

Africa-American Presbyterian

"AND YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—John viii, 32.

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BY THE WAY.

The Conference of the Sabbath-school missionaries which was held in Macon, Ga., from the 20th through the 24th of February was a success with the Rev. Alexander Henry, D. D., the Superintendent of the Board of Publication and Sabbath school Work at Philadelphia, as presiding officer. All the Sabbath-school missionaries were present except Rev. Mr. Onque.

Rev. Dr. Holley and his good people made our sojourn in Macon among his people like one in the family. While there we were the guest of Dr. E. E. Green and family. His is a model home. Prayer is offered morning and evening, and everything else moves without friction in that home of the old school; even the dog is educated. Dr. Green's son and our schoolmate, Dr. Charles Green, has an excellent practice. Mrs. Green and little Mamie make home sweet, while Cornelius, a young man of refinement and of a very few words, collects for his father.

It is always a great pleasure for Dr. Green, Sr., and me to meet; for as an old man his mind runs back to the early 70's when he was quite a young man from Lincoln University, teaching school in and about Clinton, S. C., and when I was a boy wearing my first mama's made breeches. We often went back to those old days and found joy we could not express.

It looked like ye olden times to see our old friend and one-year con. He doesn't look any older than he did June, 1889, when he graduated and left Biddle University. We were glad to see Walter.

Col. L. P. Berry and I ran down to Fort Valley, Ga., and spent Friday night and Saturday at Fort Valley High School with Prof. and Mrs. Hunt. We had the opportunity of seeing their work in the class rooms. They have well fitted teachers and their work is neat and thorough. Suffice it to say that we couldn't expect things to be otherwise about there when Prof. Hunt is at the head.

The babies Prof. and Mrs. Hunt carried from Biddle a few years ago to Fort Valley are two large girls and a large boy attending school; but Prof. and Mrs. Hunt present the same faces, cherry and young. In our days in Biddle we always called Prof. Hunt one of the boys without subtracting from him any of his essential dignity. We were glad to see them and they made our stay like those of yore.

Sunday night before services instead of returning to our respective places for tea, the dear ladies had a \$50 dollar supper prepared for us and visiting friends in the church basement in Macon; after supper Sabbath school Missionary L. M. Clark preached an able sermon in the basement. Dr. Holley and his dear and good people won't be soon forgotten by the Sabbath school missionaries.

Lawyer Howell, of Walterboro, died a few weeks ago and all business places closed. Wednesday of this week, Mr. Chestnut, the barber of this ancient town, Walterboro, died, and all the business places closed out of respect for this colored barber. He wasn't a barber who wore the red shirt and voted for Hampton in '76 or something on that order, but was a man whose dealings were honest, with \$2500 insurance on his life, and with about \$1500 worth

of personal property. A large crowd of white people attended the funeral. That is mutual respect.

Rev. Jas. G. Carlile, at Walterboro, has two teachers with him this year in his school: Miss Lottie Jones and Miss Hargrave, of McConnellsville, S. C., and Wilmington, N. C., respectively. The Board supports one and Rev. Carlile pays the other out of his own pocket with the expectation of the Board's assuming the responsibility. That is determination and faith underscored. That is right, but few of us are willing to try it.

Rev. and Mrs. W. T. Frasier mean much to the church and citizenship of Walterboro. Mrs. Frasier is educated, industrious, and has all the elements of a faithful Christian. We called to see them for the first time Wednesday of this week and she was ironing Brother Frasier's shirts, cuffs and collars as nice as a Chinaman. She is a lady of the twentieth century, but studied in the old school where industry is in the course of study. Unfortunately for us we have too many pretty, refined women, who can't wash and iron a shirt sleeve.

Superintendent S. F. Coakley is still rendering indispensable services in the church and Sunday school at Walterboro.

The sad intelligence of the death of Dr. Sanders was received in the city of Walterboro as well as over the State with much regret and bleeding hearts. Truly it does seem that great leaders of a dependent people choose their path and cross over the Great Divide just at a time when they are needed most to lead and advise their followers. But let us not forget that behind the cloud of grief and disappointment is a great glow of glory which will not be unfolded until we are transformed into his likeness when we awake and be satisfied.

A great man has fallen out of the galaxy of safe leaders Biddle University, the Presbyterian Church, and the world have lost a great man.

