

MARCH 1915

# THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN

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**The Negro Music School  
Settlement**

ELBRIDGE L. ADAMS

**Some Alaska Indians**

MATTHEW K. SNIFFEN

**Monase, the Zulu**

MINNIE CLARKE

**Founder's Day Address**

WILLIAM H. SHEPPARD

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Press of  
The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute  
Hampton, Virginia

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## Editorials

**Urban Conditions among Negroes** The latest report of the National League on Urban Conditions among Negroes emphasizes the tendency of Negroes to migrate to the cities, and cites the Census of 1910 as showing that more than one-fourth of the Negro population of the United States is located in urban centres of 2500 or more inhabitants. The report states that the causes of this movement are fundamentally economic and social, and declares that the tendency is toward a large, permanent, Negro urban population. The study shows, also, what is commonly observed, that the tendency in large cities especially is for the Negro population to collect in separate neighborhoods, where the problems growing out of the change from rural to urban life become acute.

The purpose of this National League is to help counteract the migration of the Negroes to the cities, and to improve conditions among those who are drawn into urban life. During the year the organization has done a good deal of valuable work in these directions. Especially significant are its efforts at coöperation with other societies having allied interests, the establishment of branches, especially in Southern cities, and the training of young colored men and women as social workers.

The work reported from the several cities where the League now operates is particularly suggestive of what needs to be done in every city where there is a considerable number of Negroes.

## “GIVE ME THINE HAND”

*An address delivered in Memorial Church, Hampton Institute, by William H. Sheppard, D.D., F.R.G.S., for many years missionary in the Congo Free State, on Sunday, January thirty-first, nineteen hundred fifteen, in celebration of Founder's Day.*

**I**T is an honor which I appreciate more than I can possibly express to be invited to give the Founder's Day Address at Hampton. It gives me an opportunity to express my gratitude to this school, for it was here that I received my vision. The spirit of Hampton inspired me to give my whole life to my fellow-men. I am here today as one of General Armstrong's children, to testify to his greatness, his goodness.

We came to Hampton, three boys—Harris Barrett from Kentucky, Tom Ferguson from Virginia, and your humble servant, also from Virginia. Tom carried the light to the Klondike and Australia; my lot was cast in the heart of darkest Africa; and Barrett's home stands in the town of Hampton, a brightly beaming beacon.

We were received kindly by the teachers and students, and put to work at once, I waiting on table for awhile, then working on the farm, and later in the bakery. We were most anxious to see General Armstrong, and at length we were rewarded. He appeared one evening at chapel and with him a number of Indians, robed in blankets and wearing beaded moccasins on their feet.

I eyed the General up and down, admiring his broad shoulders and his splendid, deep-set eyes. With intense interest I listened to his story of travel in the great West. It was all so new to me. The General was a great and noble man. I can see him now leaving Virginia Hall, in his broad felt hat, with his black cloak thrown back over one shoulder, and walking very erect like a soldier. He was a man to inspire boys to be men—to look up, to look out, and to face the world.

The words which come to me as being very appropriate on this occasion, as I stand once again upon the campus of old Hampton, are these—“Give me thine hand.”

Nearly fifty years ago General Armstrong received a vision, and that vision was to make men and dignify labor. He saw the mass of Negro men and women, degraded, ignorant, and super-

stitious ; poor, without God and without a friend ; lost, bowed down under a great burden—a nation in bondage without a Moses.

Then General Armstrong, this man of faith, looked to the North, to the more fortunate, and said. “Give me thine hand” to help this black man of the South ; to help him to rise above his ignorance, to blot out his superstition, and to point him to the Lamb of God.

At once, warm-hearted Christian men and women responded. It was not long before foundations were dug and buildings began to go up. And the General, looking out on that great mass of lost humanity, cried, with a voice that was heard by the Negro of the South, the African in the jungle, the Jamaican on his island, “Give me thine hand.”

They looked up and out and started forth on their march to Hampton—such an army of them. At Hampton they found teachers of all the useful arts—farming, bricklaying, carpentry, painting, blacksmithing, tinning—and there also they were given the best intellectual and religious training.

In that assembled multitude, there were scores of young men and women who were without a dollar, without even a change of clothing. But in spite of their poverty and their nakedness, General Armstrong saw in them the image of God. His was the larger vision. He saw, not what they had been, not what they were, but what they could be. He was a great and powerful dynamo, and into those lives gathered about him he sent life, light, and a holy inspiration. They became live, active, enthusiastic ; picking up the ax they began to hew, taking the brush they began to paint, harnessing the horse they began to plough, opening the book they began to read, assembling in the chapel they confessed Christ.

