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THE SCHOLAR AND THE DREAMER IN POLITICS.

A scholar is not necessarily a dreamer. Too often the scholar has no capacity to dream. Nor is the dreamer necessarily a scholar. Only too seldom do we find a dreamer who is a scholar.

But whether scholar or dreamer or scholar and dreamer, one has right to be—yea, in a free country must needs in duty be—in politics, and the sneers of the bread and butter fellows tending the flocks for what they are worth will never keep the dreamer from the court of Pharaoh.

We do much violence by our low conceptions. We poison things with our own hands and then hold off crying "Beware!" Just so we have made politics a bad business. Why, politics is one of the highest relations. Religion is man's relation to God. Politics is man's relation in a large sphere of his activity to his fellow man. Can that be a bad business? Can we afford to let that be a bad business? Whence this whisper, "but let us keep it out of politics, and let us keep out"?

If ever scholar were needed any where it is in politics. For in what sphere is there such need of the patience, the exact knowledge and the deep wisdom of the scholar? If ever human need cried out to men, this field of politics cries out for dreamers. Is not this in Holy Writ? What is the story of the Dreamer Joseph but the record of God calling a dreamer to a post in politics? But for dreams of better things, how should the race march onward?

And yet the bread and butter fellows—the spoilsmen—sneer. Well may they. They never dream save bad dreams of spoils. They have no scholarship and no need for scholarship save that mastery of the art of getting in. Well may they sneer at the dreamer of a dream of a free country, well-officered and conducted for the people instead of the politicians. Well may they sneer at the scholar setting forth the principles of government and saving the Nation while they save themselves. The dreamer's dreams and the singleness of the scholar's eye and heart bodes them no good. But what if they do sneer? In the day of the dreamer's triumph they shall scramble for the highest places at his banquet.

The scholar is in all politics, and the dreamer is by his side. The two are carrying the race on their backs and carrying it forward in spite of the self-seeking sneerers. The Scholar and the Dreamer rule the world. Every great political idea has sprung first in a scholar's brain, found voice on a scholar's lips, and had form and character first in the dreamer's heart. Long time do they wait; much do they endure; but they ever triumph.

The scholar produces his idea: the dreamer gets a vision of it. They make these known. The peoples awake long after scholar and dreamer have gone, and raise a great clamor for this dream. It is a demand now. It is in platforms now. The sneering bread-and-butter fellows are rolling forth great sentences about it now. But the scholar and the dreamer are silent. Other scholars and dreamers are working at greater things, while this self-same crowd reaping the fruits of long-dead dreamer's tears sneer at the living dreamers. It is the old story of building monuments to dead prophets the while you slay the living prophets.

Yes, there is room for the practical politician. God is the great Economist. He uses even the wrath and the foolishness of man. And by the selfishness of the practical politician He gets the scholar's idea and the dreamer's vision made known to the people and made real in their gov-

ernment. Room for the practical politician; but scant room would there be for him had there been no scholars and dreamers to make way for him. He'd be smilingly bowing to some tyrant's yoke, bending the pregnant knee in some gilded court, had not scholars thought and dreamers wrought for him. And his children's children would lose their way and turn backward but for the thinking that the scholars are now doing and the visions that dreamers are now seeking while he runs for office with a curl on his lips for all who aspire to a nobler life.

In this new land—new and very young—in this new and last experiment in self-government; here in America where Anglo-Saxon and Celt and Gaul and Negro are mingled in a cosmopolitan democracy, where all things are new, where every step is a step in the dark save to one who deeply knows history and life, where there are infinite diversities and innumerable complexities; here in this most tremendous experiment in human history, the scholar is needed more than any other man save the dreamer, whose heart of hope, whose eye of light, whose hand that knows no fear at all nor any selfishness, is needed altogether.

For famines shall yet befall Jacob; and his flocks shall not always be a multitude, nor shall his enemies flee before him. In the hour of his old age, when the days shall become evil and all manner of perplexities shall beset him, Heaven grant that close by the source of authority in our land Joseph the Dreamer who once was put away with a sneer may be found to relieve and bless.

SOMEWHERE!—SOMEWHEN!

BY REV. BAYLUS CADE.

