

# BIBLICAL RECORDER.

THE ORGAN OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTISTS—DEVOTED TO BIBLE RELIGION, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Volume 34.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1889.

Number 42.

## The Biblical Recorder.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE:

Corner Hargett and Salisbury Sts., Raleigh, N. C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year.....\$ 2.00  
Five copies, six months..... 1.00  
Clubs of ten (copy extra to sender)..... \$0.00

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Obituaries, sixty words long, are inserted free of charge. When they exceed this length, one cent for each word must be paid in advance.

## Notes and Comments.

MAJ. ROBERT BINGHAM, of Bingham School, delivered a lecture at Peace Institute, Raleigh, N. C., on the evening of April 12th, on "Some things one sees in Europe," which was decidedly interesting and instructive. How any one not connected with some one of our protected monopolies can be in favor of a protective tariff after learning the market prices of articles of prime necessity in Europe, is simply astonishing. No man could favor such a tax unless he was either profited by it or controlled by grossest ignorance and party prejudice. In many cases articles that are used by the poorer classes of our people, and which have become absolute necessities, can be bought in London for less than half we pay for them in Raleigh. And this increase in prices extends to at least a thousand articles of food and clothing used by the poor of this country.

But the points brought out in the lecture that specially interested us were in connection with the contrast in buildings, public roads, &c. We build for a day, they build for a thousand or ten thousand years. Our carpenters build a house to stand till the owner can move into it and pay the bill. The carpenters of Europe build a house to last forever. It is a rare thing for a new house in this country to stand two years without needing repairs. A house in Europe will not need repairs under one hundred years. To such an extent has this make-shift, shoddy style of building been carried on in the South that our new houses are in great danger of collapsing before the doors are laid. Many have fallen while being erected.

In Europe when a new road is to be constructed it is so done that it will stand for a generation without repairs and continue in good order. They build no wooden bridges. Their bridges are all constructed of stone and iron, and are put up with the expectation of their standing as long as the kingdom of England stands. This is one of their railroads. So securely are they constructed that accidents from broken rails and broken bridges never occur. It is as nearly absolutely safe as human freedom is able to render it so to travel on the cars in Europe. Here in this country many of our railroads are the merest pretense to railroad construction. Trains in these sections run over high bridges made of pine poles, and so loosely put together that they sway and creak under the pressure of the passing engine. In Europe human life is the one thing that is precious and to be preserved at all hazards of time, labor and expense. Here the almighty dollar is sought after and human life is nothing.

In some of our larger cities there are laws to protect the people against the slipshod, cheap and dishonest builder, and inspectors of buildings are paid large salaries to look after them. But in spite of all this it is not uncommon for hundreds of people to lose their lives by the falling or the burning of these badly constructed houses. In the South, where we have neither law nor inspector to look after the men who build our houses, mere shells and cheats of habitations are erected. All is left to the honesty of the contractor. Fortunately the people of the South there are some who follow the business who are honest enough to build houses that will stand twenty or even thirty years without repair, or any special risk to the lives of those who live in them.

Wonderful progress has been made in road building within the last twenty years. We are very far in advance of the time when the Petersburg and Weldon road and the Seaboard road ran its first coaches

on stringers and a strip of tyre iron. We rejoice in the progress, and very heartily congratulate the managers and proprietors of our railroad systems. But with all our progress it will take at least a hundred or two years to catch up with our English cousins in such matters. Much of their progress, and still more of the efficiency of their roads, grows out of the fact that steel and stone cost less than half in Europe what they do in this country.

The author of that convenient little tract on the Publication Society's tables, "Why am I a Baptist?" asks two questions which we are nothing loath to ask over again, that as many as will may take it and ponder it: "Who ever heard of a Baptist becoming convinced that immersion was wrong, and requesting to have water sprinkled upon him in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost?" "Who ever heard of a Baptist being led to renounce immersion by reading the Bible?"—*Standard*.

No Baptist ever did. But who ever heard of any intelligent member of any Christian denomination being convinced that immersion was wrong? It is generally admitted to be proper by every Christian; but many say that other modes of baptism will do. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism," is the written word. The first two-thirds of this text is accepted by all professing Christians. Only a few adhere to the meaning of the last third.

### Some Miscellaneous Points.

The following paragraph comes from the *Chicago Standard*:

Some of our ablest Baptist papers have been discussing the causes of the general desertion of the people from the Sunday evening service. Many able preachers in our large Northern cities are preaching to mere handfuls of people on Sunday night, though they have large congregations in the morning. So far as our knowledge extends, this undesirable fashion has not invaded many of the cities and towns of the South. In not a few of our Southern churches the night congregations are larger than those of the morning. The *Examiner* has expressed the opinion that the multiplication of the Sunday meetings is thinning out the night congregations in many of our churches; and we believe that this view is correct. If you have your Sunday school at 9 a. m.; preaching at 10:30; a young people's prayer meeting in the afternoon, and then preaching again at night; and if a man attend all these meetings, what time will he have for rest, for private reading, meditation and devotion! As a general rule, we think it is not the wisest policy to undertake so many meetings on the Lord's Day. The Sunday school and the two preaching services are usually meetings enough for one day. There ought to be some time left for quiet, restful reading and meditation.

