shall see Stangood in the morning first thing, just as I promised to."

* * * * *

"You see, Mr. Walpole," said Dr. Stangood, the city physician, "the

fact is the girl is dying for want of proper food and shelter. She is only one of scores of cases which no special charity can reach. She ought to go to the hospital, but she won't leave her little brother; and it is simply amazing what the child does for her. He manages somehow to pick up fuel enough to keep her from actually freezing, and food enough to keep her from actually starving. Astonishing how these poor creatures cling to each other, but there! they have hearts as well as the rest of us. Wish I could help them all, but that would be impossible. Good morning, sir." And the doctor hurried



into his buggy and away.

Alone in his office Mr. Wendell Walpole was facing a serious problem. He had gone well-fed, and in all the flush of worldly prosperity, into the house and presence of his God, told what he meant to do in view of unnumbered mercies received, and sought Divine aid in carrying out his generous impulses. And God had taken him at his word, and at once brought before him one of his neediest children. Should he dare look back after voluntarily putting his hand to the plow, even if it took his time and money, and forced his feet into unwonted by-ways to answer the call? He answered with commendable honesty:—

"Verily, if I do, I am not fit for the kingdom of God!"

At noon he was laboriously climbing three flights of stairs in a rickety old house in Scott's Court. He paused on reaching the upper landing, but just then a door opened, and he saw the face of the boy he had befriended the night before.

"Oh, it's the boss!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Walk right in, sir."

On a pile of clothing answering for bedstead, bedclothes, and all, was a once fair young girl. Tears sprang into Mr. Walpole's eyes at sight of so girlish but wasted a face. At the end of an hour he groped his way down the uneven stair and out into the sunshine. The next day Virginia Witter went willingly to the hospital, knowing provision would be made for her little brother's welfare. He was to be comfortably clothed, and act as errand boy at Mr. Walpole's office.

It had been distasteful enough at first, for a man of Mr. Wendell Walpole's dainty habits, picking his way through the foulness of Scott's Court, but he regarded the Lord's call, and after all he was in earnest, and meant what he said the night of the prayer-meeting, although he did not realize the meaning of his fervid words. Alas! how often we lack realization of the import of our petitions. But no life is so prosperous that naught of ill beclouds it, and despite his wealth and fine worldly prospects, a great cankering sorrow was always present in the heart of Wendell Walpole. Years before there had been an only son in the rich man's house. Very fond and very proud had been the parents of their bright, handsome boy. Alas! too proud and too indulgent. By the time the youth had fairly passed childhood's years he had become so utterly unruly that he was expelled finally from school. His parents tried to tighten the lines when restraint was no longer possible. Then his irregular habits added to his insatiable demands for money—the money was not as plenteous then as now—tried his father almost beyond endurance. There were repeated altercations; the father would remonstrate, the son threaten. At length, after a few years, there was an attempt one night to rob the safe in Mr. Walpole's office, and to escape

detection the guilty son fled—whither? In pain and humiliation the father sought his recreant son far and near. But years had gone by, and although they failed to bring desired relief, the sharp anguish of the loss had assuaged in some degree, and the father and mother mourned their only son as dead.

Continued in next number.

LESSON FROM THE STORY.

THE Thanksgiving story begun in this number of the HERALD brings a lesson to each of us. It is a lesson concerning our individual responsibility. We are instructed that in this field we must bring relief to the suffering—that this is part of our work. Indeed this field, as in no other we have seen, is so utterly poverty-stricken that help must be given in very many lines. Instead of the workers receiving aid in food and contributions of money, they are working where it is often necessary to give aid to many who are in absolute want. The instructions, “feed the hungry, clothe the naked,” apply with startling force to this field.

We are aware that times are hard everywhere, and that there are many calls for means. But “hard times” is relative in its bearing. Have you a home? Have you food to eat? Have you warm clothing to wear? Then thank God and think of the people whose houses let in the biting cold through a hundred openings. Think of the people whose few rags of clothing hang in tatters about them, and whose supply of food is practically gone. Then see if you can sit down in your comfortable home with its warm fires and sufficiency of wholesome food and say: “It is hard times. There is nothing I can do.”

We can all do something. If the thousands scattered everywhere would each lift a little, how the different branches of the work in this destitute field would prosper.

At present there is great need of food and clothing. In another column is given a reprint of a circular sent out a few days ago. Already hearty responses are coming. Shall be glad to hear from others.

We should deal with each other as God deals with us.—*Goethe.*

YAZOO CITY, Mississippi, Dec. 27, 1898.

Dear Friends:—

The past season has been one of signal disaster to the colored farmers of the South. The almost incessant rains of this season have cut down the cotton crop more than one-half, and much of this was lost owing to bad weather during picking time. We have not yet met a man who will have enough from his “crop” to pay land rent and store bill. Until these are paid he can have no money to use in providing for his own needs.

