

to be a law of the locality. Men do not die; they just fade out.

The ferries on the Cape Fear are quaint and primitive affairs. You drive upon a "flat-boat" which is guided across the current by an attachment to an overhead cable spanning the river, the propelling power a crew of negroes with paddles. Before the war and railroads, when the tobacco was rolled in huge puncheons along the roads by slaves and the cotton bales were hauled in mule teams, both for great distances, McNeill's Ferry was part of the great highway to Raleigh and the North, but its glory is now departed.

In Central North Carolina, owing to the influence of new railroads, there are now many rapidly growing towns, such as Dunn on the Atlantic Coast Railway and Sanford at the junction of the Seaboard Air Line and the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad. Selma, at the junction of the Atlantic Coast line and Southern Railway, has doubled its population in the last two years. Manufactures are springing into life, new industries of a Northern type are multiplying, and enslaved natural forces—water power, steam and electricity are rapidly proving to the sons of those who once enslaved their fellowmen, that there is a more excellent way. The "New South" is fast succeeding to the old. The only thing to be regretted about the abolition of slavery here is that the country at large, in decreeing emancipation, did not, as a measure of justice, follow the precedent set by Great Britain thirty years before and adopt the principle of compensation to the slave owner. The slave owner's right of property being guaranteed in the compact of Union, the constitution of the United States, he had a stronger case for compensation here than he had in the British West Indies when his slave property was swept away. Had this been recognized by the people of the Northern States there is reason to believe that the inevitable revolution in Southern society might have been accomplished without the terrible expenditure of blood and treasure, the awful wrecks of happiness and homes, which the other policy involved. I say "might have been;" but this measure of simple justice was worth a trial before resorting to simple brute force and confiscation. I am no more an advocate of slavery than I am a negrophile. I only suggest that in this matter of slavery yesterday, as in the case of some social evils of today, there might have been more than one way of riddance. History will have much to lay at the door of party prejudice and passion in the record of the middle and closing decades of this century; nor will she hold altogether blameless the unreasoning, goading fanaticism of some miscalled philanthropy.

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W. F. PARKER.

The Divinity of Fatherhood.

I plead for the recognition of the divinity of fatherhood as well as the divinity of motherhood, not only because I would give tardy recognition to one who seems to me to have been a sadly neglected historic personage, but because every child, as well as the Christ-child, needs a father as well as a mother. I distrust the easy distinctions based on sex, and yet, in the order of development, distinctions there are, and we must recognize them. If the mother is a type of love, and through her tenderness has come into human life, and love has been discovered as an inherent part of the universe, as the quest of life, the end of creation, then through the father has come into human life thought of law, through him came the benignity of government, through him has the soul been tutored to respect authority, through him have we been made to see that the universe is not only cradled in love but that it is centred in justice. Righteousness is the father word of evolution. Righteousness is the father thought of God, as love is the mother thought of God. Righteousness is the father contribution to the home, and if the hand of the father is at times more heavy, aye, if it needs at times come with deliberate heaviness upon the child, it is God's way of making a man out of that child. Who of us will not bless the correcting hand of the father as well as the soothing hand of the mother? There should be, and there are, kisses from both father and mother to the well-bred child, and there will be discipline, sometimes prompt, and so far as the child can understand, unreasoning discipline in the hand of both, but for distinction let us recognize the father's contribution in the past and the present to the child life as a contribution of righteousness, of law, of stern equity. Shall we not bless this father providence as much as the mother providence? If in woman's eyes we first discover the eternal love, then let us in man's enkindled indignation transfigure righteousness, first discover the eternal justice of the universe.

The modern child is threatened not with too much mother, but with too little father, and this danger is heightened by the sudden release of womanhood from the ban of conventionality and of the domineering power of physical force. Let her not too readily accept as complimentary to herself the church's adoration of Mary. Woman is made of no purer stuff than man, her companion, man, her father. She cannot transmit from her own veins or her companion's veins any purer life stuff, and diviner spirit impulse to her daughter than she does to her son. Crimes differ, as virtues differ, in form, but I suspect the population of heaven no more than the population of hell will be largely affected by the sex line, however the attendance at the modern church may seem to predict such a differentiation. We need more fathers in the home. With Father Spaulding of the Catholic Church, I say we need more men in our churches, and if our homes, schools and churches are not organized so as to evoke and direct this masculine investment, then let them be reorganized. It is not true that mothers are peculiarly the divinely appointed teachers of children, that to them is especially intrusted the intellectual or spiritual destinies of the young. As I said before, that argument is based upon the analogies of the past, it is a reversion of primitive conditions, an illustration of the law of atavism, like the return to six fingers and toes in some people, or the restoration in others of the muscle that can move the ear.

