

BIBLICAL RECORDER.

THE ORGAN OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTISTS—DEVOTED TO BIBLE RELIGION, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Volume 39.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1893.

Number 16.

The Biblical Recorder.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE:

118 (up stairs) Fayetteville Street, Raleigh, N. C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year.....\$ 2.00
One copy, six months..... 1.00
Clubs of ten (copy extra to sender)..... 20.00

Anonymous communications will always find their way to the waste basket. No exceptions.

In sending letters of business, it is absolutely necessary that you give your postoffice address in full.

The date on the label of your paper indicates when your subscription expires, and also serves as a receipt for your money.

Obituaries, sixty words long, are inserted free of charge. When they exceed this length, one cent for each word should be paid in advance.

When writing to have your paper changed, please state the postoffice at which you receive the paper, as well as the one to which you wish it changed.

Remittances must be sent by Registered Letter, Postoffice Order, Postal Note, Express or Draft, payable to the order of the Publisher. Do not send stamps.

Our Boards for 1892-93.

BOARD OF MISSIONS AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS—LOCATED AT RALEIGH.

J. C. Scarborough, Chairman; C. Durham, Cor. Secretary; N. B. Broughton, W. H. Pace, G. M. Allen, C. T. Bailey, T. H. Briggs, J. M. Heck, J. N. Holding, W. N. Jones, J. D. Boushall, G. W. Sanderlin, R. E. Overby, J. M. Broughton, J. D. Hufham, J. C. Birdsong, A. L. Ferrall, L. O. Lougee, W. G. Upchurch, T. W. Blake, J. H. Alford, W. H. Holloway, J. W. Carter, C. B. Edwards, T. E. Skinner, E. McK. Goodwin, J. J. Hall, W. R. Gwaltney, N. B. Cobb, M. T. Norris, J. B. Boone, J. B. Martin, J. C. Caddell, F. P. Hobgood, J. C. Ellington, C. J. Hunter, C. W. Carter, J. M. Holloman, T. H. Pritchard.

Anson and Richmond Association, J. W. Wildman and L. Johnson; Ashe and Alleghany, James Eller; Atlantic, J. H. Edwards and J. C. Whitty; Alexander, D. W. Pool; Beulah, C. A. Romiger; Brier Creek, W. A. Myers; Brushy Mountain, R. A. Spainhour; Caldwell, J. V. McCall; Cedar Creek, J. G. Fisher; Central, F. A. Dunn; Catawba River, Samuel Huffman; Cape Fear and Columbus, E. W. Wooten and Dr. A. W. Cannon; Chowan, E. F. Aydt; Eastern, L. R. Carroll and O. P. Meeks; Elkin, J. S. Kilby; Flat River, R. H. Marsh; Green River, C. B. Justice; King's Mountain, H. F. Schenck; Liberty, James Smith; Little River, J. A. Campbell; Mecklenburg and Cabarrus, C. Gresham; Mt. Zion, W. C. Tyree; Pilot Mountain, H. A. Brown; Raleigh, O. L. Stringfield; Robeson, E. K. Proctor, Jr.; Sandy Creek, O. T. Edwards; South Fork, J. Bridges; South Yadkin, J. B. Holman; Stanly, E. F. Edings; South Atlantic, J. M. Long; Tar River, C. M. Cooke, R. D. Fleming and R. T. Vann; Three Forks, E. F. Jones; Union, A. C. Davis; West Chowan, J. B. Brewer; Yadkin, J. G. Burrus; Montgomery, W. M. Bostick; Bladen, W. S. Meekin.

BOARD OF EDUCATION—LOCATED AT WAKE FOREST.

