

BIBLICAL RECORDER

JOSIAH WILLIAM BAILEY, EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN BUSINESS MAN.

There are professional religionists. Preachers, teachers, editors of religious papers, men in official relation to denominational organizations, for example. Their life is fixed. It is religious. Every one expects them to be religious.

But what of the farmer, the merchant, the craftsman, the clerk, the day-laborer who is a Christian, for we use the expression "business man" in its broadest sense—even so as to include women; what of these?

The question is worth while at any rate. Our world is made up of them, and so are our churches and the Kingdom of God depends upon them. It matters little that teachers teach and preachers preach and editors guide and secretaries administer, if the great mass of men and women do nothing. Indeed what this great mass of men and women are doing is the best evidence of the failure or success of the men who have been chosen to guide them.

All labor ranks the same with God. The business man has his place in the economy of the kingdom of Heaven; and his place is as big and as important as priest's or preacher's. The preachers understand this, but their one trouble is that the business man does not understand it. The business man "has no time," as he says. "Oh, I am a business man," one will tell you. "I cannot go to the Convention. I cannot go to the Union meeting. I cannot go to the Association. I cannot go to the prayer-meeting. I cannot read the religious papers. I cannot join the Circle of Daily Bible Readers. I have no time?"

As if he had no soul. As if he had no duty. As if being a business man made him also of no account in God's work. As if his obligation to rise in spiritual life were not as deep as any preacher's in the world. As if since he makes money he cannot nurture his spiritual life. There is no sin greater than this sin of saying "I am a business man; I am a Christian; but I have no time"—no time to be a Christian; no soul, no religious life.

What was Abraham? I wonder. Was he a teacher? Nay. Was he a preacher? Nay. Was he an editor? Nay. Was he a secretary? Nay. Abraham, my brother, was a business man. Consider his estate and how he administered it, employing a host and at times waging war in its behalf. And who was Jacob? A business man. And who was Moses? A business man. And who was Joseph? A business man. And who was David? A business man. And who was Peter? A business man, engaging in the apostolic business of fishing. And who was Paul? A business man, a tent-maker.

And, my dear brother, who are you? Are you a greater than these who with all their business neglected not the business of God, nor abandoned their souls to their flocks or their thrones or their nets or their tents?

God meant His work should be done by business men, or He would not have given us His Revelation through them. And no man so squarely goes back on God as the man who embracing Christ pledges God his life and proceeds to dismiss this and that duty by saying, "I am a business man; I have no time." God is glad you are a business man. He needs business men more than He needs preachers. And He knows very well that you do have time. There is something else lacking, my brother. Look deeply into thy heart this night.

"But," says the business man, I am honest. I do not over-salt my meat. I give good measure. I pay my debts. I treat my men right. I do my duty by my family." Now that is a claim, isn't it, for a Christian! Does Christianity consist of

these things? Has our generation fallen so low. Why, many a heathen merchant can say just as much. Four thousand years before Jesus came there were vast numbers of men that could say it. Are you just a pleasant-spoken heathen, a heathen veneered with a thin-coating of Christianity? Do you really know no better? These are good things to do. But they do not begin to be the religion of Jesus. The Christian business man owes his soul a duty. He must look well to that. He is engaged in the pilgrimage to the Heavenly city, he is preparing for the Presence of the Great King; he, with all his enterprises here below is pledged to the grand enterprise of making conquest of his soul, of the unseen things which are eternal. And if he neglect that, all the honest dealing in the world will avail him nothing—not a thing.

Think it over, brother. The things of this world are as shadows and are but for a moment. Just ahead awaits thee the Great Eternity of the Soul and God. What shall it profit thee if having gained the whole world, thou shalt find on the morrow that thou has lost the whole Eternity by saying, "I am a business man; I have no time—I have no Soul"?

FRENCH HEROISM.

BY J. H. P.

The following incident was told me by an aged soldier, who served under the great Corsican from Toulon to Waterloo. At the time of its recital he was very old, but still erect in form and unimpaired in mind, although over a hundred years old.

The scene of the incident was on the burning sands of the Syrian Desert. A desperate charge was ordered by Napoleon to dislodge the enemy from a strongly fortified position. Two regiments of infantry were drawn up in line of battle and commanded to do the fearful work with the bayonet alone. In one of these regiments was a small drummer boy, not quite fifteen. At the command he rolled forth the pas de charge. With a ringing cheer the soldiers sprang forward. They were met by a murderous fire. A bullet shattered the right arm of the brave boy. It fell useless by his side. Undaunted, he beat the charge with his left hand, keeping time and step to the swinging pace of the veterans. Another cruel bullet crashed through his left wrist. Calmly the boy lay down on the blood-stained field, and with his bleeding arms detached the drum from his neck, and with his heels again rolled forth the inspiring strain. After the battle was over and the victory won, his comrades lifted the boy, painfully, but not seriously wounded, from his bloody couch, and at the command of the general brought him before him. Bonaparte dubbed him a lieutenant on the battle field. And this leads me to write of a Frenchman's idea of valor and patriotism.