Yes; and the question of the wisdom of splitting up a church into various classes, according to age, sex, and what not, and of instituting special meetings for each of these several classes, is one which deserves a good deal more thought than it seems to have received.

The thoughtful caution, which is necessary to any useful criticism of the public morals, is inculcated in the following paragraph, which is taken from the *Indiana Baptist*:

Few things demoralize a man more than does the general assumption that he is already demoralized, and thus it is possible in this direction to do mischievous, foul sin in chiding sin. It is a remarkably honest man who is more honest than he knows he is expected to be, and what is true of individuals is, in this matter, equally true of communities. The moral power of a healthy public opinion, and of the knowledge that such public opinion does exist, exercises over the average man an influence which society can ill afford to weaken or to ignore. Over the criminal and the outcast of society, and over the large class which fills the space between these and the thoroughly honest man, it is the controlling influence, and even over the very best specimens of the human race, its influence is not to be set at nought without peril to the individual, if not to the mass of society.

It is manifestly possible to do mischievous, foul sin by chiding sin.

The following curious bit of canine, not to say cynical, philosophy is clipped from the *Watchman*:

Many of the dogs described by Sir Walter Scott, and figuring as important characters in his unrivalled romances, are really quite clever fellows. We like them. They were intelligent, upright, amiable, gentlemanly dogs, and as such they were worthy of our respect and esteem. Even "Jip," who is quite a character in "Dave Copperfield," is by no means to be utterly despised, and,

upon the whole, we would about as soon trust "Jip" in various matters of taste, gentility and common decency, as to trust many persons from whose decisions there is neither escape nor appeal. Burns' "Caesar" and "honest Luath" were both philosophers, and, of course, superior to most specimens of this class, mainly because they were dogs, and looked at life from a dog's point of view. The fact is that most of our fine people, official and otherwise, might find a great deal of valuable food for thought in "The Two Dogs," but we are perfectly certain that many who hold high positions in the land would be puzzled to know where to look for this tale, as it was never published in *Bonner's Ledger*, and is not to be found among the writings of "Sylvanus Cobb, Jr." Upon the whole, then, we think that the testimony of tolerably well-raised dogs, that have been brought up among us, and have been used to the society of decent people, is by no means to be despised. Such a dog is very sure to be able to give valuable testimony in some important questions. For instance, he would never fail to inform us whether any comer was a respectable gentleman who ought to be received and entertained, or a worthless vagabond who ought to be driven off in disgrace.

How far it is wise to make up our philosophy of life by looking at it from a dog's point of view, is a question which we have never seen carefully discussed in any treatise on Psychology; but while Burns' tale is highly entertaining, and while we enjoy some of its bits of pungent satire, it is rather difficult to keep down a conviction that "Caesar" and "honest Luath" were, after all, a trifle too wise.

The following item is taken from the *Journal and Messenger*, of Cincinnati:

Dr. John Hall, of New York City, discusses, in the *Presbyterian*, the question whether the "Apostles' Creed" secures unity in the faith among the Episcopalians. In the course of the discussion, he tells the following:

"Conversing some years ago with an intelligent Anglican clergyman, an Oxford man and in middle life, a man also of much earnestness in his way, which was decidedly 'high church,' the question was put: 'What is the numerical proportion of the great parties with you—high, broad and low?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I think there are nine or ten thousand clergymen whom I would call sound churchmen. There are possibly four or five thousand whom you would call evangelical, and the rest are in the infidel party.' A little amazed, I said, 'Whom would you describe so?' 'Well, of course,' he replied, 'Dean Stanley is their leader.'"

When two parties in the same church are so far apart in their beliefs that one party characterizes the other as "infidels," the unity is not particularly conspicuous. We do not regard Dean Stanley as an infidel, but as an earnest Christian man.

We see neither good sense, nor sound religion in the loose and flippant way in which the term "infidel" is applied to men who hold and contend for the doctrines set forth in the Thirty-ninth Article of the Episcopal church.

