



AN INCIDENT OF 1862.

Lucy Walke Cruikshank.

Above Richmond, along the border of Powhatan County, many small creeks feed the James River as it winds its way to tidewater. Sixty years ago if one followed these creeks five or six miles back, one was very apt to find a picturesque old mill with appliances and methods of which were crude and primitive, but serving to grind both wheat and corn for the farms around.

On one of our horseback rides we followed a trail, a single track road, through a dense body of woods. Suddenly we came out on a clearing and there stood the old mill. The creek had been dammed to form a pond which lay like a placid lake in its emerald settings.

It was grinding day, so the ponderous, moss-covered, wooden wheel was slowly turning. On the opposite bank under the shade of a giant oak stood a wagon full of grain. The sleek mules and two colored men showed that it had come from one of the large plantations.

Not far from us, astride of a little gray mule, was the blackest little boy I have ever seen. His unbleached shirt had only one sleeve and his trousers must have belonged to his father, but little did he seem to care, as he tumbled off his steed, turned a neat handspring and searched for his grist which was in two bags tied together and thrown over the back of the patient little mule.

Coming out of the trail on the opposite side of the pond was a ramshackle buggy driven by a young woman, who had two little children with her. Their pink and blue calico dresses gave a note of color to the shabby outfit; and as the miller came forward to take her grain the weary old sorrel horse promptly went to sleep.

In the spring of 1862 the Federal forces that made a raid and burned the mills within a radius of twenty miles. It was a calamity indeed. Strange to say the only bitter speech I remember was made by Mammy as she hugged my little sister to her—"I wish I had dem Yankees by de scruff of dey necks, I'd learn 'em to come froo here and take de bread outen little chillun's mowves." Older people could eat broiled wheat and coarse hominy, but little children, both black and white, would suffer for bread. The plantation carpenters were set to work at once to repair the mills and the old-time implements were hunted up.

At the little rectory there were father and mother, five children and several servants.

The day soon came when there was neither flour in the barrel nor meal in the bin. We had potatoes and beans for dinner, so we children did not mind, but our parents' hearts were very heavy. In the afternoon father called us in and offered an earnest prayer for bread. We were much impressed, but soon turned to our play.

After a while we saw a heavily loaded wagon stop at the road gate and the driver came up the lane to ask if the Rev. Mr. Walke lived there? When we answered yes, he drove in and took from his wagon a barrel of flour. All that Father could find out from the man was that Mr. Brown, who lived in Petersburg, was sending a load of provisions to his farm, about ten miles above us, and had ordered

YOUTH'S CORNER

the flour left at the rectory. The question was, "Who is Mr. Brown?"

While we were enjoying the hot biscuit and sorghum molasses at supper, mother asked:

"What was the name of that gentleman who sent for you that bitter night several years ago?"

"That was Mr. Brown," said Father, and they recalled that Father went with the messenger many miles to see a dying woman. He was gone nearly a week, for the weather and roads were so bad that he remained until after her burial. Not long after he received a grateful note from Mr. Brown, telling him that he was taking his little children to Petersburg to live.

After prayers that evening, I said: "Father, that flour could not have been in answer to your prayer, for that wagon was nearly here, when you asked God to help us." His answer was to open the Bible, and I read, "For your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him."

—Southern Churchman.

OUR THANKS FOR COURTESIES OF THE BISHOPS AND CONFERENCES THROUGHOUT THE CHURCH EXTENDED.

By Rev. J. H. McMullen.

We owe a great debt of gratitude to the bishops of our Zion and the noble men, both lay and ministerial, for the cordial reception tendered us everywhere on our trip to many of the conferences of the connection in the month of November. To those we were able to reach, the good bishops spoke in kindly terms of our career as one of the successful pastors and church builders of our church, and the conference members received us gladly and treated us as a brother. All of the North and South Carolina conferences save one, the Albemarle, we visited and found great progress along all lines of church activity. New churches of brick structure are as common in these conferences as they are in the north. The laymen are as interested in great advancement as the ministers, and show a willingness to help in the management of our Church and her institutions and to help in the legislation of the same.

We regret our inability to reach Bishops Wood and Wallace in Alabama, Georgia and Florida and our own good Bishop Clement in the extreme Southwest, but we are grateful to them and the men of their conferences for expressions of sympathy and words of commendation concerning our candidacy for the office of bishop, as dropped when this question was privately discussed among themselves. We also thank those who have given us this information of the conference brethren in places we could not reach. Being a pastor with limited time and means we had to change our route, and thus was deprived of the great privilege of exploring all the conference fields referred to above. "And finally brethren whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any merit in us; if there be any praise, think on these things concerning us."

