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IN THE UNITED STATES there are 2,000,000 persons over ten years of age who can neither read nor write, and of these 2,000,000 are voters, and cannot read the tickets they vote.

THE DEATH OF HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR removes from among us a great and good man. One in whom his political opponents could find no want of the highest integrity.

THE TENNESSEE STATE BOARD OF Health shows that it cost that State in actual money, for the care of small-pox patients, during the past five years \$141,616.

IN THE AMOUNT OF SPIRITS CONSUMED per capita the United States holds the eleventh rank, and in the consumption of malt liquors the third rank, the comparison being made with the chief countries of Europe.

A METHODIST LOCAL PREACHER, Mr. Joseph Arch, M. P., received from his adherents a thousand dollars more than the amount of his election expenses, and promptly sent the money back. That was in Great Britain.

TWO EX-PRESIDENTS, Rutherford B. Hayes and Chester A. Arthur, are alive, and two Vice-Presidents, Hannibal Hamlin and William A. Wheeler. Only three candidates of the great parties survive—Samuel J. Tilden, John C. Fremont, and James G. Blaine.

IT IS OFFERING TO READ that in Lowell, Mass., the mill owners advanced the wages of their employees when there was no strike threatened, and when there were no specially favorable circumstances in the state of trade. It was done simply as a matter of justice.

GEN. HANCOCK'S LAST APPEARANCE in public was when, under the orders of the Secretary of War, he directed the national ceremonies attendant upon Gen. Grant's funeral, and commanded the United States military and naval forces taking part therein.

REV. SAM JONES HAS had a successful time in Cincinnati. All classes have been attracted and moved by him, and great good, no doubt, has been accomplished. At a farewell meeting held last Sunday, the report comes by telegraph that 40,000 persons tried to get to hear Sam Jones and Sam Small.

A PROHIBITION PETITION WAS introduced into the New York Senate last week, from the South Brooklyn Woman's Temperance Society, by Senator Worth. Mr. Worth, in presenting it, took the trouble of remarking that he had "no sympathy with the Prohibition movement," and therefore desired that it should be referred to the Committee on Grievances. It reached the right committee.

GLADSTONE IS NOT ONLY a great man, but he is a good man. In a recent address before the students of Yale College, Rev. T. L. Cuyler said: "With my own eyes I have seen Mr. Gladstone kneel by the side of a common street sweeper and pray for the salvation of his soul. I know of no grander sight than the Premier of England and the leading statesman of the world kneeling by the side of a common street sweeper and pouring forth his eloquent appeal to God in behalf of his humble brother."

For the Advocate.

## OUR GILDEROY LETTERS.

### Preachers and Pastors—Burkhead on Baptism—Head and Heart Religion.

Yes, yes, it is nice work going round from house to house pastoral visiting. It is heavy work and hard work too, and sometimes unpleasant work. How many tales of sorrow are poured into a pastor's ear. The heart aches of the people are opened to him. Some family feuds and neighborhood broils are detailed and retailed, and the pastor's services, in the way of settlement, are in demand. Now and then he has to fix up matters for husband and wife who have failed to agree, and frequently about nothing or next to nothing. A dissipated son or giddy daughter of some good parents are to be hunted up and talked to. A husband is going to the Devil and a good wife is heart broken and she comes to the pastor for sympathy and help. The poor must tell him of their sorrows—their poverty, their distress. The rich often pile their pains on the pastor's heart. He must go to see the sick, the suffering, the dying, and must bury the dead. Widows come to him for comfort, for counsel. Orphans appeal to him for aid. Those who are backslidden have to be looked after. If they do not hunt for the pastor, the pastor must hunt for them—often still hunt. Mourners, seeking Christ, come for guidance. Sinners must be warned. The pastor must fill a very good cause and push it along—single-handed and alone. He must attend committees for this and that, hold prayer meetings and take a general oversight of all the work of the Church. Verily, he needs to "be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove." He needs to be a man of one work, particularly when he has to do the work of four or five men. A pastor has no time to be idle. He has enough to do to keep him always employed and usefully employed at that. Some of our young men, and some not so young, do not realize the magnitude of a pastor's work. When well done, no kind of work tells better than a pastor's work. The Church grows—grows strong in members and grows in grace. The finances develop. The membership is built up

