LAND YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH AND THE

VOL. XLV.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., MAR

Looking Back at Old Biddle, 1888-98

BY UNCLE BILLIE.

(Dedicated to My Beloved Teacher, Prof. Geo. E. Davis, Ph. D.)

try: A. J. Jefferson, J. H. Clemto various other callings.

All of the Professors are back. things. Rev. George Carson resigned as This was a class made up of principal of the Boarding De-young men full of ambition and in charge of this Department. class took no part as a whole This was somewhat of an un- neither as individuals in college

ers visited our classes. One aged minister visited our class in Homiletics and asked one of us J. W. Watkins, Martinsville, Va.: to put the outline of an exposi-tory sermon on the board. I ville, S. C., and only one of this suppose that was his choice of number is dead. the three, textual, subject, and expository sermons.

sermon. He k Kings 23:1, "A rom II years old when he began to like a thief under the shadow of

sioners of the Assembly was out Biddle, and, of course, I would that day. The Moderator him- pitch my tent. I felt as if I self was out and spoke after the were growing from the base of sermon. It was an ideal day, the triangle to its vertex; each The weather was pleasant and step to my last day seemed to

was one of the judges ,and a his alma mater. white gentleman, one Mr. Mc-Ninch (?), the Y. M. C. A. Secretary of Charlotte at that time, Junior Prize Contest.

Commencement Day, 1896 Gloomy day. Pouring rain. Many visitors here from Virginia, the two Carolinas and Georgia. Congressman Geo. White delivered the annual address. I remember seeing a settled and well composed lady sitting directly in front of me on this Savannah, Ga. commencement day. She was from Wilminhgton, N. C., to witin his speech, which was a masterpiece for such a youth, this just twenty-one years after this some of the small classes that day, at Biddle's semi-centennials graduated in the days of small things in old Biddle, of which I dle commencement sitting on the same side of the chapel in the same seat directly in front of This

October 1895 twenty-one years before in Only four of us are back to which she figured as a proud wittake up our course in the minister. A. J. Jefferson, J. H. Clem-Some of the things came to her ent, A. P. Johnson and myself, as though they were the hap-The remainer of the class went penings of yesterday, while oth ers were among the forgotten

artment. Dr. David Brown is with the studious habit. This

This was somewhat of an uneventful year. Things moved on quietly. The present Carter Hall was built just before school opened.

Before we could realize it the commencement was upon us. The Southern General Assembly met in the city of Charlotte in the First Presbyterian church the week of our commencement.

Quite a few of the commissioners visited our classes. One aged with the school of the commissioners wisited our classes. One aged with the week of our classes. One aged with the week of the commissioners wisited our classes. One aged with the week of the commissioners wisited our classes. One aged with the week of the commissioners wisited our classes. One aged with the week of the commissioners with the week of the week

October, 1896. On my return I found Prof. H. I can not recall the name, but A. Hunt superintendent of the rs, form- Boarding Department, having beds, and succeeded Dr. David Brown, Wallingford School and Olivet was 80 Church. This year stole away quite a growd of the Commis- in the Theological Seminary of

diminish my opinion of myself. This was the year our General I felt just about as a wasp looks Assembly met at Saratoga, N. in the cells of a wasp nest; I was Y. Some of the Commissioners bigger when I was born in Bidon their return South witnessed dle than I was the day I was the commencement. Prof. A. P. about grown. I suppose that is Butler, and, I think, Dr. I. D. about the feeling every man has Davis, stopped over for the when about to say good-bye to commencement. Prof. Butler return no more as a student to

Before those of us who were nearing our last days as students in Biddle could realize it and another were judges for the the commencement was upon us. A class of strong men graduated only seven—F. J. Anderson, Jetersville, Va.; the two Coles brothers, Aiken, S. C.; M. J. Jackson, Sumter county, S. C. W. T. Singleton, Cheraw, S. C. J. E. Smith, Charlotte, N. C.; I D. L. Torrence, Huntersville, N. C., I think; and W. R. Conners,

The smallest class to graduate in the history-making of the ness her son's graduation. Just colored faculty was the class of before he made the last period '92; and the one next to it, but larger by two, was the class of '97. The class of '92 consisted lady removed her gloves from of but five members and the her hands so as not to muffle her class of '97 numbered seven. real and sincere applause. It Since this time the graduating was her son who was speaking classes have been large. Only as one of the honor men of the class of '13, I think, has conclass. It is a strange fact, but descended to step back among

October, 1897 This is my last year here as a me with gloved hands while this student; and in looking back at same son who graduated in June, old Biddle I see only two stud-1896, sat by her side. He is one ents there at this time who were of the leading colored attorneys in the city of Washington. Just there. A. J. Jefferson, my class-before I left the chapel for Char mate, and the writer; and only leston—I left before the exercises were over—I reminded this
lady of the occasion here of S. J. Grier and W. H. Carroll and

the two afore mentioned.

