



EDITORIAL



JOHN W. PRITCHARD, Editor

People like to hear a prophet who tells them of times of prosperity and peace and happiness just at hand. Such a prophet will always be popular, but the prophet of evil will be hated and cast out, even though he be the messenger of God. Having itching ears the people heap to themselves teachings after their own lusts, and say of them, "Prophecy unto us smooth things. Tell us of peace and prosperity and plenty. We don't want to hear of war and famine and disaster." We have become so accustomed to the principle in this country that the people rule, and must have whatever they want, that the preaching largely conforms to this popular demand. But the true prophet is the messenger of God, and it is his business to preach the truth of God—to declare the whole counsel of God whether men hear or forbear. It isn't always a smooth and pleasing message which he is commissioned to deliver.

Christ is not pleased with that service which excludes or silences the children.

The question of Jesus, "Yea, have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" needs still to be asked. The praise which does not make large place for the children's voices is far from perfect in Christ's estimation.

Those services which are best for the children will also be found best for all the rest, if they have the child-like spirit which Christ commends.

One of the evidences of the divine origin of the Christian religion is the deep spiritual significance of all its rites and ceremonies, however simple they may be.

Parents should bring their children to church, and especially on days when the sacraments are to be administered; and when they ask questions, as they naturally will, as to the meaning of that which was done, instead of passing it over and putting them off, an endeavor should be made to teach them the meaning of these things. Impressions are thus made which will never fade from the child's mind.

If we took no more care of our bodies, or of our physical health and condition, than we do of our souls, and our spiritual health, we would certainly be in a deplorable state.

Witness Work.

BY REV. W. C. MCCLURKIN

The Associate Reformed Presbyterian Synod, Gastonia, N. C., May 5th to 10th, had a royal welcome for the fraternal delegate from the Reformed Presbyterian Synod. The hospitality of these Southerners exceeds the fame thereof. Fellowship with them was delightful.

At the time set for my hearing there was a full attendance of the Synod and visitors. In the half-hour assigned, I dwelt briefly upon our common ancestry, some of the schisms of the Church, and unions in which all did not unite; upon our similarities and differences, and the importance of the principles we still maintain, and then made an appeal for their help and co-operation in our efforts to have our nation acknowledge the authority and obey the law of our Lord Jesus Christ.

When I had finished, the moderator, Dr. Bradley, pastor of a church at Troy, S. C., a bold, dignified, and somewhat eccentric old man, had me seated on the platform and proceeded to make a very able reply. He also spoke of our common ancestry and interests especially our love for the inspired Psalms, and thought there ought to be more fellowship between us. "You have been in this country a hundred years," he said. "How is it that you have never once before turned to speak to us?" In the pause that followed the audience was having a good laugh. I stroked all the patriarchal beard I had, and replied that we were waiting for them to come back to us. "Well," he said, "we feel it to be our duty to participate in the government of our country, but we agree with you in that our nation will have to acknowledge Christ the King before we can hope for ideal justice and peace. But there ought to be a more frequent exchange of greetings and an effort somehow made for us to present a united testimony for the inspired psalmody. In the olden time they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord was pleased with that; and He will be more pleased with us if we speak oftener the one to the other." He further expressed the Synod's appreciation of our visit and their desire that the Lord would prosper us and bless our efforts to advance the interests of His kingdom.

The Associate Reformed Presbyterian Synod endorsed the petitions for the Christian Amendment. They have about the

same number of ministers we have, but twice as many members.

At the A. R. P. Synod I met Dr. G. B. White, a retired dentist, historian and antiquarian of Chester, S. C. Having heard that I was a McClurkin, and a Covenanter, and wondering if I might be a descendant of the ones that emigrated from Chester, S. C., district to Illinois, he sought me out; and finding that I was of the aforesaid, born and bred, he invited me to his home and offered his services in looking over scenes once familiar and dear to our fathers. I gladly accepted. Accordingly, on Saturday we visited the district where my grandfather spent the first eleven years of his life, and from whose lips I, when a boy, had heard many interesting stories concerning it.

