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The appalling tragedy at Roanoke, Va., which resulted in the slaughter of twelve human beings, deplorable as it is, bears an important lesson to the American people, of which they can not take advantage too soon. It should have been learned two thousand years ago, when it would not have cost so much. "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword," were the words of our Master at the beginning of the centuries, as true to day as they were when first they fell from his divine lips. How much blood has been shed by the disregard, or the willful ignorance, of that one precept will never be known. Through the ages, since that first tragedy in which brother destroyed brother, men have shown a disregard for divine law, and a contempt for human life, that plainly proclaims that the world is far from perfection, and is likely to remain so for ages yet to come. We have had divine law almost from the beginning, and we have had human law, confessedly often poorly executed, since man first attempted a higher civilization. Both have been disregarded time and again; both were disregarded in the recent Roanoke tragedy; and those who disregarded them—the negro brute and the lawless mob alike—have suffered the consequences. The pity is that innocent spectators of the terrible scene suffered as the guilty brute out of whose inhu-

man devilishness sprung the direful affair. But they, like the spectator and coat bearer of old, were not guiltless, though we would be the last person on earth to say that they deserved the terrible fate which befell them. But mobs and mob-law are to be avoided by all good people; and neither passive curiosity, active sympathy, nor indignant passion, should lead one to resort to such means; for once mingled with a lawless herd, our life is accounted no more than theirs. We have laws that were enacted for the protection of the law-abiding, and when those for whom these laws were made turn them from their proper channels, their only safeguard is destroyed, and anarchy in its worst form hovers over the people. And we feel confident in asserting that all people would prefer weak and poorly executed law to that dread condition when each citizen holds his life in his hands—a veritable reign of terror.

WE HAVE read with unusual interest a recent editorial in the *Religious Herald* which reminds us that in searching out and abusing the "long haired, wild-eyed cranks," called anarchists, that we have overlooked a class that is far more dangerous to the existence of the institutions of our government, but who appear as the main-stays of our national life, who pose as philanthropists, and public-spirited citizens. In our opinion the remarks of the *Herald* are true to the letter, and our people cannot be made aware of them too soon. It says:—

"The thoughtful observer will discover more peril to human liberty in the class who occupy the other extreme of the social scale than in those who are at the bottom. All history is insignificant if it does not uniformly teach that the influences which have contributed most largely to the oppression of the masses, which have most seriously retarded the progress of human freedom and most stubbornly resisted the contention for equal political rights, have come from the privileged, the titled and the wealthy classes. The sudden and countless anarchist is a nuisance, but he is an easily abatable nuisance. If he throws a bomb he can be quickly secured and outraged public opinion will see that he speedily gets his just deserts. But that other communist, who, clad in purple and fine linen, controls in large degree the fortunes of myriads of human beings, who, combining the power of practically unlimited wealth with a greed utterly pitiless and insatiate, can pull down one and set up another, cannot be dealt with quite so summarily."

We do not hold that it is a crime to be rich; but we do claim that the temptation to crime, and the power to be dangerously criminal, is with the rich rather than the poor; and history teaches that they have yielded to that temptation many times in the history of mankind. To gain wealth honestly, and to use it worthily, is noble. But there is a rich class that "cares nothing for the shrieks of the dying or the silence of death;" and they are more dangerous to our welfare than can be possible with blatant bomb throwers.

THE influence of our modern Christian civilization on the Eastern empire is admirably shown in the recent accomplishments of Americans in Japan. One hundred years ago Japan was as far removed from civilizing influences as if it were on another planet. Her people groped in the most intense intellectual darkness. There were then in force laws to the effect that no ship or native of Japan should quit the country under penalty of death; that Japanese returning from a foreign country should be put to death; that nothing was to be purchased from foreigners; and that the recipient of a foreign letter should suffer death. To-day there is a new civilization in Japan; and nothing remains of its former condition "except the natural scenery." And now the nation aspires to leadership among its fellows. Missionaries find a more congenial field here than elsewhere in the Orient, because the government has learned to value their worth. In recent years the "Doshisha Mission Hospital and Training School" has been established under the supervision of a worthy American, Dr. J. C. Berry, and an able corps of assistants, under whose work the great possibilities of that once hopeless nation are fast developing. This school has graduated over thirty native doctors and nurses, whose influence on the country has not fallen far short of the marvelous. They are an effective aid to missionary work as disciples of a new Christian civilization, and the vast benefits that have resulted from their school and hospital cannot be estimated. Japan is already in advance of the remainder of the Orient, and we hope to see the day when she can claim a place in civilization second to none. Her natural situation is most fortunate, her climate all that could be asked; and her only fault is the intellectual darkness, business lethargy, resultant from centuries of non-communication with enlightened nations. Now that her gates are open, there is no reason why she should not rise to her destined station among the nations of the earth.

