

A Year in North Carolina.

The People.—In Society.

CONTINUED.

The relation of the sexes of the two races is still a burning question, and it is impossible to understand Southern life without knowing something about it. So if anyone feels a delicacy about such a subject he had better pass this letter.

In the North the whites and blacks can intermarry if they wish. I understand that such marriages are very few indeed and that illegitimate mulattoes are as few in proportion to the negro population as they are here. Perhaps they ought to be fewer. But here the laws forbid intermarriage and public opinion is decidedly against it. There is some talk of making adultery between blacks and whites, like rape, a crime punishable with the death penalty. Let it be clearly understood that from the standpoint of a Southern man, the mixing of the races, whether in wedlock or out of it, is very different from what it is in the eyes of many a Northern man. The negro is an inferior creature, nearer to the brute and hardly responsible for his actions. A rather intelligent young man told me during the campaign season, "Since God made man after his own image, he made him a white man, for Jesus Christ was a white man." The image of God consists in the whiteness of the skin. But so far as I am able to find out, the origin of the races and the differences in color and temperament is surrounded with mystery. So far as I am able to judge taste alone forbids intermarriage. Certainly the most natural interpretation or *prima facie* meaning of Acts 17:26, "He himself gives to all life and breath and all things, and he made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, having fixed appointed periods and the bounds of their habitation." I am not aware that there is any passage that seems to prohibit it. It has been thought by some that science compels us to seek a different interpretation. Even such an eminent naturalist and such a stout opponent of the evolutionary hypothesis as Agassiz believed that a mixture of the races would result in sterility, that the tendency would be for the mulatto to become a sterile hybrid, or, at least, their would be deterioration. I have made inquiries of blacks and whites, Northern and Southern men of intelligence, and with one accord they have stated that there is no evidence of the fact. One said that he thought there was more tendency to consumption, but, whatever may be the reason, that has become very prevalent among the negroes since their release from slavery. Indeed it is often stated that the races have been so mixed already that it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to find a full-blooded negro in America, and some intelligent negroes despair of keeping their race from being whitened still more. They say that the negro women prefer illegitimate children from white fathers to legitimate children from negro fathers, and that the process is likely to continue until the negro race is assimilated. Whether under such conditions it is wise to have drastic laws to forbid intermingling and intermarriage is an open question. Personally I would prefer, if mulattoes must be brought into the world, to have them brought in wedlock. I have been among men enough to know that the innocent victim of others' sin is often reminded of his misfortune by men who ought to know and do better. But it is not every child that is compelled to carry the evidences of the sin and shame of his parents in the color of his face as the mulatto is. It is doubtless very undesirable to be compelled to refer to the sex aspect of the race relations in Southern life, just as it is unpleasant to have to make use of the sex argument in discussing "the dance of modern society." But it is the argument of arguments in the one case as well as in the other. It does not matter how refined the writer on dancing may be, he feels that he cannot afford to leave out the sex argument. And there is no understanding of the relations of the races in the South without referring to it. The crime of crimes on part of the negro is that he is guilty of ravishing white women and is generally lax in his sexual morality even among those of his own race. Friends of the negro claim that this is magnified and that the negro is sometimes made to pay the penalty for the sins of the whites. This was "the unspeakable slander," of the mulatto editor in Wilmington, that enraged the white people so that they took revenge by destroying the press on which, and burning the building in which the slander was penned and printed. About the question of fact involved in the slander I am not able to judge, and it would be difficult to find a competent authority. But references to such matters were not wanting in the Democratic papers throughout the campaign. Cartoons as well as printed matter kept the matter steadily before the people. Mrs. Lewis was utterly disgusted by the character and frequency of the references to it in our own paper. If she had read some of our city papers she would find things still worse. In two denominational papers, one from the North and the other from this State, she saw an editorial note and the other a letter from an honored professor and a D. D. in Georgia, the matter is discussed with frankness. Here is one sentence from the editorial note in the N. C. Baptist: "The amalgama-

