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VACATION FOR THE PASTOR.

We have noticed with pleasure that with the approach of the warmer and more dangerous summer months our churches in many localities have seen fit to give their pastors short vacations.

About this time each year we hear some one advance the proposition that inasmuch as the devil has never been known to take a holiday the pastor should not be allowed to rest when the severe heat of summer makes it dangerous for him to preach and weakens him in his work. In our opinion, when the pastor has spent the year in faithful and zealous service, his people should be glad to allow him a brief period of rest and recreation in the sultry summer days. When the more agreeable months come he will be stronger in the battle for having rested, and if he has spent his time well he cannot but be better prepared to serve his flock more zealously and acceptably than ever.

Health is an essential to the success of almost every undertaking and occupation, and to a minister's success it is most essential. Yet to-day there are more weakly and dyspeptic pastors than in any other occupation.

This should be remedied. Your pastor's work depends in a great degree on his health, and if he looks pale and worn, if he seems unusually tired and exhausted after a day's service, it is your duty to release him from his work and allow him to recover his strength.

But you should not be without a pastor in the meantime. To-day there is plenty of willing material in our college boys, who must return to Wake Forest in September, that will most acceptably fill many vacancies. Thus will all be benefited—the pastor, the church, and by no means least, the deserving young student, whom you have helped and encouraged. Our ministerial students should never be forced to resort to other occupations for want of a good field, and by this means he can find good, practical, congenial, spiritual employment during vacation.

THE GEARY LAW—AN EXPLANATION.

It has come to be the popular fault of our times that judgment is reached and passed on everything without mature consideration. A law is passed, and is condemned before it is known what the law is. This can be accounted for in many ways. People are naturally prone to prejudice, and the press of our country, through questionable motives, is given to leading the people by prejudice through misrepresentation of facts. And this was never more truly the case than with the Act of May, 1892, commonly known as the Geary Law.

WHAT THE LAW IS.

The Geary Law was passed as much for the protection of our resident Chinese as for the protection of American citizens. By the Exclusion Bill of 1880 it was provided "that Chinese laborers who were then in the United States should be allowed to go and come of their own free will, and should be accorded all the rights, privileges, immunities and exemptions which were accorded to the citizens and subjects of the most favored nations." That the great object of the Geary Law was to enforce the above has never been known by the great number of opponents of the bill. But let us see.

The law of 1880 to exclude Chinese laborers from our shores promised protection as above stipulated to all Chinese who were in this country at the time of the enactment of the law, but guaranteed nothing to those who should be smuggled into our confines contrary to the law. Yet statistics showed that the Chinese continued to come in, and it can be easily seen that to distinguish those who rightfully deserved protection from those who were unlawfully among us, some means must be devised. And the Geary Law is the result. If the Chinamen who were lawfully residents of the United States would comply with this law we are sure the government could easily afford them those rights and that protection which they deserve, and which was promised them in 1880. But with Chinese coming in each year unlawfully our government could not distinguish the deserving from the undeserving. Therefore, among other things of lesser import, it was stipulated, first, that all Chinese who were here, and who desired the protection of our government, should register; certainly no more than is required of our citizens by a majority of our States; second, that he should have his picture taken; and third, that he should carry this picture along with a certificate of registration on his person. This was by no means degrading, onerous or unnecessary. From the resemblance which all Chinamen bear to one another, no other means of identifying them than by photographs could be devised. We had tried the description plan under the law of 1880, and found it grossly defective.

Now if the law had placed a tax on the Chinese, if we had made compliance with it difficult or burdensome, some of the outcries might be justifiable. But we asked them only to do no more than could be expected both for their protection and the welfare of the country. The law provided that the officers should go to the Chinamen wherever he was and afford him every facility for compliance with the law without expense or burden to him.

Under the old law the Chinese were subject to arrest at any time on the charge of having come illegally into the country. This law assures him, under the seal of the government, a right to live among us in peace and immunity. He has only to show his picture and certificate to obtain the most favored nations.

