

Editorial

A FABLE.

The Foot was talking the other day with an old friend, the Hand. The conversation wound its way idly through such minor topics as the weather, the increase in living expenses, the railroad rates, etc.

Then the Foot became very serious and, resting luxuriously on a chair, said. "Friend Hand, I accord to you superior wisdom and skill and I know that your judgment is always sound. I have been thinking very seriously of late of a certain fact which has been growing on me as truly as the corns on my toes and has been giving me just about as much concern. I have a mind to ask your opinion."

The Hand unwound its five fingers and, grasping firmly the chair round, asked in an animated tone: "What is bothering you now?"

The Foot said: "This Body. It is fearfully and wonderfully made. It is a divine thing and comes as near being a sample of completeness as you can find anywhere."

"Well," said the Hand, "I trust that these glorious facts are not bringing on the gout."

"No; I was just treading out a path to the main point. I will tell you what it is, and as I tell you, I want you to understand that I am no sore-head (begging the pardon of my friend upstairs); I try to be conservative, walking only by the ancient landmarks, and I trust that I speak only words of soberness."

The Hand gave a nervous twitch which betokened some irritation, with the plain intimation that the point in question had not been reached.

The Foot noticed the irritation, and thus spoke: "The idea has dawned on me and it has become a positive conviction that the Body is becoming too much organized. They are getting up too many different departments. Too many new cures are being advertised and applied. Why, they are dividing the Body off into so many sections and cross-sections that you can hardly tell which is which. Then consider how they are placing different portions of the body in the hands of specialists. They now have the eye doctors, the ear doctors, the heart doctors, the nerve doctors, and so on. I tell you there's too much organization, and its fairly ruining the Body. If it keeps on at the same rate very long, I do not see what is to become of us all."

The Hand struck an attitude and maintained that peculiar silence which is always equivalent to a voice saying: "Just keep on and you will be pumped dry, and then I'll see whether you are a fool or a wise-acre."

"You see, friend Hand," continued the Foot, "the Body does not need all this organization and these new-fangled developments and bands and cliques. It is the mission and duty of the Body to do all these things that these new departments and forces are set to do. Let the Body do its duty and there will be no need of them."

"Take this thing you call medicine. Why, it is all nonsense. Let all the organs of the body do their duty and there will not be any demand for medicine."

The Hand appeared as if it had not caught the full force of this last statement, and was preparing to reply when a voice from the upper window was heard.

"That is the Tongue," said the Foot. "Let us see what he has to say."

"All right, Tongue, we are listening. What can we do for you?"

Then the Tongue said: "I have been listening patiently to the gabble of you fellows down there and I am tempted to use the words of Job: 'No doubt but ye are the people and wisdom shall die with you.' Too much organization, hey? Too many departments? Too many specialists? Too much medicine? Too much money spent for

all these things? Well, you are a conservative, sure enough. I could forgive you for having these ideas, but your statement that the Body itself is able to meet all demands and that if all the members of the Body should do their duty, all these evils would vanish, taxes my belief in your every-day sanity. You use that word 'if' as if it represents only a spider's thread to be brushed aside with a touch. Why, that word 'if' represents the biggest calamity that has darkened the universe—the imperfection of the Body. Why, friend Foot, you have placed the cart before the horse. You seem to think that the imperfection and the shortcomings of the Body are the result of your 'too much organization,' departments, medicines and so on. The truth is, these so-called evils exist and are necessary because the Body is imperfect. You say that if all parts of the Body should do their duty, this organization and machinery and medicine would not be necessary. Bless your soul! Let the Body make the experiment and soon there would be no Body to be organized. Did you catch that? There will come a time when this medicine and machinery will not be necessary, but it will be when the Body loses its imperfect nature. Until then, friend Foot, you will have to endure your evils of 'too much organization.'"

Haec fabula docet—what those who are crying so lustily against church machinery should be swift to learn.

THE SUCCESSFUL DISTRICT.

It should be remembered that to the District which at the close of the campaign, having secured its quota, shall have reported the largest list of new subscribers, the "Old Raleigh" will award a handsome typewriting machine. This machine will not be an inferior nondescript affair, but one of the finest and best machines manufactured—the Columbia—which sells for \$100 on the market. It is worth striving for. We congratulate the District to which this machine will be awarded.

SEVERAL QUESTIONS.

