

NORTH CAROLINA PRESBYTERIAN

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OUR PREMIUMS.

Jamieson, Fausset & Brown's Bible Commentary. This is a complete commentary on the whole Bible. While scholarly, it is a popular commentary. It is just the work for Sunday School teachers. We offer this for four new subscribers, 25 cts. extra for postage.

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We take pleasure in introducing to their Presbyterian brethren some of the members of the Waldensian Colony, of Burke county, North Carolina. They are gathered together at the laying of the corner-stone of their stone church at Valdese. It was an historic event.

The time was the 17th of February, 1897, the Waldensian Fourth of July. It is the anniversary of the signing of the edict of toleration by the King of Italy, marking the end of centuries of persecution and oppression.

Within the corner-stone were deposited a short history of the Colony with a roll of the church—125 names, copies of the New Testament in French, Italian and English, and a copy of the Minutes of Concord Presbytery, containing an account of the enrollment of the Church.

The scene is most suggestive. To the right is the Italian, to the left, the American flag. Next to the American flag, and behind the corner-stone, we may recognize a Southern Presbyterian Minister, Dr. John M. Rose, of Morganton, who has been both energetic and successful in behalf of the Colony. To his right is the pastor of the church, Rev. Bartholomew Soulier. Next to him are two Northern Presbyterians, Mr. William Wright and Mr. Woodrow, representing Bethany Church, Philadelphia, popularly known as Wanamaker's Church. Mr. Wanamaker made a liberal donation towards the building now nearing completion, and our Synod supports the pastor. Thus this representative of the historic Church, which did not need to be reformed because it had never been deformed, finds a congenial home in the bosom of American Presbyterianism, and unites the two great branches of that faith in the practice of good works.

The Waldensians are Calvinists in Doctrine, and Presbyterians in Polity. Their union with our Church here is a striking testimony to the antiquity of Presbyterianism.

CORRESPONDENCE.

One Word.

DEAR NORTH CAROLINA PRESBYTERIAN:—I hasten to pay my respects to you in your new home. Pardon one deep sigh as I bid farewell to the genial editor, who for so many years presided over your destiny with such grace, wisdom and fidelity. May his facile pen still find employment and the joys of his heart grow larger through a long, long eventide.

I grasp the hand of your new master with cordial good wishes, and predict for you under his vigorous and progressive management a brilliant future. I congratulate you in advance on the success that is even now in sight.

You will permit me to take advantage of this auspicious occasion to speak one earnest word to the heart of the Church. Our dear Christian people are not as spiritually minded as they ought to be. They are not getting half as much out of religion as they can get and should get, and for that reason the Church is not getting half as much as it ought to get from them in the way of aggressive force. I have just been reading a few chapters from *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*. How few Christians are like old Baxter! He feasted his soul on the hidden manna; he lingered perpetually at the living fountain; he looked long and intently on the King in His beauty. Earth had but slight attraction for him. He was drawn with incessant desire towards the purer joys of the Spiritual Kingdom. He had already the large beginning of heaven. The result was that service, and sacrifice, and suffering for the Master were all sweet. Duty and delight were to him the same. Why should Christians of this type be few? There is bread enough and to spare. The living waters are flowing clear and strong. Why are we so faulty and so feeble? The average Christian is getting next to nothing out of his religion. It affords him a faint and flickering hope of joys to come, and that is about all. "Why should we live at this poor dying rate?"

We never have religion enough to make us useful till we get enough to make us joyful. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." We can all have that much. Christ has it on deposit for us. He wants us to have it. He made the apostles wait for it. He would not let them try to work without it. The joy came with the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The people thought the disciples were intoxicated. Pentecost marked the beginning of a joy "inexpressible and full of glory." It was a joy that no reverse of fortune could quench. When the hand of violence was laid on them, they rejoiced "that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name."

Where do we get our conception of the Christian life? Do we get it from the New Testament? Do we believe that the religious experience of apostolic times was a normal experience? Or do we think of that as exceptional? One thing is perfectly manifest, and that is that the religious experience of New Testament Christians was characterized by joy, and the measure of their joy was the measure of the Spirit's presence and power in their lives. I am fully persuaded that religious experience now should conform to the New Testament type. The reason the Church is growing so slowly, and working so sluggishly, is because the average Christian has hardly enough spiritual vitality to give birth to a feeble smile. "The Kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." We hope we have the

righteousness, but as for the peace and joy, we are not expecting these till we get to heaven.

Twelve hundred and forty-two churches without a convert last year! One thousand and fifty-seven gave nothing to make a convert! Symptoms vary, but the disease is one of spiritual inanition. Oh! if these Churches would but feed upon the sincere milk of the Word they would grow thereby. If they would but open their hearts to the fullness of the Holy Spirit sinners would be quickened into life. God's order is, Pentecost and then the addition daily of those who are being saved. This would also fill all the blanks in the table of contributions. Let our Churches be flushed with a full tide of spiritual life and redeemed sinners will flow in, and money will flow out.

