

The News and Observer.

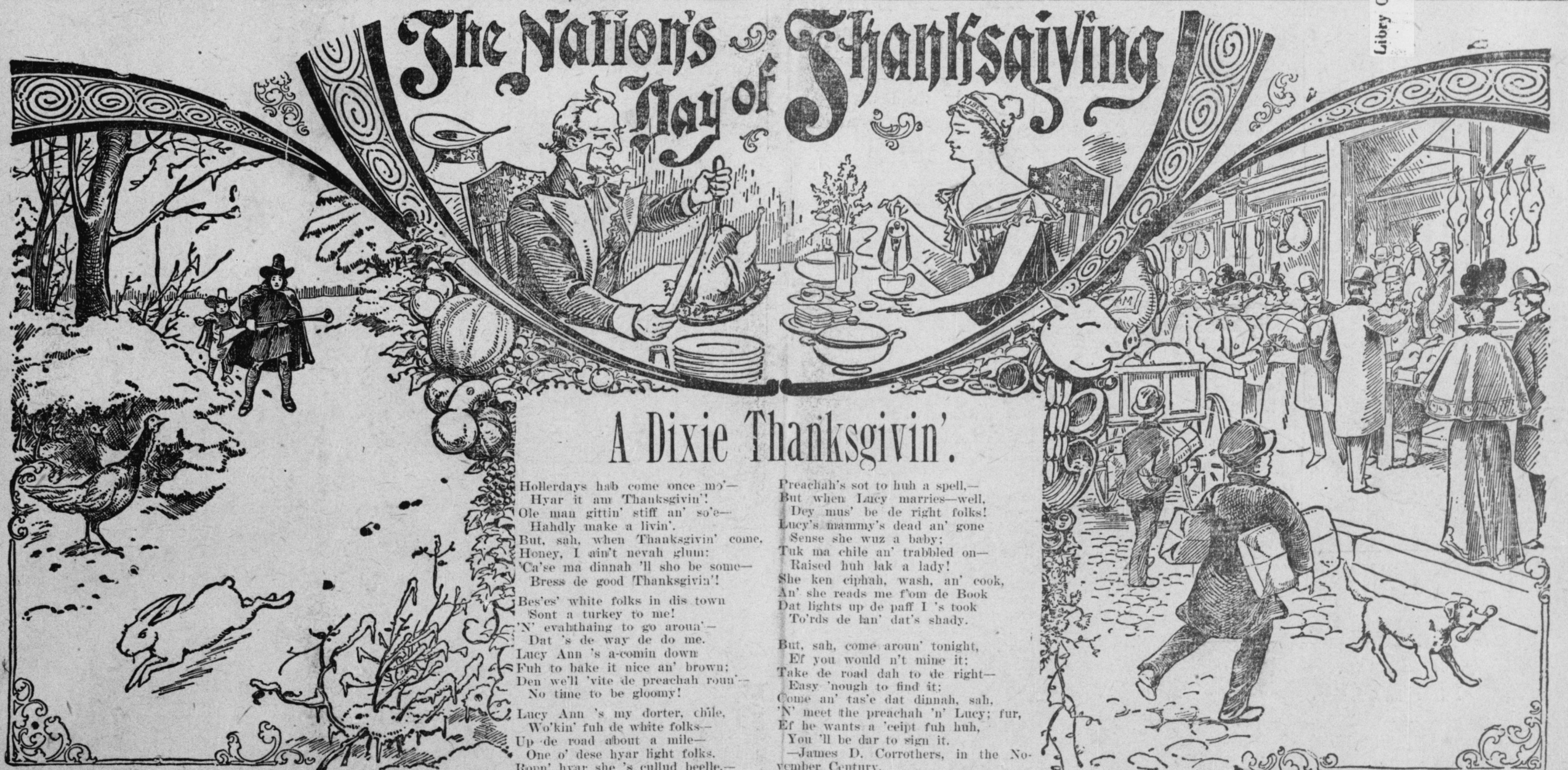
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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, 1899.

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Hollerdays hab come once mo'—
Hyar it an' 'Thanksgivin'!
Ole man gittin' stiff an' so'—
Hahdly make a livin'.