It is said that there are in North Carolina some Methodists who will go to the polls in May and vote against Prohibition. We can hardly credit the statement, but assuming that there are such Methodists, we would ask them to answer the following questions before the solemn bar of their conscience which they profess has been quickened and enlightened by the Holy Spirit:

(1) Have you carried the matter to God and, on your knees, talked face to face with Him concerning your duty in the premises?

(2) If State Prohibition should mean the reduction of your taxes by half, or a one hundred per cent profit in your business, would you vote against it?

(3) If liquor had debauched and damned your son and widowed your daughter, would your belief in the personal liberty of the man a hundred miles away induce you to vote for the destroyer of the souls around your hearthstone?

(4) Have you ever stopped to consider the fact that no law in the universe grants a man the liberty to work against the welfare of human society and that what you contemplate voting for is license, not liberty?

(4) You profess to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ who said, "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Which is better—to vote for that which means the salvation of a soul or that which means its eternal damnation?

(5) You know the kind of crowd that will vote against Prohibition in May. You know the crowd that will vote for it. Are you willing to stand in the day of judgment with the crowd that will vote against Prohibition?

Now, seriously answer these questions. If you are not willing to answer them on your knees, then you have no place among the children of God. The children believe in talking to their father.

THAT POSTAL LAW.

Within the last two weeks the Postoffice Department has given the legitimate newspaper of the country to understand that no newspaper will be indicted for continuing to send the newspaper to any delinquent subscriber who desires the paper to be continued and who gives assurance that settlement will be made.

This modification relieves us to some extent in that it allows us to continue sending the paper to a few of our needy subscribers, who on account of sickness, crop failures, etc., have gotten more than a year behind and want the paper continued. The thought of cutting off such people as these really hurt us most.

But let it be understood that we have abandoned the policy of carrying on our books delinquents who show no intention of paying. It is bad policy and is therefore bad business.

HOW IS THIS FOR A SALARY?

A quarterly meeting was held at Olin, N. C., Salisbury District, January 25, 1865. The amount necessary for the support of Rev. Ira T. Wyche and family had been carefully figured out by the officials, and the report was presented as follows:

10 barrels flour at \$2	\$2,000
200 bushels corn at \$20	4,000
1,300 pounds pork or 900 pounds bacon	4,000
150 pounds lard at \$5	750
50 gallons syrup or molasses at \$15	750
200 gallons salt at \$1	200
5,000 pounds forage	500
50 pounds butter at \$6	300
40 yards jeans at \$20	800
60 yards stripes or checks at \$8	480
100 yards domestic at \$5	500
50 pounds leather at \$20	1,000
10 gallons vinegar at \$5	50
50 pounds tallow or beeswax	250
Total	\$16,080

Just think of these prices! And just think of 1,300 pounds of pork for one preacher's family! And 50 pounds of tallow or beeswax! This is an interesting list. It is chiefly valuable now, however, as a reminder that if prices keep on going up for the next generation as they have been going up in the last ten years, it will not be long until a salary of \$16,080 for a Methodist preacher will be but a small thing.

It was a great pleasure to welcome to our office on last Tuesday Dr. E. L. Pell, of Richmond, Va. Ever since we played together in and around Lenoir, we have followed his course with the deepest interest. He is an important force in the literary world. As an author, he has produced more books than any other man in Southern Methodism. As an authority on Sunday-school matters, he is considered an expert. As a citizen of Richmond, he stands among the most influential. He was in Raleigh on business, and we regret that his stay was so brief.

D. F. D. Swindell calls attention of the preachers to the following note: "The Presiding Elders and members of the Board of Education who expects to attend the meeting in Wilson on the 14th and 15th instant will please notify me promptly on reading this notice of their purpose to attend and the time of their arrival, the date, and the train."

Rev. Raymond Browning, of Littleton, N. C., passed through the city Friday en route for Oriental, where he will be engaged in holding a series of meetings for a few days in the Methodist church. Mr. Browning was formerly principal of the school at Littleton, but has been engaged in evangelistic work for several months.—Exchange.

Mr. F. D. Swindell, Jr., son of Dr. F. D. Swindell, of Wilson, is one of the editors of the new paper, the Messenger, published at Wilson. Mr. Swindell is a bright, promising young man, and he will do good work on the paper which we trust will greatly prosper.