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"AND YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—John viii, 32.

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GOD IS LOVE

(Sermon by Rev. Edward W. Carpenter, A. M., Southampton, New York.)

I John 4:8.

Take the word love away from the Bible, and you take away its divine light. Sweep the essence of this word from the human race, and you would destroy happiness as much as you would destroy light if you would hurl the sun from its heights sublime and strike its glories from the throne of time.

The fountain of this world is in the heart of God, from which there is a river of love flowing out, washing the sin stained souls of millions making them whiter than snow. If we were to read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation and should find on almost every page, God is, but nowhere that He is a God of love, oh, how we would long to know what he is. We might imagine that we could see angels and archangels flying over the bright plains of heaven on rapid wings and thousands of saints about the great white throne, looking into the word of God in silent and solemn search to know what this God is. But, oh, we see the beautiful word, love. "God is love."

Oh! blessed revelation, putting an end to all our fears and doubts; glorious pledge for our present, future and eternal happiness; this Great God, this mighty God, who created all things, who inhabited eternity long before one star revolved in its sphere; before an angel moved a wing, who was as perfect before the birth of time as He will be when time shall be no more; as infinitely holy when He inhabited alone the solitude of immensity as He is now with the songs of angels and archangels sounding in His ears.

It was love that inspired this great God to the creation of man, and to the redemption of the fallen race. It was love that triumphed over sin to give us glory. Love is the theme in heaven today of angels and saints, and will be forever. If we could ask all the angels and redeemed spirits, "What is God," the answer would be "Love," "God is love."

When God wishes to manifest His power, He divides the waves of the sea; when He wishes to display His justice, He sends a deluge over the whole earth; when He wishes to manifest His glory, He speaks again, and away yonder in space a world flies into existence, and goes revolving in its sphere. But when He wishes to manifest His love, which is the greatest of all, He sends His Son from the throne of glory, where He is worshipped by angels and archangels, to die on the cross for a lost world.

I sometimes think, when standing on some high mountain peak, looking off on the beautiful world, that we have but to open our eyes to see that God is a God of love. Away in the distance we see verdant hills, shady groves, sparkling streams, meandering rivers and purple mountains, all arrayed in their splendor, like the robes of morning, when curling mists crown the mountain top, and sapphire clouds build a throne for the sun.

Far away in the distance snow-capped mountain peaks shining like great masses of silver in the heaven, which seem to kiss the Creator and Builder of the universe. The blue sky bends over us like God in love over all things. Here and there a fleecy cloud hovers over the heavens as if riding on angels' wings. The gentle breeze is playing over hill and dale as if to sip the sweet odor from the flowers, and bear the

songs of birds away on their bosom to the very gates of heaven; and, we think, oh, surely the Creator of this world must be a God of love.

But we have seen the signs of wrath mingled and blended with the beauties of nature. We have seen the sun that adorns the chamber of the East, with his rosy rays of light, turn himself into consuming fire, scorching and burning the green earth. The far away, glittering mountain peak seems to be the resting place of angels, yet at times its fiery heart begins to throb and beat, and hurls forth lavic flames of fire and bury cities at its base. The gentle breeze turns itself into a mighty storm, and drives vessels upon some rocky shore, and then we can hear the waves mourning over the dead. How true, as one writer said, "This earth is in the middle spot between heaven and hell."

The place of prayer is separated only by a single dwelling from the hell of the gambler. Truth and falsehood walk side by side through our streets. Joy and sorrow look out at the same window. Hope and despair dwell under the same roof. The sounds of the lute and the viol have scarcely died away before the groans of dying come following after. Take the wings of light and girdle the world, and you will find no path so bright and lovely, filled with singing birds and blooming flowers that the clouds of mourning will not cast its shadows; no height so lofty and serene that it will not be beaten by storms and tempests; no home so cheerful and happy that death will not find its victim. Look yonder at that happy home on the hillside, hear that little girl singing so sweetly far away upon the morning air. As the song is borne it thrills the hearts of all with joy and gladness.

Then look again at the same home at midnight; see the father and mother standing by the bedside of the same little girl, who is now dying. The next morning she is cold in death, ready for the grave, and the mother thinks, "Can this be a God of love?" And then she says: "O yes, God kissed her soul away to the land where she will sing sweeter, and be much happier than in our earthly home."