But, sah, when 'Thanksgivin' come,
Honey, I ain't nevah glum:
'Cause ma dinnah 'll sho be some—
'Bress de good 'Thanksgivin'!

Bes'es' white folks in dis town
Sout a turkey to me!
'N' evabthing to go aroun'—
Dat 's de way de do me.

Lucy Ann 's a-comin' down
Fuh to bake it nice an' brown;
Den we'll 'vite de preachah rou'—
No time to be gloomy!

Lucy Ann 's my dorter, chile,
Wo'kin' ruh de white folks—
Up de road about a mile—
One o' dese hyar light folks.

Ropp' hyar she 's cullud beelle,—

Preachah's sot to huh a spell,—
But when Lucy marries—well,
Dey mus' be de right folks!
Lucy's mammy's dead an' gone
Sense she wuz a baby;
Tuk ma chile an' trabbled on—
Raised huh lak a lady!

She ken cephah, wash, an' cook,
An' she reads me 'fom de Book
Dat lights up de puff I 's took
To'rd's de lan' dat's shady.

But, sah, come aroun' tonight,
Ef you would n't mine it;
Take de road dah to de right—
Easy 'nough to find it;
Come an' tas'e dat dinnah, sah,
'N' meet de preachah 'n' Lucy; fur,
Ef he wants a 'cept fuh huh,
You 'll be dar to sign it.

—James D. Corrothers, in the November Century.

WHAT WE HAVE TO BE THANKFUL FOR

A Symposium on the Blessings of the Past Year By Leaders of Thought and Action in the State--Liberty, Prosperity and Material, Educational and Spiritual Growth, and the Privilege of Living in North Carolina.

What have we to be thankful for? On next Thursday throughout the Republic, the people will observe a day of Thanksgiving. He is a very poor citizen who cannot find it in his heart much for which to be thankful in this year of grace 1899. Into the lives even of those who have had met disappointment and sorrow, the sun has shone and carried blessings more than can be numbered. Those who have found success and prosperity will rejoice and be glad, and in token of their thankfulness will remember those less fortunate and will not forget the orphans.

In response to a request, several prominent ministers and educators have contributed a symposium "What We Have to be Thankful For." Early in the week this letter was sent out:

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 22, 1899.

My Dear Sir:

The News and Observer will on next Sunday issue a Thanksgiving number. We desire to present in that issue a symposium of short articles from prominent educators, ministers and others in answer to this question: What have we to be thankful for?

Please let us have your answer not later than Friday.

Sincerely,

and all-inspiring—fill the air and delight the ear and proclaim the praises of the Great Creator.

What fragrance of flowers continually ascends from all the earth as the very incense of prayer and praise to the Omnipotent Author of such tender and beautiful provision for man's enjoyment and earthly happiness.

Hence and in such things without number are comforts and blessings and sources of the purest joy bountifully provided and wondrously adapted to the delicately combined physical senses of man, as men and which are naught to stocks and stones.

Have we not then on this account abundant cause to "praise the Lord for his goodness and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men." But neither are we as the brute beasts that perish.

What abundant cause is that for thanksgiving to the Author of our being.

Man thinks and reasons and aspires. The imprints of immortality are in the very constituent elements of his being. What endless sources of the highest happiness are in these marvellous minds of men. The thinking, reasoning, intellect—what wonders has it accomplished. Look at the progress of the world from the dawn of history.

That progress has been ever upward—to higher and better things. At times it may have seemed slow and even to have suffered an occasional relapse or retrogression, but in the retrospect we can see that on the whole it was steadily and surely onward towards human betterment and a larger knowledge and happiness. Of late years particularly these advances have been so rapid as to be almost bewildering. In the field of practical and material things the horizon of man's knowledge has been wondrously extended. Our daily observation and experience make us familiar with much that a generation ago would have been considered utterly incredible and impossible. Such triumphs of the human intellect are but an earnest and inadequate prophecy of what lies before the next generation. God is using this "spark divine"—the human intellect as an instrument for the education and elevation of mankind. The sordid pessimism may cavil; but the signs of the times are unmistakable. The race is improving, physically, intellectually, morally. The world is growing better. It is being brought nearer together. The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are being more recognized. Men's thoughts are being more directed to the life beyond. They are realizing more and more that this life is but a school and preparation for the life to come.