We can never get men to give away the best thing they have. The only way to get them to part with a lesser good is to give them a greater. The best thing they have till they get conscious possession of Christ is their money. Jesus did not try to get their money till He filled their hearts with the Holy Spirit, and then there was no trouble. Zaccheus could not get enough money up to the day that Jesus came into his home and his heart, and then all at once he found he had more than he wanted. The poor must have half, and the rest must serve the cause of righteousness. Only let Christ be formed in the hearts of our dear people the hope of glory, and then their grip on material blessings will relax. They will then sing to some purpose: "Thou, O Christ, art all I want." They lie like Ananias, and then grudge Him anything larger than nickels. How shameful it is that many Christians pay their homage to Christ in the same coin that they throw to organ grinders and mendicants.

My one word is growing to be a long one. MAY THE NORTH CAROLINA PRESBYTERIAN BE CONSECRATED TO THE GREAT MISSION OF CALLING THE PEOPLE OF GOD TO A DEEPER, RICHER, SPIRITUAL LIFE. CLARK.

A Message from Kentucky.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I must congratulate you upon your "call" to such a great congregation, including all of North Carolina and some of the neighboring States.

I hope it will be as faithful and devoted as your old Scotch Church at Fayetteville.

And I may be permitted to congratulate your new congregation, too, and hope your labors may be as richly blessed as they were in your former charge.

I thank you for the kindness which prompted you to remember me, and desire my humble help in your great undertaking. I will be glad to respond, not because I think you need to go outside of North Carolina for help, but as evidence of my appreciation of your partiality.

I am especially pleased and interested that you propose to make your paper the organ for the promotion of the great work of giving the Gospel to our own people, as well as to the heathen.

I believe in beginning at Jerusalem, in "loving our neighbors as ourselves," in the charity that begins at home, but does not end there.

I have no sympathy with the zeal that passes our perishing neighbors to seek other fields for our service and love. This we ought to do, and not to leave the other undone.

Right in North Carolina are, doubtless, many people destitute of the Gospel, especially in

the great mountain ranges covering the western part of the State.

I know it is so in my own State, where I can find people as utterly ignorant of the way of salvation as the heathen in China. A letter just received from our Evangelist in that country was written from a section without a Church, a Bible, or a Christian, or anybody to give them a Bible, organize a Church or competent to preach the Gospel.

And I am sorry to say that this case is not exceptional. There are tens of thousands of poor people in the great mountain ranges which sweep from Pennsylvania to Georgia who are practically without the Gospel.

For the last few years the Church is waking up a little to the magnitude of this work and the magnitude of the duty and responsibility, so long neglected.

I find a circular from Dr. Booker, the admirable and efficient Chairman of the Evangelistic work in Virginia. In this circular is this statement: that this great Synod has given but seven years to this aggressive work out of one hundred and ten. Is not that amazing? There are yet 32 counties in this Synod without a single Presbyterian Church, 41 counties with only one.

And the same sad story may be repeated by other Synods in our Church. Comment is unnecessary. Instead of "going into all the world," we seem to have stopped in the cities and towns and fertile valleys, leaving His poor children in the regions beyond to perish. But I trespass upon your time and space in your inaugural number.

I am happy to know that your great Synod has entered upon this work in earnest, and that your paper will give special prominence to this most important enterprise.

That it will have His signal blessing and presence, is my earnest prayer and confident expectation.

With assurances of my sincere regard, I am
Your fellow servant,
EDWARD O. GUERRANT.
Wilmore, Kentucky.

The Massacre of Saint Barthomew*—Where Lies the Chief Responsibility for It?

REV. P. P. FLOURNOY, D. D.

Cardinal Gibbons says (The Faith of Our Fathers, Ch. xviii.): "I have no words strong enough to express my detestation of that inhuman slaughter. It is true that the number of its victims has been grossly exaggerated by partisan writers, but this is no extenuation of the crime itself. But I most emphatically assert that the Church had no act or part in this atrocious butchery, except to deplore the event and weep over its unhappy victims."

*This terrible slaughter of the Protestants, it may be necessary to inform some younger readers, began in Paris on the morning of August 24th, 1572—three and a quarter centuries ago—and was kept up in various cities of France till after the beginning of October. Various estimates have been made of the number of Protestants murdered, some asserting that it was less than 2,000, others contending that it must have reached 100,000. This question can never be settled, as the slaughter lasted for more than a month, was enacted in a great variety of places and circumstances, much of it being done by individuals who seemed to become infatuated with the horrible work as it proceeded, borne on by a ferocity like that of the tiger after tasting blood, while many bodies were thrown into rivers and otherwise disposed of, and there was no census of the victims taken at the time.

The aged and women, even little children and babes, suffered alike in the frightful carnage.

I do not wish to impugn the veracity of the writer of these words; but there is, perhaps, no influence so likely to give one a distorted view of facts as religious sectarian prejudice, and without doing injustice to him or to the humblest of the members of his Church, among whom I have many acquaintances, some of whom I highly esteem, I wish to show the truth of the matter on which he has thus expressed himself.

