

THE STAR OF ZION.

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BUSINESS MANAGER.

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tion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: To insure publica-
tion, write with ink and extra carefully on one
side of the sheet only; do not abbreviate; avoid
personalities; deal with the questions and give
the names of churches and societies; condense, as far
as possible, to one or two columns; do not, if
possible, exceed 600 words. When writing about
schools, universities, dedications, donations, mar-
riages, receptions, death of church members, Easter
or children's day, and the like, write on postal
cards. If you write long-remembered articles, the
Editor will "hold them down." Send all articles for
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THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1897.

EDITORIAL.

Read Bishop Small's letter.

If some women were not "made up" so conspicuously they would look sweet and pretty.

ONE hour of good solid work is worth a month of pressing brick on the corner with your feet talking politics.

PRESIDING ELDER J. W. THOMAS who is opposed to our bishops and ministers wearing robes will speak next week.

We learn that Presiding Elder Jno. Hooper, the veteran pioneer, is very ill in Newbern, N. C.

NEXT week we shall publish the literary program of the coming anniversary of Bishop Hood. Zion is getting aroused on the subject.

BROTHER pastor, have you raised Children's Day money so as to have your name and church appear in that great report which will be published about the middle of August? There are some surprises in store. Some churches have excelled New York and Philadelphia.

FROM what some of the conference stewards are saying about the bad handling of general fund by some brethren, would it not be wisdom for the Bishops and General Secretary to have Bishop Small's amendment to the new financial plan printed immediately and placed in the hands of each presiding elder?

THE annual report made in the last issue was, in spite of hard times, the best ever made by Dr. Hubert, Financial Secretary of Livingstone College. Of course some of the amounts are pledges which have not been collected, but the balance due the College—\$400—he says will be sent in this month. Dr. Hubert is one of our ablest young men.

UNLESS they are very poorly informed or not at all, the few Wilmington (N. C.) friends who themselves want to be Collector of Customs ought to know by this time that they cannot defeat so great a party worker as the Hon. J. C. Dancy for the place. Read what the Maxton Blade, one of the ablest and newest papers of the State, says about him.

THE Charlotte (N. C.) Observer, already the leading daily in the State, has eclipsed even itself in its change from a four to an eight-page paper. The Observer is nothing if not up-to-date; and, although its former size was fully satisfying to its many patrons, yet recognizing the aggressive spirit to be that characteristic of the journalism of to-day, it has made the change. Long live the Observer!

An incident of the Christian Endeavor meeting in Woodard Pavilion, which caused long-continued applause, was the reading of the following telegram from the President.

Washington, D. C., July 7, 1897.
John Willis Baer, San Francisco, Cal.:
Best wishes for the success of the Convention.
WM. MCKINLEY.

If the President of the United States could lay aside his many and great duties long enough to recognize and telegraph cheering greetings to this band of young Christians whose Society is likened to the great crusading army that Peter the Hermit led to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, certainly every Zion pastor ought to see that there is something in this movement and, if he has not a V. C. E. Society, should go to work immediately and organize one. Write to President J. B. Colbert, 1114-6th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Which One Will Lightning Strike?

The Librarian Mission, which usually goes to the colored brother, and pays a salary of \$4,000 a year, is the next fat plum in sight. There are several worthy applicants for it; but the two men who have been most talked of for it the past week are Rev. F. M. Jacobs and Rev. A. J. Warner. Read the clippings which we publish in this issue.

Rev. F. M. Jacobs is able and progressive and one of the best educated young men of the race. He is an erudite theologian and a brilliant political speaker, having been in great demand on the stump in Tennessee for the last few years. His appointment would be a fitting recognition of the younger element of the party. He has strong endorsements.

Rev. A. J. Warner, of Birmingham, Ala., is an old war-horse of the Republican party. For years he has been one of the leading campaigners, having stumped the leading States of the Union for the G. O. P. After listening to one of his thrilling and telling speeches one night in a great political meeting in New York, at its close Senator Platt remarked that he was one of the ablest Negroes in the United States. He is also strongly backed. We wish both gentlemen success. May the best man win.

Do You Know What Short Means?