Talks on Medicine—No. 3.

FROM A RETIRED PHYSICIAN.

STIMULANTS.

Perhaps there is no subject that has engaged more thought of late than the use of stimulants. It has been discussed from all of its standpoints by the wisest and best of men. Books have been written, lectures delivered, and schools have been required to teach the proper-use of the various stimulants which are so popularly used to day. So in talking about family medicine, we find it not out of place to spend our time for this conversation upon this important theme. And in doing so, we shall not be expected to deal with the moral aspect of the question, but with its physical bearing. And by stimulants in this conversation, we are not to include all the forms of medical stimulants, but shall speak largely of those in common use, viz., spirituous or fermented liquors.

THEIR PLACE.

I am not one of those so cranky as to deny that stimulants have a place in the treatment of disease. I know that there are physicians who take the extreme ground that spirituous liquors have no place in medicine. Something else, they say, will answer just as well; and hence, in their practice, they deny the patient the use of them at all. There are also some temperance fanatics who decry their use, and will refuse to allow them to be used in their families, and refuse to use them themselves. Such a wild, crazy fanaticism must only react, and can possibly accomplish no good at all either for the sick or for the temperance cause for which they are such zealous advocates. *Spirituous liquors are medicines*; and the man who would doubt this would shut his eyes to results and his mind to facts. 'Tis true that men—and thinking men, at that—have been so prejudiced against spirituous liquors that they refuse facts which may be in their favor. No physician void of prejudice and fanaticism can doubt that around the bedside these remedies in their various forms have done wonders in his hands in bridging over death-chasms and prolonging life. Take, for example, the treatment of typhoid fever—who to day would deny whiskey, brandy or wine a place in its treatment? And yet, there are certain temperance organizations which forbid in their pledges even a physician's prescribing them even in such extreme cases of necessity! In my own practice—which was largely in a typhoid district—I tried for a time to treat my patients in conformity with my rigid temperance views, and my work was largely a failure until I had realized that common sense and cranky fanaticism were two things, and that life was more important than the perpetuation of certain wild-cat hobbies which I had been trying to ride. Hence, I changed my method of treatment and also my opinions of those matters. And while dealing with this subject in order that I may impress you with the matter as I feel it, I will give you the words of one of the greatest practitioners upon this continent, as I heard them in class-room:

"The treatment of typhoid fever may be summed up in the following: whiskey, opium, cold water and milk."

The greatest stress was upon the whiskey. No man can afford to be an extremist in matters of life and death. Extremists may have their places, but not in dealing with the sick. A mistake at the critical moment may mean death. The fact is, it is not in this way that temperance reform is to come. No man can hope to convince men to agree upon a proposition which is based upon an absurdity, a falsehood. *Whiskey per se is not an evil*. True, it has caused untold misery and suffering, but in itself it is not an evil. It only becomes an evil in its inopportune use. Strychnine is a much more powerful poison than alcohol, and yet it is not an evil. It will cause death, but *per se* it is not an evil. It is a drug, a medicine. No physician refuses to use it; no fanatic refuses to take it when properly prescribed. O, we hear the temperance reformers talk about one drop of alcohol's turning the stomach upside down and playing havoc with its normal functions. But it is all bosh, and no sane man can hope to succeed upon such a premise. What we want to accomplish is to convince the world that it is a poisonous drug, and, as such, should be taken from the open saloon and put in the care of the drug shops, and such legal regulations placed around it as we have thrown around strychnine, and place a heavy penalty upon a man who dispenses it for other than medical purposes as we would punish a man for selling strychnine or other such poisons.

HOW IT IS ABUSED.