The greatest love of which I wish to speak is that in God giving His Son to die for the lost world. He sends Him in the form of sinful man, and in the likeness of sinful flesh. What humiliation for the Son and what wonderful condescension for the Father who gave Him? Oh! what love is that which conceived the idea of bringing the Son of God in contact with our misery that we, through His death and suffering might live forever. See how the world treated the One who came to save; they dragged Him in trial from one hall to another, all night, yelling for His blood. Then see them drag Him to Calvary, and nail Him to the cruel cross, and hear him groan beneath our sins, until at last He cries, "It is finished," and when He said, "It is finished," we might imagine the angels shouted through the fields of the dead, "Finished," until the saints leap from their graves with joy. Then away down to the mouth of hell they shouted, "It is finished," till demons and devils trembled. Then up, up, through the ethereal blue, they shouted far away toward the home of the saints: passing the stars they shouted, "It is finished." Passing through the

pearly gates along the gold-paved streets, and through the shining mansions, and over the crystal sea and the bright plains of glory, they shout, "It is finished." This shall be the theme of the redeemed spirits about the great white throne, saying, "It is finished; glory, honor, and power be unto the Lamb forever."

What love God had in giving His Son to die for this lost world, no human language can express. See what love one man may have for another. As a once reared of a rich nobleman, who, with his wife and little girl, were driving across the plains of Russia to a certain station, and as they came to a small village about dark, and yet a long distance to make across the frozen plains, they stopped and asked the proprietor of a hotel for a pair of fresh horses to hitch in front of his, so as to make the station a little while after dark. The proprietor said there was danger in crossing the plains as they might be destroyed by wolves, but the nobleman said, "Bring on the horses." They were brought and hitched in front; then said he, "Drive as rapidly as you can." As they had gone some distance over the plains in the moonlight, the little daughter said, "Papa, what is that sound I hear in the distance that sounds like wolves?" He listened and said, "Only the sighing of the winds through the leafless forest."

On they went, but in a little while she became restless again and said, "Papa, I do hear the sound of wolves in the distance." He listened again, and far back in the still night air, he heard a sound, he knew too well what it meant. There was a young man who sat in the carriage by the driver whom he had reared up in his own home; he said to the young man, "You get your revolver ready, and I will get mine." Soon the wolves were all about the carriage, howling for their blood. They fired and the wolves fell dead. He said, "Get your revolver ready again; they will come more furiously than ever when they get the taste of blood." Soon the wolves overtook them again. They fired and two more wolves fell dead; then their ammunition was gone.

Soon they heard the howl of wolves again. Then said the rich nobleman, "Cut one of the horses loose." They ran into the forest, killed it, and sucked its blood; in a little while they came again; another horse was cut loose, and they took its life.

Then said the nobleman, "Drive as rapidly as you can." Soon they heard the wolves coming. The young man that sat by the driver, turned and said to the nobleman and his wife and little girl: "I love you and I have only one request to ask of you, that is, when I am dead, look after my wife and little child." Then before the nobleman could prevent, he leaped from the carriage among the wolves, and soon they took his life.

Then, driving rapidly, they reached the station before the wolves came again.

They went back the next day with a coffin and found only the hair and bones of the young man, and as they gathered them up, and put them in the coffin, they said, "Didn't he love us? He died to save us." After he was buried they reared a great monument over his grave, and as the summers came and went, they would visit his grave, and stand with tears in their eyes, and say, "Didn't he love us? He died to save us."

So we should look to the cross, with tears in our eyes, and say, "Oh, didn't He love us; didn't He love us? He died to save us."

EVANGELISM IN RENDALL PRESBYTERY

Rendall Presbytery of Canadian Synod—our most Western Presbytery in truly pioneer territory—has been emphasizing the two features which the General Assembly has commended to the churches. During the months of October, November and December, it has been promoting the interest and activity of the churches in National Missions.

Unable because of local conditions to use all the five points of the Minimum Five Point Program recommended by the General Council, the churches have used as many as local circumstances permitted and have cultivated knowledge and interest in and by the Women's Missionary Society, Y. P. organizations, Sunday schools, and every pastor has delivered special missionary sermons on National Mission Week.

Nearly every Sunday school, Woman's Missionary Society, Young People's organization and church has sent contributions to the Board of National Missions.

At the same time evangelism has been diligently fostered. The Rev. Thos. B. Hargrave, the Synodical Evangelist, after some very successful labors in the White River Presbytery, came to Rendall Presbytery territory in November, beginning his work at Chandler, Oklahoma, with the Hopewell church. A lack of a pastor, the church having been vacant several months, to prepare the people and much stormy weather hindered his work. Nevertheless the zeal of the church was rekindled and they are begging for his early return when conditions and weather are more propitious.

Next he visited Oklahoma City and conducted services in Mt. Moriah church which is supplied by Rev. J. H. Smith. Here a very warm interest was manifest. Seven united with the church, the church itself took on new life, a zealous courage aroused, forward plans were made and the church is looking forward to the return of the Evangelist.

From here Rev. Hargrave came to Lima, Okla., Shaw's Chapel, supplied by Rev. S. J. Onque. The session of the church and others all said that nothing could be done at this season of the year. But the Lord was with us and His Spirit worketh wherever and whenever He willeth.

The first day brought a large audience at both the morning and evening meeting. Every night thereafter for ten nights saw a rapidly increasing audience until the last three nights and the Sunday services when the people could hardly get into the building. Thirteen conversions were the result of the meeting, ten of whom united with the church.