It is not probable that either the Pope at Rome, or the Romanist ecclesiastics in Paris originated the plot for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The letters of Salviati, the Papal Nuncio at Paris, are said to disprove this. But, the massacre was in the line of the policy to which the Papal Court had been striving to bring the Princes under its influence, and was the consummation of its long cherished wishes.

If it be true, as Cardinal Gibbons asserts with so much confidence, that the Roman Catholic Church "had no act or part in this atrocious butchery," and that "religion had nothing to do with the massacre," how are we to account for the contrast in the manner in which the news was received in the Protestant court of England, and that in which the courts of Spain, the chief Catholic power, and Rome itself, welcomed the tidings?

Fenelon, the French ambassador, came in obedience to the command of his sovereign, Charles IX. to announce to Queen Elizabeth and her court the news of the massacre.

Hume tells us (Hist. of England, ch. xl.): "Nothing could be more awful and affecting than the solemnity of his audience. A melancholy sorrow sat on every face; silence, as in the dead of night reigned in all the royal apartment. The courtiers and ladies, clad in deep mourning, were ranged on each side and allowed him to pass without offering him one salute or favorable look."

What a different effect the news produced at the court of Philip II., the chief Romanist prince of Europe! This bigoted and cruel monarch is said to have laughed aloud "for the first time in his life." Saint Goard, the French envoy at Madrid, writes to his master, Charles IX., as follows:

"The news of the events upon St. Bartholomew's day arrived on the 7th of September. The King, on receiving the intelligence, contrary to his natural custom, showed so much gaiety that he seemed more delighted than with all the good fortune or happy incidents which had ever before occurred to him. * * * He sent his secretary, Cayas, to me with his felicitations upon the event, and with the information that he was just going to Saint Jerome to render thanks to God, etc. * * * I went to see him next morning, and as soon as I came into his presence he began to laugh, and with expressions of extreme contentment, to praise your Majesty as deserving your title of Most Christian. * * * He praised the steadfast resolution and the long dissimulation of so great an enterprise which all the world would not be able to comprehend." *

Look across to Rome—how is the news received there?

Do we see the Church deploring the cruelty of her children, and weeping over its unhappy victims? As we approach the strange scenes in the "Holy" City to witness the effect of the terrible tidings, we will be constrained to say like the astonished Moses when he came down from

* Quoted by Motley from Groen vs. Prinzt., Archives, etc. Supplement, 125.

the Mount, and heard the noise of the orgies of the lapsed nation in their idolatrous worship, "the voice of them that sing do I hear."

There is no weeping in Rome, unless it be in secret corners and dark passages. The scene is one of unrestrained mirth and exultation. The bells rang, the cannon roared from the castle of St. Angelo. The Pope, accompanied by the sacred college, went in procession to several churches to offer thanks to God, and published a universal jubilee.

Cardinal Lorraine paid down one thousand crowns to the courier who brought the joyful news, and when the great procession had marched to his Church of St. Louis, chanted there a Te Deum. "His twelve years of prayer now had their answer." He had a gilt inscription placed over the doors of this Church, in which Charles IX. is described as an avenging angel sent from Heaven to sweep the heretics out of the kingdom, "thanks to the advice and prayers of the Holy See."

"The Pope sent Cardinal Fabio Orsini as delegate to France to congratulate and thank the king, and ask him to complete the work by establishing the Inquisition." (Roy's Massacre of St. Bartholomew, p. 18.)

Orsini, the Papal legate in passing through Lyons on his way to Paris, gave the apostolic blessing to the assassins there as they knelt before him with the blood of the Huguenots "scarcely dried on their hands." (See Froude's Hist. England, Vol. X.)

Yet Cardinal Gibbons "emphatically asserts" that his Church had nothing to do with this butchery, "but to deplore the event, and weep over its unhappy victims."

He assures us that this great jubilee in Rome was the result of the news that the worthless life of Charles IX. was preserved, and that the Pope was in entire ignorance of the massacre which had taken place. "Of which he was utterly ignorant." (Faith of Our Fathers, ch. xviii.)

He tells us that Charles and Catharine were very poor Catholics, too. "For neither Charles nor his mother ever manifested any special zeal for the Catholic Church, nor any special aversion to Protestantism, unless it threatened the throne."

How remarkably disinterested was all this rejoicing on the part of the Pope, the Cardinal and all Rome over the preservation of the lives of people who cared so little for them!

Ah, his eminence, after the manner of his Church, makes large demands on our faith.

But how are we to explain the fact that, in addition to this wild jubilee, the Pope sets his mint to work, and medals are struck off to commemorate the event? Was all this done on the spur of the moment? Could it have been done in this manner? Are medals which are intended to commemorate great events made in this hasty way, and upon such imperfect knowledge of the events to be commemorated? Cardinal Gibbons would have us think so. Why? That he may save this Pope from appearing before the world as one of the bloodiest and most cruel of monsters. But, would he have us take the only alternative, and believe him to have been so light and trifling a man as to act in the way he represents him as doing? No one who knows anything of Gregory XIII., would find it possible to take this view.