Nearly all religious papers, like the STAR, are complaining of long articles. Some preachers when they get to writing never consider the length of their articles nor realize the fact that fifty or seventy-five more persons are writing at the same time for the same paper. Notwithstanding the Editor has one or two hundred articles ahead of their's, they will send their's with the command to "publish it in the next issue." If their articles are delayed they will send an abusive letter ordering them returned. All such impatient fellows are full of the devil and should be provided with front seats at a revival meeting. If all would observe the rules we have laid down to correspondents in the first column at the top on second page they would get a quick hearing in the STAR. Read and heed when you write again.

The *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, of the M. E. Church, a 16-page weekly, says it has articles enough to last six months, and that it thinks it will print them in a book and call it "The Acts of Elders." We are publishing weekly nearly twice the matter of our predecessors published; and if that 16-page paper complains, what ought the little 4-page STAR say? Seeing the great pile of articles on hand the Manager and Editor in order to try to catch up have dropped out several advertisements this week and crowded in articles and issued a supplement. We hope the rest of the presiding elders, who have failed to do so, will send in brief reports immediately, for we intend to soon open the columns for the discussion of great race and Church questions. Unless something of special interest to the entire Church happens we shall not be able, in view of the many articles on hand, to publish reports from Sabbath-school conventions and district conferences. Do we not need a larger paper?

The Christian Endeavor Society.

The great International Christian Endeavor Convention which closed this week in San Francisco, Cal.—international in character because "all nations, kindred, tongues and people" had representative delegates here—is another proof to the gain-sayer that the power and influence of the Church of Jesus Christ is not waning.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor had its birth in Williston Congregational church in Portland, Maine, February 2, 1881, the pastor, Rev. Francis E. Clark, being its founder. Its growth has been marvelous. In 1881, it was an insignificant society; to-day, it is a mighty Christian army, numbering 8,000,000, working for "Christ and the Church"—the one, holy, Christian Church.

There are no fees to join and no taxes nor dues to keep up after you join. The whole expense of conducting the society is made up by voluntary contributions. This society gathers in everybody, old and young, converted and unconverted, finds something for them to do to build up every department of the church, forms them into different committees and puts them to work. The messaging of the Christian Endeavor Society is "the church and Sabbath-school at work." If we should leave the editorial chair and return to the Librarian, one of the first things we

did before, to which we would give our attention in order to draw and hold the young people would be the V. C. E. Society. The pastor is throwing away a golden opportunity for Zion to get and hold the young people who fails to organize this society, or who finding one already organized in his church, pays but little or no attention to it.

The simplicity of its organization is the center secret of its success. There are no doctrinal mottoes over the door forbidding entrance to all who cannot subscribe to certain beliefs. The unconverted joins on the promise that he or she will pray and read the Bible daily, attend the meetings of the Society and seek to be a Christian. They are called "associate" members. The Christian who joins promises not only to pray and read the Bible daily, but to lead a Christian life, attend, when possible, the prayer and consecration meetings and take an active part in the same and to loyally and honorably support his or her church. The Christians are called "active" members. The religious meetings, when properly conducted, reading and reciting short passages from the Bible, telling in one minute our religious experiences, singing Godly Gospel and Christian Endeavor songs, backed up with short—very short—stirring prayers, are of a Pentecostal power. The above, in a nutshell, are the chief principles of and the way to conduct the spiritual meetings of this Society.

We are jubilant over the fact that while our last General Conference recognized and endorsed this unsectarian Y. P. S. C. E., which is one of the most developed agencies for Christian culture, it, in keeping with other denominations, established a denominational society to be known as Varick Christian Endeavor which is to teach our young people that while they must love all denominations they must love the A. M. E. Zion Church—our mother—the best. The election of the Rev. J. B. Colbert, A. M., to be its general president is a happy one. Brother Colbert having passed through Livingstone College and Boston University is cultured, thoughtful, aggressive. Zion must encourage and cheer him in the discharge of his duty if it desires this Department built up. Knowing the ability of this young divine, his special fitness for the work, and the value of this Society to the Church, we allow him to chat with Zionites weekly through the STAR with the hope that he may stimulate every pastor to organize a Varick Christian Endeavor Society in his church so that our great Zion which is hustling more now than ever before may march bravely and triumphantly down the twentieth century with greater faith; having brilliantly inscribed on the floating banner of the gallant Varick the ringing watchword, "The world for Christ and as much of that as possible for Zion."

Shooting Stars.

