

Wednesday, October 26 1875.

TALLOW CANDLES IN THE CHURCHES.

On several recent occasions we have attended service in churches in which tallow candles were used. Four candles for the people and one for the preacher; or one to illuminate each corner of the church, and one to illuminate the pulpit. Generally the sexton was not "up to snuff," and those candles soon began to shine with augmented obscurity. Sometimes the pulpit candle burned low in the old tin candle-stick and flickered in the socket. Sometimes the blaze failed entirely and the wick continued to burn and smoke, doing its best to illustrate the Scripture which says: "The smoking flax shall he not quench." Were these people too poor to furnish good lights? Far from it. Their fat cattle covered the hills, and their crops were superabundant. Did they dwell in the darkness because they preferred it? Many of them are liberal, willing to give, and anxious to have "more light;" but there are in almost every church some who wish to sing the "Old Ship of Zion," feeling that they have through tickets and are safely booked for heaven. They have nothing to do but sail on home without any trouble or expense by the way. The examples and avarice of these people annoy and injure the liberal souls and make them fail in some points of their own christian duty. Thus many, who desire to honor the Lord with their substance, never do so, because of the evil influences around them. But these tallow candles are typical of church-members whose lights, are not under a bushel, nor yet giving light to those in the house. They refuse to shine as the Lord commands them; but are all the time praying: "O send out thy light and thy truth." God commands that the gospel shall shine through the obedience and activity of his people; but these people pray that they may live for themselves while the Lord carries on his work through other instrumentalities. It is a wonderful thing that a God pure and holy loves a vile and wayward sinner. It is stranger still that any helpless sinner fails to return such condescending love. But think of an old tallow-candle christian whose light is out and who remains content to be smoking flax, just so long as God's forbearance does not quench him! Suppose such christians are numerous in any church! Will the gospel ever shine through it? "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness." Reader, are you an old unsmuffed tallow-candle christian? May the Lord have mercy upon your soul.

MAKING A CHOICE.—A gentleman living up the bay says that a negro man, his wife, and four children were forced to take a tree to save themselves during the late storm. The tree swayed to and fro with the violence of the wind, and threatened to fall with its heavy burden. The old couple concluded that some one must be sacrificed to save the rest. After consultation the old woman said she was not prepared to die, and urged the old man to drop himself into eternity. But he, too, wasn't ready, and the matter was compromised by launching the two youngest children into the surging waters. A few hours after they were rescued, and the old negro told the story himself to those who saved him.—*Gutten News.*

So it seems to be no harm to drown negro children in Texas, if people will only drown their own. During the approaching

winter, this same couple may fear starvation, and, as the old people will not be ready to die, the other two children may be eaten. Some months ago a Granville woman drowned her child in Tar River. She was tried at Oxford and three of the jury desired to find her "not guilty" of murder because the child was gone to heaven. On the same principle, all the good people might be killed and the Devil and his angels reign on the earth.

The papers announce that Mr. T. B. Kingsbury will shortly begin the History of North Carolina from 1564 to 1860. We feel sure that Mr. Kingsbury will give us a useful and readable book; but we beg him to go back at least as far as Noah's Flood and bring our history straight on down to the adjournment of the great Convention of 1875. Antioch America offers a wonderful field for the revels of the historic pen, and the last ten years of our history furnishes so many splendid specimens of human depravity that Wesley's great book on original sin is now utterly obsolete. Mr. Kingsbury saw the Convention in its glory and he can paint its portrait. Mr. K. Gillis was exceedingly interesting in his ante-Columbus sketches of our country. On these sketches and with the help of the theories of Cousin, our ancient history may even now be written.

The Raleigh and Augusta Air-Line Railroad now runs to Cameron, 35 miles from Rockingham on the Carolina Central Railway, and is graded to Drowning Creek. The present indications are that the former road will tap the latter at Sand Hill. Now it sometimes happens that trains do not make close connections, and just think of a hundred passengers lying over at Sand Hill! Gallberries and persimmons! We once took supper at Beaver Dam Hotel, a bachelor being proprietor, and may the Lord have mercy on his soul. But if Col. Sanford has fixed his face for Sand Hill, then let Mrs. Tucker, Mrs. Troy, Mrs. Yarbro or some other kind widow be stationed there, and we and brother Duckett will be happy.

