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### My Trip to Hausa Farm and Return.

After some hasty preparations for my trip, as packing provisions and medicines in a case, binding some bed-clothing on top of the case, I mounted my pony and leave for Hausa Farm at 9:30 o'clock.

The lagoon one-half mile wide has to be crossed in a canoe. It takes four men to put my horse in the canoe. They put him in one foot at a time, or rather, by the foot. Of course, when they had gotten four feet of him in, he was all in, being a rather short horse. The canoe men, thinking that I do not hear their language, talk freely about white men in general and Baptists in particular. We are a bad set in their estimation, but they never refuse our money. When they had said quite as much as I wanted to hear, I entered into conversation with them in their own tongue. They were soon put to silence.

We land at Ebute Meta where we have some members. One half hour with them shows that all do not think of us as the canoe men. These know my Master. The canoe men do not.

We set out—I on horse-back, and my carrier on foot. He has my supplies on his head and leads the way. The road is in good order. I had better say foot-path. There are no roads here, but only narrow foot-paths through the great forests and fields. Every now and then a village or market place is passed by the way. Many things might be said of these markets and villages, but it makes a letter too long and you won't read it.

Here is Yaba, for instance, in the midst of a community of villages surrounded by a fine farming section. There is a Wesleyan Mission house and chapel here with a church and school. Timothy is located here. He is not Paul's son, for he is a Wesleyan. He salutes us warmly, for he was truly glad to see us. It is lonely a word out here where one rarely looks a christian in the face. Though only two hours from Lagos, there is not the least sign that the soil was ever trodden by the foot of civilization. The natives farm, yes, and they cannot be beaten on their kind, but alas for the kind. No horse, or plow, or hoe, or axe, or spade is used in their farming. They use something, oko, which we translate live. They farm for all that. The corn is growing finely. The soil is fertile. It has clay subsoil. They grow corn, peanuts, sugar-cane, rice, cocoa, coffee, &c., &c.

We meet many coming towards Lagos. They are bringing their produce to the markets. Some were carrying valuable loads while the greater part of them were not carrying ten cents worth. How will they pay board and carry anything home? Many goats and sheep are being carried. Some are led with a string while others are carried on the head. One is dragging his goat which is so fagged out that he can't walk. This goat's hide won't be worth much whatever may be said of its flesh. The bleating of sheep, cackling of fowls and gibberish of natives produces quite a confusion of sounds.

We water and feed at Idiroko. This village derives its name from the important fact that the founder built his house near an Iroko tree. It is a very large tree and deserves the honor of having a city named after it, if great size would entitle any of these forest giants to it. There is a market here under the shade of this great tree. They sell the usual variety of an African market here, palm, kernels, palm oil, palm wine, oko (made from corn), dum boy (made from yams), &c., &c. About 100 women are sitting here and there flat on the ground by their calabashes selling anything you wish. We buy nothing, but eat our own chop and go on. I may add that there is a mission teacher here. He has a school of four scholars, while there are a hundred children playing around. They want more of his teaching. He says more come to hear me preach than attend my school. All of these teachers of whatever denomination are glad to see us. He salutes me very warmly, but we must go on.

Here as we go is Onigbagbo (Believer), a small town on our right. It has a significant name. Twenty-one years ago when the christians were persecuted and driven from

Abeokuta, some of them settled here and gave this name to their town. It is to be regretted that they do not furnish to the towns around them a better evidence of the power of the christianity they professed by living up to their very excellent name. A lifeless christianity that does not lead to the forsaking of sin and living up to christian obligations furnishes a good field for the spread of Mohammedanism. These people were driven out of a city for their christianity, adopt a decidedly christian name, but are utterly lacking in power to withstand the deadening influences of Mohammedanism that are sweeping over this country. Is this to be wondered at in Africa when we remember what befell the churches of Asia Minor, which were planted by the great Apostle to the Gentiles?