Rev. L. T. Freeman, of Pleasant Hill, Ga., has purchased new pulpit chairs. He is doing well.

The sensational Rev. A. McLees has had 16 conversions and 105 accessions at Mooresville, N. C.

Rev. James W. Eichelberger, of Sedalia, S. C., raised \$50 in his rally lately. His work is prospering.

Rev. S. D. Watkins, of Lincolnton, N. C., raised \$49 in his last quarterly meeting. He is popular with his people.

Rev. J. S. Settle, of Concord, N. C., who has been sick with fever is up again and walking about and building up Zion.

Mrs. J. S. Caldwell, after a long visit South to see relatives and friends, has returned to her home in Philadelphia.

Rev. G. G. Musgrave, who built Little Rock church in Charlotte, is preparing to build a fine brick church in Statesville, N. C.

Rev. J. F. Adams, of Winnsboro, S. C., called the mocking bird of the Palmetto Conference, is cheerful because God is blessing his work.

Rev. J. J. Parks, Editor of the *Head-Light*, is intelligent and progressive, and our church at Spring Hill, Ga., is blooming under his watch-care.

President David W. Parker, of Jones University in Tuscaloosa, Ala., is indeed a fine thinker, forceful writer and polished orator. He is a big layman.

Brother Samuel Sehone, of Pensacola, Fla., sends his love to Bishop Lomax and Dr. Blackwell and says Dr. J. H. Manley, Rev. S. Brown and Gaines are great revivalists.

Rev. A. L. Long, a former agent and local reporter of the STAR of Zion, a young man with a bright future, is in the hearts of his people and doing a fine work at All Healing, N. C.

Mr. J. C. Banks, son-in-law of Bishop Hood, is a geographer, type-

writer and book-keeper for Mr. W. they set the proper value on a cent. C. Coleman, treasurer of the great Coleman Manufacturing Company.

Mrs. Stitt, widow of our lamented Rev. R. Haywood Stitt, who could peculiarly sing as no one else could "The Haven of Rest," left Concord, N. C., last week to spend awhile enjoying country air, food, water and milk.

Miss Minerva, the pretty and accomplished daughter of Rev. J. H. Anderson, D. D., will be married July 28th to Mr. Louis Miller, a well-to-do caterer of Paterson, N. J. Bishop Walters will perform the ceremony.

The Rev. W. A. Alexander, pastor in Brooklyn, N. Y., received the honorary degree of D. D., from Wilberforce University, Ohio, at the recent Commencement. Those who know Dr. Alexander consider him well worthy of the recognition.

Rev. J. A. Miner, of Holly Grove, Ark., who is suffering with palpitation of the heart and droopy, has been advised by his physician to stop preaching for six months. Friends desiring to write him will address him at 2217 Morgan Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. R. E. Bruce, who was educated in Petersburg, Va., for an Episcopal minister, but preferred to be with Zion that gave him and his relatives spiritual birth, is raising money to build a cozy brick church for Grace congregation in Charlotte, N. C. He is assistant editor of the *Sunday School Cleaner* and is studying law. He is a fine debater and an able sermonizer.

Hon. John S. Durham, of Philadelphia, Ex-Secretary of State, married Miss Constance McKenzie, (white), July 1st. Notwithstanding she is intellectual and comes from an aristocratic family of that city, being the president of the International Kindergarten Union, a good many black and white people are severely criticizing them for this amalgamation. If they are satisfied why should other people kick? A man has the right to marry whom he pleases.

The brave Rev. J. R. Blake, Box 213, Sparta, S. C., conference steward of the Palmetto Conference, is hunting with our law those brethren who three months ago collected general fund but have failed to send it to him. Hunt 'em, Brother Conference Steward. May the number of "specials" ahead of us, we could not get up to the station until 12 o'clock, midnight—27 or 28 trains, containing 7,000 or 8,000 persons, were in advance of us at that point, causing a delay of several hours. Finding that we could not take in the "Windy City," we retired for the night. On our return trip, however, we expect to stop over at Chicago, at which time I will write it up.

On The Ocean.

PLEASANT VOYAGE—PASSENGERS INSIST ON BISHOP SMALL PREACHING.