The Small Worries.

The christian world has long been guessing what Paul's thorn in the flesh was. We have a book that in ten pages tries to show what Paul's thorn was *not*, and in another ten pages tries to show what it *was*.

Many of the theological doctors have felt Paul's pulse to see what was the matter with him. We suppose the reason he did not tell us what it was, may have been because he did not want us to know. He knew that if he stated what it was, there would have been a great many people from Corinth bothering him with prescriptions as to how he might cure it.

Some say it was diseased eyes, some that it was a humped back. It may have been neuralgia. Perhaps it was gout, although his active habits and a sparse diet throw doubt on the supposition. Suffice it to say it was a thorn—that is it stuck him. It was sharp.

It was probably of not much account in the eyes of the world. It was not a trouble that could be compared to a lion, or the boisterous sea. It was like a thorn that you may have in your hand

or foot, and no one know it. Thus we see that it becomes a type of those little nettlesome worries of life that exasperate the spirit.

Every one has a thorn sticking him. The housekeeper finds it in unfaithful domestics, or an innmate who keeps things disordered, or a house too small for convenience, or too small to be kept cleanly. The professional man finds it in perpetual interruptions or calls for "more copy." The Sabbath school teacher finds it in unattentive scholars, or neighboring teachers that talk loudly and make a great noise in giving a little instruction. One man has a rheumatic joint, when the wind is north-east, lifts the storm signal. Another a business partner who takes full half the profits, but does not help to earn them. These trials are the more nettlesome because, like Paul's thorn, they are not to be mentioned. Men get sympathy for broken bones and mashed feet, but not for the end of sharp thorns that have been broken off in the fingers.

Let us start out with the idea that we must have annoyances. It seems to take a certain number of them to keep us humble, wakeful, and prayerful. To Paul the thorn was disciplinary as the shipwreck. If it is not one thing, it is another. If the stove does not smoke, the boiler must leak. If the pen is good, the ink must be poor. If the thorn does not pierce the knee, it must take you in the back. Life must have sharp things to it. We cannot make up our robe of christian character without pins and needles.

We want what Paul got; grace to bear these things. Without it, we become cross, censorious, and irascible. We get in the habit of sticking our thorns into other people's fingers. But, God helping us, we place these annoyances in the category of the "all things work together for good." We see how much shorter thorns are, than the spikes that stuck through the palms of Christ's hands, and, remembering that he had on his head a whole crown of thorns, we take ourselves the consolation that if we suffer with Him on earth, we shall be glorified with him in heaven.

But how could Paul positively rejoice in these infirmities? The school of Christ has three classes of scholars; in the first class we learn how to be stuck with thorns without losing our patience; in the second class we learn how to make the sting positively advantageous; in the third class of this school we learn how even to rejoice in being pierced and wounded; but that is the *Senior class*, and when we get to that we are near graduated into glory.—*Presbyterian.*

Character.

What is character? It is the moral mark by which we distinguish one man from another. A man's character lives within him. It is true his reputation may, nay, does depend upon public opinion, but the formation of his character depends upon himself.

Youth, therefore, is the proper period for the formation of one's character. Maturity simply perfects and adds to it that stability, which, if it be a good character he has formed, he cannot but command a good reputation; whereas a man may possess a good reputation when, in reality, he has a bad character, or in other

words, our character is our moral standard, our reputation the world's. As it is principally our morality that affects both the hereafter of ourselves and that of our fellow-beings, too much care cannot be bestowed upon the formation of so important an essential.

Then boys—and not only the boys, but the girls—remember that as the success of almost every enterprise depends on the degree to which those engaged upon it tax their powers, so the successful formation depends upon the degree or the amount of exertion to which those forming it, tax their powers and energies, and he who exerts himself the strongest, he it is who will eventually possess the best character, and it is of a surety well worth the striving; for as a great writer truthfully remarks: "Our reputation is what men and women think of us; our character what God and angels know of us."