Nothing is left of the old McClurkin homestead but brickbats, broken bits of china and glassware, and old iron rails, scattered in a small cotton patch in the midst of a wilderness, the timber being a new growth on land once cleared by the early settlers. The house was deserted by its original owners thirty years before the Civil War, and was later used for the storage of cotton. Two hundred bales of cotton were in it when it was destroyed by Sherman's army on its march to the sea, tradition says. Many of the deserted homes of the Covenanters in this district suffered the same fate. But what of it? The Covenanters were in the North where their sympathies were. Their zeal would have burned up anything that stood in the way of human freedom. Many of them sacrificed their lives in that terrible conflagration of the sixties, for the freedom of the slaves and the preservation of the Union.

Within a stone's throw of where the McClurkin house stood, is an old white-oak tree, with a trunk over seven feet in diameter, mostly hollow; but the gnarled fellow is still very much alive in spite of his years. I stood reverently and attentively before him that I might hear whatever variety of language he might speak. I asked him to tell me of some of the things done around there when he was a sapling. I inquired if it was from one of his branches the Tories hung Great-great-great-uncle Archie. He could not tell. Nobody living seemed to know the exact spot where he was hung, nor where he was buried. It was enough to know, however, that my own neck was safe where his was not, and I thanked God that he was willing to risk his that ours might be safe, and prayed that I might be

as ready to make as great a sacrifice to hand down our heritage of civil and religious liberty to the generations following.

And let it be said right here, our heritage of civil and religious liberty is being encroached upon. There are those who would rob us of our birthright. Even now we have it not in its integrity, for the vast majority of our fellow-citizens are taking what they can get and living without law to God. True liberty cannot be maintained except within the limits circumscribed by the law of God, and it is not likely that this will be gained for our nation without the price of blood.

Great-great-great-grandfather and Great-great-great-uncle Archie McClurkin and George Washington and the rest of the Revolutionary fathers resisted unto blood the power that was then undertaking to rule after his own whims, King George III., and they were within their moral right.

But the majority of them were wrong when they undertook to rule America after their own fancy. Who made them to differ from King George? Or who gave them equal right to rule? Should they not have made in their Constitution of Government as explicit an acknowledgment of God as they made in the Declaration of Independence? But they did not, and only those who dissented from the wholly secular government established, kept within their moral right. If the others refuse the blood of the Saviour to atone for national sins, still more of the blood of the inhabitants will have to be shed, that is certain, for without shedding of blood is no remission, and the nation and kingdom that will not serve the Lord shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.

From the McClurkin farm, near the Hopewell Associate Reformed Presbyterian church, about ten miles southeast of Chester, we followed, part of the way, the old Cornwallis Road over which they used to go to church, to the site of the Rocky Creek or the Old Brick Church of the Covenanters, about four or five miles to the northeast. This was on a pleasant knoll in a woodland pasture a short distance from the public road and also from Rocky Creek. The cemetery, about one hundred feet square, is enclosed with a broken-down stone wall with a small iron gate on the side next to where the church stood, where nothing remains but a few scattering pieces of bricks and a very few whole ones. Amongst these we found a few flint Indian arrow-heads, and wondered whether they had ever disturbed the worshippers there. The graveyard was covered with underbrush of three years' growth, much of it over six feet high. Arrangements were made with a one-legged negro nearby, to cut this down and remove it from the plot. He could not be persuaded to tackle the

job, however, until we allayed some of his suspicions, for before this, he said, one of his hens had been laying in the graveyard and he was afraid to go in and gather the eggs. The tombstones of Revs. William King, James McKinney, John Riley and Thomas Donnelly are in good condition, and their inscriptions are as described in Glasgow's History. I cannot recall seeing that of Rev. C. Madden, mentioned by Glasgow. There are in this plot, plainly-inscribed and substantial monuments to the memory of Hugh and Jane McMillan, ancestors of most of the McMillans in this country, Dr. White supposed. There are several unknown graves here, but we are assured that even the dust of His saints is precious in the sight of the Lord, and that, at the Resurrection, in those places of the earth forgotten by men, that which was sown a natural body shall spring up a spiritual body.

The Rev. William Martin was the pioneer Covenanter minister in the South, and there is nothing but an unhewed stone at his grave on the place once owned by him. Dr. White supposes he is the only person living who knows where it is. He indicated the direction to me as we sped along the road.

Another landmark he pointed out at a distance was the hill disfigured by a Mr. Orr, great-great-grandfather of Rev. Alvin Orr of Pittsburgh. When in the old country, this Mr. Orr had had a dream that he would be married, come to America, have a farm, three sons,—one a preacher, one a teacher, and one a farmer, I believe,—and that near his house would be a hill in which he would find gold. As all the parts of his dream materialized except the latter, he had faith to believe the gold would, too, until there was considerable of a hole in the almost solid rock of that hill. When joked about it by his neighbors, he as jokingly replied that he got one hundred and fifty pounds of ore (Orr) out of that hole every day. His must have been the kind of faith that could remove mountains.