What a blessing incalculable, what cause for thanksgiving, is our faith in

the hereafter. That God has not given us these wondrous endowments, these marvellous minds, these hopes and aspirations and longings for naught and but to mock us; But that in the Great Hereafter we shall find endless objects for their exercise—and that our immortal souls shall be satisfied in the full perfection of the end of our being.

Then how goodly is our heritage as a people!

We are Americans.

Then our native land none is fairer on all the earth. What boundless and varied resources!

And how astonishing their development. This Republic is the land of the free. It is a veritable haven for the oppressed of all lands. The laborer's cottage is as secure from lawless invasion as the castle of a king. And how incalculable the blessings of religious liberty that from the first has been the heritage of this favored land! God has not dealt so with any people. We fail to appreciate our blessings as a nation because we are so familiar with them. We have never known anything else. Then how good God has been to us in basket and in store! Honest toil is rewarded. The poor man enjoys the fruit of his labors. Crops have been abundant. Industries are revived. Benevolent and charitable institutions abound. In our anxiety and zeal for what needs yet to be done we forget what has been accomplished and is now being accomplished. Vast fortunes of even the reprobate headless rich have been largely devoted to the education of the masses and the amelioration of human suffering. There is much good in the world and we see it manifested in this land of ours. The selfish passions and ambitions of men may make much ado but God ruleth over all. "The Lord is king, be the people never so impatient; he sitteth between the cherubim; be the earth never so unquiet." And we have much to be thankful for, I think, in the fact that our lot is cast in this commonwealth and in this fair city of Raleigh. What has been said of our advantage and blessings as a nation is especially true of us as citizens of North Carolina. No State on the American continent has a more genial climate or more—

if as many varied resources and enjoyments. A glance at our census tables or a visit to our State Museum would be a most gratifying revelation to many citizens whose attention has not been turned in this direction. What stores of various minerals in our soil, what stores of wealth in our forests. What possibilities in agriculture, what sources of profit in our rivers and sounds and sea coast! We are a homogeneous people mostly to the manor born—honest, industrious, thrifty. There is special cause for thanksgiving, I think, in the marked increase of popular interest in educational affairs. What has been so long a reproach to us seems about to become a matter of just pride. Our public school system is being extended and is becoming year by year more promising and encouraging. The standard required of teachers is higher. School terms are longer. Popular support is more approved. Our universities and colleges were never so largely attended or more prosperous or better managed. We are justly proud of the liberal provision that the State makes for the relief and comfort of the sick and suffering in mind, body or estate, in the various benevolent and charitable institutions located here and elsewhere. We may well rejoice at the many evidences of material growth and improvement in our capital city of Raleigh; but what I think is a matter of special thanksgiving is the fact that in no place—not of larger population or more wealth—are there so many institutions of a strictly charitable character for the relief of the poor and afflicted and friendless or so many excellent schools, public and private, as

Raleigh can with commendable pride point to as her very own.

Let us thank God for our churches and orphanages and homes and hospitals and schools and let us remember these words of the Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Lastly, I think we have cause to be thankful that on next Thursday we shall have a special opportunity of making a practical appreciation of and giving a personal direction to the comforting assurance of Him who, when on earth, went over about doing good.

In this Christian land, so highly favored of God, and in grateful recognition of His goodness to us as a people—the precedent has been wisely set by those in civil authority of summoning the whole people to gather in their respective places of worship to "praise the Lord for his goodness and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men" and as a necessary part of all true thanksgiving—to remember the poor and the friendless. Hundreds of little orphans are gathered and cared for in our various orphanages. They are dependent upon the free will offerings of the public for their maintenance—their food, clothing, shelter and education. They are to grow up and take their places in the world for good or for evil—virtuous or vicious, hurtful or helpful. We each one may contribute something to the result—which shall it be? Our little ones have the loving care of parents and home influences. They are fatherless and motherless. Of all forms of Christian charity this surely is the sweetest and safest in its results. These orphanages here and there in the State, of whatever name, look forward to the offerings of Thanksgiving Day with no little anxiety and solicitude. So much for them depends on the aggregate result. Let us each one help on this Christ-like work. Our Heavenly Father has so greatly blessed and prospered us as a people and as individuals. We have so much to be thankful for—our health, friends, food, happiness—all that we have and are. Shall we not esteem it a privilege—something to be thankful for that we have this opportunity of helping these little ones—of uniting our efforts to relieve and comfort the otherwise friendless and forlorn and yet our brethren? "If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." "While we have time, let us do good unto all men and especially unto them that are of the household of faith." "Freely ye have received; freely give" and let us be thankful that the opportunity to give is given us.