Dear Dr. Smith: I left my home, accompanied by my wife, at 7:30 a. m., on Saturday, June 19th, enroute to New York, preparatory to my leaving for Africa. We arrived in New York at about 10 o'clock and went directly to our stopping place—Miss Fisher's. I went to our Book Room and met Bishop Walters, and he not merely offered himself to be at my service in preparing me for my extensive trip, but conducted me to different places and so enabled me to make necessary preparation for my long journey. Dr. Franklin called and was ready to render me any services needed.

According to arrangement on Sabbath morning, I preached on the "Stirring Eagle" to an interested and excellent congregation, and myself and wife addressed the Sunday-school at about 2:30 o'clock. I was to have preached in the evening also, but Rev. A. A. Crooke was present, and I was quite willing to be relieved; he preached an excellent sermon to a large gathering.

Monday 21st. Wife and I went to Book Room before noon, and Bishop Walters dropped every thing, and was at our services again. We went to the office of Cunard Steam Ship Company, paid remainder (Bishop Walters had paid \$50 before), and obtained my ticket, New York to Liverpool, and purchased railroad ticket, Liverpool to London; and having made a number of purchases, preparatory to my journey, we returned to the parsonage and ate lunch with Dr. and Mrs. Franklin; we retired to our stopping place and my faithful wife packed her husband's trunk, valises, etc.

Monday evening a grand "send off" was accorded me in the auditorium of Mother Zion, and more than \$25 was lifted in interest of the work. I will not mention the names of the noble speakers as you have had report of that grand meeting while I am on the heaving bosom of the mighty Atlantic nearing the shore of Queenstown, our first landing—we hope to be there to-morrow, D. V.

To the present writing—Monday, June 28th—we have had an exceedingly pleasant voyage; the weather has been perfect, except yesterday, which was somewhat drizzly and chilly. We ate breakfast at 8:30 o'clock and about 10:30 o'clock the Ship Surgeon, Dr. Charles Boorland, a man my superior in physique, conducted the Ritualistic services of the Established Church of England; but the passengers urged that the colored Bishop must be heard. There were two bishops and six clergymen on board. The other Bishop was Rt. Rev. Wm. Ford Nichols, of the Episcopal Church, California. According to the wish of the passengers, I preached at about 7:30 o'clock, and by my request Bishop Nichols read the Scripture lesson. I preached from the subject: "The Trinity and the Triple Witnesses." I John 5:7, 8. "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one," etc.

Fare is excellent. Breakfast at 8:30 o'clock, lunch at 1 o'clock, dinner at 7 o'clock, and supper, if needed, later. All needed conveniences. I felt a tinge of colorphobia at the start, but it soon went to the winds. This morning several ladies were trying to take my picture—a gentleman tried also. All treat me very cordially indeed—I am the only person of color on board the steamer. We expect to arrive at Queenstown to-night, thence to Liverpool, and from Liverpool I shall take train to London to see Rev. J. H. Hector. I will leave London for Africa at my earliest convenience. Love to all the brethren—God bless you all.

J. B. Small.

Steam Ship *Aurania*, Atlantic Ocean, nearing Queenstown, England.

The Christian Endeavor Excursion.

LETTER NUMBER TWO.

BY MISS E. V. BIRD.

I closed my last letter while nearing Chicago, Ill., thinking at the time we would have an opportunity to see something of the city; but we were doomed to disappointment. Our "special" did not reach the outskirts of the city until 8:20 p. m., Tuesday 29th ult., then because of the large number of "specials" ahead of us, we could not get up to the station until 12 o'clock, midnight—27 or 28 trains, containing 7,000 or 8,000 persons, were in advance of us at that point, causing a delay of several hours. Finding that we could not take in the "Windy City," we retired for the night. On our return trip, however, we expect to stop over at Chicago, at which time I will write it up.

Wednesday morning we crossed the Mississippi river, the "Father of Waters," and entered the State of Iowa. This is a beautiful section of country; the landscape varies constantly as we speed along; hill and valley, thickly wooded districts, and mile after mile of land are in a high state of cultivation. The loam is black and rich, most favorable to agriculture, and this is pre-eminently an agricultural section.

At Cedar Rapids we stopped 40 minutes for breakfast. It is a typical Western city, with a crispness and breeziness that is positively refreshing. The citizens came up to welcome the "Easterners," as they do all along the line, and cordial greetings were exchanged. After taking in as much of the surroundings as possible in the limited time, we again embarked. Pussing rapidly over another stretch of vale and rolling table land, we saw herds of sheep and kine, branled with their owners' names.