The question of Chinese trade, of the con-

stitutionality of the bill, of cheap labor, and slave labor, and many other questions, can not be brought into an intelligent discussion of this law; they were settled in the treaty of 1880. This law had for its primary and only object the identity of those Chinese who were here according to law, that we might distinguish them from those who were here contrary to law and who did not deserve our protection. Its object was to distinguish the innocent from the guilty, that the privileges guaranteed to the innocent in 1880 might be given them. Had the law of 1880 been observed, no "Geary law" would have been formulated.

We believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, but we also believe that a nation's first duty is to enforce its laws for the protection of its citizens, that they may enjoy the blessings of life, liberty and free institutions in their own country before all others.

Talks About Law—No. 13.

BY JUDGE ROBERT W. WINSTON.

LAWYERS.

A quaint old friend used to say to me that lawyers often got the reputation of being liars because the clients saw their own image reflected in the lawyer's utterance.

At this time, there being no controversy as to whether a lawyer can be an honest man, we will consider the duty and the importance of the office of an attorney-at-law. We say "office," because a lawyer is an officer of the court. He takes an oath as such and he obtains license to practice.

One of the prime duties of a lawyer is to discourage strife and to encourage peace and good feeling. One client infuriated and mulcted in costs because of wilfully bad advice will permanently injure the reputation and the earning capacity of the most successful lawyer. Mr. Counsellor Pleydell, indulging in the pastimes of High Jinks and receiving Col. Mannerling and Dandie Dinmont, the doughty Scotchman, was an honor to the profession, albeit a trifle convivial.

"Now, you looby," said the lawyer, "say in two words what you've got to say." "Aweel, sir," said Dandie, not a whit disconcerted by the roughness of the reception, "We're at the auld wark o' the marches again, Jock o' Dawston Cleugh and me. Ye see we march on the tap o' the Thonp-or-rigg after we pass the Pomoragrains; for the Pomoragrains and Slackenspool and Bloody-laws, they come in there and they belong to the Peel; but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer-headed, cutlugged stane, that they call Charles Chuckie, there Dawston Cleugh and Charles hope they march. Now, I say, the march rins on the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears; but Jock o' Dawston Cleugh again, he contravenes the auld, and says that it hauds down by the auld drove-road that gae awa by the Knot o' the Gate ower to Keeldarward—and that makes an unco difference."

"And what difference does it make, friend?" said Pleydell. "How many sheep will it feed?" "On, no mony," said Dandie, scratching his head; "it's lying high and exposed—it may feed a hog, or ablinns twa in a good year."

"And for this grazing, which may be worth about five shillings a year, you are willing to throw away a hundred pound or two?"

"Na, sir, it's no for the value of the grass," replied Dinmont, "it's for justice." "My good friend," said Pleydell, "justice, like charity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your wife and family, and think no more about the matter."

Dinmont still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand—"It's no for that, sir—but I would like ill to be bragged wi' him;—he threeps he'll bring a score o' witnesses and mair—and I'm sure there's as mony will swear for me as for him, folk that lived a' their days upon the Charles-hope, and wadna like to see the land lose its right."

"Zounds, man, if it be a point of honor," said the lawyer, "why don't your landlords take it up?"

"I dinna ken, sir" (scratching his head), "the lairds are unco neighborly, and Jock and me cannot get them to yoke together."

"Confound you, why don't you take good cudgels and settle it?"

"Od, sir," answered the farmer, "we tried that three times already * * * we're baith ge good at singlestick, and it couldna weel be judged."

"Then take broad swords, * * * as your fathers did before you," said the counsel learned in the law.

"Aweel, sir, if ye think it wadna be again the law, it's a' ane to Dandie."

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed Pleydell, "we shall have another Lord Soullis' mistake—Prythee, man, comprehend me; I wish you to consider how very trifling and foolish a lawsuit you wish to engage in."

"Ay, sir," said Dandie, in a disappointed tone. "So ye winna take on wi' me, I'm doubting!"

"Me! not I—Go home, go home, take a pint and agree."

Pleydell's success as a lawyer is not to be wondered at; nor are his descendants all dead yet; and many a Dandie Dinmont survives as our court calendar abundantly attests.

