

Western North Carolina Methodist.

"In the name of our God we will set up our banners."--Psa. 20:5.

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Even-Tide.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.
Morning is lovely, but a holier charm,
Lies folded close in evening's robe of balm,
And weary man must ever love her best
For morning calls to toil, but night brings rest.
She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer.
Footsteps of angels follow in her track,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.
All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose.
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That morning knows not in the evening hour.
Until the evening we must weep and toll,
Flow life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.
Oh! when our sun is setting may we glide
Like summer evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping day.

—Selected.

Communications.

Women of Japan.

BY REV. Y. YOSHIOKA.

The position of women in Japan has a marked contrast with that in other countries of the East. They are treated with respect and consideration far above those observed in other parts of Asia. They are allowed greater freedom, and hence have more dignity and self-confidence. They are much better educated. It is frequently the case that some of our eminent poets, artists and authors are found in the ladies' circle. No woman's feet are ever bound, and among the middle and lower classes, especially, she is almost as much at liberty to walk and visit as in America. A large amount of freedom prevails among our womankind that cannot be expected in any other Asiatic country.

The heathen religion has a great deal to do with the low state of woman in Japan as compared with that in Christian countries. In Buddhism, which is the only religion in Japan worthy of a name, in the sense of a binding system of dogmatics, or a purifying and elevating moral power, there is no hope of immortality for a woman unless she is reborn as a man, which means that there is no salvation for a woman. In the eye of Buddhist dogma and ecclesiastical law, woman is but a temptation, a snare, an unclean thing, a scape-goat, an obstacle to peace and holiness. Shintoism accords her a higher place, but it can never have influence over the heart and mind of the modern Japanese people.

A great principle of filial obedience is the cause of the degradation of our women. Duty to parents overshadows all other duties. The Japanese maiden, as pure as the purest Christian virgin, will at the command of her father enter the brothel to-morrow, and prostitute herself for life. Not a murmur escapes her lips as she thus filially obeys. To a life she loathes, and to disease, premature old age and an early grave, she goes joyfully. The staple of a thousand novels, plays and pictures in Japan is written in the life of a girl of gentle manners and tender heart, who hates her life and would gladly destroy it, but refrains because her purchase-money has enabled her father to pay his debts, and she is bound not to injure herself. In the great cities there are to-day hundreds of girls who loathe their existence, but must live on in utmost misery because they are fulfilling all righteousness as summed up in filial obedience.

The system of female education has been improved since the restoration, on the Western plan. We have, besides, common schools,

colleges and normal schools for our girls, whose progress and successes are remarkable. Our present Empress has done a great deal to elevate the condition of her female subjects by encouraging the education of the girls, and setting a noble example, not only of womanly character and active deeds of benevolence, but also in discarding the foolish customs of past ages, especially of blacking the teeth and shaving the eyebrows. She has already accomplished great reforms in social customs and fashions, and both by the encouragement of her presence and by gifts from her private purse, has greatly stimulated the cause of the education and elevation of woman in Japan. Progressive men have learned to bestow that measure of honor upon our women which they see is enthusiastically awarded by Westerners to theirs. The marriage laws have been so reformed as to allow the people to marry on the basis of a civil contract. Christian Japanese lead their brides to Christian altars to have the sanction of religion.

The new education which is not founded on Christianity, but not inferior in all other respects to that of women in the West, has a tendency to exalt the mental powers at the expense of the moral and spiritual. Like our young men, our young women are brought under the influence of modern idolatry, and exposed to the dangers and temptations of the civilized life. Hence, with all the blessings of modern civilization they are ultimately reduced to the same condition of women who are in darkness and ignorance of superstition and idolatry—that of souls without hope and knowledge of Christ.

Thoughts.

BY J. E. R.

We are a people shamefully overtaxed for the benefit of political robbers, and there is no remedy for us short of a reformation of our National administration.

Money gained for its own sake, helps no man, benefits no people. There are better things in this world than gold better things than gold can buy. The richest men are not the best men, nor the wealthiest nations the noblest.

