

# Africo-American Presbyterian

"AND YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—John viii, 35.

VOL. L.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1928.

NO. 19.

## A MOTHER'S POWER

A SERMON FOR MOTHER'S DAY.

By Rev. E. W. Carpenter, Southampton, N. Y.

Text: "There was fire on the hearth." (Jeremiah 36:22.)

The old saying, "Like mother, like son," is historically correct. Henry IV of Germany became a miserable prince, but blessed with a wise mother, Louis IX of France grows up into a man of God. A distinguished writer has called attention to the fact that of sixty-nine monarchs who have worn the French crown only three have loved the people, and all these three were reared by their mothers. St. Louis was trained by Blanche; Louis XII by Marie of Cleves, and Henry IV, Jeanry d'Albret, and these three were really the fathers of their people. Sir Walter Scott's mother was a superior woman, a lover of poetry and painting. Byron's worst enemy was his mother. The mother of Napoleon was of superior mind and deep piety. The mother of Nero was a murderer. The mother of Patrick Henry was noted for her superior conversational powers. The mother of the Wesleys was distinguished for her intellectual powers and executive ability; so that she has been called the "Mother of Methodism."

Mothers have trained our Presidents and statesmen. Washington's father died when George was only twelve years old. Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, and Harrison the elder were left fatherless when only small boys. Tyler, Hayes and Cleveland depended upon their widowed mothers for their training. Abraham Lincoln confessed that among his most pleasant reminiscences were those of his excellent mother to whom he imputed the best and highest qualities he had inherited. Lincoln also owned that it was his stepmother more than any other person that made him the man he was. General Grant's mother went into the room at a certain hour each day during the war to pray for her Ulysses.

President McKinley left the Capitol and the affairs of State to watch at the side of his dying mother, to receive her last blessing and to give her his last kiss. Garfield's father died when the future President was a babe. On the day of his inauguration he turned away from all the representatives of kings and queens and from all the great men and beautiful women who had gathered to do him honor, and the first thing he did after having taken the oath of office was to kiss his mother and say, "Mother, you have brought me to this." John Quincy Adams, to the day of his death, said the little prayer his mother taught him, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Daniel Webster's mother first fostered those abilities which ultimately made him so distinguished.

If the world was lost through a woman, she alone can redeem it. The future of society is in the hands of the mothers. The mother in her office holds the keys of the soul and she it is who stamps the coin of character.

Our homes have made America peerless among the nations. Any encyclopedia of American biography will prove that our most distinguished and illustrious statesmen, our most noted scientists, our most eloquent preachers, our greatest merchants, princes and our largest benefactors came from the humble families where mothers ruled, not as queens of fashion, but where the nursery for the family was the nursery for the church, and where the first lis-

ping of childhood were the accents of prayer, and the first thoughts of the heart were thoughts of God.

The Jews are universally admired for the affections which adorn their domestic life. The foundation of the Jewish faith was laid in the sanctity of domestic affection and purity. The Bible Jew never made the mistake of separating the church and the home. His piety nestled beneath the shelter of two truths—one was the dwelling where he lived with his wife and children in some corner of the Holy Land and in fear of his father's God. According to the Jewish imagination the divine presence was the atmosphere of that house and gave it an indescribable beauty. His wife was a vine God's hand had planted and his children were as olive plants around his table.

We need not wonder that these Synagogue Jews have given to the world a greater number of great men than any other race in proportion to their numbers.

The German Empire is great because German homes are good; because the German mothers are industrious, economical, honest and virtuous. Great Britain is great because it has the model homes, because British mothers are intelligent and pious. In the special display of the Victorian Jubilee nothing was so beautiful and glorious as the queen, kneeling at the altar taking communion, throwing her arm around her children and grandchildren as they came one after another to kneel at her side, kissing and crying over them like a child. She never rose so high in her royalty as when she knelt, a simple mother, crying over her children at the altar of God. English ships and soldiers and gold and colonies are the incidents; the real secret of a nation's greatness is sanctified motherhood. The Anglo-Saxon people will continue (including of course the colored) to march to the mastery of the world and be the teachers of the truth, the arbiters of right and the proclaimers of peace so long as they shall hold woman in loftiest regard and preserve the purity of the home.

Napoleon recognized the fostering influence of the home when he said, "What France wants is good mothers, and you may be sure then that France will have good sons." God has put into the hands of parents at their own fireside a power greater than that which Presidents of kings and queens wield, and which finds issue either in the weal or woe of their children.

Our women sigh for fame. They would be poets to write songs to thrill a nation; but is the writing of any poem in musical lines as noble a work as the training of the powers of the immortal soul into harmony with God? Yet there are women—how shall I say it sorrowfully enough that the number is increasingly large—who regard the duties of motherhood as tasks too obscure and commonplace for their hands and soul-mothering is often left to a mere hireling. If you mothers could be made to understand your own personal responsibility for the training of the child, for the development of its life and for its destiny, you would see that in all God's world there is no work so noble and worthy of your best powers, and you would commit to no other hand the sacred trust given to you.