Aprpos to this last paragraph, and in the same general line of thought, is this, from an editorial in the *London Times* on "The Defects of the Government":

Those who judge of the theological temper of the House of Commons by recent discussions (on the Affirmation bill) will form an extremely erroneous estimate. Upon the whole, it does not believe in atheism, at all, but regards it as merely an eccentric theism. In the rudimentary stages of culture, men hold every one to be an atheist who does not accept their peculiar notions about the Deity; in later times, men hold every atheist to be merely one whose views of the Deity differ from their own. The recent outburst of zeal against atheists has been due to the circumstances that Mr. Bradlaugh is profoundly and almost universally shunned and disliked by his countrymen, and that his atheism is the only avowable reason for the instinctive repugnance he inspires. The debates on the subject have thus been somewhat hollow, and men have attacked and defended positions about which there is no real difference of opinion, simply because a particular person occupied them for the time being.

The man who wrote that had studied his subject with some care.

We agree with the *Christian Inquirer* that "the Baptist Courier can cull lessons from some out-of-the-way places," and here is an instance:

In the "Mesneviyi Sherif," a famous poem written by a great Mohammedan saint and doctor named Jelalu'd-din, there is a story of a certain king, who, upon one occasion, amused himself with the following curious experiment: He caused an elephant to be brought to the palace and shut up in a dark room. The sages of the country were then assembled, and the king, entering with them into this chamber, ordered

them to decide what was there. The philosophers groped about in the dark, stretched their hands, and felt the elephant at various parts of his anatomy. They all agreed that it was alive. One, however, said that it was like a huge column; another, that it had a rough hide; a third, that it was made of ivory; a fourth, that it had huge flaps of some coarse material. The light was then admitted, and it was discovered "how falsely true, the diverse judgments were." The story reminded us of a favorite saying of Wm. F. Broadus, "It depends on where you stand." J. C. HIXEN.

### Semples and Broadus.

BY E. RYLAND.

As these two men were for a long time true yoke-fellows in the service of Christ, and were the most conspicuous figures in Virginia Baptist history in their day, I will give you a specimen of the prose of the one, and of the poetry of the other. This will harmonize, too, with their respective tastes—the one being prosaic and the other poetic in his make up.

Writing to his friend in the darkest period of his afflictions, and in his sorest need of sympathy, Semples says, "Well, if I were asked, 'among what tribe of Christians does your most cordial friend reside?' I would say, among the Baptists. If I were further asked, 'in what division of the Baptists does he dwell?' I would say, among the Virginia Baptists; 'and among which of the various families of the Virginia Baptists is his fellowship?' I would say, the Salem family; 'but if all the family were personally arranged, who would be singled out?' I would say, take him the initials of whose name are the two first letters of the alphabet—a forty years' fellow-laborer—the man whose trials have never been surpassed but by his patience and his meekness, from whose society I have drawn my richest comforts, and from whose ministrations are derived many of my best views of gospel truth. May the Lord kindly smooth the rough path of this friend and grant that the latter end of his journey may be less rugged than some of its previous parts! What I have said above seemed to flow spontaneously from my pen, and come forth almost without design. Your affectionate Rob. B. Semples."—*Memoir*, p. 62.

The following is one of the few poetic effusions of Broadus which has been preserved. As he had a sweet voice, he sang it, on suitable occasions, to a beautiful tune, with telling effect:

Restless thy spirit, poor wandering sinner,  
Restless and roving—O, come to thy home!  
Return to the arms—to the bosom of mercy,  
The Saviour of sinners invites thee to come.  
Darkness surrounds thee, and tempests are rising,  
Fearful and dangerous the path thou hast trod;  
But mercy shines forth in the rainbow of promise  
To welcome the wanderer home to his God.  
Peace to the storm in thy soul shall be spoken,  
Guilt from thy bosom be banished away;  
And heaven's sweet breezes o'er death's rolling  
billows  
Shall waft thee at last to the regions of day.  
But oh! if regardless of God's gracious warning,  
Afar from his favor your seat must remove!  
May you never hear—never feel the dread sentence,  
But live to his glory and die in his love.

ELDER JOHN COURTNEY.

This name is suggested as appropriate for this place, because Mr. Broadus was for a short time his co-pastor of the First Baptist church of Richmond about the year 1820. The church would most gladly have retained him for a longer period, but his preference for a quiet rural home hurried him back to the country. "Father Courtney," as everybody called him, belonged to the old dispensation. He had long served the First church, and when he attained to old age the church, though not then wealthy, instead of "turning him out to graze," as many churches have done with their faithful old servants, retained him in office and employed Broadus, Boyce and perhaps Keeling as his successive co-workers in the pastoral relation. There was never a breath of suspicion that the slightest jealousy existed between the good old man and his co-adjutors. He did as much pastoral work as his years would allow, and they, always willing to hear, and full of reverence for him, did most of the preaching. I do not remember to have seen Father Courtney. He passed away before I was acquainted with Richmond. But Miss Josephine Norvell, who in 1850 became my wife and blessed me for sixteen years of my pilgrimage, was, in her girlhood, a constant attendant on his ministry, and derived from it her earliest religious impressions. She gave me minute information touching his character and closing labors. Father Courtney was a large built, corpulent man, of benevolent visage, long gray hair and venerable appearance. He was possessed of strong common sense, of ready utterance and winning manners, but of very little "book-learning." He had probably read only the Bible for many years. But his integrity was so strict and his kindness of heart so all-embracing, that he was respected and loved by all classes and denominations of the city. One of his cherished opinions was that no pastor should have a stipulated salary, but should receive a voluntary and an adequate sup-

