

# WESTERN RECORDER.

VOLUME XLVII.

LOUISVILLE: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1880.

NUMBER 16.

## WESTERN RECORDER.

Published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, at No. 111 Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

Subscription prices: One copy, 10 cents; one month, \$1.00; three months, \$2.50; six months, \$4.50; one year, \$8.00. In advance.

Advertisements: One square, 10 cents; one line, 5 cents; one line, 10 cents; one line, 15 cents; one line, 20 cents; one line, 25 cents; one line, 30 cents; one line, 35 cents; one line, 40 cents; one line, 45 cents; one line, 50 cents; one line, 55 cents; one line, 60 cents; one line, 65 cents; one line, 70 cents; one line, 75 cents; one line, 80 cents; one line, 85 cents; one line, 90 cents; one line, 95 cents; one line, 1.00.

## Our Zephr.

The Predig—Reason Restored.

A series of articles published by J. L. Burrows, D.D., in Broadway Baptist church, Louisville.

VII.  
A large delegation of students of the medical colleges were present at this discourse by special invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association, to whom he addressed himself in the introduction:  
YOUR GENTLEMEN OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOLS:

If you shall have an average number of patients in your future practice, there will be some afflicted with insanity.

"Don't this minister to a mad disease. I speak from the experience of a mad nurse. I have seen the written troubles of the brain. And with some extent of a scientific knowledge of the brain, what would you say to the heart?"

I believe that some of your scientific doctors teach that insanity has always a physical cause, some derangement of the brain matter. I make no issue with them or with you on this theory. It may be so; you I can not believe that insanity is a moral disease, but that some moral reasons may be traced to it.

We physicians have more insane patients to treat than all the physicians, for from our point of view there are many more people morally than physically insane. I propose this evening calling your attention to one case of restoration from moral insanity. You may find the report of the case in the notes of an old physician, Luke by name.

The result of the treatment is giving in those words: "He came to himself." See Luke 13:17.

Have you ever visited an insane asylum? I have. It suggests an appalling illustration of the moral state of godless men and women. Some are bound with straight jackets or thick gloves and who struggle furiously to get loose that they may tear themselves or others. Some beat the doors that confine them, trying to break out, and grasp one whom they hate or love. Some shrink in terror from the gentlest touch of their best friends. Some will embrace, as in heaven, raving maniacs who, with gnashing teeth and clenching fingers, look on them as fiends. Some are howling blasphemous and some are crouching crotches of half remembered boys. Some, crouching in a corner, are suspiciously guarding imaginary treasures. Some assume attitudes of modesty, fancying themselves kings or queens, generals, philosophers. Some look very grave and wise, and some chuckle with the idiot's unmeaning laugh, and some countenances are distorted by bursts of rage and passion. Some seem as sane as yourself, and are so on all subjects, perhaps, but one. Just mention that and their madnes appears.

Of godless men the Bible says: "Madness is in their hearts while they live." "As a madman who stretcheth arrows, and strendeth and death, is to the man that deceiveth his neighbors and saith, Am I not in sport?" "Thy laughter is mad." "They are mad upon their idols." "The end of a fool's talk is mischiefous madness." When Jesus called a raving maniac to be as "found doing, clothed and in his right mind."

Now, with this key to conduct, look

out upon the world, and see how many you can find who furnish proofs of spiritual insanity, who struggle to escape restraints that hold them back from self-mutilation, mischief and crime; who beat against the doors that close between them and their vices; who shrink from their best friends, and smile upon their worst foes. The echoes of insane blasphemous reverberate along our streets, and the shoutings of mad mirth resound from the throats of myriads who have no reason but their madness for their mirth. Some are sadly hoarding coals, which are as worthless to them as the scraps which a leech hides in his styre. There is no phase which literal insanity presents which has not its aid and counterpart in the lives of men called sane by the world. They say: "I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing; and know not that they are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

The text says: Our prodigal "came to himself." Then what had he been? He had been out of himself; deranged, deluded, bewildered. Here is the beginning of his recovery. He gets a first glimpse of his own true position, a first rational idea of the character of his own conduct.

"He came to himself." Here is the dawning of restored reason.

First.—He began to use his reasoning faculties.

A madman does not reason. The fly wheel of the intellectual machinery is disarranged and all the movements of the mind are jarring and clashing. To reason with an insane man is impossible. He can perceive no relations between thoughts, make no deductions, trace no consequences. All reasoning power is lost, and it is vain to attempt to control or guide by a power which can not be put into exercise. But when he begins to use his understanding, faintly grasps a truth, and comprehends it in its relation to other truths—in a word, begins to reason—you build this as a promise of recovery. Thus was it with our crazy boy. We can easily imagine him as he watches his feeding swine, coming to a dawning consciousness of his own degradation, traces its causes, looking forward to results.