tion of the races is a serious problem before us, not because of miscegenation in wedlock, but out of wedlock. This is apparent to the most casual observer." Here then intermarriage is a crime against human law, but the Christian must ask himself whether it is a sin against the Divine law or not. He may also ask whether it is expedient even if Scripture and science do not forbid it. Taste has generally been sufficient to keep the people of different races from intermarrying. When the consecrated Mackay of Formosa married a Chinese lady there was considerable surprise, but I do not know that many considered that it was wrong or that he sinned. Doubtless the Chinese are not exactly on the same level as the negro and the Indian, but is there anything to forbid the one any more than the other? A very intelligent Northern man told me there was as little mixing of the races in the North as in the South. I have no doubt a Southerner would be inclined to dispute that, for many a Southerner thinks that matters would get into a very bad condition in the North as well as in the South were it not for the influence of the stringent laws of the South. That some would intermarry if allowed is clear from what a Southern man told me one time, "We have to protect some of these white people against themselves. If we did not have the laws as they are they would intermarry." And from the fact that occasionally some do go North to get married. If I cannot find stronger arguments against intermarriage than I have thus far been able to find I shall not use any influence, I may have in favor of passing drastic laws against it. If two of different races wish to live under the same roof, and if Scripture and science do not seem to forbid them I am not sure that human laws should. I cannot favor any legislation that compels the innocent offspring to testify to the sin and shame of the parents and bear the reproach of their wrong-doing without a very strong reason. But it is utterly impossible to make Southern people look at things as we do. They never seem to think of the way the light color of the mulatto reflects on the character of the white race, but they are ever ready to refer to the disgrace of the negro in the matter. Surely if it reflects on the one race unfavorably it does also on the other. Neither does it seem to enter their minds that the example of the white man may have something to do with the formation of the character of the black man. We find it hard to see ourselves as others see us. Of "society" among the white people I am not able to speak. In this place there is very little, if any, of it except among the summer visitors that come to the hotel. The time I spent in Raleigh did not give me an opportunity to judge. I learned, however, that even church members were not free from dancing, and the churches had to discipline some members who persevered in that form of dissipation. From our limited observation we are led to believe that there is not as much going out to tea and to spend the evening here as in Canada. But that may be because the cooking of the North is so different from that of the South. Indeed our people hardly ever speak of spending the evening and would not know the exact meaning, for our evenings begin immediately after dinner and we have no afternoons. Possibly there is more visiting and less home life with the young here than there is with you, but do not regard me an authority on that subject. Impressions are often misleading and further acquaintance changes an opinion hastily formed. Southern young people are noted for dressing to go to church. "Sunday is a show day in the South." J. LEWIS. Moorehead City, N. C.

Then Bitter—Now Sweet.

BY REV. A. C. CHUTE.

Just look with me for a few minutes at this photograph. Don't you think she has a very sweet face? It came to us only the other day. Let me tell you about the young lady, for I think you will be interested in learning something of her. I cannot look at the picture without thinking of the struggle and the victory.

Her home is in Illinois. Or at least it was there, for possibly by this time her pilgrimage has passed and she is safe at home with God. It was a joy of mine to baptize her when she was about nine years of age. She was a very bright girl, exceedingly active and restless, able to get around with greater rapidity, and have a hand in more things, than any one I had seen. Her influence was strong so that it seemed eminently desirable that she should get the right bent. Her Christian parents, whose outward lot was favorable, were worthily ambitious for her, and gave her the best advantages in an educational way. Three years ago I visited the scenes of that my first pastorate. Before going thither at that time, I had learned that Bessie had developed into a beautiful young woman, beautiful in personal appearance and in character. And this I found to be true indeed. Upon the day when that short visit ended she went with me from house to house where I had been wont to go in the early part of my ministry. What reward there was in what was seen in her that afternoon, for the labors of the young pastor among the children in those other years.

But see these two letters that I bring you. They are from the mother. One tells of the bitter, the other of the sweet. I am sure that their writer would not object to your seeing them, since divine grace may be magnified thereby. The one bearing the date Oct. 30, '98, has these pain-filled sentences: "For ourselves, Mr. B. and I are having days of agony. I could better express it by saying that I feel as if I were dying daily. Our darling Bessie is wearing away. She is not strong enough to sit up, and we fear she will never be; but she does not seem to question that she will recover, and is making her plans to go to New Mexico before very long. Many prayers have been offered for her recovery, but all in vain. I did

not think that I should see the day when it would be so hard for me to keep my faith in God. Bessie has developed so beautifully and with such gifts for usefulness. I cannot understand why all this has come to her and us. It seems to me I cannot endure the time when she will have to know that all her plans are thwarted, and that she must face the unseen and unknown." The heart of more than one mother who reads this will swell with deepest sympathy. Dear faces come again to view and all those long days and nights are recalled. Perhaps it will relieve thee, mother, to weep again. But note the sequel, and may you know a like victory.