There be acts that have never come out into fact,
There be loftiest deeds that have never been done;

The capacious of soul, who were broken and racked

On the frowning adverse, ere the race was begun;

Shall the acts and the actors meet not any more?
Shall the deeds and the doers be always estranged?

Is there not a wide place!—an inviting, fair shore?

Where the man and the moment shall meet, nor deplore,

The vanished old order of things gone before—
That the faded and worthless old vesture is changed;

O, there must be!—there must be, fruition for Hope!

Hid away in the bosom of swift-coming years,
When the able may climb up ambition's wild slope,

Nor occasion the downpour of innocent tears!
O, hands unused!—O, waiting men!—
Somewhere!—Somewhen!

There be men that are weary, so weary, with strife,

There be moiling and toiling with never reward;

There be shoals of dumb toilers whose problem of life,

Is the doing of tasks that are thankless and hard;

Shall there be never more a surceasing from care?
Nor the blessing of respite from profitless pain?

Is there no place at all in the universe, where,
The a-down-bending Heaven shall hush the long prayer,

That for Aeons on Aeons has voiced the despair
Of those delvers, and fill them with hoping again?

O, there must be a time!—O, there must be a place!

Lying out in the sunlight, and throbbing with song,

Where the dim'd eye shall brighten and gladness efface

All the tokens of stressing and struggle with wrong!

O, Wear Ones!—O, moiling men!—
Somewhere!—Somewhen!

There be sculptors that never have modeled a form,

There be limners that never have painted a dream;

The potential in art craft, whose souls are astorm
With ideals of beauty most nobly supreme;
Shall the limners and sculptors ne'er come to their own?

Nor attain the applause and resounding acclaim

Of the eager, expectant, and yearning unknown,
Who abide and await, without murmur or moan,
The up-springing of seeds that were lavishly sown,

In the fallow-land world, for the Harvest of Fame?

O, there must be a time!—and it cometh amain—
When the soul of dumb beauty shall flash into form,

And the world catch at last the entrancing refrain,

That announces arrival of Art's final Norm!

O, Artist Souls!—Unuttered men!

Somewhere!—Somewhen!

There be Arias pulsing on ears that are dumb
There be grandest of poems hath never been heard;

The magicians of music, whose lips shall be dumb,
Till unfolding Intention shall say the glad word;

Shall the gamuts long silent ne'er give up the tones

Of their limitless potency of possible song?

Shall those Princes of verse never come to the thrones

Of their title supreme, nor fill up the wide zones
Of the gladdening earth while it gleefully owns
The approaching of harmonies waited for long?
O, it must be a part of the dominant scheme!

That, enfranchised and free as the light on the waves,

Shall the song, never heard but in Prophet's wild dream,

Make the answer at last, that enlarges and saves!

O, Poets, mute!—O, rhythmic men!—

Somewhere!—Somewhen!

There be acts and the actors awaiting their day,
There be weary and moiling Ones looking for rest,

There be sculptors and limners expectant away,
There be poets and singers awaiting God's best;

Must those long-waiting souls be forever denied
The fulfillment of hope and the meed of renown?

Shall the less be enthroned at the last in its pride,
And the limitless mind cower down at its side,
While the impish of spirit shall jeer and deride
The undiadem'd great, when it fails of its crown?

O, it must not be so, in the fast-coming years,
Sweeping on with the guerdon for manhood unknown!

It hath always been else in the dreaming of Seers—
And fulfillment of Prophecy setteth her throne!
O, manhood great!—Ye longing men!—
Somewhere!—Somewhen!

10,000 WHITE YOUTHS IN DANGER OF DISFRANCHISEMENT.

Many of the Southern States have disqualified the negro as a voter because his illiteracy unfits him for the exercise of the suffrage.

The North Carolina school census reports of 1901-2 show there are 10,678 male white children between the ages of 12 and 21 who can not read and write. The same reports show that there are 10,246 male negro children between 12 and 21 who can not read and write. After 1908 no North Carolina man who becomes 21 years old can vote, unless he can read and write. Other Southern States are confronted with the disfranchisement of a large number of prospective white voters on the ground of illiteracy.—Southern Education.

Better shun the bait than struggle in the snare.
—Dryden.