Then in reasoning. He is coming to himself.

Upon the whole subject of the soul's relations to God, and to eternity, godless men manifest all the symptoms of insanity. On other subjects they may be rational enough, but on religion they show all the marks of monomania. Evidence they can not weigh, proofs they are incapable of comprehending, all the laws of right reasoning they disregard, heart and life are controlled only by impulse and passion. No consciousness of wrong and guilt deters, no dread of misery restrains, no care of evil to others restrains. If you saw a man in common affairs so utterly regardless of the consequences, the destructiveness of his own actions, you would not hesitate to call him a madman. Suppose one in his relations to God and to society tells you that he does not care whether he does wrong or right, whether his conduct injures or benefits others, but if the bliss of "hell" flashes before him he is determined to run into it, would you pronounce him sane on that subject? But when you see such a one beginning to comprehend the wrong and ruin of such a life and the doom it involves, lamenting his past madness and struggling to give reason its proper functions, you joyfully say he has come to himself, and there is joy, too, in heaven, among the angels of God over his restoration to a right mind.

How now perceive truth as never before—the guilt of sin, the beauty of piety, the blessedness and safety of Jesus; then for him as for the restored maniac, "old things have passed away; behold all things have become new." My dear young friends, when you begin thus to reason upon the righteousness of God's

claims to your affection and service, upon the certain results of a godless life, upon the blessedness of a pure heart and of a good hope, then it may be said of you: "He has come to himself!"

Second.—Self-control is another evidence of restored sanity.

You see a madman furious, raging, driven by his passions, goaded into foaming wrath by restraints, bent upon attaining some absurd impossibility, how useless are all warnings and appeals to him. Driven by frantic impulse, he is utterly incapable of self-control. If, after a long night of watchfulness and exertion, you notice that the flames of passion die out from his eyes, that he becomes quiet and thoughtful, that he speaks rationally, you say, "Poor fellow, he is coming to himself." So, hitherto, our prodigal had been beside himself, acting only from the impulse of passion and lust; but now, as he sits quietly on a pile of husks and reflects, the paroxysms of delirium are over, and you have hope of restored reason.

Hitherto some of you have scarcely known any law of life but the law of impulse, and you seldom paused to ask what is right and good, what will be best and safest for me, but what will gratify my present inclinations? How shall I now answer the cravings of my depraved nature? While your hand clutches the foaming chalice we cry to you, "Do not drink that! There is poison in the cup!" "But you swallow the draught, and soon the throbbing head and palsied limbs give ample proof that the poison is doing its work. Not until reflection convinces you of the misery and danger of being thus driven by appetite, and that prudence and safety demand the life should be controlled by better principles, and that judgment and conscience should gain the position, which passion had usurped, will then will you be in your right mind. Can I persuade you to ask your own soul, by what sort of principles your life is governed? Are you controlled by fitful impulses, or are you seeking the right, the true, the good, the safe? In the one case you are crazy, in the other you are sane.

Third.—A true estimate of the relative value of things is a mark of sanity.

He who passes people to pick up clam-shells on the beach, who leaves diamonds to gather pebbles, who prefers a green persimmon to a ripe peach, who would regard as incapable of judging of relative values. Bunyan, with his homely power, thus illustrates this folly in one of his Interpreter house scenes: "There was a man who could look no way but downward, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one on his head, and with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered to give him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straw, the small sticks and the dust of the floor." "Then," said Christians, "I persuade myself that I know something of the meaning of this: for this is a figure of the man of the world. Is it not, good sir?"

And what a figure is it! How apt! how just! If you see a man turning up stones hunting worms to eat, kicking away a basket filled with roses before him; or a man who may prefer for his muck-rake, or any one going away from a clear, pure spring, to dip his cup into the stinky stream of a green stagnant puddle for a drink, you would be very apt to say, "Poor man, he is crazy." But if watching, you notice that he turns disgusted away from his nastiness and putridity, and turns with appetite to the beef and the brook, you say, smilingly, "He has come to himself." Need I trace the moral of the illustration? Jesus offers you an immortal crown. Are you too busy with your muck-rake to notice Him? Is it not insanity to prefer these evanescent trifles to an incorruptible, undecaying life that passeth not away? Is not a short life of poverty and misery preferable to a risk of damnation if the

one were necessary to escape the other? But what madness to give up enjoyment, and by the sacrifices forfeit everlasting glory! And this is really what every perverse sinner does. He is senseless enough to prefer a rag to a robe, a hat to a mansion, a bank to King bread, present gratifying gratifications to eternal glory. For whether you believe it or not, all experience proves it infinitely true that "Godliness is profitable in all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

Fourth.—The surrender of fallacies is another evidence of restored sanity.