On Sabbath morning Dr. Phillips, of the First A. R. P. Church of Chester, announced to his congregation that in the evening they were to have the privilege of listening to a unique preacher, the like of which they had never heard before,—and your happy servant preached a sermon on Political Dissent. While trying to get the gist of the remarks as the people were dispersing after service the pastor's small boy asked his mother if this was one of those new religions that was going around. He was told that this was quite different from Russellism, and other "isms" of that stamp, and that this was all right. It is, too, every bit right. In my remarks at the Men's Bible Class in the morning, I said: "'Blessed be the God of our fathers.' He who gave them a refuge in this land, and inclined their

hearts to worship Him, and multiplied their seed and blessed them,—shall their seed be satisfied with ascribing blessing and honor and glory and dominion to Him in the Church and ignoring Him in the State? Until we own His providence in giving our fathers this land, and until we establish a government that honors Him and that is in accordance with His ordinance,—not until then can we consistently say, 'Blessed be the God of our fathers.'"

While in the South I also visited the scene of the Declaration of Mecklenberg at Charlotte, N. C. This was issued May 20, 1775, by followers of Alexander Craighead, and is generally acknowledged to be the herald of the American Declaration of Independence. Historian Bancroft says: "The public voice of dissolving all connection with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England, nor the Dutch or New York, nor the planters in Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of the Carolinas." The impress the early fathers left upon this community is still quite evident, for Charlotte, with its fifty thousand population, has twelve Presbyterian churches, five Associate Reformed Presbyterian, and has a larger percentage of church-goers than any other city in the world except Edinburgh, Scotland.

Dr. John Robertson of the "Wee Frees," Glasgow, and one of Britain's war officials, and "yours truly," had the privilege of addressing the Mecklenburg A. R. P. Presbytery, May 17. The Sabbath before I preached in the First A. R. P. church, and was the delighted guest of Mrs. Jessie Wilson Coleman and family, daughter of Elder Jesse Wilson of New Concord, Ohio.

The Southern Presbyterian General Assembly convened in Charlotte on the anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration. The Christian Amendment got a favorable ten-minute hearing the second day; also at the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant church, Greensboro, N. C., the day following. Speaking generally, the ministers of the South are apparently as ready for our message as those of the North. They are more conservative, but none the less progressive. The same may be said of their people. The business meetings of the directors of their corporations and banks are nearly always opened with prayer, I am told, and the country gives evidence of recent prosperity. In Gaston County alone there are ninety-three cotton mills, and more in process of erection. Four hundred thousand horse-power of that of the Catawba River has been developed and is electrically distributed to these rapidly multiplying cotton mills and various other industries throughout the Piedmont Section. Since heaven is open, a channel cut through the heart of the nation via Washington would make this, and all sections of

the country from the Gulf to the Lakes, far more prosperous. For the Lord "shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth. In His days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth. He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

Our Mother, the Church.

A lad stood looking thoughtfully at his mother for a moment and then said: "Mother, you must have been very beautiful when you were a young girl!"

"Why, my son, what makes you think so?"

"Because you are so beautiful now!" he replied.

Happy boy! Blessed mother! The life of one was reflected in the other.

Our Mother, the Church, must have been beautiful in her youth, for she is so beautiful now. Indeed she has the quality of perpetual youth. She is hoary with age—as ancient as the thought of God in the hearts of men, and yet she is without spot or wrinkle, as lovely as a young bride adorned for her husband.

For I conceive of the Church not in terms of time and sense, not as an assembly of so many individual lives, nor yet as the storehouse or the vendor of creeds, but I do conceive the Church to be the idealized symbol of all man's best hopes, of all his highest aspirations and noblest impulses. All that which men would like to become they have glorified in the Church; they have made her the treasure-house of their souls and committed to her keeping their most sacred possessions. For her the noblest psalms and hymns and oratorios have been composed; for her the grandest earthly forms of the work of human hands have been reared in temples and cathedrals; for her men have gone forth to every clime and have sailed every sea; for her the matron and the maid have laid down their lives as sweetly and innocently as a little babe sinks to sleep. She is above all and forever the beautiful Mother, the likeliest to heaven itself of all that men know and think and dream.