There will be severe suffering this winter in consequence, both for food to eat and clothing to wear. Indeed, there are many so nearly naked that they cannot come to our meetings, or attend night school, or send their children to day school. Some beds are made of rough cotton sacks filled with weeds and covered with a few rags. The houses are built so loosely, that the wind comes in through hundreds of places. During the severe cold weather of the past two weeks there has been serious suffering. In some instances the family would sit up all night and keep the fire going constantly, as it was not safe to go to bed, on account of the scarcity of bedding.

God calls on us to relieve such suffering as this. From a humanitarian standpoint there is no better work we can do. From the standpoint of influence there is no work we can do that will so quickly reach the heart and bring the people where they will listen to the Bible truths we teach them. The Testimonies give this as one of the lines of work in which we should engage.

We need immediately **fifty barrels of useful** second-hand clothing, boots and shoes, hats and caps. Below is given a list of things most needed:—

Bed Clothing of every description, even if well worn and containing some holes.

For Men.—Underclothing, coats, vests, pants, overcoats, socks, boots, shoes, hats, caps, etc.

For Women.—Underclothing, dresses, skirts, waists, cloaks, capes, hats, bonnets, stockings, and shoes.

For Children.—Everything in the line of clothing worn by children from babyhood to the age of youth.

Boots and Shoes of every size and description are especially needed. Almost every shoe dealer has a lot of shop-worn goods, some of which he would doubtless donate to the work, or sell at a very low price if the situation was properly presented. Will you call on him and see what you can do? Well-worn boots and shoes, if serviceable, will do much good.

In a Testimony given seven years ago are the following lines: “Sin rests upon us as a church because we have not made greater effort for the salvation of souls among the colored people.” And yet the work has hardly been begun by us as a people.

In another Testimony given last year in regard to the colored work we read: “The South is calling to God for spiritual and temporal food, but it has been so long neglected that hearts have become as hard as stone. God’s people need now to arouse and redeem their sinful neglect and indifference of the past. These obligations now rest heavily upon the churches, and God will graciously pour out his Spirit upon those who will take up their God-given work.”

It is hoped that good, hearty responses will come to this call. If there are places where it is not convenient to send clothing, money may be sent instead. There are many who must have help in food to eat or suffer the pangs of hunger. A little ready money will enable the Society to aid many a hungry family.

How to send aid.—Send all cash remittances to Southern Missionary Society, Yazoo City, Mississippi.

Do not ship any clothing until you write to International Tract Society, Battle Creek, Michigan. They will tell you how and where to ship. We hope to get free rates of freight on these goods from Battle Creek, or Chicago.

The Southern Missionary Society has no funds with which to pay the freight. Hence those who collect and ship the goods **must prepay the freight** to the central point decided upon by the International Tract Society.

Collect goods at once; write for instructions to International Tract Society, and they will be ready to answer you with full particulars.

Yours in the Master’s Work,

Southern Missionary Society, Yazoo City, Miss.



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RELIEF FUND.

ABOUT two weeks ago we sent out a few circulars asking for second-hand clothing, and such remittances of money as any saw fit to offer, the clothing being used to cover the bodies of those suffering for sufficient clothing, and the cash remittances to be used in purchasing flour, meal, and such food supplies as are needed to relieve those who are actually hungry for proper food. A copy of this circular will be found on page 55 of this paper.

We are glad to notice the interest that is being taken in this matter. Many report that they are gathering clothing, and have written to the International Tract Society for shipping instructions. We hope to soon receive some shipments of clothing, because it is very much needed during the present cold weather.

As will be seen on this page, some have already sent in remittances of money. This is already being used as intended. A draft of \$4.15, coming from Parkersburg, Iowa, was at once forwarded to Sister Osborn, at Vicksburg, to be used in buying needed supplies for those of our people in want. With the next boat down river we shall send to Calmar, flour, meal, sugar, and some of our "Rye-Koffy." These rations will be placed in the keeping of Bro. Stephenson, who has been left in charge of the work at that place. He, with Brn. Casey and Olevin, who know the people well, and cannot be imposed upon, will act as a committee to distribute supplies of both food and clothing (when it arrives) to those in actual want.

In behalf of these poor people we thank those who are taking an interest in this good work. This is certainly a part of gospel work as much as preaching and giving Bible readings. One good brother who has shown his interest in the work by securing a good donation for it, quotes James 2 : 15, 16 ; 1 John 3 : 17. It will do us all good to read these texts.

Of course we cannot aid all the suffering colored people in the South. But in places where we have begun gospel missionary work we must show our interest in their welfare by relieving the suffering right among those for whom we are laboring.