In the hallucinations of lunacy a man often fancies himself a king or a millionaire. You might as well reason with a hurricane as try to dispel these fantasies by argument. So the man who ignores God and piety accepts the most pitiful illusions and clings to them with a pertinacity that no demonstrations of reason can shake. He insists that he is happy and rich, when to eye-sound reason he is demented. Of it is one of the saddest scenes of earth, when one's brother, in his delirium, raves of his wealth and his honors, while he is fed by charity and confined in an asylum. When he recovers from these delusions and begins to talk rationally of his true condition and prospects you rejoice that he comes to himself, and this will be said of you, when you abandon your fantasies—that to sin is to be happy, that to be religious is to be wretched, that hell has no horrors and heaven no charms. When we hear you renouncing these absurdities, we will sing over you, "He came to himself."

Fifth.—Carefulness for one's own interests is an evidence of restored reason.

If you see one throwing away his property, flinging his gold along the streets, mutilating his own body, you say he is a madman. Commissioners of lunacy are often taken out in our courts to restrain men from wasting their property or hurting their neighbors. Feeble illustrations is this, of the moral derangement that is utterly unmindful of the interests of the undying soul that flings this priceless jewel into the blazing furnace, and holds immortal life as if no value. If he is mad who piles up all his earthly treasures into one heap and then sets fire to the whole, then what he who spiritively wrings as by a rotten thread his deathless soul over the marbling blaze of the burning lake? And when in some happy hour reason returns to a perception of the peril and the man withdraws and drops his endangered soul on the flock of Ages, you say he is in his right mind.

Of young men we can not open our eyes to your danger, and if you do not take our offered hand and let us lead you to refuge and shelter? Nay, will you not take hold of the offered hand of Jesus and let him guide you out of your labyrinth of aimless wanderings to his peaceful home?

Sixth.—The abandonment of hurtful propensities toward others is another sign of restored reason.

Insanity is often mischievous. Many horrible murders, derangements, and wrongs, too, have committed. And the whole influence of godless men is injurious. Sin is a madness that murders souls. The prodigal stimulates the vices of his comrades. By countenancing another in crime, the wicked mutually inflict irreparable wrongs. Many a father has by his example and teaching taken his own son by the hand and led him to hell. Many a mother has guided a daughter's steps into perdition. Many a professed friend has boosted his comrades over all obstacles that blocked his path to the pit. How we shudder to hear of a demented mother slaying her children. And in a spiritless sense, sin is hurtful as madness.

In a lunatic asylum in Philadelphia was confined for years one who had been an intelligent and educated gentleman. He had killed a friend in a duel. He passed his days in

stepping off ten paces along the corridor, then turning, stand a moment and give the word, "Fire." Then he would wring his hands and shriek "He is dead! he is dead!" Over and over, again and again during all the dismal days, this was his only performance.

In the dreary cells in which uncurable maniacs are usually confined, how many may wring their hands in agony and moan, "I have murdered souls! I have murdered souls!"

And when you see one restraining these hurtful propensities, changing this injurious influence, and, rather, striving to secure the happiness, virtue and safety of others, you rejoice at the evidence that they are coming to themselves.

Seventh.—The affectionate recognition of friends is another mark of returning reason.

It is a common remark that lunatics seem to hate most those who are their truest friends. They are often most violent toward those who love them best. They will repel them and smile upon indifferent strangers or scoffing enemies. How sadly does this warn us of our own propensities! Our prodigal could not believe that his best friends were in his father's house. He would seek them elsewhere, and you have seen what sort he found. How hard it is to make you believe that the good on earth are your truest friends; that Jesus is "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother;" that your heavenly Father most of all desires your welfare; that the Holy Spirit who dwells in your heart, that those only can lead you to your highest good. But you turn away from them all to embrace your soul's direst foes.

The reason is restored when it recognizes in the sweet face of Jesus your own loving Savior interposing to deliver and bless you, when confidence and love for Christians begins to thrill your soul; when, in the hither to deemed enemies, you come to recognize loving kindred and helpers. As soon as our demented boy came to himself, he found out that he had left his best and only friends in his father's house and his heart began to yearn to return to them. And when your restoring faculties are returned the first impulse of your soul will draw you to your heavenly Father's foot, to find in his house true-breathed companions and loving kindred.

