

## ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, February 28, 1877.

### CENTENNIAL OF METHODISM IN NORTH CAROLINA.

We have bought and deliberately read this book, and it is now our purpose to review (not puff) it candidly.

A volume of 427 pages, plainly printed and illustrated with tolerable pictures of Bishop Marvin, Drs. Doub, Craven and Bobbitt, Presiding Elders Black, Yates and Wood, Revs. Hudson, Perkins, Robey and Renn, and of Col. Clark. The different speakers read their own proof and so we naturally find some amusing tricks of the types. Bishop Marvin is made to say that Mr. Wesley's system is "perpetrated." We know he wrote perpetuated, but the error is none the less amusing. We find "Wajan" for Trajan, and "Pins" for Pius; but these can be corrected in the next edition, and we learn that the present edition is far too small to supply a reasonable demand.

The Introduction by the Editor, Dr. Burkhead, is concise and comprehensive. He claims in the United States 3,000,000 of Methodists and 40,000 preachers. He says:

"The Methodists outnumber the Baptists in the United States more than one million. They outnumber the Presbyterians more than two millions, and they outnumber the Episcopalians more than ten to one.

The Methodists have twenty-five thousand two hundred and seventy-eight organizations, twenty-one thousand three hundred and thirty-seven edifices, six million five hundred and twenty-eight thousand two hundred and nine sittings, and sixty-nine million eight hundred and fifty-four thousand one hundred and twenty-one dollars' worth of church property. Hence in 1870, the Methodists had more than one-third of all the church organizations, one-third of all the church edifices, nearly one-third of all the sittings, and nearly one-fifth of all the church property in the United States. Methodists are also in advance of any other denomination in the United States in Sunday schools, missions, institutions of learning, the publication and distribution of religious books, tracts and newspapers, and in contributions of men and money for the elevation and salvation of mankind."

The Centennial Meeting was held at Metropolitan Hall in Raleigh. Col. Walter Clark delivered the WELCOME. So modest, so sensible, so graceful, we could not suppress a sigh of sorrow when we came to its close, nor an inquiry if any other speaker would perform his part so handsomely. A mighty host, swelling with the highest expectations, felt that an auspicious beginning had already been made.

The next address was delivered by Rev. W. M. Robey. Let him speak for himself. Here is his introduction:

"The very first thing that I remember was a Methodist preacher. I also remember that I did not like him. The third fact in the order of memory, as I now have it, is, that I heard that that preacher was dead, and I was glad of it.

Why I did not like him, I do not distinctly remember; but why I was glad to hear of his death was, that I did not like him. I remember nothing of his personal appearance, except that he had black hair and keen black eyes. My mother says that he was a very holy man.

A year or two later there came along another preacher that I did not like—a tall, lank-looking man with freckled face, blue eyes, and red hair. The ground of my dislike in this case I remember distinctly. On one occasion

he insisted that I should be flogged for a piece of wilfulness which I had the temerity to exhibit in his presence. I did not get the flogging, but it was not his fault. I learned, however, to be more discreet, especially in the presence of preachers, and always afterward they thought I was a very proper boy.

I believe these are the only Methodist preachers that I ever saw that I did not like."

And here is one of his touching pictures:

"Once he was young. Then it was, in the very spring-time of life—the time of buds and flowers—that he laid all on the altar. His young manly strength in its vigor and prime; his fine, promising talents which augured nothing but greatness and distinction: all the vast possibilities of mind and soul he brought, without reserve, in life's bright morning, and laid at the foot of the Cross.

Now he is old. They say he has lost the vigor of his youth. Ah, yes. But he once had it. There was a day when he was a giant. There was a day when the strong-holds of sin trembled under his strokes. Then he was young, and strong, and mighty. Then he brought all those great capacities and gave them to God. But now he is old.

The old man has reached the climax of his sorrows at last. This is the last and bitterest drop of the cup. It was once a great trial to take up the Cross. It is now a greater to lay it down. He has climbed the rugged mountains, traversed the desert, encountered the storms, shivered in the cold, faced every danger, endured every trial, carried every sorrow; but no rugged mountain, nor dreary desert, nor driving storm, nor shivering blast, nor threatening danger, nor privation, nor grief, ever brought sadness so heavy, or sorrow so deep, or shadow so dark as this one word, "laid aside."