Jerusalem stained her streets with the blood of her prophets, and afterward sought to palliate her guilt by rearing monuments to their memory. Before God and in the sight of the world we to-day stand guilty of just such a crime in tolerating saloons.

The Christian voters of the nation are sovereign, and in their sovereign capacity can, "say to this man go, and he goeth, and to that man come, and he cometh," he is the blame attaches to them, that the saloon exists, because "if they will, they can vote stronger against the saloon than liquor men can vote for it." There is not an inch of neutral ground for any sane man when called to decide by the exercise of his sovereign right a matter of right and wrong. He that is not for it is against it. Claim what he may, his vote helps or hinders. The great vital, forceful teacher is example, and to teach the right we must act the right.

Suppose the liquor men were as indifferent, or if you please, as disloyal to their interests, as we to our principles, to our professions, what would they accomplish for their traffic? Will we never learn the needed lesson from their success, and the means by which they achieve it?

Under the plea that he cheapens labor, we banish the "Chinamen" from our shores. Under the plea that he builds up industry, we welcome the "German." The truth is that the one makes it his business to make us a "lean" people, the other makes it his business to make us a filthy people. The one runs the laundry. The other runs the saloon.

We fight for prohibition on the broad basis of principle. We would promote good, by lessening evil. We have no corrupting fund to buy vacillating voters, that is the weapon of the other side. We simply ask the good people of every class and order, to put this question to a critical analysis; determining for themselves what it involves, and cast their vote in the light of an informed conscience.

Selections.

Bishop Keener Speaks Out.

The following letter from the senior bishop to the Missionary Secretaries speaks for itself. We publish it entire, and wish that it may stir up many consciences on the subject which it touches.

Rev. I. G. John, W. H. Potter, and H. C. Morrison, Secretaries of Mission Board, M. E. Church, South.

MY DEAR BRETHREN: I have waited very expectantly, since our meeting in Wilmington, for some announcement of a special effort to liquidate the mission debt of our Church, which is upon us as a leopard at our throat. One hundred and eighty thousand dollars is something alarming to a society that lives fully as much by sight as by faith. It will require a continued effort from now until the end of the year to keep our heads above water. The asy style of calculating that twenty-five cents per member will yield so much more, and that one dollar per member will bring in over one million of dollars into the missionary treasury, does not bring to be found—in any missionary sense—no, not a half of them, nor a quarter, nor a tenth; and those who feel themselves responsible to the son of God for the advancing his kingdom, personally responsible, are alarmingly few. They are the ones who are already supplying the sinews of this campaign against the power of darkness in heathen lands. It is from them we are mainly to expect the funds needed to liquidate this debt. Much as they have done, and are doing, their Lord calls upon them an increased liberality, for yet more self-denial; with the promise of a richer supply of grace and his own personal acknowledgement of indebtedness to them in that day.

Those who have given the dollar—yes, ten times over—are the ones to be visited and called upon specially in this hour of alarming necessity. We must not go back upon our Japan mission, our Chinese, our Mexican, our Brazilian, at this time when things look dark and the sky is lowering somewhat in those fields of Christian enterprise.

The man who sleeps at home in his own bed every night, and expects to die in a land where the sun of the Holy Spirit never sets, only long enough for some saint to pass into heaven, can well afford to sustain his brethren at the front, in their weariness and solitary encounter with paganism.

Let us deny ourselves for the present all new enterprises of a Connectional kind, that we may move in power and national breadth in the mighty work of preaching Christ to the world. This can only be done by extricating our Foreign Missionary Society from the coils of debt, at once and forever. The Board is pledged to keep out of debt henceforth in all of its appropriations.

We want no shrinkage in our annual receipts this year. They are small enough for maintaining missionary life in our Church. But we want a debt contribution, generous and definite, the funds of which are to be announced in a separate column, both at the Annual Conferences and by the Missionary Treasurer—a monthly report. Put me down \$100 in this debt column. Yours truly in Christ.