We reach Hausa Farm at four p. m. Bro. Eli and the brethren are expecting us, and they have made about all the preparation that natives make for us. They had rubbed the mud floor and walls of the room with a fresh wash of clay. Their hospitality usually consists in furnishing a room for us. This, however, is our own property. I am at home. We have a lot of one acre with several houses on it. The dwellings are in very fair order, but the house of the Lord has fallen down at one corner. A storm, doubtless, proved too strong for it. It only requires a few poles be cut, a few bundles of thatched roofing to be gathered, and the members come together a day to put all in order. Alas, how often it requires more energy than a whole town can produce to repair a small breach in the house of the Lord. They can build a Mohammedan mosque. They can spend any amount on an idol feast, but the house of him whose are the silver and the gold are left in ruins. Can Africans ever be induced to do anything for themselves in a religious way? This house was built for them by a good brother. It has fallen down. They have not put it up, but are now holding their services in the dwelling house. Bro. Eli and I enter the fallen church house. He goes into one corner and takes down a gin box full of idols and cowries (shells used as money). The idols are soon given up by our converts, but the cowries are the contributions of the members. We sat down with this box of idols on the piazza. A group of interested natives gather about us. We talk with them about these idols to learn something of what their superstition leads them to suppose that these images can do for them. I take them out one at a time and we talk about each.

First comes out Isore. It is a dumpling made of mud, cowries and certain kinds of leaves worked up together and baked in the sun. It is as hard as a rock. This was Akpata's god. He put it under his pillow when he slept. It was supposed to protect him and supply all his needs. He has seen the error of his way, believed in Jesus, and I baptized him in Lagos.

The second was Ide Osun, god of brass. It consists of two brass rings worn as bracelets on the arms for security against the ill of life. These belonged to Akpata's wife. She holds on to these, and lets her husband go when he becomes a christian. So some claim that christianity is doing more harm than good. It is bringing trouble into some homes.

The third is Ifa. It is 32 palm nuts in a plate. The priests shake the nuts up in their hands. The falling of a certain number of nuts from the hands of the priests indicates certain results which are to transpire in the near future. Ifa is one of the great gods of the Yoruba people and has many images in addition to the palm nuts.

But there are so many that I must not pursue them further. The principal gods of this town are Ifa, Shango, Egun, &c. We greatly enjoyed this talk with them about their gods. They get off good jokes on their own superstitions. They care nothing for their gods only in time of great need or danger. The heathen worship is very expensive. One man in this town a few days ago spent ninety dollars in being initiated into the mysteries and privileges of Ifa. The money was used in offerings and feasts. He received for his money and trouble an insignificant idol about three inches long, which he is to worship the remainder of his life. But this is by no means the last offering. Every trouble that rises sends him to the priest, and the priest must have a sacrifice. A small village will spend from \$600 to \$1,000 a year on idol worship.

We christians are offering them christianity without money and without price, and yet they prefer to spend their money for that which satisfieth not.

It is not all the cheapness of a religion that commends it to Africans. They will pay for a thing that appeals to their superstitions. They are superstitious to the bottom of their souls. They do not take readily to christianity because sin is to be given up, faith exercised in a holy Saviour, and a proper life required.

We have ten members in this town. A congregation of twenty five or thirty meets regularly every Sunday morning and evening. Despite not the day of small things. These villages in the simplicity of their life and manner present one of the most hopeful fields for African evangelization.

Before the sun sets we go through the town saluting the Bale (Governor), Obalogan (General), Elders, &c. Most of these dignitaries meet us at the door with warm salutations. They neither invite us in nor introduce us to their families, but this doesn't prevent our saluting many of their families. We come across a newly built

mosque. There are no streets in an African town. The houses are all built alike. One could never find his way back home without a guide.

