

up the colored population of this place. Their church building is a modest frame structure in a pleasant part of the city, neatly furnished and carpeted throughout, and has a dwelling for the pastor immediately in the rear.

What astonished some of us about the services was their quiet dignity, appropriateness, and intelligent heartiness, with their brief and apt Scriptural references. They were under the direction of the Methodist Presiding Elder of the district, who did little more than announce the several participants. A brief obituary notice, a half-hour memorial sermon, the text and preacher of which had been selected by the deceased, and then two-minute tributes by ten ministerial brethren, made up the service, interspersed by singing and prayer, all brought within the limits of two hours, with quite a margin to spare. Not an unseemly or fulsome word was uttered, while some of the sentences and sentiments would have done credit to the most cultured and profound thinkers of the day.

I have noted this simply as indicating what is going on among our colored friends all over the country. We talk about our work among the Freedmen! Well, yes, we cannot do half enough for them, but the time will soon be when we shall have no Freedmen, for they will all be free-born. Besides, our help should always be put in such a way as to show that self-help must enter into every upward movement of a people. The new negro is certainly the one who is working out his own salvation, for it is God that is working in him and with him.

I used to have a theory that the natural affinity principle for the organization of churches and Presbyteries for the colored people must never be recognized in the Presbyterian Church. I am still of the conviction that this principle ought not to be forced in its application, but somehow it looks as though race independency and the working out of their own salvation is to be God's way of dealing with them, for certainly He is working in them both to will and to do of His good pleasure.

"The Indiana Annual Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church" held its fifty-sixth session in Indianapolis last September. The State has two districts, a northern and southern, with their fifty-three churches about equally divided between the two districts. Their Church has in the State 48 stationed pastors, 73 local preachers, and 4,151 church members. Their two strongest churches are in Indianapolis, one with 828 members, and the other with 431 members. The total value of their property in the State is \$175,000. The total contributions of their churches last year was over \$40,000.

This record certainly speaks well for this independent, self-reliant people, and it looks as though this independent, self-reliant spirit must more and more characterize THE NEW NEGRO. DOUGLAS P. PUTNAM.

LOGANSPOUT, IND., Feb. 25, 1896.

"THE NEW NEGRO."

This is the appellative a recent Chicago speaker gives him. I suppose it is about as indefinite and undefined as the getting-to-be-threadbare expression, "The New Woman." Yet the new negro is, and there will be more and more of him as the years go by.

Fred Douglass is gone. Was he the old negro? Booker T. Washington has come. Is he the new negro? Yes and no both to each of these questions. He is an abstract man, both the old and the new colored brother. The one was very much in evidence in the old *ante bellum* days, and the other began to be known near the close of the war, and his star is yet well before him. It was only a few days ago that the pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, the Rev. Robert McDaniel, died, and a dozen or so of his brethren in the ministry gathered to attend his funeral services. Mr. McDaniel was born a slave in the Indian Territory. He went from the territory into the United States Army during the war, and from the army into the ministry through such insignificant opportunities of education as he could pick up. I knew him for about two years in our minister's meeting and elsewhere, and where he could get the serious thoughtfulness, the gentle refinement of spirit, and deep insight into the questions of existence which marked him, I cannot understand. Certainly, his environment never supplied these things.

When his brethren came to pay their last tribute, I found myself, with others, black and white, the Grand Army Post among the rest, crowding the little church of this denomination, which counts the most of the one or two hundred people who go to make