The highest reaches of evolution point to the double responsibility and the double potency. In the interest

of the child, then, let us lift him out of a mother rule into a father-mother rule. Let the home be girdled with masculine order as well as with feminine love. Let there be strength as well as tenderness. Let there be in it mind as well as heart, vigor as well as sympathy. All these are spiritual children which cannot be born except in the bi-sexual realm,—they must have a father and a mother. If you remind me that woman's hand can be strong, that she has disciplined children, controlled states and directed armies, I gladly concede the point and urge in response that men have carried children, in their bosoms, that David lamented over Absalom with sobs that have touched the heart of the ages; that the greathearted Mohammed was sorrow smitten when little Ibrahim, the child of his old age lay dying in its mother's arms, and when his followers would rebuke him, saying: "Have you not forbidden us to weep for thee, O master, when thou wilt depart?" he replied, "I have forbidden you to shriek and beat yourselves and rend your garments above your dead as pagans do, but tears shed at a calamity are as balm to the heart and are sent in mercy." And he exclaimed, "Ibrahim, O Ibrahim, my son Ibrahim, if it were not that this is the way to be trodden by all, and the last of us shall join the first, I would grieve for you with a deeper grief even than this." And as he spoke the child's struggle ceased, and little Ibrahim was dead. Then the great prophet of monotheism, the law-giver of Islam, laid his hand tenderly upon the sorrowing mother and said, "Rest assured the remainder of our Ibrahim's childhood and upbringing shall be in Paradise." And at the tomb he said, "My son, my son Ibrahim, when you enter Paradise say to the recording angel, 'God is my Lord. The prophet of God is my father and Islamism is my faith.'" Such tuition on earth is a benignant introduction to the highest paradise of heaven.

I once met a strange, shambling, uncultivated and unkempt hunter philosopher in the solitude of East Tennessee. On the heights of Big Smoky, by the weird light of a midnight fire, he mixed fragments of home-made philosophy with Socratic quotations and Emersonian epigrams which he read from a common-place book he carried in his coon-skin cap. Speaking pathetically of his own meagre rearing, he said, "I never had much chance, I was raised by a woman." You laugh as I laughed, but that receding voice goes with me through the years with an increasing pathos. Oh, how many children of luxury, of much training, many schools and wide travel, will some day come to the sad realization that they also "never had much chance," that they were raised by woman only. They had a male parent who assumed the responsibility of giving them being, but they never had a father who assumed the spiritual responsibility involved in the act. Their paternity stopped before it reached fatherhood, and I say there is no alternative, no adequate compensation, nothing to take the place of the God-given hand of a father. God, through Joseph, reveals himself in the spiritual realms of life as he does through Mary, and it is possible to break the connection, to turn aside the divine stream on the one hand as upon the other.

I have pled for the divinity of fatherhood for the sake of the child. Let me close by pleading for this doctrine in the interest of the father. He needs the mellowing touch of baby fingers. He needs the ameliorating smile of childhood. He needs the rejuvenation which children give. Had I time I could again appeal to the unquestioned analogies of the past. I have said that evolution has sought the development of the man child by increasing the tuition the soul can receive after birth, magnifying the bequest of environment, but the child educates the parent in the process. His love generates love, his worldlessness washes the worldliness out of parent hearts, his simplicity shames the father's duplicity, his thirst for comradeship peoples the father's heart with a comradeship that will not desert him.—(From a sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago.)—The Christian Guardian.

The Bible in the Home.

Give the Bible the place it ought to occupy in your homes. Enshrine it in power. Let not the daily newspaper, nor the popular magazine, nor the most eminent standard author come between you and the daily reading of God's word. Some of you, I doubt not, have precious memories of home where the Bible was a revered and studied book. You can hear the tones of the father's voice as he read in the morning, and recall the awfulness with which the old prophetic periods were clothed, or the delight with which the precious promises fell upon your ear. You can see a beloved mother garnering strength and courage and consolation day by day from the Psalms and beatitudes. You know the words that were taught you then have clung to your memory, and will be part and parcel of you through all eternity. Now by all that is sacred in these recollections, by all the love you bear your little ones, by all the terrors of the judgment before which we must all appear and meet the record of our lives, I beseech you to be faithful in your own homes, faithful to God and to those whom God has committed to your care. It will soon be too late. When these children have grown up and gone into their life work, let it not be theirs to say: "I might have been made familiar with the Bible and its blessed teachings, and through the influences of truths thus learned, might perhaps have been led into an assured hope of eternal life in Christ; but my parents were not faithful, and the book divine had no honored place in my early home."