W. L. Poteat, President; W. R. Gwaltney, Cor. Secretary; W. B. Royal, D. W. Allen, E. Brewer, J. M. Brewer, J. B. Carlyle, J. Chapel, F. A. Dunn, W. B. Dunn, W. H. Edwards, F. W. Johnson, W. C. Lanford, L. B. Mills, J. B. Powers, F. M. Furestoy, Wm. Royal, C. H. Taylor, J. F. Lammear, Elder John Mitchell, R. E. Royal, W. J. Ferrell, Dr. J. C. Fowler, E. W. Sikes and J. C. Maske.

BOARD OF MINISTERS' RELIEF—LOCATED AT DURHAM.

W. C. Tyree, President; W. A. Albright, Cor. Secretary; H. A. Reams, T. E. Cheek, J. L. Markham, T. H. Pritchard, F. P. Hobgood and W. N. Jones.

TRUSTEES OF THOMASVILLE ORPHANAGE—LOCATED AT THOMASVILLE.

John Mitchell, President; A. G. McManaway, Secretary; J. C. Scarborough, C. Durham, W. R. Gwaltney, Thomas Carrick, F. P. Hobgood, Noah Biggs, E. Frost, R. D. Fleming, J. L. Markham, T. H. Pritchard, W. T. Faircloth, J. H. Lassiter, A. J. Montague, H. F. Schenck, John Brewer and J. D. Brevard.

TRUSTEES OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE—LOCATED AT WAKE FOREST.

J. M. Heck, President; R. E. Royal, Secretary; C. T. Bailey, Noah Biggs, G. W. Blount, John B. Brewer, H. A. Brown, N. B. Cobb, C. M. Cooke, W. E. Daniel, H. C. Dockery, P. A. Dunn, C. Durham, W. T. Faircloth, A. R. Foushee, N. Y. Gulley, W. R. Gwaltney, F. P. Hobgood, J. N. Holding, J. D. Hufham, C. J. Hunter, R. H. Marsh, W. S. McLendon, John Mitchell, W. H. Mitchell, E. S. Moore, R. E. Overby, T. H. Pritchard, E. K. Proctor, Jr., J. B. Richardson, J. W. F. Rogers, G. W. Sanderlin, J. C. Scarborough, T. E. Skinner, J. H. Tucker, W. G. Upchurch, W. W. Vass.

OF LATE the people have awakened from a political and educational lethargy, during which their rights have been seriously encroached upon. To-day their cry for light and for knowledge can be heard over all the land. They feel that their power is slipping from them, and their attempts to regain it are as the struggles of a drowning man. What was the cause of this sudden awakening may never be known; we hardly knew when it came, so gradual and gentle it was. But now how strong and blatant! And in many cases how blind and confused! We are glad that the citizens of this country have been aroused to an interest in political affairs. Nothing could be a greater surety of our future welfare. But we fear they are in many cases over-shooting the mark. Great revolutions seldom take place in a day, and in this instance we believe that the desired result will be attained only after years of endeavor. Education must precede success. The people must have knowledge before they can act wisely. We know that ten men read the newspapers to-day where only one read them five years ago. This is one step. It will lead to concerted movement, guided by wisdom, which will some day restore the farmer and the wage earner to their merited power. But they have a great deal to learn. They cannot learn too much, any more than the world can become too good; and the more they learn the better mankind will be. Our system of gov-

ernment has many great deficiencies to be remedied; and we sincerely believe that the lasting remedy lies, not primarily in the ballot-box, as many suppose, but in the faithful education of ourselves and our children. We have often heard these truths and slept over them. Let the people awake to the necessity of self culture, and let us make ourselves worthy of our free institutions, and strengthen and perpetuate them by intelligence of our ballot, (our secondary remedy), and the virtue of our motives. Then will we have the true Republic which God Almighty intended we should raise up as an example to the nations of the world.