—built up in knowledge, in zeal, in piety and in working power. Zion strengthens her stakes and enlarges her borders on all sides under an efficient pastorate—under an inefficient pastor everything goes down. What a mighty work devolves upon the pastor, the preacher, the shepherd of the flock. We need pastors. Not pastors vs. preachers, nor preachers vs. pastors; but preaching pastors and pastoring preachers. Most of our preachers have developed more in preaching than in pastoral work. So far as the work they are sent to do is concerned they are one-sided men, just half men. They do part of the work well. The other part is poorly done, or not done at all. The Churches and charges that have a man who is all preacher say, "Send us a pastor next year"; and those that have a man who is all pastor say, "Send us a better preacher." The horse traders talk about a "combination horse"—a horse good for anything—good for the saddle, and good for harness. That is, really, what the Church wants, a "combination man," good in the pulpit and good in the pastorate.

A preacher can be both preacher and pastor if he tries. We ought to try, must try, if we are going to do the work before us. Let the young men make a note of this and begin now. I say this as a Presiding Elder whose business it is to look into these things.

The Bishop often asks, "Brethren what is the matter in this case? You all say he is a fine preacher," or "a good pastor," as the case may be. "Now what is the matter?" "Well, Bishop, he is a fine preacher, but he is no pastor, or he is a good pastor." Either way he is just half of what he ought to be. Now if any preacher who reads this is just one or the other, why then let him try to be both in one, and he will get off of the "gum log" list right away. It would surprise some people, some preachers even, to see what fine preachers go down on the "log" list in some of our Conferences. *More men fall us pastors than us preachers.* Mark what I say. This is the point where we need development. Both must go together before we meet fully the demands of the work we have to do.

But to change the subject: Brother L. S. Burkhead sent me a Pamphlet written by himself, "On the mode of Baptism." It is a good thing, on one subject and strong at that. I was in a hurry and started to skim over it, but I couldn't. I had to go slow and take it all from cover to cover. I had gone over all that ground many times, after many and in many ways. I knew every crook and turn of the argument long ago; but brother Burkhead put the matter in a new and striking light. This held me. I commend the book—commend it to pastors and to all who are troubled over the mode of baptism. If this book, prayerfully read, doesn't bring relief, why then, the case is hopeless. It is made on the brain, and may be given up.

Isn't it wonderful how some people magnify the mere mode or manner as part and parcel of the thing itself? Preaching was commanded, specially, specifically, positively. We are told what to preach, where to preach and to whom we must preach; but the mode or manner of preaching is not defined or even intimated. Just as we magnify the mode or manner of doing any religious thing, just to that extent do we minimize the thing done, only in so far as the mode or manner is essential to the thing.

We are commanded to pray, but the posture is not essential to prayer. Some few people go wild on the mode or manner of prayer, and some on the mode or manner of preaching. Some men go to seed, or take the dry rot, on modes and manners, of doing things where modes and manners have nothing in the world to do with the things done. Modes and manners were left out of the New Testament by Christ and his Apostles. The things done or to be done were magnified by our Lord and his Apostles.

But this old war will continue, doubtless, for ages yet to come. Are these wars entirely fruitless and bootless? After all may not some good come out of them? May they not stimulate investigation along some lines that otherwise might be neglected? May not the hand of God be over them if not in them? When these questions pass away, may not others spring up, leading to thought and investigation along other lines? Is it best, is it desirable that we be one people, in one Church, one ecclesiastical organization? I trow not. For one I do not deplore the existence of other Churches, other denominations. In the highest and best sense we are one—made one in Christ by one Spirit. This kind of unity is real, strong, abiding. Any other kind would be flimsy, unreal, weak, of short duration. I've never yet seen any two men in any given Church who agreed on every point of doctrine. I've seen many men in widely differing Churches who agreed perfectly in matters pertaining to experiences. They were of one heart, but not of one head. Truly Christian men and women in any and all of the Churches, orthodox and unorthodox, are of one heart, one mind, but their heads differ—always have differed—always will differ, while men are men.

