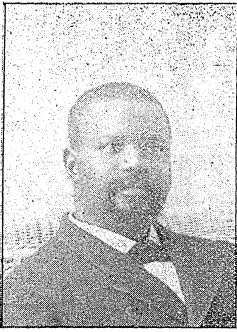


OUR PRESIDING ELDERS.



REV. HARRY SWAN.

The subject of this sketch was born in Arkansas, March 9, 1854. During the days of slavery he was taught to read by his father. After emancipation he was taught by a white friend who had an interest in his future. At eighteen he taught public school. In 1873 he was converted and licensed to exhort, and was shortly afterward licensed to preach. In 1875 he was admitted on trial in the West Texas Conference and appointed to Cuero, Tex., where he remained two years. He increased the membership and built a beautiful church. From thence he was appointed to St. Paul in Dallas, where he increased the membership from 35 to 95, paid considerable of an old debt, repaired the church, built a neat parsonage, did efficient work as pastor and rendered eminent service as teacher in Dallas city schools. He was next sent to Calvert, Texas, where he remained two years, teaching and preaching; built a church in the county, and conducted a revival, which resulted in 96 converts and accessions to the church. His next charge was Wesley Chapel, Austin, where he did excellent work; he built and paid \$8,000 on Wesley Chapel—the pride of Methodism, and is one of the finest colored churches in the South; he conducted a revival which resulted in 200 converts and accessions. He was appointed presiding elder of the San Antonio District, where he served six years. He was next made presiding elder of the Waco District, where he is now serving his fourth year.

He was elected delegate to the General Conferences of 1888 and 1892. He is a man of sterling qualities; is urbane, pleasant, genial; successful in his ministry, benevolent and kind. He is noted for his moral qualities; sound, common sense and business qualities; and a man whom all delight to honor, for he pays due honor to all men. He has altogether a record which stamps him as a leader of men. He is an ardent lover of the literature of the Church, and is especially a strong supporter of the *SOUTHWESTERN*. A. E.

The Modern Negro.

By Rev. S. A. Steel, D. D., Editor of "The Epworth Era," Organ of the M. E. Church South.

"I am fully convinced that the Methodist Episcopal Church South ought to take hold of this question of Negro evangelization. The experiment of the North has failed. It has broken down completely. Its fine theories about the Negro are blown to the winds by the actual results of thirty years of freedom. The South received the Negro from Africa as a barbarian of the lowest type, and by its mild and humane system of bondage, almost misnamed slavery, it converted him in a generation into an industrious, useful, contented and happy race, devoted in their attachments and faithful in their services to the white people they called

their masters. The North set them free, enfranchised them with the ballot, preached the doctrines of equality to them; and, in a single generation, has succeeded pretty nearly in undoing all that had been done for them. A few schools here and there are educating a few hundred, but the level of the race is slowly sinking. The Negro is to-day far below what he was in 1860, in all that constitutes moral character. Take this single crime of rape as an illustration. In 1860 a lady might have walked, unattended, without fear of harm, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Every man, white or black, was bred to that chivalrous regard for woman, that almost reverential sentiment of esteem for the female sex, that pledged him to her defense against every evil agency. So thoroughly had Christianity done its work in the hearts of the simple Africans that their masters left their homes, their wives and daughters under their protection while they went far away to war; and not a life was lost, not a house was burned, not a woman touched in all the chaos of that time. Thirty years have passed under the Northern system of instruction, and to-day there is not a country district in the South where it is safe for a lady, unattended, to go out of sight of her home. The modern Negro is a failure. Our Northern friends—and many of them read the *Era*—will not like this; but it is the good Lord's truth, and the sooner we all face it, the better for all parties concerned....

"This problem can't be solved by the Boston Monday Lecture Course, or the philanthropic visionaries, who know about as much of the Southern darkey as I do of the aborigines of the moon. Under their policy he is drifting to inevitable destruction. What modern philosophers call the 'social efficiency of the race' is far below the point where he can successfully compete with the dominant white race, and it is steadily sinking lower. *Hic haec, hoc*, will be the ruin of the African.

....I want to see Southern Methodism grapple with this great problem with an energy and earnestness and intelligence that will clear its conscience of all responsibility for the further degeneration of the Negro. I give the North credit for the best intentions, and admire the generosity that has prompted their efforts, and the heroic self-sacrifice of many earnest men and women who have faced obloquy and toil to elevate the Negro. But they have proceeded on a wrong theory, and the deplorable lynchings that disgrace our civilization are the fruit of their mistaken policy. That old race, born and reared in slavery, is almost gone. Now and then a venerable old man, with the high bred politeness he learned as a slave, takes off his hat and salutes you as 'Marster;' or an old auntie, with a kerchief around her head, 'curtsies' as once she did in stately halls; but such touching courtesies are fast becoming a memory. The old darkies are nearly all gone to their long home; and, as far as we have been able to ascertain, not one of all who have been lynched in the South belonged to this old panel. We are dealing now with the 'new Negro,' the product of freedom; and he is about as worthless, good-for-nothing a specimen of the *genus homo* as can be found in creation. Politeness he does not know, morals he has not; insolent, lustful, and trifling, he is a candidate for 'the pen,' or, like too many of his race, finds himself caught in the cyclone of a mob, and dangling, bullet ridden and mutilated, from a limb. Nobody would put him back in bondage—too glad to be free ourselves. But there are plenty of people who, unless we can improve him, would put him where the mythical McGinty is said to have gone—at the bottom of the sea. We must do something to make a better man of him, or his doom is sealed. Let us try the Gospel."

The body must be well nourished now, to prevent sickness. If your appetite is poor take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Modern Negro.

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