WHEN 25,000,000 American people placed before the authorities their petition that the World's Fair might be closed on Sundays, and when the dallying of our courts rendered that petition powerless, the great body of the people showed that God's day should be preserved whether by mandate of the law or not. They placed themselves before the world as God fearing beings, and demonstrated in no uncertain way that there was to them a law far more binding and far more just than could be formulated by earthly legislators. It was a grand declaration of America for God and God's day, and a manifestation of regard for his holy law above all other law. But in many cases it was only a manifestation. Our Sunday is far from being the day of rest and devotion that the Almighty intended it should be when he commanded us to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." How many Christians forget the Sabbath behind their morning papers! How many defile it by contemplation of things temporal! The petition looked well, but there are thousands of other ways of breaking the Sabbath than having expositions on Sunday. If it was wrong for man to see the fair on God's day, surely it is wrong for him to read the world's carnival of crime and sin in the Sunday papers. If it breaks God's holy law to contemplate his wondrous blessings on Sunday, surely it is not preserving it when we indulge in gossip and all sorts of conversation into which a thought of God never enters. The American people made a creditable appearance on paper, but how far from living up to their petition are they in their homes! We have started right; now let us keep the Sabbath as holy as our great petition has lead the world to believe that we keep it.

"PUBLIC office is a public trust" was the loud proclamation a few years ago of one who to-day has converted the high trust recently reposed in him into a medium of expressing personal will. The President no longer voices the opinion of the people. He may be right in his bold stand; he may know far better than we. Still we prefer the will of the people as the law of the land rather the opinion of a few politicians. The President has too much power. Although his is an executive office, he has a great influence of the legislative department of government, which is directly contrary to the principles of a republican form of government. In the past few years these departments of government—the executive and legislative—have become dangerously confused, and the formerly separate and distinct provinces of each seem hopelessly confounded.

The Governor of a State is its executive officer, and in our State, and no doubt in a majority of the others, it does not require a particularly strong man to become Governor, or to execute the duties of that office. The executive of our commonwealth has little or no influence over legislation, and we believe that to a certain extent this should be the case with the Chief Executive of the United States. Shameful to say the reason for the difference lies in the fact that governors have but little patronage to distribute! This is the main reason, but there are others. There was a time when well-known leaders among men were chosen governors. To-day it is anybody's office, and scarcely any significance attaches to the actions of its occupant. It doesn't call for a leader now; all that is wanted is a man, and the "machine" does the rest. And who the man will be does not depend either on worth, ability or availability; it is simply a matter of chance. Sometimes it is the man with the funds, but we are glad that our State, though seriously threatened in the past and the future, has not suffered this degradation. Our people may well guard against such an event; for he who buys an office will as quickly sell it. It was once the opinion that the office of Governor of North Carolina required a great man. To-day his duties can be done by a phonograph. If we make an exception of the appointment of successors to deceased officers. And a phonograph could equally well execute this duty if it had the power of recognizing its campaign friends who were needy.

There is a remarkable difference between the comparative influence of a Governor and a President, and we prefer the state of "innocuous desuetude" of the former to the open defiance of the latter. Between the two, however, there is a golden mean. The office of Governor should be elevated to a

respectable position, and the patronage of the President should be limited to an extent that would abolish the occupation of the patronage-agent Congressmen and Senators, and destroy forever the power of political machines. The offices of Governor and President are executive only, and to that object they should always be confined; they are executors of the law, and not, in any case, law-makers.

The Young Man in the World, or Wandering in Sin.

SERMON NUMBER TWO, IN THE SERIES OF REV. L. G. BROUGHTON ON "SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN ANCIENT DUDE."

"And not many days after the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living." Luke 15: 13.

In our last we left our young hero starting in life. The ship of youth and young manhood was going down. At present we take him stepping out upon life's proud ocean. We watch him as he wanders in sin.

Unfortunately for poor, sin depraved man this life is so crowded with sin that go where you will and you are confronted with its tempting hand. And man being by nature a creature of sin, in his unregenerate state he cannot help engaging in its folly. Moulded in a mould which fits nothing but sin, he would not help it if he could. Regeneration, fortunately for him, breaks up and destroys this sin-mould—recasts it in the foundry of God's love and infinite mercy, so that it henceforth is suited to truth and righteousness.