This is our Christmas greetings to one and all.

Sewickley, Pa.

WORKING UP TROUBLE.

By Rev. J. T. McMillan.

Some of the writers to The Star are asking the ensuing General Conference to increase the general claims from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per member.

I think that it would be a very unwise legislation to attempt to raise the general claims assessment to \$2 here we can get our members trained in our church polity, and become willing to pay the \$1.00.

After all of the efforts and sacrifice of the pastors there are yet

FACTS UPON FACTS.

NOT A FENCE RIDER.

By S. A. Chambers—Cannon Ball.

Many have asked me and inquired of others "What is Cannon Ball Chambers running for this time? What does he want?" For the information of those who may desire to know our true position we want to assure you that we are not a Fence Rider, unsettled in mind and purpose; sitting straddle of the fence, grabbing at one thing with our right hand and at another with our left hand. We do not care to be set before the Church in that light. We never could ride the fence, and, therefore, we are not a Fence Rider.

It is well known that we have always had a passion for Religious newspaper work and this passion has grown with the years, because we have been persuaded that we might serve the Church to some advantage in this capacity. It was "The Star" then and the Star now that we would like to edit, if the Church is willing to gratify our desire by giving us a trial. But if the Church, through its delegates, desires another, there shall not be any strained relation between us because of its decision. We shall still be friends and go on together to the end of our journey.

But if you think our patience and loyalty merits your support we shall very highly appreciate it and do our best to measure up to your expectation.

Then, too, we wish to have it understood that we are not entering the race for The Star on the platform of seniority. We stand on nothing but merit, and efficiency and adaptability. In the absence of those seniority could not atone. We have just recently passed an "A grade" examination for life insurance, and if the younger men die before we do we shall still be living.

We wish to thank Drs. W. H. Davenport, W. M. Anderson and R. A. Morrissey for compliments. Also Dr. J. H. Branner for mentioning our name in connection with The Star.

Hopeful signs for Dr. Walls for the bishopric as his name is on every slate that men make up from every angle of the Church. Let him alone. The Lord is with him. If the Lord wants him who dare say "He shall not have him."

The President's message to the Sixty-Eighth Congress of the United States, for the most part, was a fine document, but his paragraph on the Negro may not be entirely satisfactory, because the Negroes are a part of the body politic of the country and do not particularly care for special mentioning, and certainly not for special legislation. All that the Negro asks is that the same laws that protect the white man protect him. He asks no more and will be satisfied with no less. It is not private protection nor public protection that the Negro seeks, but protection by law. "Private protection is the kind of protection that the slaves had. "Public protection" consists in public sentiment and neither can take the place of legal protection.

We have never favored the passage of the Dyer Anti-Lynching bill as a Negro measure, but as a measure purported to protect the people as a whole, and put to death a hideous system if not destroyed will destroy all forms of organized and legally constituted governments, and substitute itself for the courts. Anything other would be special legislation. This we do not ask.

Knoxville, Tenn.

Take no thought saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewith shall we be clothed? But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness: and all these things shall be added unto you.

scores of members throughout the Church, from whom they cannot collect the \$1.00.

The time is not yet ripe for an increase of general claims in the A. M. E. Zion Church; and those who are advocating the increase are simply working up trouble.

For Zion's sake let it alone.



REVERENCE
Planted in Childhood
will
Bear Fruit in Manhood
in
BETTER LIVES
HAPPIER HOMES
NOBLER CITIZENS

THE PARABLE OF THE MIRROR IN THE CORRIDOR.

I was in a certain city wherein is a Large Inn, and I lodged there. And I walked down a Corridor that was very long, and I thought it longer than it was. For I seemed to see it stretching far ahead, and I came as it were suddenly to the end, where there was a Great Mirror. And as I approached the mirror and knew not that it was a Mirror, but thought it was the corridor stretching on, I saw a man approaching me, and I was minded to turn to the Right, thinking that he also would turn, and it was when he turned so that he still faced me, that I recognized myself. Now there was a moment, and it may have been the hundredth part of a second, in which I saw myself, as if I had not been myself, and I had opportunity, as it were, for an Impartial and Unbiased Impression of myself such as I might, peradventure make of another man. And whether I thought myself a gentleman or a Grouch, and whether I thought that I should like to know myself better or not so well, is no part of this Parable.