But what think ye? Does he now, old and neglected, "laid aside," as they say, worn out with hard, faithful service, and poor: does he now charge himself with folly? Does he regret that he preached the gospel? Does he repudiate that Cross he has borne so many weary years, and which, like his Master, he must now lay upon another? Not he. He would traverse the same weary road again, and bear the same Cross. But age and exhaustion have come too soon. Nevertheless, his natural zeal is not abated—his faith is not shaken—his love is not chilled. He only yields to the stern mandate of a sovereign Providence, "Go get thee up and die." He gives place, because he must, to some Joshua who shall lead on the conquering host to final conquest."

Next comes Prof. W. C. Doub. His address is scholarly, historical, and biographical. He calls the old preachers by name, and points out their peculiar powers and virtues. Just such a paper as ought to be carefully preserved.

Prof. Mangum comes with a sketch of Methodism in Raleigh. He tells of all the presiding Elders, Pastors, and private members. History is sometimes dry, biography is sometimes dull, eulogy is sometimes flat. Not so with this. The speaker is lively, interesting, and eloquent from the beginning to the end. We were a little annoyed at first, because Bishops Doggett and McTyeire would not allow their speeches to be included in the volume. They wanted to repeat them in other places. We said Bishops ought to have enough fertility to bring something new and fresh to every occasion. But when we read Prof. Mangum's address, we didn't care what the Bishops did with their speeches. Rev. H. T. Hudson, an estimable man and very able minister, next follows with an address on the influence of city churches. We read the address with interest, because we admire the man; but we do not

concur in some of the views presented, though we are anxious to see a Metropolitan Methodist Church erected in Raleigh. The city certainly needs it.

Dr. Jones gives a modest and lucid history of Greensboro Female College. He is forceful, but too brief. The people need his views in full on the duty and utility of female education. We are sorry the subject assigned him seemed to limit the range of discussion.

Dr. Craven's address contains many instructive statements concerning Trinity College. Here are some valuable extracts:

"In January, 1851, the institution was rechartered by the Legislature, and was named Normal College.

By the charter the certificate of the college was made lawful evidence of qualification to teach, and no further examination was required.

Young men, with a mere elementary education, with little mental development or discipline, and often without those social influences that are the best foundation for elegant culture, went forth bearing a Normal certificate, and authorized to teach any common school in the State.

The exclusive Normal feature was unfortunate, and it required years of toil and patience to overcome the evil. The same misfortune still applies to the preparatory department in Trinity and other colleges. Many students never engage in any but primary studies; before these are completed, they either so fail as to justify their discontinuance, or are forced by other circumstances to leave the institution; yet they are sometimes referred to as samples of Trinity and best culture.

Since 1851, not one-tenth of those matriculated have graduated, yet all are called Trinity students, the failures equally with the successes. The only fair estimate is to compare Trinity students grade for grade with others, and on this basis Trinity will have high position.

In 1856, the trustees again made propositions to the Conference, which were accepted. By this arrangement, the property was transferred to the Conference, and the Conference, through trustees of its own election, has full control. The transfer was not fully effected until 1855, and in 1859, by an act of the Legislature, the college was fully and finally vested in the Conference with all the rights and privileges usual in such cases. By the same legislative act, the name was changed to Trinity.

The whole number of graduates is one hundred and ninety-eight; of these seventy-eight have received A. M.; thirty-four are lawyers; physicians, thirteen; preachers, twenty-eight; teachers and professors in colleges, twenty-five. Of the whole number twenty-three have died, thirteen of whom were killed in the war. Fifteen of the graduates are members of the North Carolina Conference, and thirty-six, being over one-fifth of the whole Conference, were educated in whole or in part at Trinity.

Rev. W. M. Robey follows with a history of Davenport Female College, which has since been burned. The papers say it "is to be rebuilt;" but up to this time, the prospect of raising sufficient funds is very gloomy. It would be wiser to concentrate on Greensboro Female College and pay all claims against it.

P. S.—A private letter from President Robey, received since the foregoing was put in type, says: "We are determined to rebuild and work has already begun."

Well, we hope the people will help those who are struggling to help themselves.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

### SCALE THEM DOWN.

A movement is on foot in New York City for the readjustment of Southern State debts. And it is a question which concerns alike those who owe and those who are owed. A compromise must be effected and the sooner the better. To attempt a payment in full is impossible and each month the interest increases with less ability to pay. Heretofore there has been a deadlock between creditor and debtor and the affect has been to destroy all vitality, all hope of improvement. Effect a compromise and an impetus will be given to business. The awful pressure once removed the South will rally and again be a prosperous section.

A fatal February to old people. Many aged officers of the U. S. Navy have died. In our State Hon. Calvin Graves, highly esteemed as an upright politician and a good and gifted man. In Oxford Mr. Jonathan Osborn, an exemplary man, and father of three generations of useful citizens.