Hands full, heart full, yet not satisfied, the General turns his face westward and sees the red man in blanket and moccasins, busy with war whoop and dance ; but this noble-hearted man of God sees in the red man’s inmost soul possibilities worthy of development. He calls to him over the plains of Arizona and Dakota. The Indian stands at attention ; he hears the call, “Give me thine hand.” He, too, comes and finds a friend in General Armstrong, a man who loved men. Not only did these red men admire him, but more, they had faith in him. They were soon uniformed and took their places in the ranks with the others who received inspiration, vision, from this great man.

Then these young men and young women, Negro and Indian, who had received training and a vision, looked out toward their homes, and they saw, as they had never seen before, their brethren bent beneath great burdens, without knowledge, without

friends, without a leader, and they started, on their journey homeward, to tell the story of Hampton.

Some went to the South, some went to the West, some to Cuba, others to Jamaica and Africa. And what have been the results coming from that outstretched hand of our deeply beloved General Armstrong? Homes have been established (for the home is the foundation of good citizenship); the marriage vow has been introduced and made sacred; the family altar has been set up; Scripture reading and family prayers have become a delight; and Sabbath schools have been started everywhere.

The Negroes, who owned only a few acres of ground, inspired by their leaders from Hampton, now own and cultivate 20,000,000 acres, valued at nearly \$1,000,000,000, and in the near future they will have doubled and trebled these numbers. Those leaders had often heard General Armstrong say, "Stick to the soil; sacrifice everything but honor and life,—but get land." The timid group that went down into the valley to pray, has come into the open and built spires which point to heaven, to the value of \$70,000,000. Schoolhouses have been erected everywhere, in which are gathered 1,700,000 children. Not only have these Hampton leaders built the ordinary schoolhouses, but their inspiration has led them to build large and beautiful normal, industrial, and agricultural institutes. The old slab houses and the cabins have been torn down, and neat, even beautiful, structures have taken their places.

The incentive to be men and women, to have faith in the white man, to hate no one, to take failures as stepping stones to success, to do the impossible, to work hard, to work long, and to do it intelligently,—this incentive was born at Hampton.

This grand institution—the spirit of General Armstrong—is in touch, like a great and tender father, with its 7000 former students, anxious always about their successes or their failures. In 1892, far away in the heart of darkest Africa, I had a warm-hearted message from General Armstrong saying, "We are praying for you, and we expect the story of Hampton to be told in the Congo Valley." I was alone, my comrade had died, many fevers had emaciated my body, the dense darkness of heathenism had depressed me; but that letter from the outstretched hand of our General brought me new zeal and encouragement.

The wild and barbarous tribe with which I was living gave me but little concern. The numerous leopards, lions, and hyenas were only the common, daily enemies of the body. The hissing serpents, the stinging tarantulas, the centipedes, and the scorpions, which infested my house, caused no restless nights; but let me tell you what was crushing—it was when a steamboat came

the twelve hundred miles from the coast, once in nine months, and there was no message of cheer or helpfulness. Then my heart was broken.

Hampton still has her arms around all her children; she wants to know, like a loving parent, “How are you getting along in your sphere of labor?” A few days ago I received a letter from Dr. Frissell saying, “Your welfare is as dear to us as that of any of your younger brothers and sisters who are here.” Dr. Frissell has the same spirit as our lamented General—“Hate no man, but lend a hand.” I heard him say at the Atlanta Convention, in a committee meeting, “I am unwilling to sign anything that will reflect on our colored brother or cause him humiliation.”

Hampton’s story was told in the Congo Valley, and today there are worshipping your God and my God in that country 11,000 men who were once wild, naked savages, bowing down to idols, filled with superstition and sin, who had never seen a book, who had never prayed a prayer, or sung a hymn. Four hundred well-trained native evangelists are preaching the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to their own people. Day-school and Sunday-school teachers are numbered by hundreds.

Will you not, my fellow-students, follow and emulate the splendid example of your great Founder? Will you not be moral and intelligent dynamos? Will you not stretch forth your hands to those who are bearing a great burden? Will you not be light-houses in your communities. Will you not keep in view man’s chief end? Now is your opportunity. Apply faithfully your hand, your heart, and your brain to all that is offered you.

The Negro in the South, the Indian on the Plains, the African in the jungle, will call General Armstrong blessed. The most intelligent in glory will never be able to calculate the eternal good which has resulted from the outstretched hand of God’s great and humble servant, General Armstrong.