Then, if the Pope knew nothing of the massacre, how is this? I have before me a picture of one of the medals which Pope Gregory XIII. made. Here, on this medal, I see the words

VGNOTORUM STRAGES, (i. e. "The Massacre of the Huguenots.") Yet, Cardinal Gibbons assures us that the Pope knew nothing about this massacre.

He also assures us, as we have seen, that "religion had nothing to do with it." But, on the same side of the medal, I see a picture of a slayer and slain. Before the eyes of the dying a winged figure holds up a cross in one hand, while a sword is held in the other. On the adverse side of the medal I see the inscription, PIETAS EXCITAVIT IUSTITIAM 24 AUGUSTI, 1572, (i. e., Piety urged on justice, 24 August, 1572.) "Piety" is here represented as the main-spring of the whole affair. Did this "piety" have no connection with religion?

There is another fact which makes this theory of Cardinal Gibbons appear quite remarkable. The Pope had three pictures painted on the walls of the Vatican, one representing the murder of Admiral Coligny, another Charles IX. in the fatal council, and the third the dreadful massacre itself. On the walls thus frescoed is the record of the Pope's approval of Coligny's murder. Pontifex Colignii necem probat ("The Pontiff approves of the killing of Coligny.") Was all this done in a moment, and before the Pope knew of the massacre?

[For the North Carolina Presbyterian.]
The Swan Song.

ADDISON HOGUE.

One of the oldest traditions that has descended to us from antiquity is that the swan sings in anticipation of death, and from this has come the use of "Swan Song" to devote any noteworthy utterance by anyone who is near his end, particularly if this utterance bears some special relation to the person's chief activity or interest in life.

For example, Paul's triumphant outburst in the fourth chapter of Second Timothy, beginning with the words "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand," was spoken of as "Paul's glorious swan song" by Dr. Alexander McLaren in the Sunday School Times of Nov. 27th.

In this connection it may be interesting to know what was said about the swan song by one of the purest and noblest souls the heathen world ever knew.

When Sokrates was put to death he drank the poison shortly before sunset, and that last day was spent in the company of some of his beloved disciples, and their conversation turned upon the immortality of the soul. Sokrates advanced three reasons that led him to believe in this doctrine, and at the close of this part of the discussion a deep and prolonged silence fell upon the little company in the prison cell. Then Sokrates noticed that two of his friends were earnestly conversing in an undertone, and on inquiry he found that his arguments had not satisfied them, but that a motive of delicacy restrained them from stating their difficulties, for fear the general topic of death might be unpleasant to him, in view of the nearness of his own death. Sokrates gently chided them, saying: "Well did I ever! I certainly can't expect to persuade other people that I do not consider my present situation a misfortune, if I can't persuade even you, and if you fear that I am at all more dissatisfied now than I ever was before; and I must seem to you to have less of the gift of divination than the swans; for they, when they perceive that they must die, though they sing on other occasions too, sing at that

GREETINGS FOR THE NEW YEAR!

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With many thanks and good wishes too;
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BABY TENDER.

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GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

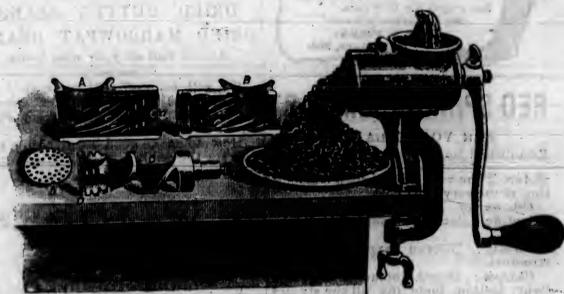
We have a large stock of Single and Double barrel, Breech-loading Remington Guns. Also a complete stock of Imported Muzzle and Breech-loading Guns.

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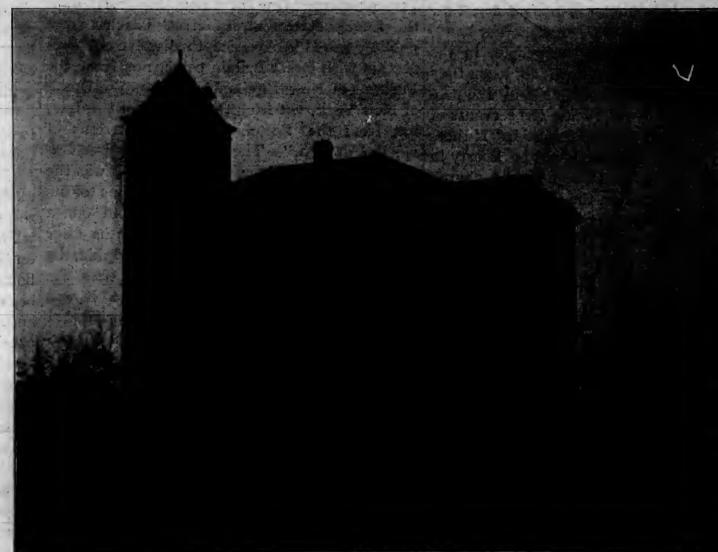
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RUMBLE HALL.