CORRESPONDENT.

South Carolina, March 9th, 1907.

THE FRAGRANCE OF A GENTLE LIFE.

Once in crossing a meadow I came to spot that was filled with fragrance. Yet I wondered whence the fragrance came. At last I found, low down close to the ground, hidden by tall grass, innumerable little flowers. It was from these that the fragrance came.

I enter some homes. There is a rich perfume of love that pervades all the place. It may be a home of wealth and luxury, or it may be plain and bare. No matter; it is not the house, nor the furniture, nor the adornment that makes this air of sweetness. I look closely. It is a gentle woman, mother or daughter, quiet, hiding self away, from whose life the fragrance flows. There is a wondrous charm in a gentle spirit. The gentle girl in a home may not be beautiful, may not be well educated, may not be musical or an artist, or "clever" in any way, but wherever she moves she leaves a benediction. Her sweet patience is never disturbed by the sharp words that fall about her. The children love her because she never tires of them. She helps them with their lessons, listens to frets and worries, mends their broken toys, makes doll's dresses, straightens out tangles, and settles their little quarrels and finds time to play. Her face is always bright with the outshining of love. Her voice has music in it as it falls in cheerful tenderness on the sufferer's ear. Her hands are wondrously gentle as their soothing touch rests on the aching head, or as they minister in countless ways about the bed of pain.—J. R. Miller, in Baptist Chronicle.



REV. D. J. SANDERS, D. D.

Who died March 6. Founder and for 28 years Editor of the AFRICO-AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN, and for over 15 years President of Biddle University.

THE OMAHA CONVENTION.

In the last number of this paper reference was made to the Inter-Synodal Missionary Convention held at Omaha a few weeks before. We now give the recommendations adopted by the Convention.

We, men of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States of America, gathered in inter-synodal convention of more than 1,000 delegates to be the Savior of the world, filled with wonder over the triumphs of the gospel in non-Christian lands during the last one hundred years, touched by the appeals which come to us for the light of life from lands without Christ, and conscious of the solemn responsibilities laid upon us by the rich blessings of God, temporal and spiritual, which we enjoy, do hereby adopt the following as the deliberate expression of our privilege and duty in the extension of the kingdom of our Lord:

1. It is the judgment of this convention for men that the number of human beings in non-Christian lands, for which the Presbyterian Church, United States of America, is directly responsible in the work of evangelization in this generation, is approximately 100,000,000 being distributed as follows: Mexico, 2,500,000; Central America, 500,000; South America, 10,000,000; Japan, 4,000,000; Korea, 6,000,000; China, 40,000,000; Siam, Laos, 5,000,000; India, 18 millions; Persia, 5 millions; Turkey, 2 millions; Africa, 5 millions; Philippines, 2 millions.
2. It is the judgment of this convention that the force of Presbyterian American foreign missionaries, native pastors, Bible women and teachers, ought to be increased in the immediate future until it reaches the number of one American foreign missionary and five trained native workers (or their equivalent) for each 25,000 unevangelized people now in non-Christian lands, providentially allotted to the Presbyterian Church for evangelization. This would mean for the Presbyterian Church, United States of America, four thousand American missionaries, or about five times as many as we now have.
3. It is the judgment of this convention for men that it will cost not less than six million dollars a year to fully meet the great responsibility outlined above, and we therefore set ourselves resolutely to the work of bringing the foreign missionary offerings of our Church up to this mark.

In the judgment of this convention it will be necessary in order to raise the funds required for the discharge of our missionary obligations, for every church to adopt a missionary policy embodying the following principles and methods:

OUR MISSIONARY POLICY.

It is the mission of the whole Church to give the gospel to the whole world.

1. The entire Church being a missionary society, each member of the Church is bound to help financially to give the gospel to every creature.
- Every Christian is commanded to give by gift and prayer for a parish abroad, as well as the parish at home.
- Our giving should be an act of worship (Prov. xiii, 9), cheerful (2 Cor. ix, 7), and according to the rule of three (1 Cor. xvi, 2). Individually, systematically, and proportionately, "Let every one of you lay by him in store on the first day of the week as God hath prospered him."

OUR MISSIONARY METHODS.