Eighth.—A wholesome dread of danger is another sign of restored reason.

The maniac dreads no danger. He will sit chucking on the roof of a blazing house, while the timbers are cracking and tabling around him. He must be watched, lest he plunge into the river, jump from the windows. He can not be made to understand what danger means. And some who hear me now are spiritually thus insane. They can hear about the coming death, and the second death, and the judgment, and the warning of Jehovah, and see the gleam of the glittering sword of justice, and yet laugh and scoff and curse in derision of all. All our entreaties and appeals can awaken no sense of peril, and they can sing and dance into the very jaws of hell, hiding the mouth of the pit. And even those who follow them to the last and watch the final agonizing gasp of impatient death, will turn away from the coffin and the grave, and as madly as the day before, stroll and leap down the broad road after them as if hurrying to join them in the prison of woe. But the restored mind sees and shrinks from these awful perils. It believes that there is something real, earnest in the forewarned sentence, "Depart from me, ye accursed." The first glimmer of right reason lights up the danger which the darkness of insanity had kept hid, and the enlightened soul searches for some way of escape, and finds it in the arms of Jesus, the only deliverer. It is not unmanly to be afraid of a whirlwind or an earthquake, or any other force which no human courage can oppose and no human strength can conquer. "Fear

God and you will then have nothing else to fear."

There is one essential difference between brain disease and spiritual insanity. For the one, man is not responsible, except for the wrongs or wrongs that may have produced it. For the literal insane we have only pity. But this derangement of the soul is voluntary, and therefore punishable. I know that we can not reason with a madman. We can not convince an insane person that he is insane. This seems to be true in very many cases of spiritual insanity. And yet with mental faculties capable of reasoning, it is not that you can not, but just that you will not, come to your right mind. You can reflect and consider your own position and peril. Will you do it now?

Alas! there are many who never do come to themselves; many who never repent of their wanderings and return to their Father; many who live without God, die without hope and rush into eternity unprepared, unpardoned, unredemed. Will you be one of these? None but yourself can prevent it. (Only continue a little longer to doubt the truth, despise warnings, harden the heart, reject the Holy Ghost, reject Christ, and you may give up all hope of heaven. Of it said that this might it might be joyfully said of such one of you: "He came to himself."

Propriety.

It seems to be the general opinion that this country has entered on an era of unexampled prosperity. Possibly there is nothing that will, for years to come, interfere with this prosperity except a spirit of reckless speculation. Such a spirit should, by all means, be suppressed. Surely those who remember the state of things preceding the panic of 1873 will be careful to make judicious and safe investments. There is scarcely anything more rational, more prudent and more profitable to a people than unexampled prosperity. The quotation, therefore, arises, how may propriety be sanctified? This question is susceptible of several answers. The only one I now give is this: Let every brother and every sister make a solemn vow to give to the cause of God as he prospers them. Let them recognize him as the Author of their prosperity, and practically consider themselves his stewards. Unless they give they will become covetous, if they are not already so. The best way to extinguish the covetous principle in the heart is to give, and to keep giving, until it becomes a pleasure, even if it costs a hundred dollars a liberal giver." Reader, does he love you?

J. M. P.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK IN VIRGINIA.—"Langley," the Richmond correspondent of the *Examiner & Chronicle*, editor John M. Pitts, to-day enters fully on his work as superintendent of our Sunday-school and colporteur work in Virginia. The Board has been for some years trying the experiment of getting on without a superintendent, in deference to the views of some of our best brethren, but the result seems to have satisfied the most skeptical that the machine will not run without an engineer to manage it. The Board had in other days, under the superintendence of Dr. A. E. Dickinson, over one hundred colporteurs in the employ. To-day a work, which is felt to-day all over the State, and the good results of which eternity alone will fully reveal. We are hoping that a system has now been inaugurated that will enable us to return to those happy days, when our motto was, "A Sunday-school in every Baptist church, and the Bible and good books in every home in Virginia."

The condition of the Jews in Morocco is deplorable. At Morocco, the capital city itself, but few weeks since, the order of the Sultan, the Sultan of a Jew secured of having left money at a usurious rate of interest. A short time before this, a band of desperadoes, who were great enemies of the native inhabitants, seized a Jew at Meftia, and after flaying him alive, killed him and ate him.