We have a long pleasant evening's conversation with Bro. Eli's family about various things connected with the work and an hour of worship until 10 o'clock has come. He has not eaten his supper at that late hour. He retires to another room and I hear him gobbling up his slop. Natives all eat with their fingers out of calabashes. They do not eat our kind of food, nor can we eat theirs, hence we never eat together. They do not gather as a family at the table and eat as we do, but each goes and eats when he is ready, or rather hungry, for there is not much getting ready—no table to set, no knives and forks, spoons, plates, or cups and saucers to be set in order. Their principal articles of food are palm oil chops and oko (made from corn). An American hog wouldn't eat it, because the pepper in it is too strong for him and the palm oil too rich.

I went out about 10:30 o'clock and looked about—no, I tried to look, but the darkness was impenetrable. It must not have been darker in Egypt. No light is visible except a few stars that seem to be trying in vain to light up this dark town. I shudder out in this darkness alone to think of the deeper spiritual darkness in which the people are groping. Those dimly shining stars are a figure of the few christians who are shedding, though it be but dimly, their light on this town cursed with darkness. I prayed for the town. Thank God, we can meet Christ here, and our souls fill with joy over the prospect of what he will do for Africa.

On returning to the house, I opened my Bible and read Acts 10th chapter—Cornelius and Peter's vision. May I not be sent here to night to some soul that, like Cornelius, is praying? May the time speedily come when the prejudices of Africans and Anglo-Saxons shall be so overcome by the fullness of God's Spirit that the one will send, and the other will come, and the Holy Spirit's power fall upon them and this poor lost people be saved. Even so come quickly, Lord Jesus. There is comfort in his promise, "I am with you," even in Africa.

But to bed I must go. My bedstead is too short by fourteen inches. A clock and watch about three feet from my head and mosquitoes do not help to "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." The everlasting ticking of the watch, occasional striking of the clock and whirring of mosquitoes are good promoters of wakefulness. A pillow three feet long by two wide, ornamented with patchwork (crazy work) as hard as Jacob's pillow at Bethel contributed no little to my discomfort. It costs \$25, but no man who would be "a big man" in this town can afford to be without one of said pillows. Mine host is a big man. The Obalogan and other officials have them. They are fashionable, and that is quite enough. People coming to civilization get so many wrong ideas. They get so many things in the wrong place for any comfort. Where the right place for such a pillow as this is I do not know, but I do not think it would add to one's comfort anywhere. Anyway I landed it on the floor. This being the only article of bed clothing mine host furnished, there is no further blame to be laid on him for my discomfort unless it be for not finding softer bamboo poles to floor his bedstead with. In spite of all, I am soon slumbering sweetly.

The congregation began to assemble for preaching before I have risen from my bed. After a bath, cup of tea and some bread, I am ready for work.

All the dignitaries of the town call on me. They are ready seated when I come out of the house. After expressing my gratification at having them come and salute me, I preach to them. I told them of our common origin, the sin of our first parents, and so our sinful state, my own experience of a work of grace from his rise on to salvation through Christ; after that, of my sense of duty to come to them and tell them of the Christ who had brought such joy and hope to my own soul. I turned, then, to their own idols which I had by me, and told them in their order about these idols, as to what they can do and what they can not do, and drew them to the only true God and his wonderful love which had led him to give Jesus to save—closing with the reading of John 3: 16, with comments. They listened attentively to the close of what I had to say. Then we have some general talk—all keeping their seats still.

One of them said, "It has been the custom of our fathers to worship these gods; as it has been the custom of yours to worship Christ. We follow our fathers as you follow yours." I answered that our fathers had been idolaters as well as theirs. They worshipped gods of silver and gold made with men's hands even as these you see here. They, too, were idolaters, knowing no better than yours now, but in these latter days the gospel was preached to us to which we have given heed, and having seen the folly of worshipping gods of silver and gold, have forsaken the way of our fathers and turned unto Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God. We now wish you to do the same, and hence we declare unto you the word of the Lord that all should repent and believe on him who is able to save.

One of them said, "You say that you preach the word of the Lord and Christ the only Saviour—what about the Koran and Mohammed?" I answered that Mohammed was a great man and his book had some excellencies; but he was only a man, and of course his book was the writing of a man.