1. Let synods and presbyteries, through their foreign committees, labor to have every church adopt this missionary policy.
- Let the Board of Foreign Missions, in consultation with the synodical foreign mission chairmen, and such laymen as the Board may select, annually lay before the General Assembly a statement of the amount needed for the ensuing year, and a suggested apportionment of said amount among the various synods and presbyteries, not as an assessment, but as a definite share of the responsibility.
- Let every church prayerfully assume its share of this responsibility, which may be adequately represented by a sum of money which adequately represents the Church's financial ability; or by "A Parish Abroad," which represents as much money as the church can contribute to this work; or by the salary of one or more foreign missionaries.
- Let the subscription method be set in operation by the church, by which every member shall be reached and given opportunity to express his love for Christ by a weekly, monthly, quarterly or annual offering.
- While we recognize that the ability of churches varies, it is the judgment of this convention that each church should strive to attain an average of \$5 per member for (10 cents a week), as we hereby urge

THE MEXICAN OCELOT.

A Great Jumper Is This Strange Little Spotted Jungle Cat.

One of the most interesting animals of the new world and yet one of which little seems to be written, even by sportsmen who have spent much time in Mexico and the Central American States, is the ocelot, the strange little spotted cat of the dense jungles of tropical parts of the two Americas.

They are not nearly so heavy as the average lynx of the eastern woods and are infinitely lighter on their feet. They run with the greatest agility up and down the almost perpendicular trunks of trees and follow a crippled bird out on limbs too slender. It would seem, to bear the weight of the part, let alone the cat. Parrots are the ocelot's principal food, and their hunting is done almost altogether by day, though, like all the cat tribe, they are thoroughly at home in the blackest night.

The parrots which they hunt frequent the thickets of forests, coming to the ground only in the rare open places and about the banks of the many small streams where they drink in order to follow them it is necessary that the ocelots be great jumpers, and so they are. When I was following the bounds through the southern California hills after wildcats and an occasional mountain lion I was wont to say that the latter was the greatest jumper on earth. The ocelot has my mountain lion that ever walked beaten a black, leathery for length and weight for weight.—Forest and Stream.

RICHARD BURBAGE.

He Was a Great Actor and Shakespeare's Leading Star.

March 15, 1618 or 1619, Richard Burbage, player, died at Shoreditch, London.

The first of the great English tragic actors Burbage was in every way worthy to head the long roll of England's famous players. The son of an actor, the friend and companion of Shakespeare, it was through him that many of the heroes of the dramatist first spoke to the eager playgoers who thronged the Globe theater. He was the original of Romeo, Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Shylock, Richard III, and many other of Shakespeare's leading characters, and his name stands next to that of the great poet in the licenses for acting granted by James I. to the company of the Globe theater.

His powers as an actor were not his only claim to distinction, for he was also a successful painter. The fame of his abilities held a prominent place in the theatrical tradition for many years, a poem in his honor, dedicated to one of the great players of the day, being written as late as the time of Charles II. His death, which was probably the result of paralysis, caused the poets to turn their thoughts to his successful career, and it is from the numerous elegies then written that most of the information concerning him must be gathered. Few players have ever had the good fortune to be so well liked by the dramatists of their time, and all praised him, one even lamenting that his death "hath made a visible eclipse of playing."

A shrewd, careful man in his business affairs, Burbage left an estate producing a yearly income of £300, a large sum for a player in those days to bequeath to his heirs. Beloved and respected by all, he survived his great career by only a few years, his grave bearing the simple, expressive epitaph, "Exit Burbage."—London Saturday Review.

CAKE AN OLD INSTITUTION.

The Ancients Made and Ate It, but It Was a Simple Affair.

The ancients made cake, but it was not the rich, highly seasoned and flavored confection which we indulge in nowadays. They had plain cakes made with flour and water, some of them without a suspicion of sweet or favor. Some of them were not unlike our plainest crackers and were often eaten as we eat bread.

Wedding cake was an institution among them, as with us, but the cake was a plain one and was broken above the head of the bride as she went to her new home. This was a special feature of Roman marriages 2,000 years ago. The breaking of the cake was part of a solemn ceremony. All of the cake of ancient history are plain and simple. It is only as we come down to more modern times that we hear of cakes and fruits and all of the rich and luxurious ingredients in which present day cakemakers delight. In Queen Elizabeth's time spice cakes and buns were eaten at weddings. From these the fashion and fancy grew for all sorts of elaborate and deliciously unwholesome combinations until there seems to be a perpetual struggle for something new and more unusual to stir into the cake of the period.