There is one suggestion more. Perhaps the saddest sentence that can fall upon the ear re-

garding any child is: "He has no mother; she is dead!" It comes like a voice from the sepulchre, and involves the consummation of all the sorrows that can befall the young. In that condition they are deprived of all the comforts and their wisest counselor. They are left a prey to a thousand temptations or a thousand ills and freed from the restraint of one who could curb without irritating, or guide without affecting superiority. Now will mothers live with their children as if they were to leave them in a cold and inhospitable world? Will they guide their little ones to Him who is permanently the God of the orphan and who inspired His servant to say, "When my father and my mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up."

## DOES THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF OUR STEWARDSHIP OF LIFE MAKE IT A BURDEN OR A JOY?

By Mrs. Hattie Adams Sims

(Paper read at the Spring Meeting of Fairfield Presbyterian Society, March 30, 1928, at Calvary Presbyterian church, Winnsboro, S. C.)

The motive to participate in God's plan for life and substance draws one forth to joyous liberty and service. Christian stewardship is religion in practice.

"Stewardship recognizes no limits but insists that personality, powers and possessions belong to Him." Is it saying too much that is stewardship principles were diligently taught and fervently practiced throughout the Church, there would be no necessity for the repeated appeals of the annual financial convocations?

Paul was transformed by the grace and power of God into a Christian of Christians and became a great interpreter of the teachings of our Lord. From an enemy of the gospel, he became one of its chief stewards. He invested his all—time, talents, education, material possessions, and life itself for the spread of the kingdom. As God strengthened Paul, so does He strengthen us. Hasn't Christ been a comfort to you in all your undertakings?

Prayer is the great business of the Christian's life. Why? Because there are so many decisions to be made, and Jesus prayed often. Also, because there is joy in new blessings and we always pray for blessings. Has prayer ever changed anything for you? "The helpless hand uplifted in prayer meets the touch of divine strength." Are you regular in your prayers or do you pray only when some misfortune overtakes you? Mechanical and stunted prayers are not used by true-hearted Christians. The woman of Canaan triumphed. Behold what a blessing came to her daughter, to her home and to herself!

"The morning is the gate of day. But ere you enter there, See that you set to guard it well— The sentinel of prayer."

"When you have reached the end of day, Where night and sleep await, Set there the sentinel again To guard the evening gate."

"So shall no fear disturb your rest, No danger and no care, For only peace and pardon pass The watchful guard of prayer!" (Anon.)

We only get back the joy that we give to others. The best gift that a man makes to mankind is his best self. "When we

give ourselves we get back a larger self, nobler, sweeter, more divine." There is joy in knowing that our gifts make it possible for preachers to declare the unsearchable riches of the gospel to people who have never heard it.

Give cheerfully, liberally, sacrificially, systematically and proportionately. "Freely ye have received, freely give." (Matt. 10:8). We are only asked to give the minimum—"The tenth shall be holy unto the Lord." (Lev. 27:32). The manner of giving—"Not grudgingly or of necessity; for God loves a cheerful giver." (II Cor. 9:7). There is also a method to be used in giving—"Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase." (Prov. 3:9). Give Him the very best!

We know that stewardship manifests itself in our offerings, but its real meaning must be in the inner life. By reading many of the Pauline Epistles we get encouragement in our work. Think of Zachaeus' words when he stood before the Lord. (St. Luke 19:8). He brought others into his calculations of his duty. Here is another of the qualities of a good steward.

Our gifts must be prompted by the motive founded upon self-surrender.

One writer said: "When it becomes the fixed purpose of my life to employ talents and time as a good steward of the manifold grace of God, a richer spiritual fellowship with God follows. Such a fellowship makes for clearer vision to see and for strength to do the will of God. How much of your time do you devote daily for God's glory? Don't you find pleasure in the time spent doing our Master's will? Our time which is invested in communion with God and in His service results in drawing the dividend of true satisfaction."

The surest path to a nobler life is through willing service. Sometimes one door to service closes, but you can find one open near by. "Out of service comes the only true worthwhile joy—a happiness crowned by the thought that this old world is a better place to live in because we have added our tiny harmonic note to the great symphony of Peace on Earth."

Man's best means for service for God is to remember that the church is a front line trench for a Christian's life and not a dormitory for sleepers.

We find that each letter in the word "Service stands for something:

S—stands for sacrifice; songs, and smiles; Do you try to brighten someone's life by singing cheerful songs?

R—stands for righteousness; V—stands for vision; I—stands for ideals;

C—stands for character, cooperation; consecration; E—enlightenment and encouragement. Sometimes give the workers a good dose of encouragement.

When we put our powers to good use, God makes better use of us.

"Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully."

"Life has two railroads—the 'Duty Line' and the 'Pleasure Route'; but only the first has a terminal."

When we have a solid foundation we can reach the unknown. Are we obedient and faithful to Christ's command, "Follow me?"

Our burdens are light when we allow God to help us.

There are victories after victories in the life of Christ.

Columbia, S. C.

## SWIFT MEMORIAL COLLEGE LIFE

The invigorating life of Spring has come and permeated the whole school life. You will find the campus green, the trees in bloom, the walks graded, the ball park showing much use, the birds singing and the students finding the grassy spots to sit and study or pass some pleasant moments together. Nestled here in the beautiful mountains, Swift affords one of the finest places in the United States for health and learning. Our official records will exceed any school in the country for a health record.