Mohammed could not even save himself. Christ was not only man and the best man, but he was more than man. He was and is God. He can save. He has given his word that we may through it come to the knowledge of him and be saved. His word is clothed with his authority, accompanied by his Spirit, and when he calls on us to repent and believe in Christ, we should obey, and we must, if we would be saved.

One woman said, as I raised up before her eyes the god that she is accustomed to worship. "I do confess that I worship this idol, but I have found nothing better." I said, "But I offer you the Christ of the Scriptures. Will you bow down and worship him?" She could not decide to turn from her little god to Christ. I asked her if she would go by her little native lamp after the sun had risen? She quickly answered, "No." "Then," I said, "when you knew only these dumb idols, you could not be so much blamed for following the best light you have, but now you have a better,—Christ, who is the light of the world, has risen before you, and you should turn to him and walk by his light in all of this darkness. If you were to fall into the ocean, would you catch hold of this little stick of wood, when a great boat was lying by you and men were ready to pull on board?" They all answered, "No. We should take hold of the life-boat." "Then, here is Christ, the Captain of our Salvation, who is mighty to save. Will you hold on to this little stick, or will you accept Christ?"

All of these said, "We will go away and think about these things. Many of us, doubtless, will gradually embrace your teachings, and many will go on in the old way." I said, "What! go on that way and be lost forever?"

That congregation breaks up. I have sowed the seed, but see no fruit yet. God only knows what will be in the future.

The church assembled on the porch of the mission house. We preached again from Matt. 11: 28—"Come unto me," &c.

We examine and receive seven candidates for baptism. We then proceed to the water side. The members and a few others accompany us to the baptism. The members stand on the shore making pleasant remarks as each candidate is dipped. African nature has a way of its own of dealing with very solemn subjects. An African laughs where others would weep. It was difficult for me to keep from laughing at some of the remarks made and at the behaviour of some of the candidates. I had a considerable tussle with one man before I could put him all over under the water. I may as well say that I baptized this man (while with his own consent), simply because I was somewhat the stronger of the two.

This was a happy season. We could realize fully the presence of Jesus with us. After the baptism, we talked to the candidates of their duty now in their new relation to Christ and the world. They must live close to Jesus and bring their friends to Jesus.

After some talk with one and another of the members about various things as building up the house of the Lord at their own expense and undertaking more special work for the Lord, I return to Lagos.

Excuse the length of this. I will add that word comes to me, that they have repaired the Lord's house, are using it, and wishing me to come back.

We are all well and the Lord is blessing our work. Pray for us and our work.

All the family join me in love to you and to all the brethren.

Yours in Christ,  
C. C. NEWTON.

### The Presence of Jesus.

"It is I: be not afraid." Mark 6: 50.

These were the words Jesus spoke to his disciples, when in terror they beheld him walking out on the stormy lake of Gennesaret towards their little fishing boat. More literally the words of our Lord were, "I am I." They were words of power, words of assurance, and words of promise. Whenever the Lord Jesus assumes the title "I Am," he gives virtually a guarantee of his divine assistance to the full extent of our need. Thus, as Moses entered upon his trying career of law-giver and leader to Israel, he was to stand before the nation and proclaim, "I Am hath sent me to you." Ex. 3: 14. In that name was included every resource of power for the people, and every equipment of grace for their leader. For it is a title which suggests the abundant fullness, rather than the existence of God.

The Scriptures furnish many beautiful instances of the blessings which always accompany the presence of the Lord among his people:

#### I. IT IS SALVATION.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, for his presence is salvation." *Mary*, Ps. 42: 5. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" Ps. 27: 1. To Peter, sinking beneath the waves, the presence of Jesus on the water was salvation.

