

# BIBLICAL RECORDER.

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## CROPS.

What we do not know about farming will not be set forth in this paper, as we have some other matter to be printed. We trust, therefore, that our more intelligent readers will not hold us responsible for any ignorance that we fail to disclose in one brief editorial.

Secretary Johnson came back from a long trip and took a big seat under the Juniper Tree. "I never saw such a prospect," he exclaimed; "it is a regular flood, oceans of water and seas of grass." And the thermometer of his hopes for State Missions and the Century Movement went 'way down. When we began to comfort him, he complacently made us to wait until the next afternoon, when we should take a trip and see the floods. When the time came there were Johnson and Ray and Stringfield and the writer. Little was said about the crops, though there was no little looking out of the car-windows. That evening after supper, one of us saw a cloud coming up, and sighed—"more rain, I did hope the spell was over." Turning to our host—a farmer—we made some such remark to him. "Well, said he, I don't care if it does come. I would not like to see you brethren put out; but the rain is helping us up here mightily with the crops! They are first-rate so far, and more rain won't hurt." Bro. Ray, who knew nothing of the conversation of the day before, asked us in astonishment if we had not noticed the good condition of the crops as we came along. He had been sitting with Bro. Johnson and showing them to him. But we had been sitting with Bro. Stringfield, and having great faith in Bro. Johnson's agricultural experience, had been pointing out their distressing condition to our Educational Secretary.

Next day we read in the papers that the grain crop in Kansas was terribly reduced by drouth. Three days later the dispatch came—"Plentiful rains, Kansas will make 50,000,000 bushels of corn." From the reports we had thought that no amount of water could more than save the people from being killed by the heat.

One of the members of a family that let their farm out to tenants pointed out one of the renters to us recently as the "sorriest in the lot. He never has good crops. He doesn't care. He works only in the cool of the day. He is content to pick up the balance of his maintenance doing odd jobs here and there." Riding with him next day we asked him how his crop was getting on. "Fine, sir," he answered, "all laid by and doing fine. I get my work done early." Little terror had wind or rain or starvation for him.

The other day we walked up a hill near Raleigh. On either hand as we went up were cotton patches. On the left the cotton could hardly be distinguished from the grass. On the right, the grass had been chopped out and the cotton was growing. The lay of the land, in view of the weather, was favorable to the cotton on the left. We have often thought that some men give up too easily. But it was both pathetic and inspiring to see a father and two little boys stand in the drizzling rain and on the soggy ground, in a brave fight against the grass with all against them. He may not make his crop, but his boys have learned how to fight. The boy who can take a hoe and face with good heart a great field in rank grass will win his battles when he gets out into the world.

That talk about "tickling the earth with a hoe and it will laugh with a harvest" is not sound, said Philosopher Stringfield. Too many farmers—and Stringfield is a farmer by every reckoning—simply scratch the earth. "I know a man near Raleigh," he said, "Bro. Up church, whose crops never fail. He

plows with a two horse plow, and goes down in the earth. Then when rain comes the land will hold the water and the fertilizer. And when drouth comes, the deep-set roots are indifferent to the harsh sun." That sounds sensible. Everybody who really does anything plows deep. Too many people simply scratch their heads and think they are thinking.

It occurs to us that the income of a North Carolina farmer is not determined altogether by the condition of his crops. It is possible that he may get more money for a short crop this year than he might have gotten for a big one two years ago. The income on cotton is determined not by the condition of the crop in North Carolina; but by the price of cotton in the South. If there is a big crop in North Carolina and a big crop in the South, there will likely be low prices, and the farmer's income will not be so large. If the crop is short in the South and short in North Carolina, the price will go up, and he may receive as much as he might have from a big crop. In view of rains in the East and dry weather in the West this may happen this year. But if the crop is short in the South and long in North Carolina, then the North Carolina farmer makes money. This reminds us of Stringfield's remark that "farming is more exciting than playing cards."

Room for All; Fit for All; Pleasant for All.