The Last Word.

Bobby—Is every word in this dictionary, pa? Peckley—Oh, no, my child. Every little while a new word comes into the language. Bobby—What's the latest word, pa? Peckley—Your ma will tell you. She always has the last word.

BANK'S TEMPERANCE RULE.

Drinks May Not Even Enter Place Where Rum is Sold.

A leading bank of Cleveland has adopted a very stringent rule against the use of intoxicants by its employes. When a man or boy enters the service of this institution he is required to sign an agreement that he will not enter any place where intoxicating liquors are sold. Two who have signed this pledge were recently dismissed because they took a couple of young women into a restaurant after the theater.

"It may seem a hardship," said an official of the bank in explanation of their action, "to prevent a young man from entering a hotel or restaurant, to which he might go with the best of motives, but with this rule agreed to on the part of the employer and enforced on part of the bank we feel sure that an employe is not going to steal the bank's money for the purpose of spending it in improper places, nor are the employes likely to form the acquaintance of short card gamblers or race track touts in the fair, lunch rooms. We are seriously contemplating the extension of the order, so that it shall apply to any place where stocks or produce is dealt in on a margin."

Port Arthur, 1904.

A Swedish physician at Port Arthur is given as authority for the following description of Russian drunkenness on Feb. 2, 1904, just a week before the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Japan:

"The streets of the town swarm with Russian soldiers and on Sundays, a day of special privileges, three-fourths of them get completely drunk on vodka. One may see them lying around the streets every where, looking like heaps of filthy rags. Then the police send for coolies with carts, who take the wretches away. The coolies are amazed to see how low so called 'civilized' men can sink, for in China, as a rule, the people are very temperate."

THE MENACE OF BEER.

Why Malt Liquor Are More Harmful Than Whisky.

Is beer an alcoholic drink? Yes; it contains from 4 to 10 per cent of alcohol and is the most dangerous mocker of the alcohol family, for the reason that it is mild and cheap and stupefying rather than raging.

As between a single drink of beer or whisky, the latter is much more harmful, because the large per cent of water in it renders it less irritating, and the water, of course, is put to good use by the body.

But the drink of beer is perhaps ten times as big as the drink of whisky and contains by volume as much or nearly as much alcohol.

And people having little fear of alcohol drink it freely. Ignorant people even think it has an important value as a food and that the more they drink the better.

The beer habit grows as readily and as rapidly as the alcohol habit in other forms and, even more steadily than the others, undermines the vital powers.

Dr. Delbruck, the great German physiologist, says, "It is certainly of greater importance to work with all the forces at our command against the beer danger than is growing like an avalanche than to fight whisky, whose star is already on the decline."

Everybody knows and acknowledges that whisky is a dangerous drink. Everywhere a fight is being waged against "hard" drinks. The brewers themselves compose a temperance propaganda as against whisky. The distillers themselves are keenly alive to the fact that the trade in spirits rides an ebbing tide.

The greatest feature of the alcohol problem is the brewery.—New York.

ALPINE ROOT DIGGERS.

Their Work of Danger High Up In the Mountains.

Throughout the whole chain of the Alps there are men who make it their business to search for and root up the gentian, arnica, puffedalis and other Alpine flowers.

High up in the mountains the root grubber, generally an old man, builds a little hut. He clambers precipices to the edges, where the blue flowers grow; or, if he cannot ascend, he lets himself down to their place of refuge by a rope fastened to a pine above.

He wanders to a long distance from his hut and does not always trouble to return to it at night, finding shelter under a rock. Next morning he spreads all the roots he has collected on a rock, where they may dry.

He collects herbs as well as roots, and the resin from the pine besides. When the summer is over and there are signs of snow, the root grubber collects all together in his little hut and finally transports the whole of his six months' collection to the valley.

The arnica and some other roots used in medicine are readily disposed of. From the gentian is made the favorite gentian brandy, which is considered the very elixir of life by the mountain folk. In other days, when gentians grew in great numbers, the root digger was able to realize a good income from his perilous occupation, but it is otherwise now.—Chambers' Journal.

(Continued on third page.)