Now I am aware that there is danger in the application of this principle which I lay down—dangerous, in that this wonderful therapeutic agent may be sadly abused. Some doctors have a plan, either from habit, ignorance or indifference of prescribing alcoholic stimulants for everything, regardless of the needs or idiosyncrasies of the patient. I once heard of an old physician who never wasted any medicine. When a patient was discharged as well, he would gather up all the medicines left, take them home, put them in a bottle and label them "cure all." Once he was asked what he did with his "cure all," and he replied by saying, "When I get a man and I don't know what is the matter with him, I give him a bottle of my 'cure all,' and most generally he gets well."

Some physicians are that way about prescribing whiskey. It is their "cure all," and when they get to their "road's end," they fall in on whiskey. It generally suits the patient, and the doctor is relieved as he thinks of great trouble. Now, it is useless to say that such a course is dangerous, and the man who would be so careless should be regarded as the highest type of a fraud, and yet there are plenty of just such doctors.

I once knew a man who had once been fond of his dram—was a drunkard. But he had long since quit and was a good member of the church. For years he never drank a drop. He was finally taken with measles, and while recuperating, his doctor persuaded him to take a little whiskey as a tonic. He did not want to do so, but the doctor insisted. It was not long before the old fires were burning in that man's stomach, and he found the habit fastened upon him again, and while under the influence of drink was killed. O, it was a sad sight as I looked upon him! But his condition was not so sad as the doctor who had prescribed it in a reckless manner.

But what shall be the rule to follow? As I see the matter, there are two: first, let no patient prescribe for himself so deadly a poison. It is too dangerous. Humanity is too weak. It may give us an appetite which is beyond control. Second, if a patient contemplates the need of such stimulants, let him go to an honest, competent physician (not an old soaker himself), and let him see whether or not such a course is needed, and if so, to what extent. If these two rules are carefully and honestly observed, in most cases the difficulty will be removed. It will serve to make the doctors more careful in prescribing.

STIMULANTS IN CHILDREN.

This is a subject which should call for consideration. There is really too much carelessness and thoughtlessness in this matter. Some mothers think nothing of giving the little babe every time he cries out at night a bit of whiskey and flag-root tea. The flag-root is not objectionable, but in the interest of your child and in the interest of his soul, don't be guilty of this dangerous habit. It is wonderful how soon habits are formed. There is no telling—we know that the child begins early in life to cultivate tastes; and besides, the law of inheritance has a vast deal to do with a child along this line. How often these things are but the breeze which simply fan into a blaze the spark of latent appetite which lies dormant in the child. O, parents! I can't plead with you too much or with too much earnestness in this matter. Be careful how you tamper with your children lest you destroy their bodies and send their souls to hell. I might say something to you just upon this point concerning that dangerous and sinful practice of some of our parents (good parents at that, members of the churches,) of putting wines and brandy in cakes, using them upon their tables, &c. But I leave this for you to think out for yourself.

OPiates AND OTHER NARCOTICS.

Before concluding this conversation with you, I wish to say something concerning the use of opiates and other narcotics. There is a great and growing practice to day among our people, growing out of our rapid life, to resort to such drugs to make us sleep when we are tired and sleepless. People think it nothing strange to take now a dose of bromide or chloral or sulfonal when they can't sleep; and sometimes, if there is a slight pain, they resort to even stronger drugs and take opium in some form. This plan is fraught with great danger. The person resorting to it will sooner or later find himself or herself overcome by an enemy which can not be controlled. Better a thousand times die of sleeplessness than die of some of these remedies. While upon this point I want to say that the plan of taking antipyrine, antikamina, phenacetine, &c., for every little ache or pain, is one which should receive a sudden condemnation from any thinking man or woman in the world. It is positively dangerous. Leave these drugs alone; suffer a while. The pain will be relieved of itself after a while without them, and your nervous system spared the depression which so often follows such a course.

In a Missionary Home.

This morning I stepped in to see Dr. Graves a moment in his temporary home in Macas. It was just after breakfast, and the household were just assembling for prayers in Chinese. There were parts of several families met under one roof for a few days of rest and recuperation during the heated term. Besides several members of our mission in Canton, there were present also Rev. George Campbell and his sister of the Northern Baptist Mission at Swatow. Besides the missionaries, there were present several Chinese employed in various capacities as teachers, cooks and the like by these several families and individuals. On invitation, I remained to take part in the worship. First, we sang, "Every day, every hour" in Chinese, Miss White playing the organ. Then we read in the Epistle to the Ephesians, each reading his verse in turn, except the Chinese woman. Women in China very rarely know how to read unless they have been taught in Christian schools. Bro. Campbell and his sister and their cook had the same characters as the rest of us; but, as they speak a different dialect, they called those characters quite different names,

so that the rest of us could scarcely understand any of it. After the reading, Dr. Graves commented a few minutes on the passage read, and then called on the cook to lead the prayer.