What blessed seasons I have had with truly pious Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Campbellites and one or two Universalists. I've seen good people who knew God and were holy in heart and life in all of these Churches—and some real religious men and women I've seen who were not in any Church, but out in the world, unbaptized and unenrolled. A head trouble, head entanglement, kept them

out. Their hearts were fixed on God, but their heads could not fix on a Church. This class, few in number, perhaps, are always in trouble. They have more trouble than any member of any Church. They are troubled over the same questions that trouble people in the Churches. They stay out to keep out of trouble, but the trouble comes, all the same. Head Unity is not attainable, is not desirable. It is impracticable and impossible among men in this life. Old Brother Koger was a precious man of God. He was a South Carolinian, a Methodist and a Democrat. He could not agree with any man who did not agree with him in religion and in politics. It was a sad misfortune in his opinion not to have been born in South Carolina. Brother Koger was a zealous man, and a great hand to respond in prayer. Once at a Camp Meeting in the midst of great excitement a Brother Jones was called on to lead in prayer. Brother Koger not knowing who was leading began to respond heartily. Some one near him whispered, "Brother Koger that is Brother Jones prayin'." Instantly, and in a loud tone, the old man said, "Lord I take it back. Jones is a Whig."

Both of them were good men—mighty men of God. Both were Methodists, both from South Carolina; but they differed in politics. Koger's name is as ointment poured forth in all the region of country where he lived.

Is it desirable, is it best for the country, for all to be of one political party? Is it practicable or possible? "But," says one somewhere, "the Church is not a political party." That is so. But you let the Church, any one of the Churches, be dominant in this country, in any country, and see how soon it will arrogate to itself all power in both Church and State. This has been done in more countries than one.

GILDEROY.

For the Advocate.

## Our Letter From Nashville.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Nashville has had a visit from Moody and Sankey and a snow-fall of 22 inches since my last letter. The Evangelists warmed up the Churches, and the snow cooled and covered up everything of a material nature in the city. A "big meeting" and a big snow do not usually harmonize, but in this case women as well as men trudged through the deep snow to the First Presbyterian Church, and filled it twice a day. And they were well repaid for the effort it cost them to get out. For Mr. Moody put some Bible truth into their minds in a way that will make them stick. What is the secret of his power? Genius somebody will say. That is not it. He has no genius, except the genius for putting a thing with directness in words that go to the mark in a straight line. But that is genius, after all. Back of that is the intense earnestness that produces directness. Back of that earnestness is the power of the Holy Spirit. That is my estimate of Moody. If he has genius, it is the sort of genius that is within the reach, in some degree, of every true minister of the Gospel. Comparisons are attempted between Moody and "Sam" Jones, but they are without point. You can't analyze "Sam" Jones—that matchless compound of audacity and tact, fire and pen. He has the combined fear of the Georgia Scenes, and of the *Dies Irae*. He will make a sinner laugh until he is off his guard, and the hell catch him with the gospel lasso and hold him. He is on his rounds, and you will be likely to see him in the land of Hezekiah Lee and Peter Doubt. And when the North Carolinians meet the irrepressible "Sam" they will like him, for the Georgians and North Carolinians are near akin.

The discussion of our Foreign Mission work, involving that of the Episcopacy, sprung by Chancellor Garland's recent article in the *Nashville Advocate*, has already raised quite a breeze. The result will be—let me prophesy—that there will be an adjustment of matters to meet the wants of our expanding mission-fields without any impingement upon our General Superintendency. Our Episcopacy, as it is, is flexible enough to meet all the necessities of the Church.

General Conference gossip, is of course, prevalent at Connectional headquarters. How many new Bishops, and who will be chosen, are questions asked but the man who can answer them has not spoken. The names of several first-class men are mentioned, but no signs of concentration of Methodist opinion on the subject are visible. The Book Agency is a matter of vital interest. Will Dr. McFerrin retire? and if so, who is to take that important trust? This writer cannot answer either question. Matters will soon develop, however. Twelve weeks will bring us to the General Conference—and that will answer all these questions.

The politicians are marshaling their forces for the State election to be held this year. It is more than probable that some of the whisky candidates will run against a snag without insurance—the name of which snag is Prohibition. The winter congregations at the various Churches in this city have been unusually good. On Sundays most of the Methodist Churches are comfortably filled at both morning and evening services. Either the appointments in the Nashville District for this year are peculiarly good fits, or there is increased earnestness in religious matters upon the part of the people—perhaps both.