We present to our readers this week a picture of what was known, until the last meeting of Synod, as the Centre Building of the Presbyterian Orphanage at Barium Springs.

The Orphanage has grown from small beginnings. It was founded in faith and prayer. The Master still adds His blessing to deeds of self-sacrifice and loving service.

For twenty years there had been efforts to secure a home for our children. About ten years ago some of the ladies of Charlotte rented a house in which there were eight or ten children cared for, Mrs. Penick, widow of a Presbyterian minister, being put in charge of them. The Home was supported by a subscription. At the meeting of Synod in Goldsboro, in 1889, the Home was offered to the Synod, accepted, and conducted under the Synod's care, for two years, in Charlotte.

Later the Hotel and ample grounds at Barium Springs were purchased, and Rev. R. W. Boyd secured as Superintendent. Soon after the gratifying report made at the Synod of Durham, we were shocked to hear of the destructive fire at the Orphanage. Providentially, no lives were lost. Providentially, the building was. Mr. Geo. Watts came to the rescue, the Annie Louise cottage was built at a cost of \$5,000 and the Synod accepted the condition on which this gift was made by raising the funds for another cottage of equal cost. The orphans meanwhile were cared for by the good people of Statesville, and at the next Synod the buildings were dedicated. No witness of that scene will ever forget it.

A picture of the Annie Louise cottage is given on page 9, and also of the next building to be erected, the Infirmary. Then, with ever increasing demands upon the capacity of the Orphanage, this, the Centre Building was planned.

Dr. Rumble, the President of the Board, received a letter of inquiry about the Institution from an old student of Davidson College, now a Professor in the University of Tennessee. Soon afterwards he received a cheque for \$100 from a Virginia lady now living in New York, whose name is withheld here, but is kept in grateful remembrance by many friends of the Orphanage. Again and again, in times of greatest need, her welcome gifts have come, and without her aid we could not say to-day that this beautiful building, costing nearly \$10,000, has been fully paid for.

At the last meeting of Synod the Centre Building was formally accepted and dedicated to its sacred use. And spontaneously and unanimously it was named "Rumble Hall." The title was well deserved and the Synod owes a lasting debt of gratitude, for years of patient, loving and successful service, to Rev. Jethro Rumble, D. D.

There are now 95 orphans fed, warmed, clothed, educated and loved, at Barium Springs. Mr. Boyd has a heart big enough to hold them all and many more. Yet so wisely are the funds administered, that it only costs \$70.00 a year for each child. Perhaps some readers of these lines would like to invest that much in the care of one who otherwise will be thrown upon the charities of the world. Pure religion and undefiled * * * * is to visit the fatherless.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Presbyterianism and Civil Liberty.

REV. W. W. MOORE, D. D.

Civil liberty and religious liberty go hand in hand. As men settle the question of church power so they are likely to settle the question of civil power. If they rest church power in the clergy they are likely to rest civil power in kings and nobles. Hence the remark of Lord Bacon that "Discipline by bishops is fittest for monarchy of all others." If, on the other hand, men rest church power in the people, in the church itself, as Presbyterians do, then they will hold that civil power also rests in the people, and that all civil rulers are the servants of the people. So Dr. Paxton has said, "If there is liberty in the church there will be liberty in the State; if there is no bishop in the church there will be no tyrant on the throne."

Hence it is that modern tyrants have with one consent recognized that Presbyterianism was their natural enemy, and have hated and feared it accordingly. Charles II. pronounced Calvinism a religion not fit for a gentleman. Charles I. said: "The doctrine (of the Presbyterians) is anti-monarchical," and he added that "there was not a wiser man since Solomon than he who said, 'No Bishop, no King.'" James I., born and reared a Scot, spake what he knew when he said at the Hampton Court Conference: "Ye are aiming at a Scots Presbytery, which agrees with monarchy as well as God and the devil." History has demonstrated that the views thus expressed by the Stuart kings were absolutely correct. By its doctrine of personal liberty Presbyterianism has emphasized the worth of the individual. By its republican polity it has rested the power of government in the people, and administered it through representatives of the people chosen by the people. And, as a natural consequence, it has in every age been the chief educator of the people in the principles of civil liberty, and has in every land reared the noblest champions of human freedom. And so the Westminster Review, which is certainly no friend of our faith, says: "Calvin sowed the seeds of liberty in Europe," and again, emphatically, "Calvinism saved Europe." Castelar, the eloquent Spaniard, says: "The Anglo-Saxon democracy is the product of a severe theology," learned in the cities of Switzerland and Holland, "and it remains serenely in its grandeur, forming the most dignified, most moral, most enlightened and richest portion of the human race."