Our President, speaking before the student body, says that the complete roster of graduates will be posted soon. No one will graduate who has not made a general average of 75 per cent in school work. It seems to be the prevalent idea of the students that if they spend four years here they are eligible to graduate, but "not so," says the President. If Swift is to become the institution it is intended to be, it must have students of merit and high scholarship to represent her.

The Dean reported to the President that many letters requesting a transcript of the work done at Swift are coming in due to the raising of the standards of the teaching profession of the South. It is a good thing for the colored people that something is being done to require a better prepared teacher for the class room. This State requires all students to attend school thirty-six weeks each year for four years before they can be recognized as high school graduates. It is Swift's purpose to conform to this rule and not permit any one to come after Christmas and graduate with any class or merely to write a thesis and get a degree. The standards of Swift are the same as any other first class school and it is hoped that students of ability and of grim determination will seek the advantages offered here. The Dean says that this loose method of letting students by is only running a diploma mill and has a tendency to cripple students for life and retard the progress of the whole race. The offer of money for time and trouble will not be accepted if the record shows that you have done the work or put in the time.

The following is the way the Seniors look to one who knows them:

Glover Rhodes, of Chattanooga, short, shiekish, ugly and quiet, and his chief delight is to trek in the first year. He made the highest average and is valedictorian of his class. Homely but apt.

Clemmie Cook, of Dalton, Ga., left-handed, (seven more years to work for Satan), beautiful, petite, always expressing the idea that she is failing, capped the second honors and was chosen the salutatorian.

Harry Coleman, mushmouth, fat, basso-profundo, President of everything but Swift, tied for the third honors and is expected to sing his oration.

Louise Frances Tipton, tall slim, stylish, independent in spirit, who does not care whether school keeps or not, capped the tied third honors with Coleman. She will glide through a nice oration on graduation day.

Anne Belle Thomas, the grand mother of the class, small, outspoken, came near fainting when the news was brought to her that she just passed, led her class in domestic art.

Lila Esaw, who acts like the sister of the Esau of Bible times, is the class prophet. Quiet, wants to get married or travel, and expect to settle on a nice

farm in the Atlantic Ocean.

William Anderson, better known as "Boots," is a tall, sickly, weak-back student with a very strong mind. He is one of the best speakers of Swift.

Emaline Brabley, who is always drunk on religion and sings in three choirs in Rogersville, says the Lord just saved her.

Graham Carr, the little baby face, innocent, beautiful but dumb Senior. She cries all the time and says that she hopes that others have to suffer as she does.

Margaret Cope, the sleepy head of all. Good in mathematics, poor in English and does not realize what it is all about, yet will probably be in cap and gown with the rest.

Maggie E. Harris, the utility lady of the campus. The most abused woman in the whole world. She can pray longer and say less than anybody. Comes from Anniston, Ala.

Lillian E. Hill, from Marion, Va., small, quiet, lazy and always wearing a white headache band on her head or indisposed in her room. Kissed the old cow when she was notified that she would graduate. It is rumored she flooded the Western Union office with telegrams.

Otella Hoard, the little farm-ette, brilliant, flat-footed and a good cook. Wants to teach some poor children in the wilderness. If you know of any school in the woods, let Otella know or inform Uncle Jake.

Fannie Lyons, the dead beat, dumb, lazy, silly and smart, is now learning the difference between dish rags and dish cloths.

Ruby Rooker, a perfect figure eight, crooked and knows it. Broke the windows in her room when she got the glad news. She tried to talk to Georgia by wireless says the girls. She wants to study history all her life.

Albert Thompson, the son of a minister. He cannot look you in the face but Al can put a plenty of information on the paper. He will graduate. He never will attend night school again.

May the above students go forth into life remembering that they got their first taste of school work at Dear Old Swift which loves them and will do for them all she can.

The commencement calendar is about ready to go to press. It is forecasted that Rev. J. M. Ewing, D. D., of Rose Hill, Va., will deliver the Baccalaureate sermon. He is one of the outstanding Presbyterian ministers of our race.

Miss Henrylynn Williams, a Freshman college student and a special voice student of Miss Sullivan, will appear in a voice recital. Miss Williams possesses a very sweet voice and has the ability to handle it with the technique of a professional.

The Juniors have made great preparations to banquet the Seniors on the third evening. We have thirteen in this class and they are one lucky bunch.

The Grammar Department, under Miss Laura Armstrong, will entertain with an operetta on the fourth night. In rehearsals they are showing up well and it is hoped that all of the parents will be present to see the young folks play their part.

The famous Junior Oratorical contest will be on the fifth night. Sivie Lee Fowler, of Georgia, says, "If Georgia doesn't beat she will get beaten." Virginia, Tennessee and many other States are represented. Two valuable prizes will be awarded.

The music department will present the "Cherry Blossom" on the sixth night. The comment is that "It is a Nock-out." It is one of the favorite high school plays and the students are taking a lively interest in their parts.

(Continued on page 4)