The next town we struck was Dunlap. Here we were given a royal reception by the C. E. Societies of the town. One striking feature of the reception was the beautiful decoration of the depot with bunting and C. E. emblems. Another feature was the enthusiastic singing. After a number of C. E. hymns they struck up, "The old time religion is good enough for me"; and added:

"It is good enough for Boston,
It is good enough for me;
It is good enough for 'Frisco,
It is good enough for me."

To the New Yorkers and Bostonians of our party an object of interest was a tame raccoon which proceeded to climb a telegraph pole and take in the situation while the trustees delivered short addresses from the steps of the car. At the familiar cry, "All aboard!" we rushed to our respective coaches and resumed our journey. A most interesting study was that of the Indian reservations where small bands of "Red men," with their squaws and papooses are all that can be seen of the aborigines of this great country. Passing through the State of Nebraska, the home of the silver candidate for the Presidency, the scenery continues grand and picturesque. This is a mining district and all along the route are stores for assaying the precious metals. At a town named Julesburg the cow-boys

drew up to the station with their fiery steeds, lassos, broad-brimmed hats, etc. While the train was taking on water we stepped out and interviewed these sons of the "Wild and woolly West." From the least to the greatest they sat on their horses like centaurs. At the solicitation of one of our party to give an exhibition of their speed a dozen of them dashed away at the word, "Go!" Talk about riding, those fellows fairly flew.

At our next stopping place we saw the bronchos or bucking horses. It requires a great amount of skill to ride these animals. One was brought forward for exhibition who had never had a saddle on, (so they said). A man mounted him. The broncho reared and plunged, stood on his hind feet and pawed, then on his fore feet and kicked, placed his fore and hind feet together and "humped" himself, describing a complete curve with his back. The man hung on. The horse snorted and bellowed, trying his best to shake his tormentor off. At last the situation became so warm that the man dismounted, probably thinking "discretion the better part of valor."

After this little diversion we again started westward, reached Council Bluffs too late to see the famous bridge at that point, and so retired for the night.

At 3:15 Thursday afternoon we caught our first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains. The grandeur of that stately range must be seen to be appreciated. The snow-capped peaks tower above the clouds which nestle along their sides like a misty veil. Pike's Peak stands out boldly above its fellows, its brow crowned with eternal snow. Reaching Denver at 6 p. m., we proceeded to take in the city. On our way to supper a man stopped us and said: "Won't you step into my place right here and take supper? I have always been a friend to your people!" The latter statement so strengthened his argument that we entered and were served in a most satisfactory manner.

After supper we took a trolley ride through some of the principal parts of this charming city and called upon Mrs. E. P. Ensley, corresponding secretary of the Afro-American Woman's League, (also a prominent suffragist), and found her a very entertaining lady. In the evening we attended a reception tendered to the C. E. delegates by the citizens of Denver at the A. M. E. church. Bishop Arnett, Dr. H. T. Johnson, Editor of the *Christian Recorder*, Dr. Ransom of Chicago, and other distinguished personages were present and addressed the audience. Shortly after we had seated ourselves it was insisted that we occupy seats upon the platform. Bishop Walters, Mrs. Matthews and Rev. Caldwell each made a short but stirring address on the "New Afro-American Woman." Women (be it known,) vote in Colorado, and hold the balance of political power. After meeting many of the prominent people of our race and enjoying a most pleasurable evening we joined the rest of our party at the depot, leaving Denver at 1 a. m.

Friday morning we arrived at Colorado Springs right at the foot of the Rockies. After breakfasting, every one who could secure any sort of conveyance rode out to the Garden of the gods, in the Rocky mountain range. The natural wonders of this spot are grand beyond description. All sorts of weird and fantastic figures in stone loom up on every side, rising thousands of feet in the air. One figure is a well defined human head of gigantic proportions; another striking boulder is that of two camels kissing each other; turreted castles, huge shafts and colonades succeed each other in endless profusion; above our heads the snowy peaks rear their everlasting heads in calm, silent grandeur. Just think of it—10,000 feet above sea level! After drinking in the beauty of the scenery and purchasing some of the curios of the mountain, we reluctantly drove back to our train and sped away over the plains, with the mountain range still in view. The Arkansas River has its source in the Rockies and for miles our train ran parallel with its waters.