Macaulay has shown that the great revolution of 1688, which gave liberty to England, was in a great measure due to the heroism of the Presbyterians of Scotland, who at Drumclog contended for Christ's Crown and Covenant against the dragoons of Claverhouse, whose blood crimsoned the heather at Bothwell Bridge and Ayrsmoss, and whose brethren in Ireland resisted to the death the army of King James at Derry. Ranke, the great historian of Germany, says: "John Calvin was virtually the founder of America."

Bancroft, our own historian, says: "We are proud of the free States that fringe the Atlantic. The Pilgrims of Plymouth were Calvinists; the best influence in South Carolina came from the Calvinists of France. William Penn was the disciple of the Huguenots; the ships from Holland that first brought colonists to Manhattan were filled with Calvinists. He that will not honor the memory and respect the influence of

Calvin knows but little of the origin of American liberty." Rufus Choate says: "I ascribe to * * * Geneva an influence that has changed the history of the world. I * * * trace to it * * * the opening of another era of liberty; * * * the republican constitution framed in the cabin of the Mayflower, the divinity of Jonathan Edwards, the battle of Bunker Hill, and the independence of America."

These, be it remembered, are all disinterested testimonies by men who are not themselves Presbyterians. One of them, Bancroft, adds this further statement of fact: "The first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came, not from the Puritans of New England, not from the Dutch of New York, not from the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of North Carolina." The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, in May 1775, was the work of Presbyterians exclusively, nine of its signers being Presbyterian elders and one a Presbyterian minister. Fourteen months after that memorable action, when, in Philadelphia, the Colonial Congress was hesitating to pass the Declaration of National Independence, it was the eloquence of an illustrious Presbyterian that swept the waverers to a decision, John Witherspoon, the president of Princeton, the only minister of any denomination who signed that immortal document.

Later still, in one of the darkest hours of the Revolution, Washington, himself connected with the Episcopal Church, said that should all his plans be crushed he would plant his standard on the Blue Ridge, and rallying round him the Scotch-Irish of the Valley, make a final stand for freedom on the Virginia frontier. To this sterling strain, it has been said, belongs the unique distinction of being the only race in America that never produced a Tory. Calvinism, in fact, was the backbone of the Revolution. "While the Quakers were non-combatants, and stood aloof from the conflict; while the Episcopalians, as a rule, were against the Colonies and in favor of the crown; while the Methodists followed the mother Church and imitated John Wesley himself in their denunciation of the revolting Americans, the Congregational ministers of New England and the Presbyterian ministers from Long Island to Georgia gave to the cause of the Colonies all that they could give of the sanction of religion."

As for Presbyterian elders and laymen, when we remember the remark of George Alfred Townsend, "When I want to find the grave of an officer in the Revolutionary Army, I go to a Presbyterian graveyard and there I find it;" when we remember that nearly all the officers in command at King's Mountain, the most successful battle save one that was ever fought by American arms, were Presbyterian elders and that their troops were mustered from Presbyterian settlements; when we remember that General Morgan and General Pickens, who turned the whole tide of the war at the Cowpens, were Presbyterian elders; when we remember that after his surrender at Saratoga, Burgoyne said to Morgan concerning his Scotch-Irish riflemen, "Sir, you have the finest regiment in the world;" when we remember that Generals Moultrie, Sullivan, Sumter, Stark, Knox, Roulledge, Wayne, and scores of other officers, as well as thousands of the Revolutionary rank and file, were of the same sturdy stock, it is hardly too much to say with Dr. Archibald Hodge that "The Shorter Catechism fought through successfully the Revolutionary war."

The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew—A General Conspiracy for the Extermination of Protestants, of Which the Saint Bartholomew Horror was a Result—Letters of the Pope Showing His Connection With the Conspiracy.

REV. P. P. FLOURNOY, D. D.

(CONCLUDED.)

Among the conspirators who arranged the details of the plot to slay the Huguenots of this time, Catharine de Medici was the chief. The young king, Charles IX. her son, seems not to have been taken into the counsels of the formers of the plans of destruction at this juncture, for evident reasons, till those plans were ready for execution. Then she employed the artful De Retz to open the matter to him, and urge him to give the orders by which it was to be effected. The Duke of Guise, Tavannes and others were ready to carry out these plans at the giving of the signal. The badges of the murderers—a white scarf on the left arm and a white cross on the hat—were to secure all Catholics, and the houses of the Protestants were known, having been registered. Catharine and de Retz, by appeals, first to his fears and then to his angry passions, ever liable to take fire, maddened Charles, so that he was led to demand that the work should be hastened, and that it should be so complete that not a single Huguenot should be left to reproach him with the slaughter of his co-religionists.

