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"AND YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"—John 8:32

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BY THE WAY

By Uncle Billie

THESE THREE

Though I may disdain and rival all poets in the language of Cicero and Homer, and have no knowledge of their words and thoughts, "I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." And though I have the signs of much latent power to understand the mysteries of nature; and though I be self-centered in my ability to bring things to pass, and have no understanding of the principles of knowledge, I register nothing.

And though I scatter all my inheritance to the advantage of the unfortunate, and though I cross the sea and lay bare my breast to the Germans' cannon, and yet am an ignorant man, I am nothing still.

Ignorance is impatient; it is unkind; ignorance wishes the possessions of others; it displays itself boastfully and is very much puffed up; its conduct is very improper; seeks its own interest. Ignorance is quite easily provoked, and thinks in terms of the evil-minded. "It rejoices in iniquity, but not in the truth."

Ignorance gives undue publicity to others' misfortunes, has a disposition to place the worst construction on the motive of others; it hopes that all things are actuated from impure motives, and does not bear up under the least persecution.

Ignorance is the foundation of failures; "whether there be prophecies they shall fail," but will follow the prophets as good works; tongues shall cease, but their utterances will be handed down to generations through many centuries. Knowledge "shall vanish away," but the world is left richer in re in intellect.

Now our knowledge is imperfect and obscure; and prophetic gifts are among the things that are measured out in part.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things."

For now we see one another as we see ourselves, through a poorly polished ancient glass; but in the perfect day, in the fuller revelations of heaven, we shall see one another through a perfect medium. Now I know a few things imperfectly; but when I become a disembodied spirit, my knowledge of others shall be equal to their knowledge of me.

"And now abideth" race-discrimination, poverty, and ignorance, these three, but the worst of these is ignorance.

MARK 8:27

"Whom do men say that I am?"

Just a few days ago I listened to three puffed up scholars (?) criticizing the grammatical construction of this passage: "Whom do men say that I am?" Sitting quietly by unknown to the trio, and disgusted, I had to butt in. They accused Bible scholars of many "grammatical blunders" in writing the New Testament in Greek and Latin. They chose this passage for instance. They spoke with as much authority as Christ did to the woman at the well. But they were liberal enough to let me say a word in defense of the Greeks and Romans. I was fortunate enough to recall the passage in the original. I remember that the Greek reads thus: "Tena me legousin oi anthropoi einai;" and the Vulgate by St. Jerome reads, "Quem me dicunt homines esse." Whom do men say that I am? "I am" is very poor grammatical construction, but Greek and Latin scholars did not make this grammatical slip in the original. King James translators are the grammatically guilty parties.

A literal translation of this passage would be: "Men say me

to be whom?" English grammatical rules, based on Greek and Latin Grammar rules, have many transitive verbs admitting an object and an infinitive. Adhering strictly to the Greek and Latin construction, one sees at a slight glance in the passage of Scripture quoted from Mark 8:27 that the pronoun, "me" is in the accusative case and is the subject of an infinitive (eina or the Latin, esse) to be; the subject of an infinitive is, of course, in the accusative case. In plain English, "to be whom" is an objective complement of "men say me," which completes the predicate, say, and belongs to me; this places whom in the same case in which me is. But in King James' translation the translators transferred bodily the relative (tena) pronoun whom to the office of a relative pronoun as a predicate relative in the accusative case, which is grammatically absurd. The original is correct. The translators made the "lapsus lingue."

Hadley's Greek Grammar and Harkness' Latin Grammar will set superficial critics on the right road or Reed and Kellogg's Higher Lessons in English.

I beg the boys pardon, for I have no desire to appear puffed up, neither pedantic in this little discussion, which should have never been provoked; I detest seeing men show off and try to make-believe, overdrawing themselves to be respected. But I am indulging in a bit of exposition of ignorance of would-be men of knowledge to the end that it may help some young man in preparing himself to lead the people to heights hitherto unreachd. Do not take a short cut through the field in order to "get through quick." If your time, means, and capacity will allow it, take the "long course," as an old student advised me when I entered Middle 37 years ago. You may never see another line of Greek or Latin after you leave college, some will likely tell you, to prove you are pursuing a worthless course. That is a poor and child-like argument: you may never see another spoon of pap or a mouthful of milk after you are weaned from your dear mother's breast, but you developed into a better baby and a stronger man from having been nourished and fed on what you may not see again.

A professor in a college wrote a student's father and told the father of the student: "Your son has not the capacity for Latin and Greek." The father wrote back to the professor: "I am going to the village today, and while there I will just buy him one." Do you laugh? I do not, but I commend the poor old fellow for his determination. A manly determination will make a young man, too, realize that he has only one chance in life to get an education; and when that is gone, your efforts are fruitless. Remember that ignorance is a curse and incurable in old age. Just as the human body becomes too old to respond to medicine, so do our mental faculties become too crowded and feeble to grasp the things contained in books. Now is the accepted time.

ON THE CAMPUS OF FEE MEMORIAL INSTITUTE, NICHOLASVILLE, KY.