Friday afternoon late we entered the far-famed Royal Gorge, a wild, deep canon, with high walls of rock on either side. For seven miles we traversed this mighty chasm, shut out from the rest of the world by walls of massive rock, 3,000 feet high and only 60 feet across from crag to crag. The roar of the rushing waters of the Arkansas river, tumbling and boiling through the rocky channel added grandeur to the scene. We mortals realized in that hour our insignificance in the presence of the great Creator.

Saturday passed away without anything of moment transpiring except our stop at Glenwood Springs, cele-

did not allow the journey to become monotonous. Each car had its own particular salute, somewhat after the manner of the college yell. Our car (no. 5) had for its slogan the following:

"Car Five,
We're alive;
Cool as ice,
Sweet and nice.
C. E., jolly we,
Bound for 'Frisco by the sea.
Endeavor, ever,
Car Five."

We would visit the other cars shouting the foregoing, then each car would visit all the others. It made things very lively. At night they waylaid the porter, captured all the sheets and paraded through the cars as spectres.

Being the eve of the glorious Fourth the next thing in order was marching from car to car, waving C. E. flags and the Stars and Stripes, singing patriotic songs. Christian Endeavorers do not go through the world with heads bowed down and doleful countenances. They are happy Christians. After watching the magnificent sunset and in our imagination catching a view of the heavenly Jerusalem, with its gold paved streets and mansions of glory, we retire to our berths. When we awoke on Sabbath morning, July 4th, we were in the great Mormon stronghold, Salt Lake City.

The next letter will contain a description of that city, how the day was spent, and the termination of our trip at San Francisco.

Slated for Liberia.

THE FRIENDS OF BOTH REV. A. J. WARNER, D. D., AND REV. F. M. JACOBS, B. D., CONFIDENT THAT THEIR MAN IS THE MAN.

It was reported on the streets yesterday that A. J. Warner, colored a leading politician and pastor of the Zion Church of this city, is likely to receive the appointment as minister to Liberia. Warner is rather above the average colored man, both in natural ability and education, and has friends among the Democrats as well as the Republicans, who would like to see him get the place. The position is usually filled by a colored man, and pays a salary of \$4,000 a year. In the recent city campaign, when there was no regular Republican ticket in the field, he expressed himself as free to make his own choice as between the candidates, and did some valiant work for Mayer Evans, and has never had cause as yet to regret his action.—*Birmingham (Ala.) State Herald.*

There came to the colored citizens of Brooklyn yesterday substantial information that the Rev. F. M. Jacobs, the pastor of the Fleet Street African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, will receive the appointment by President McKinley as United States Minister to the Republic of Liberia. Dr. Jacobs is one of the most able and competent young men of the colored race, and is a man of letters. He recently came here from Knoxville, Tenn., to assume the pastorate of the Fleet Street Church, and his appointment, if made, will be accredited to the State of Tennessee.

The Tennessee Congressional delegation, headed by Congressman Gibson of the State, has been working to secure his appointment, and their efforts have been supplemented by Henry Clay Evans, the United States Commissioner of Pensions, and the bishops of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church.

Rev. F. M. Jacobs, A. B., B. D., was educated in the State University of South Carolina, and received his degrees from Howard University at Washington. He is a linguist and proficient in the sciences. He has done ministerial work in North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee. The Church at Knoxville which he so successfully pastored, is the largest colored church in the South. Commissioner Evans, who was counted out of the gubernatorial election of Tennessee and Congressman Gibson of the Second district, accord to Dr. Jacobs great credit for the services of the party in that State. He is a powerful speaker, a shrewd politician and a fearless defender of his race.

Since he arrived in this city he has succeeded in interesting Congressman Henley and Chairman Lemuel E. Quigg of New York in his candidacy. While the colored citizens of Brooklyn are rejoicing over the news that Dr. Jacobs is to be thus honored, yet they express themselves as regretful of the loss of so worthy and substantial a citizen and leader as his appointment will entail upon the Afro-American population of the City of Churches.

Those who are interested in the procurement of the appointment for Dr. Jacobs are bringing every influence to bear to have the information which they received to day made a certainty.—*New York Press*, July 4th, '97.