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The World As We See It.

The meeting of Methodist laymen (only a few of them) in South Carolina a few days ago seems to have been based on the desire to air certain grievances. Such a basis is altogether wrong. The church is not calling for reformers, but reinforcements.

They are trying Caleb Powers again. We trust that this is the last time. We have never believed Powers to be guilty. Since the rancor engendered by the murder of Goebel is dying out, and a fair and impartial trial has become more nearly possible, the situation has become brighter for the man who at one time seemed doomed to pass his life in prison.

The recent allegation that the Louisiana Historical Association has in its possession letters from Generals U. S. Grant, George H. Thomas, and Admiral Farragut in which these distinguished men had written to President Davis offering their services to the Confederacy was truly startling. It seems, however, that there was no foundation for the allegation. We would be sorry to discover that such a thing had happened.

The New York Times furnishes a surprising bit of information. It says: "It is to be doubted that the ordinary depositor is aware that if each savings bank account were reduced by a single dollar the total would be between two and three times the total amount of money in circulation, gold, silver, green-backs, bank-notes, and the rest of our variegated currency. There are altogether nearly thirteen billions of bank deposits in the United States and a total money circulation of less than three billions."

The Charlotte Observer is responsible for the statement, and we suppose it is true, that a certain Mayme spells her poodle Fido's name P-h-i-d-e-a-u. Not since we heard that a certain lady, sur-named Patrick in honor of her plain Irish husband, calls it Patreek, with the accent on the last syllable, have we heard of anything so bad in the name line as this which bursts from the columns of the Charlotte Observer. Phideau! Just think of it! Let the Observer keep to poetry and everyday natural science.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union at its recent Convention "lionized" Carrie Nation and made her a life-member of the organization. Such business will not tend to draw closer to the Union those people who have criticized the Union as being an aggregation of cranks. The Union which has in it some of the best women of the land, and has done, and is now doing, a great work for temperance, uses very little wisdom in going into rhapsodies over an eccentric "free lance" like Carrie Nation.

It is said that Bishop Turner, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church; Bishop Holsey, of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, and Bishop J. W. Hood, of the African Methodist Epis-

copal Zion Church, have called a council of Bishops to meet in Washington, D. C., February 12, 1908, to consider the ecclesiastical, religious, civil, political, and sociological condition of the negro race. One complaint is that a large number of negroes are leaving the South for the North and West. This, to our mind, is one rift in the black cloud. The distribution of the negroes throughout all the sections of our country, thus reducing the hurtful plethora in the South, is one emphatic condition of the solution of our race problem.

Through a mistaken notion that preachers are not like other men, and are afflicted with a peculiar sensitiveness, the preachers of the Western North Carolina Conference, which adjourned on last Monday, missed a novel spectacle. An enterprising Salisbury merchant fixed up a tasty show-window with Teddy bears. An organ was fixed in the channel. At different places were the Bishop, Presiding Elders, and other ministers represented by Teddy bears. The reclining delegates were laymen. Why the laymen should have been fixed in a reclining position was not revealed. The artist must have been a Methodist. The ladies of Salisbury thought the "preachers might not like it," and the advertisement was changed.

The attitude of Mr. Bryan to the present financial stringency is of peculiar interest, not because of his financial doctrines with which the people are very well acquainted, but because it reveals a strong and noble trait in the great Commoner. A small man in Mr. Bryan's position would have jumped at the opportunity of joining in the popular cry, "Mr. Roosevelt brought the panic." What political grazing there is in the present financial pasturage! Mr. Bryan says: "I do not look for any prolonged trouble in the business world. Conditions which made a panic and depression in 1893 are entirely different now. Then prices were falling because of a restricted money supply. Now we are in the midst of a tremendous gold production, which gives an abundant money supply and maintains prices so that business is brisk."

The stirring and strenuous growth of our own great country keeps much of our attention at home, and, for this reason, we may fail to get a correct idea of what Japan is doing. The status of that country is clearly summarized in the following extract from the Literary Digest: "While all the rest of Asia is treated as so much territory to be exploited commercially, Japan has herself entered the arena as an exploiting nation, and even enterprising America has to confess that in its trade with that country the trade balance stands in Japan's favor. Last year we sold Japan \$38,500,000 worth of goods, while Japan sold us \$52,500,000. And the Japanese are carrying their goods in their own steamers, built and manned so cheaply that they are driving American shipping from the Pacific. Japan's commercial advance has attracted the attention of Alfred Stead, who writes a series of articles on it in The Hindustan Review (Allahabad). In spite of the fact that her treaties forbid Japan to carry out such an extensive scheme of trade protection as has enriched the United States, he says, she has

set us an example in some particulars. Japan not only feeds her people from her own soil, as we do, but she also has what we have not—a merchant navy that distributes her exports among foreign customers without calling in the aid of 'freighters' from the outside world."

We have heard of the motto, "God Bless Our Home," as looking down on scenes more suggestive of the fistic arena than a cannibal Eden. Now we have the spectacle of an indignant people, the majority of whom have never, perhaps, possessed a ten-dollar gold piece, raising a perfect cloud of scorn and abuse around the head of President Roosevelt. And partially visible through this whirling scurrying cloud are the words, "In God we trust." National history is following closely in the wake of domestic history. The President's crime consisted of his ordering these peaceful words from a place on the newly-coined ten-dollar piece. The President excuses himself (and we should forgive him) in the following words: "My own feeling in the matter is due to my very firm conviction that to put such a motto on coins or to use it in any kindred manner, not only does no good, but does positive harm, and is in effect irreverence, which comes dangerously close to sacrilege. A beautiful and solemn sentence such as the one in question should be treated and uttered only with that fine reverence which necessarily implies a certain exaltation of spirit. Any use which tends to cheapen it, and above all, any use which tends to secure its being treated in a spirit of levity is from every standpoint profoundly to be regretted. It is a motto which it is indeed well to have inscribed on our great national monuments, in our temples of justice, in our legislative halls, and in buildings such as those at West Point, and Annapolis—in short, wherever it will tend to arouse and inspire a lofty emotion in those who look thereon. But it seems to me eminently unwise to cheapen such a motto by use on coins, just as it would be to cheapen it by use on postage stamps or in advertisements."

HOLINESS.

Hollness is power. It utilizes ability, fertilizes the soul and energizes the whole man. It is the fire and water in the engine, bringing out to their fullest capacity the strength of all the parts of the machinery, so that the greatest amount of spiritual power may be expended in rolling back a revolted world to God. Holiness is God's power to man, and man's power with God. Thus they become co-workers. Every man who dwelleth in God, and God in him, in an accommodated sense, is God's man, which makes him a positive power against all evil and for all good—to pluck careless souls from the incoming flood and storm of wrath, lifting them up into the sweet serenity and protection of the Rock of Ages. Without holiness we are weaker than a bruised reed; with it we are like an impregnable and well-garrisoned fort, which will stand unharmed the hottest siege; at the same time, raining like a hail-storm red-hot balls from the magazine of the Gospel on an armed world against Christ.—W. H. Wilson.

Liberty was infinitely precious to our fathers, because it bore the marks of sacrifice. It was crimsoned with the red stain of their own blood. We are inclined to hold our liberties cheaply because they cost us nothing.—Rev. J. H. Jowett.