Now with this unchanged heart and life, our young man of to-night ventured out in life. It was a very unwise and dangerous step to make, for upon life's sea there are so many breakers, so many storm clouds to encounter, that no one is safe who is not prepared to fasten his anchor beneath the immovable rock Christ Jesus.

But his launching was grand and glorious at least from the standpoint of the "good-time hunters." Doubtless you have watched some proud ship just getting ready for a trip across the waters. You were impressed with her grandeur and bright promises. Her rigging was in handsome trim. Her timbers are stout and strong. Her flag was flapping in the gentle summer breezes. Her sails were new and bright. Her keel has never experienced a single storm. Her captain struts with arrogant pride. O, how grandly, how proudly she splits the rolling waves and hurls them up on either side like mountain ranges in the far-off distance. But times are not always so hopeful. She encounters a storm. Her strong timbers reel and crack. Her sails split in fragments. Her captain grows sick and heartless, and finally after a hard-fought night succeeds in pulling his vessel into an unfriendly shore, wrecked and ruined.

This was our young prodigal. It was all smiles that morning when he proudly stepped out from the old home and entered upon life for himself. The sky of hope was never so clear to him. The sun of promise never shone so brightly. He had his money with which he was going to have a good time. He had his freedom which he had so long craved. To him this was a grand start, an envious beginning. But alas, alas! how sad the end! Soon the storm of temptation and sin is raging. He is being swayed to and fro. Like the handsome rigging upon the proud vessel, his youthful expectations are split in tatters. The gaily-rigged boat of self-security and self-appreciation is shattered into fragments of ruin, and he lies upon the shores of life wrecked and ruined forever.

Now, young man, this was but the inevitable fruits of sin. You may go on in it for a time, but without a change this will be your doom. You are satisfied of this. Your observation teaches you that it is true. And yet there are doubtless young men here to-night who will go away and continue in its downward course and wake up finally when it is too late to a realization of its consequences. I wonder why this is true! Surely it cannot be that you are naturally so much depraved as not to desire to stop in this deadly course. I do not believe boys are so mean as that. May it not be due to the fact that you have failed to realize the nature of sin? So in my discourse to you to-night I shall try, if possible, to bring you to a realization of this thing in us we call sin.

WHAT IS SIN?

God's Word gives us but one definition of sin: "Sin is the transgression of the law." The law of God is the life of the soul; therefore sin is the destroyer of soul-life. It is a cancer which eats up and destroys the soul's prospect for immortal glory, and wrecks and ruins life. This is an awful charge and yet true—

First. In its insidiousness. Dr. D. Hays Agnew, than whom there has not lived upon this continent, in my judgment, a greater surgeon, says, in speaking of insidious diseases: "Of all the insidious diseases known to man, this we call cancer is the worst. We never know how, when or where it is going to make its attack upon the body. Whether in some of the less hurtful ways, upon the surface, and submit for treatment, or whether in its ravaging thirst for human life, it will lay its dirty hand upon some internal organ and prove death." To those who have had any experience along this line, these words are recognized as the words of a wise man. The man who has in his blood

the germ of cancer may never feel secure. Sooner or later it will assert itself upon him.

But not more insidious in its attack upon the physical man is the germ of cancer, than is the germ of sin to the spiritual man. Beginning as it does as but a small floating organism, so to speak, it courses itself through the various avenues of life in search for the proper time and place, and when it has found them it sends its dirty, slimy roots and rootlets into the vital principle of life, and soon claims its victim.

PETER DEGRAAF, THE CONDEMNED CRIMINAL.

O, the insidiousness of sin! How it undermines and destroys bright hopes and good prospects! How it steals the innocent babe from its mother's breast, leads him on through the years of his development, promising bright things, but in the end placing him upon the hangman's gallows!