M. M. MARSHALL.

whole creation rests upon Calvary, and is furnished a lease of life and comparative happiness. So that the cheerful song of the bird, the smile of the flower, and the ten thousand voices of the heavens, partake of the nature of thanksgiving. And surely the immortal soul of man, after "Heaven has stooped to give it life," should fill that life with thanksgiving.

Secondly, thanksgiving is due to God for His Providence. This includes everything that transpires except sin. Sin is the transgression of law. Law is a rule of conduct. Conduct results from our relation to persons and things, and the use we make of the material, social and spiritual things which are about us. Sin is therefore the misuse or evil use we make of God's powers and properties, and everything in the universe belongs to Him. So that all sin is the misuse of an otherwise good thing. Throwing out, then, the element of sin from the subject, the Apostle exhorts as follows:

"Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

In our shortsightedness we may regard many things which transpire as calamities, when in fact they may be blessings in disguise. And God resolves to Himself the privilege of even controlling sin for the benefit of those who love and trust Him; and for these "all things shall work together for good."

If we ask the question, then, what have we to be thankful for, the Christian's answer would be, everything. But let us particularize a little.

We ought to be thankful for the progress which Altruism is making in the world—that which Christ taught as the essence of the gospel, doing good to others. It directly or indirectly rears every asylum, hospital, home for the poor and orphanage. What a grand thing it is to live in this glorious age of the world, when general education, the child of Christianity, equips men and women with qualities and forces that enable them to aid in lifting the world to God. The real principles and forces of Christianity never made greater progress in the world than they are making today. Here and there a city may be (or seem to be, for it is frequently with Elijah's eyes we see it) wholly given up to idolatry; and here and there a church may become worldly and decay. But these all constitute merely a small squad compared to the grand army of the living God, which is marching on to conquest and triumph. The waste places are made glad by them, and the ever-rising Sun of Righteousness gives the kiss of peace along the hill-tops of the islands of the deep.

"Where the skies forever smile,
And the oppressed forever weep."

We ought to be thankful for our social life, almost infinitely better than ever prevailed in the palmiest days of Grecian and Roman thought and culture. We are in the possession of values which are unpurchasable with money. Home, wife, husband, love. These are not confined to palace or hut, and as spiritual forces are not destroyed by fire or flood. And then our reasoning faculties and the means of developing and strengthening them should cause us to be thankful. The easy reach in obtaining books, magazines and papers; the facilities for study, for travel, and for recreation; the advance in medical science, in art and in all that tends to bring our minds to an appreciation of the beauty of God's thoughts, are subjects of thanksgiving! Our thanks are due to God for our daily food, and for the abundance of our food crops. Our land has responded to the hand of labor, and poured its wealth into the lap, not only of our own population, but into that of distant lands.

And lastly (for I fear I am making this paper too long for your use) we

ought to be thankful that we live in North Carolina. Here, we are glad to feel, is found the best type of Christian piety, the best and purest women, the most Christian homes in proportion to population, and men of the cleanest lives and clearest minds. Her climate, also, is the wing of health; and in her materia medica and flora and fauna, she is rich. Her soil, also, is freighted with rewards to the husbandman and the worker in metals. Her mountain breezes meet and wrestle with the winds from the sea, and drop health upon a smiling land. Heaven's blessings attend her.

Ingratitude is a capital crime in the religious world. And I am a little fearful that special thanksgiving days make an impression that this Christian duty and privilege is only necessary on such occasions. All spiritual forces are self-active. Thanksgiving is a spiritual force. It is therefore self-active. Its nature, like that of other spiritual forces, is movement. It must manifest itself, at least in words to one who does not require it otherwise; and to God in helping His poor. Let us, then, study the generic statement of our Lord:

"Pure and undefiled religion is visiting the widows and fatherless in their affliction, etc." and give of our means to those who need.