Scene, Paris. Personages, a veteran and a conscript—a father and his son. The veteran walks slowly, one hand resting on the shoulder of his boy. The veteran's eyes closed forever see not the moving throng. In the place of his right arm, hangs an empty sleeve. The dull thud on the pavement of his wooden leg awakes sympathy and attracts the passer-by. Many shake their heads in pity and mutter an imprecation on the horrors of war. "See the worth of glory," says the wealthy merchant, averting his eyes in horror.

"What a waste of human life," sighs the philosopher.

"The soldier had better not have left his plow," adds the countryman, thinking of his happy home.

"Poor old man," a gentle woman sighs, bursting into tears. The veteran hears and knits his brow. His guide has grown thoughtful. Bewildered he hardly answers the old man's questions. His eyes, lost in space, seem seeking the solution of a problem.

The veteran's grey moustache twitches in anger; he stops suddenly and says: "They all pity me, because they understand not, but if I were to answer —!"

"Father, what would you reply?" asks the boy.

"I would say to the woman to keep her tears for other misfortunes, for each of my wounds at-

tests my duty to my colors. There is reason to doubt how some have done their duty. With me it is visible. My duty is written with lead and steel upon my body. I could not be false to my country's call."

"And what answer to the peasant, father?"

"I would say to him, that to plow in peace, our country must first be secure, and that enemies would eat our harvest, were not strong arms and brave hearts to defend it." "But the students lamented such a use of life." "Because he knows not the teaching of self-sacrifice and suffering. The lessons he studies, we have put in practice: the principles he upholds, we have defended with powder and bayonet." "But at the price of your limbs, my father," the merchant said. "Do not believe him, my son. True glory is the bread of the soul, feeding self-sacrifice, patience, courage." True glory can never be too dearly paid for. Forward, my boy, duty beckons and glory leads the van."

Como, N. C.

A MOST FOSSILIZED CHURCH!

A South Carolina preacher, pastor of a country church, has received a severe shock, of which he tells in the Courier. He speaks in a half humorous vein, but he deals with a matter that sadly needs the attention of the churches. Rev. O. L. Martin is the pastor. He says: "I write to tell you that I have the honor to be the pastor of one of the most fossilized churches in this country! Yes, sir! Not long ago when I was there they read the minutes of the previous meeting, in which minutes it was recorded that they had excluded a member from the fellowship of the church. I immediately called for the correction of the minutes, and they said they were correct. I paused, and, of course, looked surprised. I thought there would be no trouble in interpreting the pause. But, would you believe it, my fellow citizens! not a man of them moved to rescind the action of the previous meeting. I withstood them to their faces and they would not relent. They grew bold and said, This is not the first time we have done like this. Said I, You don't say! Yes, sir; a brother went to law with a brother instead of bringing his grievance to the church, and out he went. Shades of the mighty Paul! said I, They waxed valiant, and one fellow raised himself on tiptoe and, with a look of pride and absolute satisfaction with himself and his actions, said, We turned out a deacon. Then I gasped and staggered back. When I had sufficiently recovered to speak again, I said, My brother, he must have had religion! Yes, he said, he did; the modern type. Said I, Sanctified? No, not exactly, he said, but he owed a brother a just debt and wouldn't pay it, and out he went. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon, lest it become epidemic and break out among the liquor drinkers and swindlers, swearers and adulterers, and great havoc be played with our figures in the next year-book!"—Index.

THE SOUTH TO MAKE GREATER ADVANCE.

In its climate, soil, mines and forests the South has all the elements for sustaining a vast human population. The natural resources of the country have not been exploited to the same extent as in other sections of the Union. There is no doubt that the development of the South was greatly retarded by the Civil War. This, of course, was a hardship to the past generation, but not without some compensations. The capabilities of the country are susceptible of a more profitable return than would have been the case had there been no interruption of growth. It is the difference between a virgin mine and one whose deposits of ore have been partially worked over. But the South has not stood still by any means. In agriculture, in the production of lumber, and especially in manufacturing, the past ten or twenty years have witnessed remarkable gains. * * * The South has done well in the past ten or twelve years, but in a like period in the future will do still better. Capital is being attracted in an increasing volume as its rewards are becoming more sure, and the energies of the people have been stimulated by the demonstration of the possibilities opened up by the new era of industrial development.—Bankers' Magazine of New York.