Many feel that they cannot come to our meetings and night schools because of the lack of suitable clothing, and they are not fastidious in the matter either. How nat-

ural that we who bring them the gospel and the opportunities to learn, should at the same time see to it that those who wish to attend shall have their nakedness covered, to say the least. This is a good work, and the reward promised in Luke 14 : 14 is sure to those who engage in it.

NEEDED AT CALMAR.

THE financial report of the work at this place shows an indebtedness of a little less than one hundred dollars. We hoped to make a more favorable report at this time, but remittances have not been large, and quite an additional outlay has been required to provide a home for the teacher, Bro. Stephenson, who is already located in it and at work among the people. The plan of this addition was presented to Elds. Irwin and Evans when on the ground, and it was cordially sanctioned by them.

Calmar now has a neat chapel, large enough for present needs, and which is also sufficient for the requirements of both a day and a night school. Attached to this is a comfortable home for the teacher and ten acres of excellent land for fruit raising and garden purposes. All this secured, with furniture and some school supplies, for a little over three hundred dollars. How will that do for an economical outlay of means?

But the building is not fully completed. The windows are set in place and held there by nails. Window and door frames must be made. The building is not finished inside. It must be wainscoted four feet high from the floor, and the rest of the sides and the overhead ceiling covered with cloth and paper. Some fencing must be done on the land to prepare it for fruit planting and crops. It is probable that these things will bring the cost to fully \$400.00. But where has so much ever been done before with so little money?

Now, brethren, at least one hundred and sixty dollars more will be needed as quick as it can be raised to pay for the land and make this building comfortable and ready to dedicate to the service of the Lord. We hope every debt will be paid before this house is so dedicated. I have always felt a repugnance to dedicating a debt to the Lord. Shall there be prompt and hearty responses to this call so that the work at this important point be not hindered?

FINANCIAL REPORT

OF THE

Missionary Enterprise of C. W. Smouse, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

THAT all may know exactly to which object the profits of their sales have been given, we make this financial report. We hope to enlist many of the mothers, youth, and children in this grand missionary enterprise of raising means to carry the "Gospel" to the colored people of the South. These reports will appear in the columns of the HERALD from time to time. Do you not want a part in this work?

Mrs. Emma Davidson	\$ 1 50
Mrs. M. E. Henneg	1 25
Mrs. Gertrude Webb	1 25
Lydia Nesmith	1 50

Mrs. Ella E. Butler	1 25
Alma Moore	50
Alice Wakenight	3 75
Elizabeth Benedict	1 75
Z. McCroskey	1 25
Mrs. N. J. Dana	1 25
Mrs. M. J. Weaver	35
George Reed	1 50
Edith G. M. Shields	1 50
Mrs. L. M. Davis	1 50
Sara Skipton	2 00
Miss Maude Conner	1 25
Mrs. A. R. Wilcox	1 50
Mrs. C. C. Kendston	1 75
Mrs. R. T. Cranston	2 75
Mrs. C. E. Knight	1 25
Mrs. Lucy Norwood	3 50
Mrs. L. A. Bramhall	1 35
Mrs. Ella S. Lawry	2 25
Laura Hunter	1 50
Mrs. M. VanHouton	1 50
Mrs. J. G. Smith	2 00
Harry Moss	1 25
Mrs. H. C. McDearmon	1 50

Total	\$45 45
Deficit from Dec. No.	6 76

Balance on hand	\$38 69
This balance is retained to meet a payment soon due on the Yazoo City church lot.	

Report of Relief Fund.

THE following sums have been received in response to the circular sent out December 27th, a copy of which will be found on page 55 of this paper. It will be noticed that all of these remittances came from Iowa. May God bless Iowa. A report of the appropriation of this fund will be given in a later number of the HERALD.

Church at Parkersburg, Iowa	\$ 4 15
Church at Ruthven, Iowa	4 80
Church at Adel, Iowa	5 75
Church at Hawkeye, Iowa	2 00
Church at Alexander, Iowa	1 06
	\$17 76

Calmar Chapel and School Fund.

Am't reported in Dec. HERALD	\$218 86
E. Sprague	5 00
T. E. Moore and Wife	5 00
A Sister in Battle Creek	5 00
H. E. Russell	3 00
S. B. Horton	1 00
S. D. Smith and Family	1 00
J. C. Colby	1 00

\$239 86

Disposition of Calmar Chapel and School Fund.

Reported in Dec. HERALD	\$292 75
Lumber to complete addition for Teacher	26 11
Hardware, &c	1 75
Wharfage at Adams' Landing	50
Furniture for Teacher	10 85
School supplies	3 20
	\$335 16
Rec'd from Calmar Chapel and School Fund	239 86
Balance yet to be raised	\$ 95 30