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A LETTER FROM BILDAD AKERS.

There are some little sections in Bildad Akers' nature which we have never been able to explore. He is not a credulous being. No one is so quick as he to detect the false note in another. Yet Bildad is deluded into believing that his spelling is at par. He claims no special knowledge of grammar, but he does not relish an adverse criticism of his spelling.

An old-fashioned personality, even boasting at times of moss, he manages to have a modern outlook on life. He is a lively number in a decorous way among the boys. Yet this question comes in to perplex us: Why does Bildad, with his high appreciation of epistolary experience, persist in using an old goose quill, mere scraps of paper, and the palest of pale ink, when he writes to the Advocate? His letters, written on stationery of divers hues and sizes and shapes, would shame even Professor Teufelsdröckh.

It is a labor to decipher his cryptographic handwriting. We do not publish his letters as they are received and written. The best we can do is to string their fragments together on a kind of editorial string.

This we do with his last letter received a few days ago. He begins by apologizing for his long silence, saying that it is the first letter that he has "writ sence Confear-ance." He alludes in a reminiscential way to certain experiences at Rocky Mount, not forgetting to mention the few votes which he received for the editorship. Bildad actually rolls that memory as a "sweet morsel under his tongue." Well, so be it. If we were to see things as they really are, a great deal of life's glamour would be gone. Let memory have her fads and follies. The stern things that are suffice to drive away the ultra-sentimental which truly deceives and weakens.

What Bildad has to say in connection with the subject of the weather is really pertinent and practical. What more practical subject could be discussed just now? It is refreshing to note that his words have no pessimistic ring, as is evident in the following extract:

Bildad and the Weather.

Well, Ivry, Proverdenche is tryin the grit of we pore farmers these days. Craps is backard, mity backard. Corn, cotton, and sich looks the same to me as pore leettle childer which is tryin to keep from bein hongry and cold. When I think about it, tho, I allers plunk my thoughts down on the forrerd yeers we have had. Last yeer was the forrerddest yeer, to be sure.

I was jest cum in frum drappin corn tother day and was settin on a log nigh the spring when ole Peter McGillis cum up fram his pastur. He sat down side o' me and I seed at once that he was in the dumps. His lights, I know, was a blew as a huckelberry. The blew run in streaks thru his tawk. If a Methodis stewart ever cum nigh to cussin the wether, Pete was the feller. I tole him he had orter be shamed of himself. I axed him ef he had ever starved to deth. He almost wanted to make me beleev he hed on several casions, but I knowed better. I axed him ef he had ever seen a yeer without sum kind o' craps? He got to tawkin about 1816, and I tole him he hed never seed that yeer. I sed, "Pete, you ole graspin skin-flint, you had orter to be shamed of

yourself. You're wun of the stripe that God has bin so good to that you want to take all that He has got and more. You are like a hawg which chomps his corn all rite as long as the yeers are throwed to him, but ef he has to wait a leettle, why then he hollers. Why, Pete, you hev got the same kind of faith as a hawg. Can't you trust in Proverdenche enuff to believe that the corn'll be throwed to you in good time. Cheer up, ole man, and go to work like me. This is the third time Ive drapped this corn. I'm goin to do my part, and I jest know Proverdenche will do his'n."

"No," Bruther Ivry, Bildad continues, "its goin to take a site more'n onlikely wether to turn my lites blew and make me slip my hold on God."

A Sunday School's Winter Quarters.

I allers fout the idee of our Sunday-scool shettin up arter the big meetin in the fall and not openin ontill spring, or jist afore the summer meetins. But it doesn't do no good. The superintendent is allers agin me. He sez evergreen scools are all rite when peepul is used to havin of em, but they never knowed sich a thing at our meetin house, and its bad to have a suddent change. It's nuthin but simon-pure laziness and no countness with our school, as I'll show you.