A Baptist church ought to be in its membership representative of the community in which it is located. If there are rich people there, some of them ought to have been converted and brought into the fellowship. If there are poor people, they ought also to have a like place in the church. It would be a misfortune, to say the least, for a church to limit its efforts and facilities to any one class in the community. For example, the preaching may be of a crude, illiterate, emotional type that is repulsive to those who are educated and thoughtful. When such preaching is supplemented by a low grade school, a dull prayer-meeting and by a social spirit in harmony with that preaching, only one result can follow. The church membership will be made up of the less intelligent, aggressive and cultured class. On the other hand, if respect is paid to none but the fashionable, or the highly educated, the church is likely to become an exclusive circle of the refined. The tendency all ways is to make the lines of church membership conform to the lines of purely social distinction. One of the blessed things about our religion is its democratic influence. It goes beyond the adventitious circumstances of wealth and of learning and finds vital bonds of human brotherhood. We are all one in Christ Jesus. It smashes the petty fences which pride has built to cut our class off from the other classes. God introduces the poorest of His children into His family on an equality with the most aristocratic. The Gospel is the great harmonizer, the great leveler, the great agency of fraternity. But even aside from this thought of equality, a church can not afford to be exclusive. The wealthy people in its membership are its arms for reaching out to others who are rich but lost. Its poor are its missionaries to the huts and hovels. To neglect any one of these classes is not only to make a false distinction among our Father's children; but it is an abandonment of the avenue approach to part of the community. The Master found access to all kinds and conditions of men. He came to save the rich and the poor and to make them all one.—Central Baptist.

All Christians Ought to be Perfectionists—the Right Way.

Every Christian should be a perfectionist in the sense that he is constantly and most earnestly striving after perfection. Nothing here written is designed to give any credit to the devil or to lazy, sluggish Christians. But let it be remembered that one mark of perfection is humility. If there were anywhere a perfect man on earth, he would be the last person to say, "I am perfect." If any man were entirely sanctified, his opinion of himself would be sanctified along with his other thoughts and feelings. He would then say of his perfection as a good bishop did of his humility, when he was asked if he had any humility, "None to speak of!"—N. Y. Observer.

## Educate! Educate!! Educate!!!

BY MRS. V. L. PENDLETON.

A gentleman of Greensboro wrote to me asking information about the night school taught for negroes in our town. A gentleman went for me to Burwell Thornton's, the teacher's home, and ascertained the following facts: He taught three months, had twenty pupils, from fifteen to seventy years of age. The old people learned fairly well. He charged forty cents a month. Burwell Thornton was born and educated here, and has been teaching for a good many years. He was teaching the public school for colored people at the same time that he was running the night school. He has the respect of the community.

Gabriel Parker, our landscape gardener, an old man whom I have known for years, was one of the pupils. Seeing him passing my house, I called him and said: "Uncle Gabriel, did you learn much at your night school?" "I did not know a letter in the book, Madam, and now I can read right sharp, and I can write my name; would you like to see me?" and stooping, he wrote with his finger in the sand in front of my gate, "Gabriel Parker." It was perfectly legible and written with capitals. He said that he was required to write every night and thought that he could write a letter, but had never tried to do so. He attended the school only two months.

"How old are you?" I then asked, and he said that he would be sixty next February.

"Old Uncle Davy was in your class; how did he learn?"

"He has not got the head that I have," and the old man chuckled and hit his grey, kinky locks; "he would go to nod ding as soon as he set down to his lesson, and I got ahead of him."

"To whom did you belong in the olden times?"

"I was one of Mr. Whit Kearney's set and Miss Ret Parker (Mr. K.'s daughter) drew me."

Then he went on to say that he had had many opportunities to learn to read and write, but never cared to do so until last winter. When I quietly remarked, "You wish to vote." He said, "Yes, Madam, but it was principally because I felt the necessity in laying off flower beds, of knowing something of figures and writing; but I make mighty poor hand at figures," and he stooped again, and I was amused to see how awkwardly he made them, beginning at the bottom of the figure, but they were all right when finished.

Uncle Davy told me that he was sixty-one or sixty-two years old, but others say that he is seventy. He went to school soon after the close of the war, but gave it up and started last winter for the fun of it, and would certainly go again next winter. A colored boy of fifteen, who works in a store during the day, told me that he learned a great deal at the night school, and was studying grammar, geography, arithmetic and history, and added, "Mr. Burwell Thornton is a splendid teacher."