J. C. KEENER.

Ocean Springs, Miss., July 28, 1891.

The Louisiana Fight.

We are advised that the lottery war is already on in Louisiana. The anti-lottery people have begun the fight early, and propose to carry it forward with the utmost zeal to the bitter end. The contest promises to be one of intense National interest, and of bitterness of feeling unparalleled in American history.

But why should there be any such war? Has it not been the settled policy of the State for twenty years, and more, to sanction legally this lottery and share in the proceeds of its robberies. Have not the most reputable newspapers in the country received large gains from the infamous business of the infamous, law-created highwaymen? Have not the man-

agers of the concern the "personal liberty" to continue their second-hand trade unimpeded by laws which, in the phrasology of democratic platforms, "vex and harass the citizen, and unduly restrain him in his rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness!"

Take a parallel case—the liquor traffic, for example. Is the lottery worse than the liquor trade? Does the lottery debauch men into idiots, madmen and brutes? Does it make hells of homes, and fill jails and penitentiaries from an endless procession of criminals? Does it send one hundred thousand men to premature and untimely graves; make sixty thousand helpless widows and three hundred thousand orphans, and a million paupers every year as the liquor traffic confessedly does?

Honestly, the comparison of the two evils is frivolous because so overwhelmingly to the advantage of the lottery and to the total condemnation of the liquor traffic. Yet presses, pulpits, legislators, laymen of every creed, who are so bitterly enlisted against the lottery as to threaten revolution as the last resort for its annihilation still consent to vote for and uphold in every way the infamous, disgusting, damning trade in liquors.

Such flagrant inconsistency, hypocrisy and treason to true principles deserve no victories and are not likely to gain any. The saloons they support will fight against them and favor the lottery. The liquorists they declare proper articles of lawful commerce will inflame, befuddle and seduce the voters. The bribe of \$1,125,000 per annum to the tax payers will muzzle the mouths of the majority and force their owners to keep silent in the face of the bribery of the ignorant, depraved voters. It is no worse to buy a fortress for the lottery in the State constitution than to buy protection for the rum trade or the way of a rascal of any party into a public office.

In truth, that lottery war is a great moral force. The curses of a guilty participation, for decades past, in lottery, rum, gambling and prostitution revenues, have come home to the people of Louisiana and bid fair, by unfair, unholly and lawless methods, to establish their roots for another quarter of a century in the capital and constitution of the Pelican State.—Atlanta Herald.

Mrs. James K. Polk.

A letter written to the Courier Journal from Nashville, Tenn., dated August 14, gives an interesting account of the death of Mrs. Polk. We copy the following paragraph: At 6 o'clock this morning her physician announced to her the fact that the end was very near. "Yes," she quietly replied, "I know it—I am ready for it and have been all my life ready to obey the summons of my Master." She then at length, as her strength would bear attested her faith in the Christian religion, and the great peace of mind and happiness it had always given her even unto this, the end of her life. From this serene expression of her unwavering trust in the Lord, she continued with a clear voice, though becoming momentarily feebler, to thank Him for His goodness and His mercy through all her life, prolonged far beyond that natural to human life, and to praise Him and magnify His name, for His goodness and grace to her, quoting most touchingly beautiful stanzas from that rapturous hymn: "I would not live always." Just before her death, she put her hand upon the head of her beloved niece, Mrs. Geo. Fall, and gave her her dying blessing as expressive of undying love; commending her and her great-niece, Mrs. Sadie Polk Gardner, to the goodness and the care and mercy of the Lord.

Thus ended the mortal life, and thus began the immortal life of as good a Christian woman as encircled her sex or graced in perfect womanhood our country, in which she had been elevated to the proudest position woman can hold in presiding as lady of the White House—wife of the president of the nation. Before and then and since, to her death, had this grand historic woman, in the gentleness and grace and godness and simplicity of her life, in the purity of her character, in the lofty exemplification of Christian womanhood, been an example worthy of emulation to her country women and to her sex throughout the world.