### A STORY OF BEARS.

(From the French.)

I remember that, seven or eight years ago, I had gone to Claye distant a few leagues from Paris, and was returning on foot. I had set out rather late in the morning, and about noon the fine trees of the forest of Bondy enticing me to the right where the road makes a sudden bend, I sat down, my back against an oak, on a grassy slope, my feet dangling in a ditch, and began writing in my green book.

As I was finishing my fourth line, I casually looked up, and saw on the opposite side of the ditch, on the road side before me, a few steps distant, a bear that was steadily gazing at me. In the broad day light, one is not subject to nightmare; there is no probability of being deceived as to the form of an object, its appearance, whether a shapeless rock or the distorted trunk of a tree. At noon, by a May-day sunlight, one is not given to hallucination. It was really a bear, a living, a veritable bear, and withal truly hideous. He was gravely seated on his rump, exhibiting to my inspection his dusty hinder paws, every claw of which I plainly saw, his fore paws quietly folded on his breast. His mouth was agape; one of his ears torn and bloody, was hanging at half-mast; his under lip half torn off revealed his teeth the gums torn away; one of his eyes was put out, while with the other he was surveying me with a serious air.

There was not a stick to be seen, and the little I could see of the road from where I was, not a soul in sight.

I was not free from uneasiness. A person can, at times, extricate himself from a difficulty with a dog, by calling him Solomon or Azor; but what could I say to a bear? Whence came this bear? What meant this bear in the forest of Bondy on the highway from Paris to Claye? With what rhymed this new species of stroller? It was very strange, very ridiculous, very silly, and besides all, not very agreeable. I confess I was sorely perplexed. All this time I moved not a muscle, and I ought to add that the bear on his part did not budge either; he even seemed to me, to a certain extent, well disposed. He looked at me as tenderly as a bear, blind of an eye, is capable of looking. All at once he opened his mouth; but he did so as a person opens his mouth; it was not a wide-open gape, it was a yawn; it was not savage, it was almost literary. This bear had

a singularly honest look, devout, complacent, sleepy; and I have since noticed this same expression in the old frequenters of theatres while listening to tragedy. To sum up all, his countenance was so good, that I resolved on my part, to put on a good face. I recognized the bear as my spectator, and continued what I had begun.

Whilst I was writing, a great fly lit on the bloody ear of my spectator. He gently raised his right paw, passing it over his ear with the movement of a cat, and the insect flew away. He followed it with his eye, till it had disappeared, then seized his two hind paws with his fore ones, and as if satisfied with this classic *posé*, he set himself again to give me attention. I declare that I followed his every movement with interest.

I was becoming accustomed to this interview, when a diversion occurred. A sound of rapid steps on the road was heard, and suddenly I saw, coming around the turn in the road, another bear, a huge black bear; the first was tawny. This bear came up at a quick trot, and seeing the tawny bear, came and rolled on the ground in a friendly manner before him. The tawny bear did not condescend to notice the black bear, and the latter paid no attention to me.

I own that, at this new arrival, which doubled my perplexities, my hand trembled. Two bears! This was too much! What did it mean? What chance would come of it? If I judged by the direction from which the black bear came out, both came from Paris, a locality in which there are generally few beasts, especially wild ones.

I remained as one petrified. The tawny bear had, at last, joined in the gambols of the other, and from wallowing in the dust, both were turned to grey. In the meanwhile I had succeeded in rising, and was debating the question whether I should pick up my cane which had rolled to my feet in the ditch, when a third bear arrived, a reddish, little, deformed bear, more lacerated and bloody than the first; then a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth, the last two trotting up side by side. These last four crossed the road as stage-dancers traverse the boards of a theatre, seeing nothing, paying no attention to any thing, almost in a race, and as if they were pursued. The situation became too wonderful for me to imagine any explanation. I heard barkings and shouts; ten or twelve bull dogs and seven or eight men armed with iron-pointed sticks and muzzles in hand, made their appearance on the road closely pursuing the fugitive bears. One of the men halted, and while the others were collecting the muzzled beasts, he gave me the explanation of the singular puzzle.

The circus-master of the ring took advantage of the Easter holidays to send his bears and dogs for an exhibition at Meaux. The entire menagerie traveled on foot. At the last halt, the beasts had been unmuzzled, that they might feed: and while the keepers were regaling themselves at a neighboring inn, the bears availed themselves of this moment of liberty, to make, at their ease, happy and alone, the rest of their journey.

These were bears on furlough.

UNCLE AL.