This is an object lesson very suggestive to the white race. My good friend, Capt. John E. Dugger, shocked me very much soon after the close of the war between the States by saying in a public address: "You must educate your children, or the time will come when the negroes will own and ride in their carriages, and your sons will drive them!"

God forbid that this should ever be so, and yet in this town Manfield Thornton, a brother of the teacher spoken of, was Register of Deeds of the county for over twenty years, and at one time his assistant was a white man of one of the best families in the land. (Let me say here that the population of our county is 19,151, of which 12,000 are negroes.)

Then, the largest coach shop is run by a negro, and white men are in his employment.

We must educate, and it is the masses that we must reach. We must go out in the "highways and hedges," and I wish our Legislature would enact a law so we could "compel them to come in." Where the public schools can not be supplemented, a neighbor can collect together a few of the children of his less fortunate neighbors, and teach them to read and write. During the winter, night schools could be established and much good accomplished.

I believe in higher education, but if a good foundation is laid in the public schools, many a soul will be quickened with new aspirations, with a yearning desire for a broader field of usefulness, and they will press onward, and many a hand will be outstretched to help them reach the goal they have in view.

I know a young man whose father expected to give him a collegiate education, but the father's health failed, and he said: "You know I expected to send you to college, but it is impossible." "Yes,

father," replied the brave boy, "but I will go," and he did go. The father died and his mother told me that her son's college expenses did not cost her one cent. He borrowed the money, giving his individual note. He graduated with honor, and is now a professor in one of our best high schools, and is not yet twenty-one. He is an intelligent, earnest and dignified gentleman, and not only his county, but his State will yet be proud of him.

Yes, thousands may go, and can go, if they will, to our colleges; but the hope of the country is in the tens of thousands who will never enter college walls.

Then it behooves us, as Christian men and women, to educate these tens of thousands, thus furnishing them with good tools wherewith can be wrought good work with "God, and home, and native land."

Warrenton, N. C.

## Shall We Lose Sight of These?

BY REV. CHAS. A. G. THOMAS.

The educational cry is in the papers and in the air everywhere. No one wants to see the interest in education abate, but there is great danger of pushing this matter so vigorously as to crowd State Mission work, and other interests in the background. The greatest work on our hands at this time is the work put into the hands of Bro. Johnson. It is not second to that of the Female University. Bro. Johnson has a great work before him, his hands have been clogged with a debt and an increase of appropriations, and he must have the earnest and hearty cooperation of the brethren. The pastors and churches ought not to allow anything to come between them and the State Mission work. We are now in the campaign for State Missions. This period of the year has been the time in which we have always pushed this work, and I see no reason for side-tracking State Missions for any other object. The campaign of State Missions is on, and it must be vigorously pushed in order to make ends meet at the Convention. The Century Movement is important, but not more so than our regular work. There are many calls to our people at this time, I have never known more calls at one time. Misfortune has swept over many sections, and appeals to our sympathies have been persistently made. Our people now need to think twice and inquire and investigate many times before giving to every appeal made by letter or through the papers. Every dollar given by our people to many of these objects takes that much from State Missions and other conventional objects. Along with State Missions we find the Orphanage. These two are closer to our hearts than any other objects possibly. Never were the demands of the Orphanage greater, never were the expenses heavier. Never were there more children under our care, and never more applications coming in. Bro. Boone carries the heaviest burden of any man in the State; and he carries it nobly and faithfully. Bro. Averitt, the treasurer, has before him now the vision of an overdrawn account. The Baptists ought not to ask the banks to furnish money to feed orphans, even though interest is paid on it. The buildings put up twelve years ago need repairing and enlarging. The urgent demand for water system and sewerage is upon us. We can't wait for any of these things without peril to the interests of our children. State Missions and the Orphanage are the pillars of our strength with the masses of our people. They are reached by these when others fail. They bind us close to the people, and they reach more people than any other agencies. We can't afford for one moment to say to them, "Stand aside for awhile, we'll call you later." Not a day is to be lost in the campaign for State Missions and the work of the Orphanage. Let the churches stir themselves and the pastors cry aloud until the needs of these shall be supplied. Now is the time to strike—don't wait for the iron to get hot, but make it hot by constant striking during the hot season, and let it not cool until the work is done. Then Bro. Johnson will report "no debt"—"all missionaries paid." Then Bro. Boone will say, "Buildings enlarged, waterworks complete, children comfortable and God glorified." To this work, brethren. Not a day should be lost.