What is Home?

Home is the father's haven, the mother's world, the son's sheet anchor, and the daughter's training school.

A possession youth hopes for, manhood cares for, and old age is thankful for.

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A ship upon the ocean of life, where the captain is assisted by a first-class mate.

Home is the blossom of which Heaven is the fruit.

A place easily left, but not so easily forgotten.

The place where the great are sometimes small, and the small often great.

The kingdom of love whose queen is mother.

The world's workshop for the manufacture of character.

The best place for a married man after business.

A working model of heaven, with real angels in the form of mothers and wives.

The only place on earth where a man is seen as he truly is.

A place that is either made or marred by a woman.

An oasis in the desert of life where one can find a shady retreat from the sun of toil and drink from the well of happiness.

Home is like a military band—its harmony depends on those who are in it.

As steam to the locomotive, so is home to the human heart, the grand propelling power.—London Tit-Bits.

Diseases Caused by Bacteria.

It has been learned within the past few years that several of the most serious diseases known to man are caused by particular species of bacteria. Such diseases are called infectious. Amongst these forms which their origin are tuberculosis, Asiatic cholera, erysipelas, and some forms of blood poisoning, tetanus or lockjaw, some forms of pneumonia, typhoid fever and diphtheria. We know the germs which are concerned in the causation of these diseases, and can grow them in tubes in the laboratory and work out their life history.

There are other diseases belonging apparently in the same general class, of whose mode of origin we are still largely ignorant. Such are smallpox, measles, scarlatina, yellow fever and others. We believe largely on the ground of analogy, that these too are caused by some forms of germs, each after its kind, but what they are we cannot yet say.

Malaria, it has been pretty well established, is due to a minute organism which belongs not among the plants, but low down in the animal series, in the class known as the protozoa, and it may be that some or all of the last group above mentioned may be caused by similar organisms, which as yet we cannot cultivate in the laboratory, or even bring within our vision with the microscope.

Consumption, or tuberculosis is largely spread by the specific bacteria in the sputum throw off by affected persons, which is allowed to dry, and become disseminated in the floating dust. Typhoid fever is communicated by the germs discharged from the bodies of those ill of this disease, which is one way or another, but largely in polluted water and food, get into the digestive tract of well persons. Diphtheria may be communicated in like manner by the germs in the membranes or fluids from the mouth of the stricken ones, and may linger long wholly dry in garments and household furniture and rooms.

The bacterium causing tetanus or lockjaw is not often conveyed from one person to another, but is exceptional in having its usual lurking place in the soil of certain regions.

Now, how do these particular species of germs cause these special forms of disease? We have already seen that one of the marked life features of bacteria is that when they assimilate nourishment and grow, they set free various forms of chemical sub-

stances. When putrefaction occurs in a bit of meat for example, certain bad smelling gases, as well as a host of other substances, are set free by the bacteria which are feeding on the meat. These cause its putrefaction. Each species acts in its own peculiar fashion in the acquisition of its food and sets free its own peculiar chemical substances.

Now the same thing happens when bacteria, in one way or another, gets into the bodies of men or animals and grow there. But in the large proportion of cases the bacteria which we take into our bodies in vast numbers with the greatest variety of uncooked foods and with water and milk produce, if they grow at all, chemical substances which do no manner of harm. It is indeed not at all improbable that some bacteria which are constantly present in the digestive canal form, under ordinary circumstances, materials which aid the process of digestion.

It has, however, come about in the lapse of ages that a very few, an infinitely small proportion, of all the bacteria which are about us produce chemical substances in the body which in one way or another act as violent poisons. These substances produced by bacteria are called ptomaines, and here at last our plummet seems to be striking bottom. It is the ptomaines or peculiar vegetables poisons produced by these germs which usually do the damage. Sometimes these ptomaines are produced in some special part of the body where the bacteria grow, and gaining access to the body fluids, are carried all over the organism, inducing in the most vulnerable parts those changes which are characteristic of the disease and which gives rise to what we call its symptoms. This seems to be the case in diphtheria and typhoid fever, in which the bacteria are confined, in the former usually to the mouth and throat and air passage and in the latter to the intestinal canal. But the soluble ptomaines are carried everywhere, marking lesions.—T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

Reasonably Miserable.