It has seemed to me that this incident would rarely find a parallel in Christian households in America. So many fail to have family worship. Of those who do meet for worship, some fail to call in the servants. But how rare a thing it would be for an American pastor to ask one of his servants to lead the prayer at family worship. But here it is not at all a rare thing. Our cook is not a Christian, and so we never call on him, but I have frequently heard the cook pray and preach, too. Chinese cooks are usually men. Bro. Simmons had a cook last year who could preach an excellent sermon and did so on every opportunity.

OUR NATIVE PREACHERS.

Several of the men whom the Lord has called out of heathenism into the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ, have been called to preach that gospel and are now in the active ministry. Some of these whom I have come to know are worthy of mention.

Bro. Fung King Him is the pastor of the church in Canton and is supported by the church. In his boyhood he was employed in the home of one of the missionaries and in this way became acquainted with the gospel. He is a good man, an earnest, acceptable preacher and a faithful pastor. Under his pastoral care, the church seems to be growing in numbers and in efficiency.

Bro. Li Tsai Leung is a young man, but one of the most promising of the preachers. He lives in rooms adjoining the city chapel, and his work is to have the chapel opened every day for preaching to the heathen and to preach himself whenever there is need. Besides being a good preacher, he is an excellent business man. He is clerk and treasurer of the Canton church, and keeps the books and the finances in excellent condition. The native Christians are building an academy in Canton, and this brother is chairman and business manager of the board of trustees. This brother was raised in a Christian family, being the son of Deacon Li, for many years the main stay of the Canton church.

Bro. Fung Wut Mau is pastor of the church at Shin Hing. A part of his support is raised by the church, and so he gives part of his time to pastoral work. He also does much missionary work, preaching to the heathen almost every day. He has been to America several times, and was for some time pastor of a church in Portland, Oregon. He has recently been invited by the Home Mission Society to take charge of work among the Chinese in Brooklyn, N. Y., and is disposed to accept. His place will be hard to fill. In his boyhood he was a servant in the family of one of the missionaries, and when he applied for baptism, some of the Chinese Christians feared he was too dull to understand the plan of salvation. But he is now one of our brightest men, a clear and forcible preacher and a zealous worker. He speaks English.

In my last I wrote of the recent death of Bro. Tso Fot Sen, pastor of the church at Tsing Uen, and of Bro. Au Yeung Hong, in charge of the work at Tsung Fa.

Bro. Cheung Yuk Peng is a jolly, fat Chinaman, who enjoys a hearty laugh, and gets much pleasure out of life. He travels as evangelist, in the Scriptural sense of the word. He goes up and down among the towns and villages, everywhere telling the story of the Cross. Though not a first-class sermonizer, he is admirably fitted for the work he does, and has been very successful, many having received from him their first knowledge of the gospel. He was converted in middle life and has been preaching ten or twelve years.

There are several other preachers who give all their time to the work. Most of them travel to and fro among the people, preaching and selling books, and using all available means to make known the good news.

I ought not to omit to mention Bro. Chau Kam Shing, who has nominal connection with the Mission, but is supported by one of the churches in Brooklyn, N. Y. He is not a popular preacher, but is one of the most pious and consecrated workers. He is especially gifted in bringing men who are "almost persuaded" to make a decision for Christ. He has probably baptized more people than any other man about Canton, except the pastor of the Canton church. He is now very feeble, threatened with consumption, and we fear that his work is almost ended.

Besides these who preach regularly, there are many others who preach occasionally. Some who are employed to teach the language to new missionaries, often go out and preach when they are not fully occupied with teaching. One of these is a very popular and striking preacher. My teacher is a promising young man, who feels called to preach, and preaches quite frequently.

There are, also, physicians, and school-teachers, and merchants, and cooks, who can and do preach acceptably, sometimes to the heathen in the week, sometimes to the Christians on Sunday. These do not feel called to give their whole time to preaching, but make their support from their business, and preach when they have opportunity.

G. W. Garrison.

When Satan first comes to tempt, he is modest and asks but little. He digs about and loosens the roots of faith, and then the tree falls the easier on the next gust of temptation.—Garrison.