NASHVILLE.

For the Advocate.

## Prohibition Vs. High License.

BY REV. E. A. YATES, D. D.

MR. EDITOR: A writer in the *Century Magazine* makes the following statement:

"If the experiment of a high license law, enforced by the vigilance and energy of all the Temperance Societies, could be tried in any one State, I believe the result would be a more salutary and satisfactory limitation of the amount of crime and poverty caused by the liquor traffic than has been attained by any system of legislation heretofore adopted in the United States."

Now, this is only the oft-repeated expression of a fundamental fallacy. The reason that "Temperance Societies" do not enforce the suppression of the crimes and poverty resulting from the liquor traffic by means of a "high license law," is because they cannot do a thing which is impossible in itself. *High license, or indeed, any license, is not only not the remedy, but it is no remedy.* An effort to lessen the crimes of the liquor traffic by license is a *legalized permission to riot*. Law cannot regulate crime. It can denounce and decree the *death* of crime, but not regulate it. Can the civil law license and regulate burglary, or stealing? Can it license *murder*? Yes, it does, every time it grants license to a bar-room! What a monstrous solecism in the philosophy of law!

Strange it is, too, that sensible writers should fix upon the very worst form of this fallacy, and offer it as the panacea for our ills. Law license is bad enough, but *high license* is a more wide-sweeping evil. If the philosophy of high license contains any element of truth, it is found in its *height*. The question is, *how high?* Anything short of an attitude that defies the whisky-seller and drinker to stagger over its summit must necessarily be a failure. Its height must be such as to prohibit, or its evils are increased in the ratio of its height. I shall make this plain:

First, high license has a tendency to make the *vice respectable*. The idea is to make the money-cost of license so high that only the more wealthy, refined and cultured (?) whisky-sellers can afford to put up an establishment. Very well, what is the result? Why, the place is made doubly attractive. It is precisely that only the more refined and temperate drinkers will patronize such places. But that is a false presumption. The keeper must make his money back, and more. There are fine curtains, fine pictures, flowers, elegant lounges, pianos, a splendidly dressed female at the musical instrument, and everything is attractive, especially for young men. They wouldn't think hardly of going to a doggery, but they will go to this, and others with them, and others, until the monopoly which the keeper has secured by being able to pay the price, results in an extensive and attractive establishment that makes more drunkards than a dozen grogshops.

The philosophy of this is easily understood. It is well known that vice is always more dangerous when it puts on the semblance of virtue. Imitation is the premium which vice pays to virtue, in order that the fangs of vice may be hidden. "No swearing in here," I here the keeper say. "You must not fall upon those lounges in that way; if you can't behave you must go out." And so, to keep the place *respectable*, after he has taken the poor wretch's money and filled him with whiskey, he sends him home to curse and abuse his poor wife and children.

Secondly, this leads me to say that high license increases the crime and poverty in the home of the drinker. Who pays for the *increased* price of the drinks that results from the increased price of the license. Does it come out of the seller? Not by any means. The man that drinks pays for the high license. Does the increase of price prevent his drinking? No one who understands the subject will pretend that it does. What then? Why the "high license" means just that much more kept from the poor wife and children at home—just that much taken from the wretched father's wages to buy whiskey, while the shoeless, ragged and hungry children mourn and beg about the streets, tempted to lie and steal.

Thirdly, license only puts a mollifying plaster upon the conscience of the whisky-seller. I have enough faith in humanity to believe that many a man who keeps a bar-room would stop it, if the law did not tell him he might do it, and take his money for it. The bar-keeper says, "I'm not lawless. I pay for my business. I don't want to see men drunk, and their wives and children suffer; but I don't tell them to get drunk. The law says my business is legitimate." And so the better public sentiment is antagonized by the whisky-seller's conscience, because the law makes his business lawful by *special act*.