At present our city is ablaze over the trial and conviction of Peter Degraaf, the murderer of Ellen Smith, so the jury said. He stands now behind the prison bars. The twenty-first day of October he must pay the penalty of his crime by swinging upon the scaffold. I need not go into the details of his life, it is too well known by you of Winston. Suffice it for me to say that at one time he lay an innocent babe upon a loving mother's breast. But he had the germ of sin in his breast: it manifested itself in the form of a licentious character, and you know the sad results. Hear his words to his brother, as brought out upon the witness stand, "Let whiskey, bad women and pistols alone." O, young men of Winston! take warning. This is a mighty enemy with which you are contending.

But you say, "It will never get me." O, no, certainly not. Whoever thought that it would master them? Did you ever know of one who expected it to be their ruin? "Never get me." Ah! young man, you don't know your doom. I know it is all smiles now; but listen: the day will not always be so bright. The sky will not always be so clear. The germ of sin will show itself and you its fruits must reap. Sampson, when he fondly lay his head in the lap of Delilah, never dreamed of its consequences. David, when he first looked upon the beautiful form of the wife of Uriah, never thought that it would lead on and on until he became an adulterer and a murderer; and yet David had much more power of resistance than you have to-night.

NO DANGER, NO DANGER.

But you say "No danger, no danger in me." You are told about these things, but they make no impression upon you. There is "no danger" (?) to you. Your bold self-satisfaction and determination remind me of an incident which occurred in a London theater. A snake-charmer gave an exhibition. He had the stage decked with flowers and shrubbery till it resembled a flower garden. In this garden was a large anaconda snake, with which the performer would play as if it were a frolicsome, harmless kitten. He would appear on the stage, and when the applause that greeted him had ceased, he would tell the people not to be uneasy, as the snake was tame, so that there was no danger in handling it. At one of these exhibitions the anaconda tried to entwine itself around its keeper's body. With a mighty effort the keeper succeeded in unwinding the coils of the serpent and dashed it to the floor. Some of the spectators begged him to cease—implored him not to fondle with the dangerous monster; but he told them only to be quiet—that there was no danger, and that those weak-kneed, chicken-hearted people who were always afraid, should shut up or leave the building.

At that point the snake raised its head again, though its tail was motionless. The performer returned to it; but as he did so, the huge monster suddenly began to entwine itself around the man's body. The performer again attempted to free himself, shouting, meanwhile, "Keep quiet, keep quiet, there is no danger—no danger whatever!" But hardly had the words escaped his lips ere another sound was heard—a loud, wild, horrible cry of pain, succeeded by the noise of cracking bones and the weird death-rattle of the strangling victim of his own temerity.

Oh! young men, go on if you will in the enjoyment of the so-called pleasures of sin. You will feel its cold and merciless coils some of these days fastening themselves around you. It will be too late, then, to throw off those evil habits which you have been forming all through the passing years.

Second. In its loathsomeness. Not only is sin like unto cancer in the insidious manner of its attack, but also in the exceeding loathsomeness of its nature. The other day I visited a poor woman suffering with a facial cancer. What a pitiable sight to behold! I shall not attempt to describe it—I would not if I could. I have too much regard for your sensitive nerves. In agony of pain she was awaiting her final summons. I have also visited the great cancer hospital of New York City, the greatest institution of its kind in the world. Hundreds of poor sufferers are there, and despite the great care taken with them, yet the strongest-nerved man, as he stands there and beholds them, will quiver and shake. But this thing in us we call sin is none the less loathsome in its nature than is this disease. Can you imagine a sight more to be shunned than that of a young man who has been overcome by sinful habits to the extent that he has lost his manhood and now lives in the gutters, in the dens of infamy or in the prisons? "Don't go near him for the world" was said the other day by a good mother to her little boy

who came in and told her of a young man who had staggered up the steps and was asking for a piece of bread. What was the matter? Ah, the poor boy was loathsome. He had come out of a good home, had a godly father and mother, had at one time a good prospect for life; but he had fell in with a bad crowd and had contracted the habit of drink until now he was a walking devil. Mothers are afraid to trust their children in his presence while he eat a morsel of bread.