#### II. IT IS POWER.

Peter again knew that the presence of the Lord was mighty, when the chains fell from his hands at the stroke of the angel, and the prison doors were opened for his liberty. Acts 12: 7, 8. Israel knew it when the power of God smote the Egyptians, but touch them not. They knew it for forty years in the wilderness, as that promised presence went before and made a way for them. "Tremble, thou earth, at the pres-

ence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob; which turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters." Ps. 114: 7.

#### III. IT IS LIGHT.

The Cloud of Glory was the visible token of God's presence. By day it was shelter; by night "a pillar of fire, to give them light." Ex. 13: 21; 14: 19. "Jesus is the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." John 1: 9.

#### IV. IT IS COURAGE.

This was Joshua's experience. "Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Josh. 1: 9. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Isa. 43: 2. It was Elisha's strength, when he assured his timid servant, "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." 2 Kings 6: 16. That presence went with Shadrach and his friends into the furnace, with Daniel into the lions' den, and with Esther before the awful king.

#### V. IT IS COMPANIONSHIP.

Sometimes there are those about us whose presence annoys. They neither aid nor comfort us. Job felt this of his friends: "Miserable comforters are ye all." But the presence of Jesus is joyful, Ps. 16: 2; restful, Ex. 33: 14; sympathetic, Isa. 63: 9; and sheltering, Ps. 31: 20. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," in all days—dark days, bright days, joyful days, sad days, calm days, busy days. All men may forsake you, and flee, but I will stand by you to the end. The brethrenship began in his life, and confirmed after his resurrection, is to abide till it be consummated in glory. Matt. 28: 40.

#### VI. IT IS SUCCESS IN SERVICE.

This Gideon learned when it was said to him, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." Judges 6: 12. This Samson sadly learned when he said, "I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself. And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him." Judges 16: 20; 1 Samuel 16: 14. This was the power by which Peter and John confounded the council at Jerusalem, who marvelled at the boldness and fluency with which such uncultured laymen, never bred to oratory, could discourse on the Scriptures; and they took knowledge of them that their companionship had been with Jesus. Acts 4: 13.

#### VII. IT IS FEAR.

The presence of the Lord is absolute holiness. It discovers sin, and turns man's pride into loathing. It is abhorrent to every transgressor. Cain went out from the presence of the Lord a despairing fugitive. "Behold, thou hast driven me out this day . . . from thy face I shall be hid. . . every one that findeth me shall slay me." Job was troubled at the Lord's presence when he measured his own insignificant merit with God's righteousness. Job 23: 15. And Jonah, the deserter, was fleeing from this same awful presence when disaster overtook him. Jonah 1: 10.

Unto even such blameless characters as Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and John, the presence of the Lord turned their comeliness to corruption, and made them fall as dead at his feet. Rev. 1: 17. But oh, what shall the presence of the Lord be in the final day to those who have never "appeased his presence" with the token of acceptance—his own precious blood? Genesis 22: 20. Whither shall they flee from his presence? "They shall tremble at his presence." "They shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and the glory of his power," when his redeemed and waiting saints shall "be presented faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." 2 Thes. 1: 9; Jude 24.—*Rev. Geo. C. Needham's "Bible Briefs."*

#### Kodak Life Work.

Modern advertising has become a profession and a fine art. Probably no expression is more widely known and quoted than the happy thought which introduces the little camera, "You press the button—we do the rest." This invention marks a great advance in photography; but there is an idea similar to this in regard to life work which is false and injurious, and is especially prevalent among young people.

Many young men think there must be some quick and easy way to fame and fortune, if they could only find it. This is the secret of the eagerness with which they go into enterprises that promise quick and large returns, and I believe it is one of the reasons which lead so many into lotteries and other gambling schemes. Somewhere there is a secret spring. If they could press it, luck, chance, fortune—something—would do the rest. But the successful, substantial men of business tell a different story. They say, "Young man, success comes only after years of earnest, patient work."—*Rev. J. M. Hull in The Watchman.*

After a great sorrow, quiet and meditation are necessary both for soul and body. Only the most intimate friendship is bearable, being but another kind of selfishness, and therefore beneficent.—*Amos.*