Thomasville, N. C.

Blessed is the man who has found his work. \* \* \* Know thy work, and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.—Carlyle.

Piety does not mean that a man should make a sour face about things, or refuse to enjoy in moderation what his Maker has given.—Carlyle.

## The Wisdom of Well-doing.

BY REV. JOHN J. DOUGLASS.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

It is almost an adage nowadays that he who works evil wins success. And the names of those who act upon that idea might appropriately be termed "Legion." Throwing away principle as a garment too heavy for the race of riches, they compromise their manhood in the very beginning. According to the estimate of the world, they are put down in the commercial agencies and elsewhere as successful. But are they? Is success to be measured by the size of a man's bank account or by the volume of praise that arises, like incense to a god, from the throats of the multitude? Let us see.

TWO PICTURES OF LIFE.

If you will follow closely the career of the worldly man through several years, it will be very evident to you that what the world terms success is not, after all, success. It is not so even in the opinion of the man who is said to have achieved it. His life is vexed by a thousand perplexities that did not exist in his former days. All his wealth can not repurchase the quiet, peaceful days that have gone. Like Andrew Carnegie, he may be restless and unhappy, because he can not digest his food. What success is it to be catalogued with millionaires, or billionnaires for that matter, when you are wretched with disease? How much is it worth to a man to be a political star when his glory can be eclipsed by a cloud of unpopularity at any time!

The wicked man flourishes as a green bay tree by the rivers of water, but he suddenly withers under the fierce heat of adversity, and that which he thought his very strength and safeguard sends the fire burning through the viens of his fancied successful life.

How many liquor dealers and gamblers and men of vice have been caught in the meshes of their own net and perished in dishonor. They were successful—yes of gold and silver had much—and yet these men defeated themselves with that very weapon called success. There seems to be an unwritten decree of Divine justice that he who brings others to starvation, must himself starve, and he who lives by robbery must be robbed. Be that as it may; "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Dishonesty may array itself in the guise of an angel of light and give good promise of success, but little by little it will be unmasked by the force of circumstances and its own instability until the world can view its hideous deformity no longer cloaked by fair appearance.

But there is another picture of more cheerful coloring, expressive of wisdom. It is of one who starts out in the early morning, when the dew of manly vigor is fresh upon his life to do righteously and deal honestly with his fellows. He may not be rich in the gold of the mint nor reign as a prince among men, but he is a millionaire in the uncorruptible gold of grace and a prince in possession of heavenly honor that passeth not away. He indeed is the man of true success, for he has learned the secret of life—"Behold the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." A noble man, he stands out with pure heart and clean hands and lofty aspirations against the dark outlines of surrounding evil to do His Master's bidding; and to him there is nothing greater than to serve his kind.

Wilson, N. C.

## What the Man Who Knows Christ Can Do.

A generation ago materialism dominated the thoughts of students. It fares very ill with men now. Five or ten years ago men scarcely knew whether they knew or what they knew. Men are not thinking so now. Underneath all that is superficially light and evil—perhaps we think to be the chief symptom of the life of young men now—there is the yearning for the voice of certitude that shall speak to them. I have never met the man that was not willing to listen to the man who could say, "What I tell you I know, and the power of rare Christian service waits for him walking in the use of that certain knowledge, which is the product of the unflinching consciousness ever of the life of Jesus Christ in us and the presence of Jesus Christ with us. "He who has," says Emerson, "alone can give," and he alone can speak on whom the soul has come down from above. Let men once have felt the presence with them of Christ, let them be evidently conscious themselves of the life of Christ within them, and this whole world is listening for the words that they have to speak to it. There is a restless power in the life-consciousness of Christ that no night of man or of devil can resist.—Robert E. Speer, at the Y. M. C. A. Jubilee.