You know them hot days in March? Well, it was sartinly sizzlin for the sholeder of the yeer down in these parts. The trees begun to bud and the gals put on their white frocks and Ike Smith got out his straw hat which he bawt in Rally endurin the Fusion campane. It did look like summer time, and afore I knowed it, they had allowd that it was time to start Sunday scool agin. They helt scool two Sundays, and I hed got a peart class. Well, the next Sunday was cold and drizzly, then cum them frosty nites, and Ivry, shores as guns iurn, the very next Sunday they allowed they hed tempted Proverdenche by starten the scool afore its time, an they tuk a vote not to start the scool ontill they could have rale ole summer weather. Did you ever hear o' sich doins? How is God goin to bless such a hard-headed, lazy no-count passel of Sunday scoolers? Tother day a thinkin about it I jest made up my mind that scool is goin to run all next winter ef Ive got to tromp snow evry Sundy.

Bildad Goes to Trinity Commencement.

It was no surprise to us when we learned that Bildad had attended the commencement of Trinity College. He feels a deep interest in his church and her every enterprise and institution. He writes as follows:

"Lizy got to rarin last Mundy when she seed me workin with my ole carpet bag, and a dustin up in general, fer I sed to her, 'Lizy, I'm goin to the exhibition at Trinity Colege. I beleev they call em Comensments.' She lowed I'd be a purty site up thar among the big bugs.

"But I sed, 'Lizy, Trinity scool is an institoo-shun of my church. I aint no bennyfactor, I aint no trusty, but that scool belongs to me as much as to enny of them fellers. I aint got no use for any Methodist which dont show no intrust in his own property, and I'm agwine to Durham to see what they are doin.'

"But I went, and I aint sorry a bit. They treat-ed me like I was a shore enuff bennyfactor or a trusty. I enjide every minit I was thar. I kept my eyes skinned, too. I seed evrythin run as

smooth as an otter slide. One man of them fellers of the teechin squod tended to one thing; another feller tended to another. There wasn't no hitch. Theyve got the properest congregations you ever seed. Wun nite them electrissity lites blowed out and everything was as black as a swamp at midnite. But the meetin went rite on. They didnt strike no maches and it peared as if the peepul was ashamed even to brethe out loud. Then when Jedge Bruin was makin his speech he spoke so low that them that was settin in the rare eend couldnt hear. But they didnt get on-restless, but sat with their eyes glued on the Jedge.

"I was mity glad to hear Mr. Southgit, the head of the trustys, tell of the number of pore boys the college is helpin. The college has giv away \$30,000 in eddication in the last ten years. I was mighty glad to meet Mr. Southgit. They say he's got a kind of bunkin place all by hisself nigh Durhams. Now, I call that a sizzlin shame. Why don't he git married and carry some good woman there to his house in the woods. I saw Mr. Killgo. He joked me like I was a kid, and there aint nothin hifalutin about him. What I seed showed me he was tendin to his pach mity well.

"I hearn the boys speak. I noticed that when I would meet one on the scool yard he would raze his hat to me. It made me feel like they was traned rite. But I tell you, Ivry, I didn't like them pigeon taled cotes they wore. Sumhow it didn't jest set rite in my mind. Ive seed em before, and they always make me think that them that wears em has been raned on. Sich fixins is too new for Bildad Akers."

A good deal more followed about the Commencement. Bildad was evidently enthusiastic over what he saw of the "scool." He is a strong believer in Trinity College, and wants every "stewart" to go and see for himself.

But we will have to dismiss for the present our old philosopher in the hope that soon we may have the pleasure of seeing his face in the office.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.
—"The Arrow and the Song."

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held in Nashville, Tenn., May 17th, Rev. John R. Stewart, Secretary and Treasurer of the Superannuate Endowment Fund, made a gratifying report from which we extract the following general statement to May 1907: Total assets, \$197,618.34; cash assets, \$102,139.62. The Board adopted a resolution requesting each of the Annual Conferences to assume a "voluntary assessment for this fund equal to at least 1 per cent of the salary paid the pastor during the year."

The Southern Methodists of Berkeley, California, are presenting their claims for the Training School the Educational Commission decided to start on the Pacific Coast.