What a monstrous solecism in morals! The truth is that *all license* to sell whiskey as a beverage is an evil and an absurdity. If it is a moral wrong to sell intoxicating liquor, then it cannot be licensed by law. If any one says it is not an evil, we are not arguing with him. We are speaking of what *ninety-ninths* of every community acknowledge to be a fact. Then the remedy is:

1st. Take away all license to sell intoxicating liquor, and let every man sell it that wants to do so. Public sentiment will never be sufficiently powerful to put down the evil until the public eye and conscience see and feels the tremendous evil as it is. Let the sanction of law be taken from it. Let it be deprived

of respectability. Let every fine saloon be reduced, as it would be, to the level of the alley-doggery. Let the drinking, instead of being confined to a few attractive places, (for it would not be increased in quantity) be distributed around to smoky fish-sheds and dog-kennel hovels, to old rickety, one-story corner buildings and side-walk show-windows, until wives and mothers and sisters, as they walk the streets, see the gate hoisted at their feet that leads to hell, and see poor women crying and children starving along its broad way.

Then, I say, and not fill them, will the public conscience make public sentiment strong enough to rise up and strangle the monster!

2nd. This will bring about the resultant remedy, which is *Prohibition!* This does not mean that by keeping a man by law from selling whiskey, we make his *heart unwholly right*. Not at all. It only means that we keep him from making somebody else's heart *wrong!* So far as his own moral evil is concerned we damn up the wickedness at its fountain, and keep the means out of his hands for burdening the community with paupers and criminals. Prohibition is the only remedy, and public sentiment must be made to enforce it.

For the Advocate.

## Our New York Letter.

BY NOSCO.

New York is profoundly affected by the death of Gen. Hancock, which was announced yesterday morning. One by one the heroes of the War and of History drop off. Only a few are left to remind us of the past. The majority is on the other side. Gen. Hancock's character and record are worthy of all admiration and of emulation. The stainless soldier, the benevolent civilian, the admired of his countrymen, has gone to his reward.

For several years Rev. Dr. Deems, pastor of the "Church of the Stranger," has been known by his friends to have in preparation a work on "Evolution." Several days ago the book was given to the million from the press of John W. Lovell Co., 16 Vesey St., N. Y., under the title of a *Scotch Verdict*.

This title, which seems odd at first, is happily justified by the following paragraph taken from the opening chapter: "American juries render in each case which involves a felony a verdict of *Guilty or Not Guilty*. There must be many cases submitted to juries in which they cannot decide that the accused is 'Guilty,' and yet his innocence has not been so established as that they can pronounce him 'Not Guilty.'"

Scotch juries, in such a case, save the accused, while they avoid indorsing his character by bringing in a verdict which is a judgment made up, not upon the accused, but upon the allegations contained in the indictment, and that verdict is "Not Proven."

From this it will be seen that Dr. Deems approaches the interesting theme of Evolution from a new position. He does not endorse the character of the accused; nor does he offer a single argument in refutation of the doctrine. He simply takes up the claims of Evolution, and then shows by the testimony of its best friends that the case is *Not Proven*. The method is original; the style terse and epigrammatic; the spirit that of honest inquiry rather than of dogmatism. The author does not appear in the character of theologian, nor that of scientist; he is for the nonce, the forerunner of a jury which has listened to the evidence put forth in behalf of Evolution and now brings in the Scotch verdict, *Not Proven*.

We venture the opinion that few readers of this striking and entertaining little volume will fail to acquiesce in the verdict rendered.

Let no one imagine, however, that Dr. Deems has joined the cry of that zealous, but ignorant class of religious leaders who have always opposed Evolution on account of its supposed conflict with Revelation. His argument is purely scientific. He distinctly announces that "There is no religious reason for its acceptance or rejection," p. 12. It is worth something to listen to a man who can keep his temper, his bias, his enthusiasm in perfect abeyance while he sits down and coolly dissects his antagonist. There is no paradox; no calling of hard names; no personality; no assumption of either knowledge or unwarranted premise; no theory, and therefore no attempt to bolster up any. The argument is purely destructive. Dr. Deems has no system to down the throats of his reader; only an appeal to his common sense not to strain out the gnat of "conflict" when there is a whole caravan of camels in the mere scientific aspect of Evolution.

One of the most original chapters in this book is the one on "BUDDHA, JESUS, AND EVOLUTION."

"While the greatest geniuses are rare," says the author, "so that one might say that there have been no more than a score who have so touched the highest water-mark of power as to leave there the traces which all succeeding generations should read as theirs—there have been those twenty, and evolution has no place for their existence. Genius has never been evolved."