Mr. James Montgomery has well put this thought in verse:

A poor, wayfaring man of Grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never say Him nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither He went, or whence He came;
Yet there was something in His eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word He spake—
Just famishing for want of bread,
I gave Him all; He blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I sped with eager haste
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied Him where a fountain burst
Clear from a rock; His strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked His thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on;
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er;
I drank and never thirsted more.

"Twas night; the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane afoof;
I heard His voice abroad, and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof;
I warned, I fed, I cheered my Guest,
Laid Him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and
In Eden's garden while I dreamed,
Stript, beaten, wounded night to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused His pulse, brought back His breath,
Revived His spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; He was healed,
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at noon;
The tide of lying lips I stemmed,
And honored Him 'midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for Him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the spirit cried—I will!

Then in a moment to my view
The Stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew;
My Savior stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name He named:

(Continued on Third Page.)

JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

The following answers will be read with interest and profit:

PROGRESS.

That, However it May Seem, Man Goes Steadily Upward.

To the Editor:

What have we to be thankful for? Much every way and always. We have much to be thankful for as a people and as individuals.

First, for our being—that we are, and that we are men (generically) and not stocks and stones or brute beasts.

What marvellous pieces of mechanism are our bodies, how wondrously adapted are they to the ends of our physical being, the preservation of life and the keenest enjoyment of comestible creature comforts that an All-wise and Merciful Father has provided in lavish profusion the world over.

How fair and beautiful is the earth to look upon in all its varied changes and colorings and ceaseless wonders that come and go with the day and night and the constantly recurring seasons.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

What a concord of sweet sounds—how tender and tremulous, how grand

and all-inspiring—fill the air and delight the ear and proclaim the praises of the Great Creator.

What fragrance of flowers continually ascends from all the earth as the very incense of prayer and praise to the Omnipotent Author of such tender and beautiful provision for man's enjoyment and earthly happiness.

Hence and in such things without number are comforts and blessings and sources of the purest joy bountifully provided and wondrously adapted to the delicately combined physical senses of man, as men and which are naught to stocks and stones.

Have we not then on this account abundant cause to "praise the Lord for his goodness and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men." But neither are we as the brute beasts that perish.

What abundant cause is that for thanksgiving to the Author of our being.

Man thinks and reasons and aspires. The imprints of immortality are in the very constituent elements of his being. What endless sources of the highest happiness are in these marvellous minds of men. The thinking, reasoning, intellect—what wonders has it accomplished. Look at the progress of the world from the dawn of history.

That progress has been ever upward—to higher and better things. At times it may have seemed slow and even to have suffered an occasional relapse or retrogression, but in the retrospect we can see that on the whole it was steadily and surely onward towards human betterment and a larger knowledge and happiness. Of late years particularly these advances have been so rapid as to be almost bewildering. In the field of practical and material things the horizon of man's knowledge has been wondrously extended. Our daily observation and experience make us familiar with much that a generation ago would have been considered utterly incredible and impossible. Such triumphs of the human intellect are but an earnest and inadequate prophecy of what lies before the next generation. God is using this "spark divine"—the human intellect as an instrument for the education and elevation of mankind. The sordid pessimism may cavil; but the signs of the times are unmistakable. The race is improving, physically, intellectually, morally. The world is growing better. It is being brought nearer together. The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are being more recognized. Men's thoughts are being more directed to the life beyond. They are realizing more and more that this life is but a school and preparation for the life to come.

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I spied Him where a fountain burst
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He heard it, saw it hurrying on;
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Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er;
I drank and never thirsted more.

"Twas night; the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane afoof;
I heard His voice abroad, and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof;
I warned, I fed, I cheered my Guest,
Laid Him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and
In Eden's garden while I dreamed,
Stript, beaten, wounded night to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused His pulse, brought back His breath,
Revived His spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; He was healed,
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at noon;
The tide of lying lips I stemmed,
And honored Him 'midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for Him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the spirit cried—I will!

Then in a moment to my view
The Stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew;
My Savior stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name He named:

(Continued on Third Page.)