"Instead of waiting till the matin bell should ring out from the old clock tower of the Palace of Justice, she (Catharine de Medici) directed the signal to be given from the nearer belfry of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. As the harsh sound rang through the air of that warm summer night, it was caught up and echoed from tower to tower, rousing all Paris from their slumbers.

Immediately, from every quarter of that ancient city, up rose a tumult as of hell. The clanging of bells, the crashing of doors, the musket shots, the rush of armed men, and high over all, the yells of the mob, fiercer and more pitiless than hungry wolves, made such an uproar that the stoutest hearts shrank appalled and the sanest appear to have lost their reason. Women undressed, men wanting nothing but the strength of wild beasts, children without a single charm of youth or innocence, crowded the streets where the rising day still struggled with the glare of a thousand torches. They smelt the odor of blood, and thirsting to indulge their passion for once with impunity, committed horrors which have become the marvel of history."

(White's Massacre of St. Bartholomew, p. 427.) "The roadways were strewn with mangled bodies, the doors were blocked by the dead and dying. From garret, closet, roof or stable crouching creatures came torn, shrieking out, and stabbed and hacked at; boys practised their hands by strangling babies in their cradles, and headless bodies were trailed along the trottoir. Carts struggled through the crowd, carrying the dead in piles to the Seine, which, by special Providence, was that morning in flood to assist in sweeping heresy away. Under the sanction of the great cause, lust, avarice, fear, malice, revenge, all had free indulgence, and glutted themselves to nausea." (Froude Hist. Eng. Vol. x.)

The Papal Nuncio, Salviati, writing about noon of this terrible Sunday, says:

"The whole city is in arms. The houses of the Huguenots have been forced with great loss

of life. You can see nothing in the streets but white crosses in the hats and caps of every one you meet, which has a fine effect." (Blackburn's Coligny, Vol. ii., p. 347). Yet Cardinal Gibbons informs us that "religion" had nothing to do with the massacre.

But one question now is, where rests the responsibility for all these horrors?

Having witnessed the many signs of joy in Rome when the news of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was received there, we now ask very naturally, why was there such delight over it, unless it was a realization of wishes that something of the sort might occur? Does it point to purposes and plans in Rome to bring about something of the kind? The wishes of the Roman See have not generally been barren. They have very generally borne fruit and led to earnest action, which secured their objects. How was it in this case?

Every unprejudiced person must admit that such extravagant rejoicing as was seen in Rome was indicative of the existence of hopes which were fulfilled in the event which brought such a flood of joy. The question very naturally suggested is:

Had the Pope indicated in any way a wish to bring about a slaughter of the Protestants in France? Let us see:

It may be true that the Courts of Spain and of Rome did not unite in forming the plans for the slaughter in all its details and on the particular occasion when it took place; but that there was a determination on the part of Rome to destroy the Protestants through the Romanist rulers in the countries where they existed, is indicated by so many facts that there can be no successful denial that such a slaughter was contemplated. Hume (Hist. of England, vol. 2, p. 27,) says of Queen Elizabeth: "In the massacre of Paris, she saw the result of that general conspiracy formed for the extermination of Protestants." * * * * He continues: "The violence and cruelty of the Spaniards in the low countries was another branch of the same conspiracy."

Now, it has come to pass in God's Providence that many of the letters of Pius V., who has been rightly called the St. Bartholomew Pope, though he died a few months before the massacre, have been brought to light. Of the death of Pius it has been said: "The Papal books lay down rules according to which a Pope should die, and he fulfilled them to the letter. His last words were chiefly upon the league against the Protestants, into which Charles IX. had refused to enter. To that league he gave a full casket of scudi, intended for alms, as his last gift." (Blackburn's Life of Coligny, Vol. ii. p. 263.)

Let us take a glance at some of his letters which indicate a lively interest in the object to which he dedicated his dying gift.

A little more than three years before the massacre (March 28th, 1569) he writes to the weak and wicked boy who had come to the throne in France, Charles IX. What sort of "piety" does the Holy Father instill into the youthful mind of his pupil. It was just after the battle of Jarnac, in which the Protestant Prince de Conde had been killed. Here are some of the Pope's saintly counsels to the young King:

"But, the more graciously God has dealt with you and me, the more earnestly and diligently should you on occasion of this victory exert yourself to root out from the foundation, persecute and destroy even to the very fibres, the remains of

so great and inveterate an evil. (Italics mine.) (Mendham's Life of Pius V., p. 66.)

The next letter is to that monster in human form, Catharine de Medici, the queen mother. In it the Pope reiterates that "the anger of God can only be appeased by just vengeance for the insults offered to Him."

He recommends that these Huguenots should be "massacred" (*ad internecionem usque*) and "totally exterminated" (*deletis omnibus*). This letter bears the same date, and was doubtless sent by the same messenger as the one to Charles IX.

A third letter is written about two weeks later to the Duke of Anjou, the brother of the King, and his successor, in which he enjoins that he shall be "absolutely inexorable to all the heretics," (*rogantium preces repudiare, et aequo omnibus inexorabilem se probare*).