Even so, Aeneas, at Carthage, waiting for the coming of Queen Dido, saw on the walls of Juno's temple the pictures of the Trojan war, and among the mighty chiefs there moved se quoque agnovit, which is in the Latin tongue, and meaneth, being interpreted, that there he saw his unknown self. He had opportunity to see himself as if he had been another man.

And I have been told concerning them that go unto Movie Shows, that now and then in pictures of a crowd, they recognize themselves. And I heard a tale concerning one man, who on a certain day and in a crowd had lost a ring from his finger, and in the movies saw it drop and went back unto that same place and recovered it.

And I would that I could reel off a Parable that should discover unto some men where and how they lost some of their fine and high ideals that slip from them unnoticed as a ring slippeth from a finger and is gone but not missed. And I would that I could place a mirror before every man as he swingeth down Life's Corridor, feeling in his pocket for a tip for the Bell-hop, that will make him see both his present self and the man that he might be.

For, beloved, I am persuaded that there are a few of us that might not be profited by an Objective Vision of our present selves and a glimpse of our potential selves.

For Handel was forty years of age when his soul weakened unto Music and the great master had his introduction unto his real self. Beloved, even now art thou a Son or a Daughter of God, but it possibly hath not yet occurred unto thee what thou mightest be, and it will be a mistake if thou waitest for heaven to find out.

—Southern Churchman.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

FAMILY ALTAR

DR. W. J. WALLS ADDRESSES ATLANTA Y. M. C. A.

Another one of the forceful platform masters appeared at the Y. M. C. A. last Sunday in the person of Dr. W. J. Walls, Editor of The Star of Zion, the official organ of the A. M. E. Zion Church. Those who came out went away doubly repaid for the message that he delivered with such force and eloquence. His subject was "The Making of Men" and well did he tell of the need of how the Christian forces must pull together to give the right direction to the growing mind of the youth, and must begin early to have Jesus come into their lives. The speaker showed himself conversant with the subject in hand and at the close of the address many of the men came forward to congratulate him on the wonderful message delivered. Dr. Walls was introduced by Mr. B. F. Cofer, Associate Editor of the Atlanta Independent. It was a pleasure to have Dr. Walls here, as he and Secretary W. J. Trent have been close friends for a great number of years. Both of them are graduates of Livingstone College. Dr. Walls is one of the active candidates for Episcopal honors in his church at the next General Conference, which meets in Indianapolis, Ind., next May. He has a splendid record as a pastor and as an organizer. In fact it is one of the best in the entire history of the Church. There are some who think that he is too young, and that he can wait another four years. But there are those who feel that no man ought to be penalized nor his age taken advantage of if he meets the requirements, especially in face of the fact that there are men being boosted for the same position whose record cannot be compared with his. The A. M. E. Zion Church has stood for these many years for the recognition of merit. Will she continue this record?—Atlanta Independent.

MRS. ANNIE L. ANDERSON INDORSED TO SUCCEED HERSELF.

In mass meeting assembled in the West End A. M. E. Zion Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

We, the ministers, officers, delegates of the mass meeting and presiding elder of the Pittsburgh district of the Allegheny conference wish to announce the candidacy of Mrs. Anna L. Anderson for Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, to succeed herself at the General Conference in May 1924.

We believe that the time has arrived that the women in the trenches of our great church should be promoted into our official family. Don't continue to muzzle the ox that treads out the corn.

The promotion of Mrs. Anna L. Anderson at the next General Conference will fill a long needed desire with the members of our great Zion. We who are down in the trenches have heard the whispering of the women folks in our great Church, and it is well for the general church to take notice if they wish for these conference workers and educational workers to continue their drive. They must and should be recognized. Your wife, daughter, mother or sister might some day have the ambition to aspire to enter the official family.

"Whatsoever you sow that shall ye reap."

Resolve That we in mass meeting assembled, this day, ask the delegates of this General Conference to vote for and work for the election of Mrs. Anna L. Anderson, until she is elected.

We are glad that Mrs. Anna L. Anderson is a member of the Allegheny conference and has been interested in all the reforms in which the general church is now enjoying. The Missionary Society, the Educational Movement, the Debt Paying Rally, the Conference Worker, etc. The Committee:

Mrs. Jennie C. Dobbins, Dist. Sec.

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