Whenever this ideal is born anew into the hearts of men our Mother has a birthday. The story of her greatest birthday runs on this wise: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, wise men came from afar saying 'We have seen His star in the East and are come to worship Him.'"

Year by year, generation after generation, men have beheld the star and they have built for her new temples in the human soul. For here is a star that never sets; when the eyes of one generation become too dim to behold it, lo, it shines with glowing splendor upon a Babe, and He, ris-

ing with the vision, points the new generation upward toward her glorious face, saying, "Son, behold thy Mother!"

Thus the years of her birth are numbered not by the coming of spring and summer, autumn and winter, but by the light of the shining of sweet human faces that lift themselves up to hers, like the light of holy tapers glowing through the darkness! She measures her years by the victories of her children as they come triumphantly to her arms. For as the white gull wings its way from the sea, or the reaper from the shorn field turns again home, so her children ever returning to her bosom find rest and consolation.—"Christian Intelligencer."

Talents.

"I remember," said granny, "when I was a little girl of seven years old, my father kept a butler—an old, very solemn, but very kind old man.

"Every night when, exactly as the clock struck eight, my aunt sent me out of the dining-room to go upstairs to bed myself—for little girls were brought up very strictly in those days—old Thomas was always waiting in the hall to hand me my little brass candlestick to light me to the room where I slept. I always said, 'Good night, Thomas,' and he would reply in a very low, solemn way, 'Good night, Miss Nannie; don't forget to take account of your servants!'

"What he meant was this:

"My Uncle William, who had come home from India when I was about six years old, had been very kind to me while he stayed with my father, because he saw that I was a very lonely child, in a very big, empty house; for I had neither mother, brother or sister. So he would often take me on his knee and tell me Bible stories.

"One day, when we were sitting together in an old summer house in the very small back garden, which town houses generally have, he told me the parable of the 'Talents.'

"'Nannie,' he said, 'I am going away very soon, and I want you to promise me that every night before you get into bed you will 'Take account of your servants.'"

"There are many 'talents' God has given other children and not to you, for you are a lonely little girl—no mother to love you, no brothers or sisters to play with you. But there are many 'talents' you have which some other children have not.

"See here,' he said, taking my little fingers; 'and down there, inside your shoes, are ten little toes; and inside that mouth is a little tongue; and at each side of this neat brown head is an ear; and looking straight up at me are two brown eyes. Now, these are all your servants or "talents" given you by God to use—while many little children are lame, or dumb, or deaf, or blind—and

you are His little servant, and I want you every night to "take account of your servants" and find out if they have been pleasing yourself through the day.

"For all those servants of yours are "talents" or gifts from God, and He is watching every day now what you give them to do, and one day He will make you give an account of their doings.'

"And then, after I had promised to do as he told me, he kissed me and sat me down, and away I ran to my old friend, Thomas, to tell him what Uncle William had said.

"And from that time, until my aunt took me away to live in the country, old Thomas never forgot every night to say, 'Don't forget to take account of your servants, Miss Nannie.'"—"Scottish American."

Thoughts for Meditations.

How few professed Christians give the thought to the cultivation of their spiritual graces that they do to the outward dressing and adorning of the body!

God's liberality to us calls for an answering liberality on our part.

God loves the beautiful, or He would not have made so many beautiful things.

We cannot cancel the law of the harvest—the sowing determines the reaping.

Man's chief end is to glorify God, and Jesus says, "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

Andrew was the first Christian missionary. He was the first to bring another to Christ, and the one whom he brought was his own brother, Peter.

When perplexed about the words of Christ or the providences of God, the best place to find the solution is apart with the Master.

The Psalms

BY REV. J. C. MC FEETERS, D.D.

(Concluded from last week.)

The Musical Interpretation of the Psalms

The Israelites were a musical people. They were constitutionally poetic and symphonic. Even when untrained they celebrated their victory at the Red Sea with bursts of song. They heard music in the waves of the sea, in the sweep of the storm, in the peals of thunder, in the swaying of the trees, in the movements of the stars; and instinctively their souls caught the tune, and kept time to the music.

Their temple became a conservatory of music. David, the sweet Psalmist of Israel, organized the orchestra, and the choir of 4,000 voices, 288 instructors, and three precentors. With such an array of musicians the temple praise must have been majestic.

Yet the music was not all heard in the out-