The other letter, which flows on in triumphant strains, is dated April 21st, '99. Not a long time between, but what swift up-going in this period. A good God is our God. Listen for a moment: "Your comforting letter to Bessie was received yesterday and I hasten to tell you that she is still with us, but is just on the brink of the river. She knows now that she is going, and is very happy in the thought. She is so radiant and trustful we all feel as if heaven were very near. Yesterday was her twenty-third birthday—twenty-three beautiful years, and an eternity of beautiful years ahead. I feel it is worth a thousand times every trial that has come to me to be the mother of such a rare child. She has been one who kept her thoughts so much to herself, that until these months of sickness, I did not begin to appreciate her real life. Very many are the testimonies that come to us from her associates telling what an inspiration she has been to them, and that they shall always be better for knowing her. She said to me a day or two since: "Mother, I think I have had a wonderful life. I don't mean a consecrated life, but a life without a doubt. I have never doubted the presence of God, and his loving care." At the close of yesterday she said: "This has been the happiest birthday I have ever had."

These two letters, as they lie before me now, make me think again of the parable of the flute. The flute complained sadly of the holes and rifts that were made in it. Mournfully it said: "Once I was an unwarred piece of ebony, beautiful to look upon. But another voice was heard: Thou foolish flute. These holes and rifts have been the making of thee. Without them thou wouldst have been quite useless. But now, in the hands of skilled musician, thou wilt give forth sweetest music, and on through the years shalt thou be a joy and quickening to many."

Let us then, beloved friend, with these letters and this picture before us, let us, upon this day, the birthday of a sainted brother of mine, and perhaps an anniversary day to you also, sincerely send up that petition of George Macdonald's:

"I pray, O Master, let me lie,
As on thy bench the favored wood,
Thy plane, thy saw, thy chisel ply,
And work me into something good."

Halifax, N. S., May 2nd.

Voyaging.

O Captain! my Captain! we sail a threatening sea;
A noise of many waters comes to me bodingly,
When we sailed the sky was clear, winds were fair, and
port seemed near.

In my heart was naught but faith, and hope, and cheer.

O heart, my heart,
Those days of great gray calm,
And that one so rarely bright,
With its dawning's red delight,
Were but casting up an highway for the storm.

O Captain! my Captain! all the four great winds of
heaven,
Strive with these angry waters; why ride we thus wind-
driven?

Could we not, in sunny ease, 'neath clear skies sail
tranquil seas?

Other ships are bound to that far port on these.

O heart, in this wierd, brief calm,
Of the deadly heart of the storm,
Gird firm the life-belt to thee,
For the coming blasts be strong.

O Captain! my Captain! straightway at thy commands
Have I cast forth all my treasure, and I stand with empty
hands.

The good ship now is lightened, furled is each veering
sail,
With bare poles to the glooming sky, speed we before
the gale.

But O heart, heart, thy treasure!
Can he aught return to thee,
In that distant, promised port,
For what thou hast given the sea?

O Captain! my Captain! long the night, and drear and
black;
Dark, cruel waves, like hungry wolves, leap close upon
our track;
My true and trusty shipmates fall to them one by one;
The floods lift up their waves with might—lift up and
overcome!

O heart, where bides thy Captain?
Token nor word gives he.
Tossed with the tempest and driven,
Toll we alone on this sea?

"O heart—foolish heart for its doubting, be still,
Though the troubled sea rage in its strength, yet its
might

Exceeds not the power of my mightier will,
My sheltering hand bounds its ebb and its flow;
O thou tempest-tossed! fear not, be strong, yes, be
strong;

Thus far, and no further, its proud waves shall go,
The night is far spent, the day is at hand,
When thine eyes shall see plainly that far-stretching
lands

No treasure lost, but restored there shall be,
In sevenfold measure full and free.
Canst thou not with me watch one short hour 'neath
drear sky?"

O Captain! my Captain!
To my post I go;
Ay! ay!

CONSTANCE MACK.