A meeting held in the pool room attended by over forty men aroused some white men, one of whom had electric lights installed in the church at his own expense.

From Lima the Evangelist came to Okmulgee, Mt. Olive church, supplied by Rev. S. J. Onque. A city-wide evangelistic meeting, conducted by Rev. Mr. Ham (white) was in progress and the Ministerial Alliance (colored) took charge of one night's meeting. This and the many Christmas preparations by churches, schools and other organizations made the work difficult. We could hold only three nights' meetings. They resulted in three young lads uniting with the church.

Respectfully yours,
S. J. ONQUE,
Stated Clerk.

MAKING CHRIST THE CENTER OF MY LIFE

By Miss Lucile Henderson

(Delivered at a recent meeting of Catawba Young People's League.)

I would begin somewhat peculiarly if I should say: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." But I shall say very emphatically to all the young people present today these very words: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

What things? one might ask. Those things which we as young people crave and do so idly and unthinkingly? Those things that are least beneficial to us? Those things that we think bring happiness? But Christ has said in another place: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." So don't let yourself treasure any one thing more than you do the love of the heavenly Father.

Just why would I say this? As young people in the midst of the wickedness of the world, the trials and temptations that confront us, we must make Christ our leader and follow in His footsteps. We have a tendency to lean towards the wrong and evil side of life, to follow the crowd and do what the majority does. These acts do not necessarily mean that we young people are bad or that we have forgotten God, or that we have had no religious training, but they simply mean that the temptations have been so strong and our flesh so weak that often we have not been able to overcome or withstand the evil forces. Then why not place some one who is capable of helping you in the lead and why not let that one be Christ who knows us and loves us so well that He gave His life for our salvation?

I would further say that we can not excuse ourselves on the ground that we must have our "fling" or that we do not know right from wrong; for we all have with us the "inner man" or woman" called conscience who is continually reminding us that we are about to go wrong and endeavors to point us to the higher and better way. When that inner voice speaks to us we should take heed and obey; after which you will note that you have won a victory and are thus made stronger for the next conflict.

It is a fact, not to be denied, that there are now more attractions for the minds as well as the time of young people than ever before; this, we say, is due to so many modern and recent inventions, which bring us back to our question: Must we take part in these things because the majority are doing so? Personally, I say, no. Why do I say no? Because the Lord is perfectly willing to help those who help themselves. Then, if one desires to resist the many modern temptations he can do so by making Christ the center of his life.

We have often heard it said that it is the narrow way that leads to life and happiness which few follow, but wide and crowded is the way that leads to destruction. In view of this fact the Presbyterian Church has set up in its program different organizations for the religious instruction of its young people. If we are to make Christ the center of our lives we will do well to take hold and master the contents of the program which the Church has worked out for us. To do this calls for sacrifice and constant plugging away, but so often we young people are like the

little flower in the following poem:

"When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one,
All timidly it came;
And standing at its Father's feet
And gazing in his face,
It said in low and trembling tones,
With sweet and gentle grace,
Dear Lord, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot,
Then kindly looked the Father down
And said "Forget-me-not."

Let us not forget our Saviour. He is willing to listen whenever we call upon Him. Then why shouldn't we be ready to champion the cause of righteousness knowing Christ will ever be our defender.

Make Christ the center of your life and earthly things will be added. May we conclude then with these words: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them."

REVIEW OF CONDITIONS IN HAITI

By Eve E. Sorenson
In The New York World

(Continued from last week)

Their lectures are translated in French to the classes by Haitian students, often with only a smattering of English, and the instructor has small means of knowing if his ideas are being put over correctly.

Unfortunately, the general belief is that former investigations were carefully staged whitewashing parties, handled under the infallible system of showing the investigators only what they were supposed to see. The new commission will find itself closely watched for signs of similar procedure. It will come into a heritage of distrust and suspicion, and will have the difficult task to secure the confidence of the Haitian people.

All competent observers admit the claim of the military government that the great mass of the people in Haiti are not ready for self-government, and that the upper classes failed in the past to organize and maintain good government. But these elite are the only Haitians who can qualify for a part in the government and are the natural leaders, and, regardless of past failures on their part as a class, it is inevitable that not only minor administrative jobs but the whole government must be turned over to them. Why, then, are they excluded now?

Haitians need a policy that will allow the ablest men among them to take a part in administrative work along with Americans, and by gradually building up a spirit of trust and of co-operation, pave the way to future betterment and security. This was done successfully in the case of Haiti's neighbor, the Republic of Santo Domingo.

Want Civilians, Not Military

Under this plan an administration as efficient as that of Americans may not result, but they cannot see why the United States should demand standards of efficiency for Haitians with which the Haitians have no sympathy, and which are certainly lacking in many other countries of the world.

They recommend that military officers be replaced by civilians.

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