You may not be able to give your children wealth or the inheritance of a great name, or eminent social advantages; but you can leave them the results of fidelity and precious memories of devotion to the holy task of trying to make them know what God says to us in the Old and New Testaments, and what he wants us to believe and to do and to be.—Dr. Frederick Noble, in "The Divine Life of Man."

Love Makes Obedience Easy.

With a heart full of love to Christ, there could be no hardship in fulfilling the divine commands. They would no longer be a hard and irksome bondage, but they would become the very joy of life. What is greater happiness than to fulfil the desires of some beloved one? Is it not an infinitely greater happiness than to gratify one's own wishes? Nay, it is fulfilling one's own wishes, for there is no difference where love is. You are at one with the object of your love. Where is there a tenderer plea for obedience to God's laws than when the Saviour says, "If ye love me keep my commandments." That should be an irresistible plea. Faithfulness may be a strong compelling influence, but it dwindles into insignificance beside that of love. The expulsive and impulsive power of love is beyond computation, and our ability to love is the measure of our power of accomplishment.

Love is the spirit that animated Christ in his great gift of himself to the world. It was the spirit that made him gentle, patient, and full of tenderness and long-suffering to those who had refused and rejected him, who repelled his offers of mercy, and distrusted his purposes of salvation. Love is the very crown of Christ's attributes, the argument which brings men to the foot of the cross upon which love hung him that he might save others by his death.—Mrs. George A. Paull.

Origin of Strong Drink.

INTERESTING FACTS REGARDING ITS MANUFACTURE AND SALE.

Strong liquors are of modern invention, for the ancients knew of nothing more powerful than lightly fermented wines, and they have left many warnings of the abuse of them. Alcohol was not discovered until the seventh century, and the distillation of spirit from wine was not discovered until the twelfth century, while spirits did not come into common use until the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Prof. Arnoldus Villanova, in the fourteenth century, made a panacea of the "water of life," which was said to have the virtue of "giving sweet breath, fortifying the memory, besides being good for sore eyes, the toothache, gout," etc. Distilled spirits came into use in London in 1450, and had to be prohibited in 1494. Michael Savonarola produced a treatise on the making of "water of life" in the fifteenth century, which became a standard authority on the subject, and was followed by the work of Matthioli, of Sienna. These books gave an impetus to brandy-making in Italy, whence the trade extended to France. About 1520 the Irish usquebaugh began to acquire reputation in England. Before 1601 "brand wine" had begun to be distilled in the low countries from apples, pears and malt; and in that year an ordinance was passed at Tournay forbidding the sale of the liquor, except by apothecaries, "partly because of the dearthness of corn and partly because of the drunkenness which this cheap brandy wine caused, to the great prejudice not only of homes and lives, but to the extreme danger to the souls of its drinkers, many of whom had died without confession."—N. Y. Ledger.

Love and Faith.

Love and faith are inseparable. We trust before we love. We love and find it easy to trust. Faith is the open channel down which God's love passes into our nature, and love in its passage hollows out the channel down which it came. Like burnished mirrors that face each other, they flash the sunbeams to and fro. And thus as we live near God, we are filled with love, not ours—but his—his love reflected back on himself—his love flung forward to men. It is when there is perfect love between us and our fellow-believers that the grace of God can pass easily from one to another, through every busy point of supply, and through the working in due measure of every part. If we are out of fellowship with any, to that extent we cannot impart to them, nor they to us. But when love pervades the body as the genial spring warms the woodlands, there is an upbuilding and overflow ending in love. Each gives us another, and gets as he gives.—F. B. Meyer.

Danger in a Minister's Life.

Were we to sum up in one term that which forms the danger element in the life of the minister, it would be the danger of being something less than absolutely genuine. This is the temptation which leads some men to coquet with pastorless churches, write their own puffs for the denominational journals, seek honorary degrees from institutions of learning, conceal or mutilate the truth, and seek glowing statistics rather than souls.—The Standard.

Men ought to confess Christ on the ground that it is our duty to tell the truth. If he is the Truth, then it cannot be right to withhold him from others. One who should keep to himself a truth that he discovered in science or philosophy would bring upon himself the condemnation of the world. If Columbus had kept his discovery to himself he would not have been honored as he is today. How much more should one who has found Christ make him known to others!—Ex.