By Lena Mae Guess, '27

The faculty and students were favored with a sermon by Rev. L. W. Hyde last Sabbath, from the 14th chapter of St. John and verse six. Jesus was pointed out as the only way.

The writer has been elected by the school to send notes to the Africo. President McNair

(Continued on page 2)

RECOLLECTIONS OF REV. WILLIAM A. YANCEY

By Rev. W. E. Carr, D. D.

When I first came to Danville with my family nearly 35 years ago, I was entertained in the home of our good brother until suitable arrangements could be made for our comfort. I was so impressed with his personality that I took to him at first sight. He and his good wife did all one could expect to make us happy and feel perfectly at home while we tarried with them.

The Rev. William A. Yancey was one of the early graduates of Hampton. He taught both in the county and in the schools of Danville for several years. Being an elder in our church and having a desire to become a missionary he was recommended by our board. He made a most acceptable man for such work. He never entered the pastorate, but held on to Sunday school work to the very last.

For more than a quarter of a century he labored assiduously within the bounds of Southern Virginia Presbytery. During this time he did a work far-reaching in results. The instinctive feeling of all who had any intercourse with him was that he was a true friend. The young people, even the small children, were drawn to him. He manifested at all times a special interest in them. He had a concrete idea of their worth, that they were to be the future men and women of a great race. He was determined to do his very best to help shape more accurately their destiny. He always remembered his own early manhood and the peculiar wants of the young and he sought out this class with advice and encouragement and sympathy. As he went into the homes of the people he impressed them that he was God's nobleman seeking their good. He carried sunshine everywhere he went. His very presence gave the people fresh courage and hope and infused life into their souls.

He was a man noted for his personal piety. From day to day he kept in close touch with God. His life was an inspiration to the communities where he labored. The people were always glad to welcome him and were sorry when he left.

As a man of God he felt at all times that the everlasting arms were beneath him. There were times in which the waves of opposition dashed against him, but he felt confident that they would not overwhelm him. So strong was his faith in God and His providence that he felt that the trials, disappointments and discouragements he had to encounter would work together for his good. With this manliness of character, and a burning zeal in any work he undertook, with habits of devotion and consecration to service for God's cause, we saw no reason why his work should not be a success. He loved his work with a devotion far greater than we can comprehend. As he went about over his field from place to place whenever he had an opportunity he would preach Jesus to the people, and in his simple, common sense way, he was the means of leading many precious souls into the kingdom of God.

I have known this servant of God to walk 10 and 15 miles through the country carrying his heavy load of supplies, footsore, tired and hungry, and sometimes when night would come he scarcely had a place to lay his head, yet he never once complained. His was indeed a life of self-sacrifice for the good of others. He actually wore himself out in the work. He went until he could go no more. He finally began to grow weaker and weaker until last March, when he quietly yielded to the inevitable law of change.

The churches that have come

from the Sunday schools he organized will ever stand as monuments to his memory. He was faithful even unto death and he has gone up to wear the crown. He did a great work in his day, but he had no disposition to trust in the slightest degree to his own works. To God he gave all the glory and considered it a great privilege to be permitted to do so grand a work. Well done, good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. May we all be in the watchtower of expectation looking out on the great immortality beyond.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping shall be soon.
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Danville, Va.

ECHOES FROM LOUISVILLE, KY.

By Mrs. Ruth M. Rogers

Ferguson Memorial Presbyterian church was among those which observed "National Missions Week." At the 11 o'clock services Sunday, November 29th, our pastor, Rev. J. A. Cox, delivered a most appropriate sermon on the subject, "Evangelization Far and Near." The Missionary Society prepared a special program which took the place of the regular evening service. We were favored with several musical selections by boys from the Louisville Institute for the Blind. We were also favored with a vocal selection by Mr. Watson, of Philadelphia.

A most interesting part of the program was the Dramatic Hymn Service, and a very pathetic scene in keeping with the hymns sung in this service was "The Suppliant at the Cross," which was portrayed by Miss Hattie Maddox. Group No. 2 prepared and served a Thanksgiving Dinner at the church. The Thanksgiving spirit was well manifested by all present. A special table was laid for our pastor and his family. Everything proved that the members of Ferguson Memorial church had much for which to be thankful.

On Thursday night, December 3rd, a program arranged by group No. 2 was rendered at the church. The group was entertained by Elder Frierson. Among those who appeared on the program was Mrs. Carter, of Cleveland, Ohio, who favored us with a very beautiful vocal selection.

The young people at the church have organized themselves into a society known as "The Young People's Chapter." The purpose of this society is to aid in the upbuilding of the church, and help along financial lines. They invite other young people to come and join and feel free to work.

Group No. 1 entertained with a play entitled "The Mysteries of the Kingdom," on Thursday night, December 10th, which was very interesting and enjoyable. Group No. 1 is now preparing a Christmas program which we hope will be a great success.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. J. C. Buckner, who departed this life on October 26th, is sadly missed by all the members of Ferguson Memorial church. Mrs. Buckner's illness was short and her death came as a thunderbolt from a clear sky. Death is so natural, yet so mysterious, especially when visited upon one so kind and noble in God's creation. Mrs. Buckner stood as a faithful pillar of the church, having joined

the Presbyterian church when quite a young woman. The loss of this lovable woman cannot be estimated.

