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THE WORLD AS WE SEE IT.

There is surely now no lingering doubt in the minds of the people of North Carolina that a political debate should be a thing of the past.

History is being made these days in the Old North State. The manufacture of the present output began during the dog-days last summer, and the date of delivery is uncertain.

Our people are not taking much interest in the great question involved in the proposed Appalachian Park. But this question must be faced sooner or later, and it would be better for us to lose much of our absorbing interest in things political and fix it on things more practical and important.

The world has about laughed all emotional manifestations out of religion, and complacently given it a place in the political Convention. Let no one who thrills at the mention of the remarkable scene at Chicago last week when the great audience howled themselves hoarse during forty-five minutes for President Roosevelt ever have the cheek to make a wry face at the sound of shouting in a religious meeting.

We respectfully refer to the Charlotte Observer the following questions which we have clipped from an exchange: "You can see any day a white horse; did you ever see a white colt? How many kinds of trees grow in your neighborhood, and what are they good for? Why does a horse nip grass backward, and a cow forward? Why does a hop vine wind one way, and a bean vine another? Where should a chimney be larger, at top or bottom, and why? Why does a horse when tethered with a rope unravel it in grazing, while a cow twists it into a kinky knot? Why do leaves turn upside down just before a rain?"

American history is demonstrating as never before that, after all, there is in this thing which we call hero-worship less of the personal element than is popularly supposed. The huzzas for the hero are really for something behind and beneath the hero. Hoke Smith was a hero only two short years ago, but how quickly he has been reduced to the rank of miscreants! When it became noised abroad through the silent man who sat day after day in his room at the Piedmont Hotel in Atlanta, that the opinions and doctrines of his competitor are dangerous to the public weal, Hoke Smith sank out of sight beneath a shower of ballots. Personality doffed its cap to principle, or, if you please, in this case, to Public Opinion.

Fear of the people who hold the votes which fill the office has kept many a public servant from declaring in favor of a class of workers who, with one exception, have done more for the State against greater odds and on smaller salaries than any other class. We refer to the public

school teacher. So the words of Governor Glenn, at the late Teachers' Meeting at Charlotte, come as the tones of a sweet-toned bell at eventide: "Every dollar spent for education is the very best kind of investment that can be made for North Carolina, always returning one hundredfold in wealth, power, and glory. . . . For the work done, the salaries of the teachers are absolutely inadequate, especially those of the women." A good strong, ringing recommendation in a Governor's message to the Legislature for an increase in teachers' salaries would be a blessing to a hard-working class of people.

Now we know the exact figures of the late prohibition election. The State Board of Elections has met and the following was found: There were 183,028 votes cast. Of this number, 69,416 were cast for the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor, and 113,612 against. The majority for prohibition was 44,196. On Friday morning Governor Glenn signed the proclamation in the Hall of Representatives. The chair in which Governor Glenn sat was given to State Chairman, John A. Oates, and the pen with which the proclamation was signed was given to Hon. Heriot Clarkson. A banner was given to Buncombe County as having given the largest majority for prohibition. Another banner was presented to Yancey County for having the largest percentage of votes.

The famous ante-injunction plank which has been placed in the platform of the Republican party and which was most bitterly opposed in the committee by a number of strong leaders, does not amount to much in our opinion. It was fought by merchants and manufacturers who contended that the necessity of giving notice before the issuance of an injunction would foster boycotts and scenes of violence on the part of those taking advantage of the necessitated delay. However, the plank reads thus: "We believe, however, that the rules of procedure in the Federal Courts with respect to issuance of writs of injunction or temporary restraining order should be issued without notice, except irreparable injury would result from delay, in which case a speedy hearing thereafter should be granted." That condition, "except irreparable injury, etc.," makes the whole plank without force, as there will be very few injunction cases when the fact of "irreparable injury" will not be pleaded. So as far as we can see, the whole case, practically, stands as it was, which is, perhaps, the best after all.

At every General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, there is an attempt to elect a negro Bishop. The attempt always ends in failure. At the late General Conference, Dr. M. B. C. Mason, a worthy colored man, received 275 votes, but it soon became seen at each succeeding ballot that the tide was too strong for him. He arose and withdrew his name in a

speech which was a model of propriety, power, and eloquence. He closed this speech in the following words: "The distinct understanding was that, if elected, my work should be among my own people, and we had reason to believe that this could easily be done because of the twenty-one colored Conferences already among us, with 350,000 members, and that here in America and in Africa there would be sufficient work for a black man without at any time coming in contact with any work for which he was not peculiarly adapted. The peculiar conditions of our German brethren were so similar to our own that, without a trade or bargain, we naturally fell in and helped and supported them, and we are glad that you heard their plea, and have given them a man so peculiarly adapted and qualified to help them in their work. We do not charge that you did not give us a square deal, but somehow we conceive the idea that the difficulty lay in the fact that my brethren were so unfortunate as to bring forward a man who somehow is not quite worthy enough to challenge your support and consideration."

PEACE AMID DAILY DRUDGERY.

"The trivial round, the common task," which, as Keble says, should be 'a road to bring us daily nearer God,' sometimes becomes an intolerable labor. At times the most patient ox-like natures—even when unmuzzled—long for deliverance from the dull round that treads out the corn. Cases have been known where even prosperous men have fled from home, friends, comforts, and duty in order to escape it. I say prosperous men, because this burden is no peculiar possession of the 'masses'; it may be felt by those of the 'classes' as well, by the 'upper ten' as much as by the 'submerged tenth.' It is the heritage of all true workers, and may gall the King on his throne, amid the wearying ceremonial of state, as it does those innumerable toilers in mine, factory, or field. Though many of us, like Martha, are 'distracted about much serving,' we cannot all escape from it as she might evidently have done; it is as necessary for us to go on as it was unnecessary for her. Much as we might wish it, we cannot leave Martha's side and follow Mary to the Master's feet. Though head should swim and heart should break, we must go on, round and round, with the unceasing regularity of the clock itself. Concerning this trial of daily drudgery the Gospel has but one message for all alike. Our life must become an amalgam, as it were, of the two sisters. Though our outward life be as Martha's, our inward life must, and may be, as Mary's. Though our hands be engaged in unceasing work, our hearts must obey that inner call to choose 'the good part,' till, in the Spirit at least, we sit perpetually at the Master's feet and learn of Him 'the one thing needful.' Thus being yoked to Him in spiritual fellowship, we shall soon realize that the daily load we once, like Martha, dragged so heavily has become surprisingly light. Nay, more, we shall ere long discover that in this blessed companionship the dull round of daily toil has become a gentle spiral which, though still round and round, is upward and upward as well, bringing us every moment nearer to heaven, and rest, and God. To thus submit to the will of Jesus, to do everything for His sake, is a divine alchemy which transmutes not only the iron, but also the lead, of life into the silver of earthly peace, the earnest and promise of its future and further change into the gold of heavenly joy. Christianity, like art, is the apotheosis of the commonplace; for its function is not only to give peace at the stake and on the scaffold, but peace at the plow, peace at the bench, peace at the wash-tub as well."—C. E. P. Antram, in *The Garrisoned Soul*.