On the same day he writes to the Cardinal de Lorraine, reiterating the same bloody counsels. (Mendham, p. 68.)

The next is to the King, of April 13, 1569, and "with unexhausted, or rather reviving barbarity, as the individual written to had the greater power." (Ibid.)

Another still was written to Anjou, on April 26th, which "does not yield to any of the preceding in horror of mercy or lust of vengeance." (Ibid, p. 69.)

It was doubtless the wicked hand of Catharine, using her weak and passionate son, whom she had maddened with fright and anger by her falsehoods, that set the match to the terrible magazine. But do we not through these letters of Pius V., see the Pope preparing the explosives and laying the train in order to bring about a catastrophe at which the world stood aghast—a deed so horrible that the thought of it is like a nightmare after more than three centuries have gone by.

Bethesda, Md.

A Kind Word From South Carolina.

The writer is confident that he expresses the sentiments of not a few of the ministers, officers and members of our Church in the bounds of Bethel Presbytery when he expresses his personal pleasure at the moving of the NORTH CAROLINA PRESBYTERIAN to a city so near by and so accessible to us all. For peculiar reasons, too, he entertains feelings of regret and sorrow that such a long time resident of Wilmington should find it necessary to seek a new home.

But this new home is one that gives many of us real pleasure. Charlotte is as accessible to Bethel Presbytery as it is to Mecklenburg Presbytery, and possibly more so. We have the most compact Presbytery in the Southern General Assembly, our territory being confined to four whole counties, the larger part of another and a very small part of another. Of our thirty-one ministers, eight came to the Presbytery from charges in the Synod of North Carolina. These eight are Rev. J. H. Thornwell, D. D., Rev. D. E. Jordan, D. D., Rev. J. B. Swann, Rev. D. N. McLaughlin, Rev. Alexander Sprunt, D. D., Rev. M. R. Kirkpatrick, Rev. J. K. Hall, and Rev. Chalmers Moore. Besides these there is no more loyal North Carolinian or devoted member of our Presbytery than Rev. D. S. McAllister. He came to us, however, from a Church in this Synod. Bro. J. M. McLain is also from the Old North State, and a highly esteemed member of our Presbytery. It is not known to the writer whether he came immediately from his native State or not, though we are of the impression that he did. Once more our

honored professor of theology in Columbia Seminary, who is beloved of all who know him, Rev. W. T. Hall, D. D., was from North Carolina, and we are satisfied he would desire to be classed with his brethren named in this connection.

It may be that one or two more of the members of Bethel Presbytery were from your side of the State line. You will see from this that ten of our thirty-one members came from your State. We can scarcely claim one of these, however, as a Tarheel, for he was born and reared in this State, and is the worthy son of one whose name adds glory to the record of illustrious men of our adopted State. Without the name of J. H. Thornwell the history and fame of South Carolina would not be complete.

It must not be forgotten also that Bethel Presbytery was once a part of the Synod of North Carolina, and was a part of Concord Presbytery. On the 9th of October, 1824, the Synod of North Carolina ordered the formation of Bethel Presbytery, and this was done at Beersheba Church on the 3rd of November of the same year.

About the year 1837 Davidson College was founded and specially cared for and controlled by the Presbyteries of Concord and Bethel. And we are still as loyal to the College as ever.

Surely these reasons abundantly warrant our interest and pleasure at your taking up your abode so near us.

Faithfully yours, S.

[For the North Carolina Presbyterian.]
"Kings Have Long Arms."

In a book called *Stories of Infinity*, the French Astronomer, Camille Flammarion, in speaking of the great comet of 1680, says:

"She goes, in fact, 32,000 million leagues from the sun, and yet, even at this distance, the latter can recall from the depths this feeble cometary nebulousity, so light, notwithstanding its extent, so diffuse and so insignificant compared with the sun itself. The comet, in such a waste, still trembles when, at the end of her course the great sun gives the order to return; but such is the vast distance that in spite of her willing obedience and in spite of the increasing velocity with which she rushes towards the flaming sun that summons her, she needs fully 44 centuries to make the journey back to the sun.

Which thing was an allegory to me. "Kings have long arms," said a Latin writer; and the Caesar that sat on the throne of imperial Rome could reach the arms of his will and his authority to the furthest limits of his vast empire.

Once a poor soul had wandered, like this comet, to an unthinkable distance from its sun, the Sun of Righteousness. It had wandered out into cold and night. Not even a faint glimmer of light seemed to reach it. It felt itself to be as far beyond any other sinner as that comet was beyond the outermost planet of our system. Out in these fathomless depths where neither sun nor star appeared, and with no hope that any return was possible, the blackness of everlasting night and the chill of everlasting despair seemed to have enveloped it forever. But even that far-away soul was not beyond the power of the divine attraction. The order to return was given. The long arm of infinite love and boundless compassion was stretched out, and out, and out, past the long procession of wanderers to lay hold on that lost and trembling soul, and to draw it back to the regions of warmth and light.