"Madame," said a pompous old gentleman to a bright-faced girl who had only worn the dignity of wife for a few months, and was receiving on all sides congratulations and advice both merry and tender,—"Madame, I have a bit of advice for your ear, which will be new and startling to you. These simple-minded friends are hoping loudly that you and John may forever be happy as two turtle doves. Now I beg that you will make your husband reasonably miserable; yes, madame, I mean what I say. Very happy people are of no account. If you want John to be of any use to the world, see that you make him reasonably miserable."

Mary did not need to follow the queer old gentleman's advice; the "briers besetting every path" did that effectually, and it was all she could do to keep John reasonably comfortable. But the remembered speech emphasized for her through years of changing fortunes the fact that the appointed work of trials' discomforts is to make us of more account.

However, we must see to it that these ministering servants do their work; it is altogether possible that the trials may come, making us, as we cry, unreasonably miserable, and yet the world's needs be no better off. As troubles present themselves, whether they knock at our door or seize us by the throat, or stab us through the heart, or stun by their heavy blows, let us say to ourselves: "Cease then, selfish heart, to hunt so persistently for happiness; it is higher game." Is there not some child that needs thy guidance to-day, some servant discouraged with her life of drudgery, some sick one needing a visit, a cordial, a flower, some pilgrim fainting by reason of the weary way, to whom a cup of water may be offered?

If we give our trials this reception, we, and many other "little ones," will be the better for their coming. And as we fare along together, lo, the trial that came to us with a severe and frowning countenance will become transfigured, and if he leaves us, or if he stay, will be seen to lift upon us hands of benediction!—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

They Were All Americans.

Some time since three tall Americans—Mr. Robinson, six feet high, and the Rev. Phillips Brooks, six feet two inches high, both of Boston, and the Rev. Dr. M'Vicker, six feet four inches, of Philadelphia—made in company, a trip to England. En route, they determined that, when they should reach England, they would travel apart, lest three such tall men together might provoke remark. But arriving at a well known town in Yorkshire, and learning that a lecture was to be delivered to working men on America the three determined to be present. Entering the hall separately they took seats apart. As the lecturer proceeded, his utter ignorance of America soon became manifest to the three Americans. Finally, however, a statement concerning the size of Americans was too absurd to be endured in silence. The speaker had barely time to conclude a sentence asserting that Americans are proverbially short of stature, never exceeding at the utmost five feet ten inches, when Mr. Robinson arose and said:—

"My friends, I am an American, and, as you see, I measure fully six feet. If there is any other American who happens just now to be in the house, I request him to stand up." An expression of surprise was followed by roars of laughter as the Rev. Phillips Brooks arose and said:—

"I am an American, and my size, six feet two inches, occasions no particular remark in America. If there is any other American in the house, I in turn request him to stand up."

After a lapse of a few seconds, in order to give the lecturer a little time to recover himself, Dr. M'Vicker slowly raised his majestic figure to its full height of six feet four, and began:—

"I am an American, and—"

But this was too much, and he could not get any further. The audience had lost all control of themselves, and the speaker's disappearance from the stage brought the entertainment to a premature close.—London Tit-Bits.

New York, Paris and Berlin altogether have not so large an area as London.

Mrs. Ayer, relict of Ayer of Saraparilla fame is said to be the richest widow in America. She wears a pearl necklace which cost \$250,000.

Tit-Bits.

Much has been said about feats of strength, but it is an actual fact that a man of but ordinary stature recently knocked down an elephant. The performer of the great feat was an auctioneer.

Eminent Personage: "May I ask whether you are related to the Mr. Smith whom I met at Venice last year?"

Mr. Smith: "I am that Mr. Smith, sir."

Eminent Personage: "Ah! that accounts for the remarkable resemblance."