Says a great Judge: "There is no profession, after that of the sacred ministry, in which a high-toned morality is more imperatively necessary than that of the law." Nor

is there any profession in which success and real worth are more often synonymous. No man can rise without the confidence and good opinion of the members of his own profession, "like the king's name on the field of battle, it is a tower of strength; it is the title of legitimacy."

Perhaps people generally are disposed to look upon the profession of the law as one that does not tend to ennoble, because lawyers espouse either side of any cause, depending upon the mere question of which side first secures his services. To simply call the roll of those men who have been foremost in human endeavor and whose names are written highest in liberty's story will refute his insinuation.

Of Presidents of the United States all but four were lawyers, and up to 1843 eighty-two of the peerages of England, we are told, sprung from the law. A Henry exclaiming, "If that be treason, make the most of it"; a Mansfield almost divinely adjudicating that the air of England is too pure for a slave to breathe; a Marshall welding the Union together by declaring them to be an indestructible Union of indestructible States; the great Commoner, defying the Throne, cheering the fainting cause of liberty, "If I were an American as I am an Englishman while a foreign foe were on my soil, I would never lay down my arms—no, never, never!"; and Curran and Grattan and Plunket and a host of Irish patriots, sounding the depths of poverty and danger in behalf of oppressed innocency—these are a few of the lawyers' title deeds to greatness. But if our inheritance is great, our responsibility is greater.

But there are weighty reasons why a lawyer shall appear on either side of any civil cause and for the defendant in any criminal cause. The State has able counsel to prosecute in criminal cases, and no man ought to undertake the prosecution except where the case is plain.

Suppose that Lawyer Jones were to refuse to appear for a prisoner in a case if he thought him guilty. Then suppose that all the other lawyers were also to refuse, what would be the result? Why, practically, the lawyers would be the jury. Every man is entitled to a fair trial according to the law of the land.

We once heard a slander of the good wife of a lawyer. A man was charged with brutally murdering his wife. The lawyer was employed to defend. Going home that night, the lawyer's wife was quite surprised that her husband would represent such a brute. After much talk the lawyer said, "Well, my dear, he has just paid me a thousand dollars and with part of the money I bought you a seal skin cloak, but as you object, I will return the fee and countermand the order for the cloak." She was touched and replied, "I believe I would say a word for the poor fellow!"

Considering the money expended in education for the practice of law, the cost of books, and a certain style which is required of all lawyers, they are the poorest paid class of our citizens. Poverty is one of their badges of distinction. "He lived easy, he worked hard, he died poor," is the epitaph over most of their graves. To some, attaining judicial office, may Wolsey's prayer be not inapplicable:

"May he . . . do justice,
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him."

A Fling at the Flingers.

This is not a very pious looking caption I will admit. But I want to second Brother Broughton's call for peace and at the same time give vent to a long pent-up desire to throw a few stones at those who are in that business. Allow me for this once to indulge in the very thing I condemn: let me grumble at the grumblers.

We are certainly far into the winter of our discontent; it is the day of the disgruntled, their heels are in the air. The social, political and religious atmospheres are all alike charged with the poison. Finding fault and suspecting something wrong have become the fashion. A brave majority of our citizens never feel so well as when finding fault with the men they have elected to make their laws. Recently there have been a number of fires in my town, and the style now is to suspect very wisely and very darkly that every man whose house is burned set it on fire himself for the insurance. This form of infidelity, this lack of faith in men is working untold harm.

Pandora must have opened her box again, and turned loose on the world another evil in the form of the modern cheap critic. He is the autocrat at all tables, who, with consequential air and one wave of the hand, settles all questions from the Vatican by way of London to —, the place where his throne is. In fact, he is pretty well recognized as the puissant brave who rushes in where angels walk with careful tread. It does not require a teaspoonful of brains and much less religion to find fault and interject a suspicion that there is something wrong. At bottom the man who is ever showing people their sorry condition without doing something to relieve them is mean. He has filled them with doubt and discontent and left nothing in place of faith and a mind at rest.

I would give anything if I could go back to my childhood when I had a simple faith in the editors, preachers and the men who control affairs in general. Why in certain quarters I am afraid to express my appreciation of a brother preacher lest I hear the

"Yes, but —," with the Iago like insinuation that will poison my feelings of appreciation. The disparaging remarks made by preachers about each other would lead one to say, "Turn the rascals out of the penitentiary and put the preachers and members of the Board" in their place."