What Do You Call Your Father?

"The old man won't let me go." "Pshaw! my gov'nor 'll let me go." "Well, I haven't said anything to my pop about it." Such talk among boys is very common. When boys get to be of a certain age—from 14 to 16—they seem to think it manly, in speaking of their fathers to other boys, to use some slang word. We hear "Old Man," "Dad," "Old Squares," "Pop," "Governor," or best, and which should be—next to mother—the dearest of names. This nicknaming is not by any means confined to rude and rough boys, but unfortunate prevails among those who have been well brought up, properly educated, and have pleasant homes. It would be sad indeed, if those names were used to express disrespect, or contempt, but they are heard, and more's the pity, from the lips of those boys who really love their fathers, and would at once resent it if anything disrespectful were said of them. Not one of the boys who is in the habit of speaking of his father by a slang name, would go to him and say "Old man, won't you please" do this or that, or say "Good night pop." It is a very safe rule never to speak of your father—or in fact any one else—by any name you would not use in speaking to him. The good old Saxon name father, is not only a pleasing word, but it is appropriate at all ages, whether from the tiny child or the full grown man. Boys, don't use slang at all, but especially not when you mean Father.—*American Agriculturist.*

From the Masonic Journal.
Masonic Digest.

The following extracts from a letter from the Grand Master, addressed to brother D. W. Bain, Grand Secretary, will fully explain the object and importance of this work, ordered by the Grand Lodge to be published. Bro. Bain informs us that the book will be ready for distribution early in November, and we agree with the Most Worshipful that the Lodges, officers and members of Lodges should at once possess themselves of copies. The price is only \$1, and brother Bain desires all wishing it to send in their orders at an early day, so that he may know how large the edition shall be:

"I am in receipt of the advance sheets of the 'Masonic Code of North Carolina,' and have given it such examination as to satisfy myself of its merits.

It is a work for which there has been before almost imperative demand, and one which no Lodge, officer or member, who wishes to be posted, can afford to be deprived of. We have here in systematic arrangement the law of our Jurisdiction in a neat, handy, well printed edition, together with the Ancient Constitutions, the various public ceremonies used by Lodges—Uniform Code of By-Laws—Installation ceremonies of Grand and Subordinate Lodges—Opening and closing Prayers, forms of petitions, dismissals—and indeed everything needed to make the book desirable to the Fraternity. It is hoped that Lodges and officers of Lodges will avail themselves of the opportunity of getting at once, a *Valde Mecum*—a hand book—which will save them the necessity asking, and Grand masters the trouble of answering, many questions as to law and usage, which, heretofore, could only be found by laborious research through pamphlet copies of Proceedings of the Grand Lodge.

I am satisfied from the experience of this year as Grand Master that, in the future, the labor of Grand Masters will be much relieved, and the Fraternity largely benefited. This book, with the enlightened influence of the *Masonic Journal*, cannot fail of good results."

Yours very truly,

G. W. BLOUNT,
Grand Master.

Depend on your own Merit.

Fight your own battle. Ask no favors of any one, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those who are always beseeching some one's patronage. No one will ever help you unless you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The best step will not be such a long one, perhaps; but carrying your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another, and stand firm in that waste you chop out still another. Men who have made their fortunes are not those who had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but started fair with a well-earned dollar or two. Men who have their own exertions acquired fame, have not been thrust into popularity by puff-begged or paid to, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never know one to miss so signally as one who had induced his affectionate grandmamma to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say, "I will!" and some day you will conquer. Never let any man save it for you, say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.

A GREAT CORN CROP.—According to the September report of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, the American corn crop this year is the heaviest one ever produced; but there is some doubt of saving it all, on account of bad weather and the backwardness of the crop. The Department contends that the overflow of summer did not diminish the crop in the bottom so much as the wet weather benefitted it on the upland, and that the average yield per acre is unusually high. This is good news to people who buy corn.