Doctor: "Does your husband enjoy sound slumber, Mrs. Murphy?"

Mrs. M.: "Sound slumber, doctor! Rather! Why, he snores like a pig."

A country paper, in puffing a certain soap: "It is the best ever used for cleansing a dirty man's face. We have tried it, and therefore we know."

"My friends," remarked the minister, "the collection to-day will be devoted to my travelling expenses, for I am going away for my health. The more I receive the longer I can stay." And, strange to say, the largest collection ever made was then taken up.

A despairing swain, whose girl shows signs of jilting him, declares that if she doesn't he'll drown himself or perish in the attempt.

Sick Woman: "I'm so apprehensive, dear doctor, about being buried alive."

Doctor: "You shan't be if I can prevent it."

Teacher: "What great event occurred in 1885?"
Small boy, after a pause: Please ma'am, I was born then."

Current Opinion.

Don't Break the Child's Will.

The Michigan Christian Advocate objects to the statement that it is better to break the will of your child when it is young than after it becomes older, and pertinently says: "Why break it at all? Conscience ought not to be broken. Intellect and heart we never want to break. Why break that faculty which ought to be strong? Never break it. Keep it as strong as possible, and train the child in its wise and conscientious use." This is good sense and good religion. In making their passage through the world, our children will have abundant need of all the will-power that they can command. As the Richmond Advocate has said, we should "brake," not "break" their wills. We have known some of these "broken" children, poor, spiritless creatures, disposed to apologize for the fact of their existence and to cower like slaves in the presence of opposition. Of course children must be taught the lesson of obedience and subordination to parental authority, but this is far from requiring that they should be dealt with as if they were mere things and not rational and moral creatures.—Nashville Advocate.

"These Hands."

We love to look at the Paul of Dore on Mars Hill and the swelling veins in that forehead when the Ephesian sentences were shot from the bent bow—bolts from a ballista. We shrink from the soiled and coarse garb of the factory hand of Tarsus and shut our eyes to shun seeing the stiff, horny, stubby fingers that plaited the rough goat hair for the pore wage of a few copper coins. The man and the minister met in Paul. The millinery has minimized many of the modern messengers. Bascom mauling rails for his father's fence and magnetizing the multitudes, or Tom Lowe in battered hat and shabby shoes snaring the shy ones for Sunday dinner, and catching a brain full of thoughts from air, earth, and water for the Sunday sermon, were the fading and few Mohicans, the *rari nantes* who linked the loom of the Levant with pioneer preaching, plowing, and preserving the apostolic succession. These be the days of the "Apostle of the Gentiles." The color of the side-whiskers in keeping with the "warmth" of the freighting and the pulpit ornaments; the tapering fingers setting off with their purple nails the rich "book-marks"; the symmetrical swell of the calf in the perfect pants; the delicate and delightful lip—what endowments! For we are saved by taste.—Richmond Advocate.

South Not Monumental.

The history of the suffix "South," as connected with the question of "change of economy" in the General Conference of 1866, is equally fatal to the idea of it being a "monumental witness to the constitutional position of our Church." In that General Conference, on a proposition to adopt "Methodist Church, south," the motion received only nine votes. On a resolution to adopt Episcopal Methodist Church (dropping the monumental suffix, comma and all), the vote was ninety-six for the change and forty-seven against it. Considering the fact that the suffix South had been so recently dedicated as a monumental witness to a great constitutional question, and that many of those who so consecrated it were members of the General Conference of 1866, is it not strange that only nine out of one hundred and thirty-two votes could be found to let the "monumental witness" stand? Alas, the instability of human affairs and testimony!—W. M. Protzman, D. D., in Richmond Advocate.

There is no such thing as freedom in the world; from the cradle to the grave we are under orders to some one or something. Just as the high walls hem in the playground where the boys are free to do as they like, so does the great circle of that which the Greeks called Necessity surround the life playground we call free will; and liberty is but a shadow. Throughout we are all, young and old, under the harrow of circumstances.