But beyond the highest of these there is a phenomenon in humanity which any theory of the universe must account for before it can be accepted. It is the appearance, in the human race, of Jesus of Nazareth, a person who was not a genius. Now this is not a ques-

tion of theology or religion, in this discussion. From His name let all such thoughts be separated. But a cosmic theory must have room for every phenomenal thing and person, and science must provide a place for Jesus as for Laura Bridgeman. . . . A theory which can take no account of such phenomena in human history as Buddha and Jesus may be true, but it can not be accepted as proved. That is the case with evolution."

While we are considering the work of Dr. Deems let us turn to another subject. The following notice appeared in a recent number of the *Rationalist Christian Advocate*:

"The impression in the South that Dr. Deems' 'Church of the Strangers' was largely supported by the Vanderbilts is erroneous. Neither Mrs. Cornelius nor William H. left it anything. Dr. Deems' Church has a constituency of its own abundantly able to carry its current expenses. The wonder is who will succeed the popular pastor. Dr. Deems' church is 'down town,' on a by-street, a block from Broadway, is a small edifice for New York; is fairly filled with a congregation largely composed of southerners, literateurs, artists, etc. He preaches to brains and taste. He is evangelical and unostentatious. As President of the 'Institute of Christian Philosophy' and editor of its organ, *Christian Thought*, has done a greater work than is recognized in behalf of orthodox religion. Dr. Deems is true to his antecedents in every respect, and ranks with the foremost divines of New York."

As Dr. Deems held high social and scholastic position in the South it is natural that Southerners should seek his Church when they come to New York, but he is so cosmopolitan and his sermons are so utterly free from all political allusions that he is acceptable to all parties. He is a comparatively poor man, although he might have used his position to accumulate a great fortune. He has turned hundreds of thousands of dollars into channels of beneficence. His Church is not small, even for New York. There are few Protestant Churches in the city that seat so many people. It is very harmoniously proportioned and this, with the fact that it has been confounded with the "Little Church round the Corner," may have produced the impression that it is not very large.

Feb. 13th, 1886.

## The Littleness of Fame.

BY REV. DR. CHARLES F. DEEMS.

All men seem more or less moved to desire to be known among their fellow-men, and every man of intellect and sensibility has dreamed of posthumous fame.

After all, how little it is! The names of Plato and Socrates are heard among men, and scarcely one in a thousand knows whether these men lived a thousand years ago, or three thousand; whether they were Greeks, or Romans, or Jews. Not one in a thousand who has heard these names could report a single sentence that the one had written or the other had spoken.

A man figures largely in the public affairs. To me he has been much. Perhaps, in boyhood I read a book which he wrote, full of thought and learning, ever since I read everything he has written. He has seemed to me a wonderful man, and, perhaps, felt that my highest ambition would be gratified to have been that man's equal. To-day he dies; tomorrow I open the morning papers and find twenty-five lines devoted to his memory. That looks like the end of nature.

A municipal politician robbed the city, was captured, made an escape, has been caught. Now, about the man more words have been printed than are contained in the Bible, the Koran, the works of Plato and Cicero all together.

A history written of these times for the readers of a century hence may contain a score or two of words of him; two hundred years hence there will probably be no need to mention him.

Another discount to fame is made by examining an encyclopedia. A living man would have a half a column, perhaps a whole column in the first edition; fourteen years after, he is reduced to ten lines; from the next edition he will disappear, as many written in the first edition are omitted in the second.

regard for one's reputation is simply decent; but the desire to be known may become a morbidity of so fierce a nature, that it may run into a raving madness. God knows all and tells all that need be told. The man that does a memorable thing will have it published throughout the whole spiritual world, even if it never be gazetted on earth. "Let your light shine," said the Master. Well, if you have no light there is nothing to let shine. If you have any light it gives just so much luminousness and no more. You cannot wave your torch much higher than your head, nor make the sheen of a candle travel as far over the sea as the light from the great lamp in the lighthouse sent out by a tiny reflector.

Have light. Let it shine in the world. But when you have done even more than any other man has done, in a thousand years your name may be studied a word on which man will hang their own dreams and aspirations. It will be nothing to you. Men and women are galling themselves for petty social distinctions of which there will be no remembrance a quarter of a century hence.

How little is human fame and how great is the approval of the Lord! "If any man serve Me, him will My Father honor."