Some time in this ponth the Synod of Catawb met in Seventh Street church Having been licensed to preach me Gospel the April previous, at Spartanburg, by McClelland Presbytery I was very anxious to se tery, I was very anxious to see what a Synod looked life. I had never visited a Synod. Tattend. never visited a Synod. Tattend "For this thy brother was In a life the father disapproved, ed the afternoon sessions and dead, and is alive again." Luke In a life which ignored the fathwas much benefitted.

was much benefitted.

The Rev. John A. Savage, b.
D., was the retiring Monerator and Dr. Sanders was Stated Clerk. I do not remember just now Dr. Savage's text, but I to remember how effectively be remember how effectively be the control of the c

After his sermon, Dr. R. P.
Wyche delivered the address of welcome and Col. L. P. Berry responded to it in his witty and characteristic way of doing and saying things. saying things.

Moderator over Rev. Geo. Carson. To my judgment he made an excellent Moderator. Dr. Satterfield was there and took an active part in all the meetings, but it was like him to do so.

low many which I have witnessed in the Synods since that time.

The speakers did not seem to have their subjects defined and organized so as to present them with force and clearness; but on Sabbath afternoon, Dr. G. C.

The drama of heart states,
The drama of hear

On Sabbath evening Rev. B.

F. Murray presched in our college chapel on the ingredients of love a they are mentioned in the 18th chapter of I Courtly and the Sabbath evening Rev. B.

The third voice is that of the father! of love a they are mentioned in the 18th chapter of I Counth- Every soul species

It was this season in which we lost Dr. Wm. F. Brooks. He Wh charge of the Preparatory Department. His demise was the second among the members of the colored faculty.

When you are a little, dependent child, thinking that your Quoth the younger son; father can do all things and And the father gave know all things, the years drag; The younger-son voice-Santa Claus gets lost in the That is the voice of death. deep snow: from December to There is no union of heart the next December seems a cen- Between the soul of the younger During the second week the first year I was in Bid- And his father. dle an old friend who had gradu- There was a great gulf between ated came to my room and asked me what class did I make. I An ocean of love was the fathtold him. He said, "You have er's heart ten years here then." Those ten Toway the son; years lingered like the months in But no ocean of love flowed years of college life were before me and not one was behind me. Than he cared for his son; When your years are before you So "he divided unto him they seem to tarry by the way, His living"—his toil earned but when they are behind you in larger number than they are be But the selfish, separated son, fore you, time hurries!

Commencement is Here! my speech for the occasion. I When the father granted his re am to graduate from the Theoboys who are to graduate from father, the college are in the Library No joy in his father. getting ready to march into the So, separted from his father chapel. They are eleven in num- in heart, his back on his father He said:ber. They are playing the march. In soul, the ungrateful, Dr. Sanders is in the van; the Selfish boy turned his Theological class follows him Back on his father in body; with the Senior class on our Left him-because he cared not heels. Music and orations and presentation of diplomas, conferring of degrees; the benediction; we scattered.

Edisto Island, S. C.

NOTICE.

The Woman's Home and Forign Missionary Society of the resbytery of Southern Virginia will meet with the Central Presbyterian church of Petersburg, 7a., April 3-5, 1923.

All local societies are request ed to send a delegate, and their contingent fund: 10c per mem-

Mrs. M. S. Kendrick, Pres Mrs. S. J. H. Dillard. Secy

Fico-American Presbyteria

BUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."-John viii, 32.

LENCE THE PRODUCAL SON PARABLE.

Drama of Life and Death

Polyphonic Prose Poem.) By Rev. Yorke Jones, D. D.

15;32.

read the hymn: "Onward, Christion Soldiers." He was robed in The Father—God; the younger

Rev. A. J. Tate was elected Four voices my faith doth hear folderator over Rev. Geo. Car. Four voices speak during The out-going and home-com

ing Of the Prodigal Son: ctve part in all the meetings, Four voices, and a silence ut it was like him to do so. Are there in the Luke told drama. The Popular Meeting fell be. The drama of heart states,

The Voice of Death.

"Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." Christmas goes off on a visit; The voice which says, "Give me'

them:

which the anxious child waits From the son toward the father. Is the voice of death.

goods

goods. More loved his father's goods Than he loved the father. I have written and committed No gratitude was in his heart quest:

logical Seminary of Biddle. The No sense of what he owed his

for him. Went forth to enjoy not his

father,

But what was his father's. Never, never, could his father's Love make that boy happy Unless he should awake To a realization of it. Give me the portion of goods That falleth to me-That is the voice of a soul Dead to God-dead to his love; Dead to a sense of need of God;

Dead to all sense of divine good-Dead to all sense of dependence, the voice of a soul with its

Turned on God!

The voice of death!

The second of the second of the second of

The Voice of Life

But away from the father. Wasting what was the father' gift.

In riotious living—this life,
This separation far from the father did not, does not bring joy;

But brings want-"He began to be in want." Brings living below one's privi-

lege: He went and hired himself; Brings degradation: And he sent him into his fields

To feed swine." Brings none of the blessings Upon which the boy turned his back.

The boy's experience brought him to see How foolish he was. "How many hired servants Of my father have bread enough

And I perish with hunger."
The boys far country, swine feeding,
Disgraceful need experience Brought him to see himself-To see himself as an ingrate. To see his father's goodness; To see his own meanness, To see that Home is where

He ought to go. His heart had been changed. His changed heart changed his

voice, That voice is the voice of life. It now tells the truth when it Himself more worthy than His father.

His first voice shows he felt that his father owed him: "Give me mine," he said. Now he knows he had no portion

In his own merit. A portion was given him, But it fell to him out of his Father's merit, his father's goodness.

His father's love; and not his merit.

His going-out voice-the voice of "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me"-that The loveless, ungrateful, selfish

voice. That going-out voice

for the coming of Christmas. My Less the Father cared for his But the voice of home-coming is the voice of life-The voice:-

"I am not worthy!" "I have sinned!"

"Make me a servant!" The Great Silence—The Silence of Grace

But when he was yet a great way off His father saw him; And had compassion-

And ran and fell on his neck And kissed him." Then the boy found his voice-

> "I have sinned!" "I am not worthy!" "Make me a servant!"

But not a word-Not a single word said the father To the boy!

Not a word to the boy about his past! Not a word of blame! O, gracious silence of God's

grace! What was said was to servants

"Bring robe."

"Bring the ring." "Bring shoes."

"Bring the fatted calf. Blessed silence of God's grace That forgives all our past Whe nwe see his love, And cast us upon it.

The older son voice-Hopeless

Is the voice of separation But the older son-just as sel Fellow soul, what voice is thine? But the older son just as ungrateful,
But the elder son never saw;
Never saw his lovelessness;
Never saw his father's goodness;

Never saw this dependence on his father. He thought himself more Meritorious than his father and

said so. This voice is hopeless; no salvation for the soul that says.

"Lo, I serve thee." "I never transgressed." "Thou never gavest me." No hope for the soul that feels That it deserves for serving; No hope for the soul that Feels no need of God's pardon.

Fellow-soul, art thou worthy In thine own sight? No hope for thee, then!

The Fourth Voice of God's Goodness Despite Human III De-Serving.

His father, so large and good, "Came out and entreated him." His father was kind where The son was mean.
The father continued to give

Though the older son had no love "No thankfulness! Blessed the silence And voice of grace!

"Son, thou art ever with me." Yes, the ingrate may turn his back on God, May have no love, no gratitude, May go out from his father to

But his Father's heart yearns over him! ith me!" Son, thou art ever

CHURCHMAN

By Mrs. M. V. Marion,)

Our Sunday morning services are very inspirational and uplifting. There is no need of restlessness when you sit under the sound of our beloved pastor's voice. Sunday, March 11, he brought us a wonderful mes-sage from Matt. 26:24. His theme was, "I know not the man." He brought out forcibly the four steps that Peter took away from Christ and four steps he took in returning to Christ.

Misses Emma Lee Williams and Addie Hammonds were welcome to the "Highway Gather-

Messrs. Pete Woolridge and Robert Matthew worshipped with us Sunday morning.

The Junior Missionary Society (Sunshine Club) held its last meeting last Sabbath afternoon. The program was very good and the treasurer's report was excellent.

Miss Nesbit spent the weekend at home with her parents and friends.

Mrs. Porter has gone to her home in Sumter, S. C., for a period of two weeks.

Mrs. Margaret Andrews of Orangeburg, S. C., was a welcome visitor to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Williams, South Fant street, last week.

Mrs. Texas Crawford is still ill. We continue to hope for her recovery.

The Secretary of Literature of the McClelland Presbyterial Society will certainly be glad to know before Presbytery convenes the number of Mission Study classes or Relay classes in the local missionary societies. If there are any please send information to (Mrs.) M. V. Marion, 318 Gray St., Anderson,