port from his people. He would not allow even the Sunday collections to be counted at the church, nor set down in a book, nor counted out to him at his dwelling. The deacons carried around their hats, gathered the contributions and poured them into the hat of the senior deacon—brother Hyde—who took them every Monday morning to the pastor. He emptied them all, coppers, fourpences, ninepences, quarters and dollars, into a bowl in his cupboard ("oudbard") and there they remained for use. Next Monday morning the bowl was replenished. Families often sent him during the week waiters of food according to the season and the necessities of his family. The good sisters kept an eye on his wardrobe, and the brethren looked out for his fuel and house-rent. He was simple in his tastes, free from debt, trustful of Providence, poor and contented. In his sermons he often repeated his experience and quoted the couplet, with evident self-complacency,

No foot of land do I possess,  
Nor cottage in this wilderness,

One of the well-to-do members at length made him a present of a nice little cottage house, and was arranging to have the deed recorded. But soon afterwards, when reciting his favorite stanza,

No foot of land do I possess,  
Nor cottage—

he made a dead pause and said, "No, I forgot. Brother — has given me a house and lot," and seemed greatly perplexed. The next day he called on the kind brother, declined the gift, and went back to his darling quotation! He did not wish to be encumbered! When old age made it difficult for him to walk, he bought a gentle pony and rode around from house to house in his pastoral visitations. To save him the trouble of dismounting and again mounting his nag, the families, in good weather, often came out to the gate and listened to his pastoral counsels. After a few words of kindness he rode off to the next house. On one occasion a widow lady said jocosely to him, "Father Courtney, you look so spry to day that some of us are setting our caps for you." (He had long been a widower.) Shaking his head, he replied, with entire sincerity, "No, I don't want none of you!"

When the young girls of his congregation grew up to womanhood, and began to feel that their pastor, in his use of language, was falling behind the spirit of the age, they resorted to correct his archaisms. He said *ris for rose, helped for helped, &c.*, and was not respectful to pronunciation and grammar. A girl of fourteen summers—for they all felt quite free and easy with him—said to him one day, "Father Courtney, your congregation is getting larger and more respectable now, and you ought to be more particular in pronouncing your words." "Well, honey," said he, "what words do I call wrong?" "Why, Father Courtney, you say *molocholy*." "And what ought I to say?" "You ought to say *mel an choly*." "Well, honey, you young things may call it so, but I like *molocholy* best." After that experiment they let him alone! But with all his vulgarisms of speech, the young people venerated him. They looked at him as a remnant of a by-gone age and excused his attachment to his own vocabulary. My informant said that his saintly aspect and acknowledged piety, and his tremulous voice in reading that old hymn,

"That awful day will surely come,  
The appointed hour makes haste," &c.,

all combined with its sentiments in awakening her to a deep conviction of her need of a Saviour. Had the preacher been young and fashionable, she might have been charmed by his fine rhetoric and diverted from the saving truth! Elder Courtney belonged to a former epoch. He lived in an age when the preachers were arrested, put in jail and whipped for their persistent devotion to the cause of God. Hundreds of them were as illiterate as he was, but they clung to the cross of Christ. They preached the simple gospel to the common people, and were understood by them. In that day it required moral courage to become a Baptist, and I doubt not a larger proportion of the professors were truly converted than at the present time. Wealth and fashion and formality have gained ready access to our churches. Our ministers are more cultured, but are they more disinterested, more holy and more acceptable to the Master?

NOTE.—In my last, I should have said that Bro. Broadus went to Richmond in 1821, not 1820, and stayed only six months.

I learn that Rev. W. H. Williams, now of Fulton, Ky., has moved three times in two months, and Rev. J. N. Gooch, now of Martin, Tenn., has moved twice in six months.—*Correspondent*.

If you go on at that rate, brethren, the Methodists may claim you as itinerants or peripatetic preachers. You may help to confirm them in the belief of one of their writers who said in a recent number of their *Nashville Advocate*:

"I have reached the conclusion that the Methodist church is the only one that has a settled pastor. The office they fill is a settled one. We have no churches without pastors, and no pastors without churches; 'no, not for an hour.'"—*Western Recorder*.