Every department of our work has suffered from this small criticism with a fling in it. Every now and then you see a designing reference to the self-important college student. True, many concealed men come from the colleges. But why don't the critics, flinging small shot, say something of the fools who never went to college and yet parade themselves with disgusting conceit? Why don't they "tote fair"? Another gun of diminutive caliber will fire a shot of facetious smartness at the "Smart Alex from the Seminary." Why no shot for the "Smart Alex" who never went to the Seminary? Some of the brethren have grave fears that the young man who goes to the Seminary will fall into the awful snare of imitating Dr. Broadus or some other member of the faculty; or that they will get into grooves and lose their originality. Imitation is always damaging, but why not be a little agitated over the young men who stay at home, lest they imitate Elder Fogg, Moderator of Muddy Creek Association? Why can't anybody see that if the man is of the sort that imitates and runs in grooves that it is only a question of who shall be his model for imitation, and what grooves he shall run in? Why does the man who didn't go to college feel it his duty to fling at the one who did go; and why does the man who didn't go to the Seminary look so darkly wise and suggest that he better take a little "swamp theology" as he did? And on the other hand, why does the man who has been to these institutions, indulge the same spirit toward those who have not? It is so wholly wrong and mean that one feels that he has lowered himself to notice it.

The campaign of Foreign Missions is only well begun, and a large part of our surplus energy is employed quarrelling—not discussing—but quarrelling over "methods of missions." Men stickle for a plan while the heathen perish. Like surgeons standing over a wounded man disputing about what color of bandage to use while his life-blood runs away. The missionaries with novel plans fling stones at the brethren, and the brethren fling them back, and away they go. If some of the men who have written and canvassed so much, had spent the time preaching the gospel to the heathen, had sown more seed and less dragon's teeth, we believe there would be more sheaves to garner in on the great gathering day.

At pretty regular intervals, you see a missile intended for the Board of Missions and Sunday schools. There are constant insinuations that there is something dark. They say they are "turning on the light," but it is more like turning on the spits.

Who can wonder that secretaries are resigning? The wonder is, that more do not resign. I have no doubt that there is some foundation for the complaints made. You can't account for so much noise without some such supposition.

The charge is that there is too much bossism. But each self-appointed boss presumes to order the Board to give him an itemized statement above what the State Convention requires. Can't the brethren be quiet and keep on their clothes till the Convention meets and have it settled there? What we need is freer discussion on the Convention floor. That is the place where the old and experienced should be heeded, and also where it is not a crime to be a young man. Let the majority decide these questions, and then let us forever after hold our peace. We need less of the "visiting brother's" oratory, and a better understanding of each other as brethren at work in North Carolina.

Who objects to light? But let it, like the light of the sun, bring with it ray the warm and healing balm. "The Sun of Righteousness" has "healing in his wings."

M. L. KESLER.

Laurinburg, June 30, 1893.

The Love of Christ.

"There was kneeling one day in the church a poor collier lad, some ten or twelve years of age. His hair was rough, his clothes were torn and ragged; his feet were bare. His hands were clasped as in prayer; a sad, wistful look was on his face. I knelt by his side. 'I want to be good,' he said; 'I want to belong to the Saviour, but I could trust him if only I could be sure that he loves me.'

"His had been a hard life in the world, poor heart; how shall I convince him of the fact of the love of God? I spoke to him of friends and playmates. 'Is there any one you have ever known who, if you had to die, would be willing to die in your stead to save you?' A moment's silence, and then with a sweet smile he looked up and said: 'I believe my mother would.'

"In that brief pause he had looked back on life and measured a mother's love. Perhaps there passed before his mind the vision of her toil late at night to mend his clothes, or earn to-morrow's bread, and, convinced of the reality of a mother's love, his heart told him it would be strong unto death.

"Then see what Jesus has done, and I spoke to him of the bleeding hands and feet of the crucified. He bowed his face in his hands, as he said: 'I can love him back again, and trust him too.'

"This was the victory of the crucified won in that young heart. So is it ever with us all."—Canadian Churchman.