SOCIAL BOTTENNESS.

And it makes no difference at all how well you carry yourself in what is known as society. You may move in the very highest circles so called. Your persons may be adorned with the most costly apparel. Indeed you may be the leader in all the social events in your sphere, yet with the germ of sin unstoned for by Christ, you are a man of putrefaction and decay. And all that is needed to bring to light this sad fact is time and opportunity. Only a few months ago a passenger-train with several passengers down into a broad, deep stream out west. An investigation was held and the cause was found to exist in the construction of the beam. During its moulding a bit of air by some means found its way into the center of the shaft, and a cavity was the result. The outside looked well. No sign of a flaw was observed, but finally, when under the pressure of a heavy burden it asserted itself, the shaft gave away and the great bridge with a mighty crash came to the ground. So are hidden flaws in the beam of life. That character, young man, may be put off upon the public as sound for a while. You may polish the outside. You may run upon family history and blood. But let me impress you with this truth: all that you need to be a wreck is the proper kind of opportunity. That faulty spot, that unparadised sin in your heart, will assert itself sooner or later. O, young men of Winston, be wise, wait not for the test. Flee from sin as you would flee from the deadliest python.

ITS DESTRUCTION TO LIFE.

Third, sin is like the cancer in its destruction to soul life. Thus far we have been considering sin largely with reference to its blighting effects in this life. We have seen its insidiousness, its loathsomeness, and now we come to deal with the most important point in our study—its destruction to soul life. It would be bad enough if sin in its greed only touched this life—bad enough if it only robbed us of our bright prospects and our social position; but it will not, it can not stop there. Like the insect that begins at the outside of the tree and is not content until he has penetrated the heart, or the panther, not content with simply mutilating and destroying the body, but must, in his thirst for human blood, go deeper and cut out the heart, the fountain of life, so is sin. It is not content with destroying life, but must go further and fasten its mighty, iron grasp upon the heart-center of life and eat up and destroy its prospects for immortal glory.

LOST! LOST!!

O, that I could fire you with this thought to-night—the final culmination of all sin, when it must end at last. Will you listen to me to-night, unsaved men? Wanderer in sin, will you not stop in your heedless march, and let ring in your ears for a moment the significance of this truth?

Some years ago a man was benighted in a mining region. He lost his way. The darkness was dense, the dangers were thick. The next step might precipitate him down some awful shaft, some gloomy pit, and dash him bruised and shapeless upon its floor. He knew his peril, and he stopped, stood still, and began to cry, "Lost! lost! lost!!!" A cottager heard the sound, and, grasping a lantern, hurried forth to answer the cry, "Lost! lost! lost!!!" The lost man saw in the distance the glimmer of his light: it came nearer until, as its rays flashed through the surrounding mist, he found that he stood upon the very verge of death itself! Another step would have plunged him down a tremendous shaft a crushed and mangled corpse! One step! one step!! O, think of it! so close to death and eternity! Young men, you are lost to-night, wandering about in sin. O, for some divine light to come into our midst and shine away the mist and show you the possible danger which lies out before you. Stop! stop!! See the awful pit out of whose mouth comes the groans of agony of the lost souls of hell. Stop in your wanderings lest another step will plunge you in despair. O, see the light which God has given you through Jesus the son. Come unto him and be saved to-night.

The Devil is not concerned about the young man who is engaged in no good work, even though he is not engaged in an evil work. The seed are sowing, they will come up in due time. His Satanic Majesty has a sure chance at the young man who does not seek the companionship of good people, who does not read good books, who does nothing to add to the happiness of others. The successful man, the happy man, the man who does not serve Satan, is the man who lives a positive and not a negative life. He not only does not do certain things, but he does do certain others. So many young men say to me, "Why, I don't do anything really bad." The question is, "Are you doing anything really good?"—Roy G. Ho, in *The Island*.