The many beautiful floral designs placed about the sleeping mother showed that she had not lived in vain; that she was loved and appreciated by all who knew her.

The Funeral Sermon

The following is the sermon delivered by the pastor, Rev. Cox:

Text: "For I am now ready to be offered up and the time of my departure is at hand," II Tim. 4:6.

This expression leaps from a life well spent with God. All but the conclusion of the matter. It shows that the Apostle has been retrospecting his life as it is hid in God. It is not the decision of a moment. Nothing of snap judgment! The life has been weighed and not found wanting! The rough seas have been navigated! The haven is in sight. Let the life boats be manned! Cast over the anchor! Make her fast to the moorings! I am ready to face the customs demands of the new world! I am ready for citizenship in the better country! I am now ready to be offered! He is saying the last word! He is concluding the last Epistle! The time to depart from the world of time and try the realities of eternity! The struggle is about over! He is ready to depart!

I. Death—a departure.

Death is a departure, a removal, a separation, going on a journey.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home."

Thus sings the longing soul, the soul distant from the most beautiful scenes eye ever beheld, the spot most loved, dear ones most adored, the place from which we have departed. The exchange may be better, it may be worse; we have departed; new scenes, new life, new experiences of ours. Death is a departure, removal, separation, it is a going on a journey; the soul moves out of the clay; it enters another tenement, its last home. St. Augustine remarks, "No sooner do we begin to live in this dying body than we begin to move ceaselessly towards death." Bishop Hall declared, "Our cradle stands in our grave." Chas. Froham, theatrical producer, about to take the plunge with the hundreds on the Titanic, was heard to cry above the confusion, "Why should we fear death? It is but a beautiful adventure in life."

Ah! Paul believed in the immortality of the soul! He is ready to be offered, the time of his departure is at hand. Listen to Dr. Hillis' description of death. "The old philosophy gave us images of the scythe, the skull and crossbones, caused the tomb to drip with horrors, taught men to darken the windows, to blacken the hearse, the house and the human body with plumes plucked from the wings of midnight. But the philosophy which pictured death as a monster is itself death-struck and dying. Science, that once clipped the wings of faith, is now learning to soar and sing. If land is not yet sighted, we sail through a summer sea, midst drifting boughs whose leaves have not yet withered; the birds that fly overhead belong to climes near, though still unseen; the air, laden with perfume, foretells the continent that lies before and lures us on. Let us, with Lowell, confess that Death, once disguised as an executioner, has dropped the iron mask and stands revealed as an angel in disguise—God's seraph—come for man's release and convey."

The time of my departure is at hand—

The soul is immortal. It lives out in eternity what it promised here. Is it conceivable that men who have added to the sum total of human happiness

are to be limited to time, to the imperfections of those whom they have influenced? Beethoven poured out his very soul there in the garret! Could it be possible that this genius, so potent for good, is limited to those who are mere imitators? No; a thousand noes. But in some other clime, now knowing how imperfect that sonata, on instruments tuned by angels, in a larger life, a broader vision, a perfect soul, with no handicap of poverty, he has his place in the Choir Invisible. The canvas (Sistine Madonna) Raphael painted has endured for three centuries. But has God ordained that the canvas shall be preserved while the artist has fallen into dust? Is the leaf to live while the tree dies? Reason and conscience whisper, it can not be. Must Allen and Varrick and Gloucester, noble men of earth, teachers of righteousness, organizers, men after God's own heart, collapse at the tomb and be no more? Do they not live in the hearts of men today? God forbid! We are rather satisfied that their lives are expanding; growing; living with Him who arose on the third day victor over sin. "The body of Benjamin Franklin (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its leather and gilding) lies here food for the worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will, as he believes, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the author." (Self-written.)

My departure is at hand.
From the scene of childhood,
"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When found recollection presents them to view!"

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

Our departed friend here has oft recited these to her companion of forty-one years. Those were sweet moments; they brought indeed fond recollections, for each had a part. These moments are cut short, but sweet memory of them remains here and with the departed they are sweeter still. Who can say that in a brighter, larger way they may not be lived again, removed from childhood scenes?

Departed from the days of young womanhood! And these were never to be forgotten days, days in which there was no loneliness for the friend of childhood is now a more important incident in her life. The moments of waiting, sometimes anxious moments—lest he appear not. She has left the place of waiting, he is left alone, but not bereft of hope.

"Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me."

Departed from the scenes of wedded bliss and beautiful motherhood. All the day long, mother! All the night long, mother! She has left the place of mother's delight and gone to reap the reward which belongs only to mothers. If there is any mansion more beautiful, if there is love more rare, it is love for mothers in their specially prepared homes in the kingdom. If there is anything that makes men stop and examine themselves, be ashamed of themselves, yes, that makes them worthy of the consideration of their fellows, it is the love for a mother. Mother! This mother has said to you the hour of my departure is at hand. How she nurtured you, advised you and prayed for you, how she entered into your joys and sorrows, how she

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