

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

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For the N. C. Christian Advocate. Conference Boundaries.

MR. EDITOR:—A question of considerable importance to the interest and prosperity of our Church South, is now being somewhat agitated in Western North Carolina...

If we meet as brethren of one State, we meet as brethren politically as well spiritually. We shall then be freed from those afflictive confusions arising from sectional feeling...

And while I pray God to bless the church universally, I also pray him to bless very especially my good old State North Carolina.

Our mutual friend, Rev. Mr. Welton, of the Christian Sun, in a package of his old exchanges, (which he, knowing how great a desideratum even a stale newspaper is to me in my loneliness, occasionally sends me), chanced to transmit the first copy of the Advocate...

But I have a more potent reason for thinking as I do upon this question.—There are State feelings deeply lodged in the heart of every man, which neither time nor circumstances can entirely uproot.

Do we not desire the Political and civil prosperity of our country? Do we not all feel and know that, that can be only in proportion to the spread of Evangelical truth among the people?

And now, my brother, who will dare to predict what an incalculable amount of good may emanate from this simple casualty? what a stream of beneficence, broad, deep and strong, may flow from this little fountain?

And in the conclusion, I hope I shall escape the charge of insincerity, if I express the hope that you may continue the faithful and efficient Advocate of a pure Christianity as the only basis of man's redemption.

These remarks, Mr. Editor, though made with reference to the general good, as I conceive, of our church, and in the kindest feelings for brethren that differ with me in opinion, may call forth, as in other instances, a species of reproof from able pens, not overcharged with Christian feeling.

never so much contracted as not to be able to embrace them all, even as heaven is large enough to accommodate us all. Then I care not beneath what banner you go forth to battle; so long as I see 'Christ and his Lamb' inscribed upon its folds, I can bid you God speed!

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.

BRO. HEFLIN: In reading an editorial of yours under the caption "Rite of Confirmation," in your last issue, my thoughts were turned upon the absurdity of the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, as held and taught by High Churchmen.

There was another Conference held at McKnight's church in the year "one thousand eight hundred and two," as I have it in proof in a parchment for Deacon's Orders, executed by "Richard Whatcoat, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in America."

Brother Hefflin, I have long thought that a carefully written history of Methodism in the Old North State, would be of great service and interest to our common cause; and have desired, that some one capable of doing so would attend to it soon.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. EDUCATION.

BRO. HEFLIN: In my last article, the question was propounded, could the church educate the masses. In this one, I shall commence to answer it in the affirmative. It cannot be done through colleges or high schools, for to these the masses have not, and cannot, have access; they are absolutely excluded by the expense.

and influence of the ministry. There must be a leading spirit in this, as in all other enterprises. The preachers by their calling, position and attainments, are pre-eminently qualified to lead in this work.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. Whom shall I Marry?

This is the all-absorbing question with those who contemplate entering the conjugal state, and have not yet decided with whom to unite.

God has endowed us with social affections, and also with reason to govern those affections; but to cultivate one without the aid of the other, will be to defeat his purposes in regard to our happiness.

How many unfortunate marriages have taken place even among professors of religion, because they have taken the matter into their own hands, and failed to seek direction from God.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them.

selections. "A Religion for all Weathers." There is a fishing village on the coast of Cornwall, where the people are very poor, but pious and intelligent.

Getting to Heaven by the way of New Orleans. The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Sunday Dispatch gives the following rather tough anecdote:

Poor Little Jim. The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean. But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean.

A Child's Thoughts. The idea which runs through these lines, and which is so beautifully and naturally carried out, is that it is said to be expressed by a boy five years old.

And I'll look among the angels That stand about the throne, 'Till I find my sister Mary, For I know she must be one.

And you'll only think, dear mother, I have been out to play, And have gone to sleep beneath a tree, This sultry summer day.

CHEAP ORNAMENTS.—When Dr. Franklin was in Paris, his daughter, Mrs. Baech, wrote to him for a supply of feathers and thread lace. The doctor declined in the following characteristic note:

Is Christ in the House? The Rev. Dr. Nettleton, while passing the residence of a gentleman in one of his walks, went up to the door and knocked.

For the Children. "I Can't Get my Lesson." "O dear, I shall never get this lesson! It's awful hard, and I'll give it up!"

"Give it up, Freddy? Never, my son. Don't let it be said that a little lesson, which a thousand other children have learned, conquered you."

"Tell me about the ant, mother." "Timour," said his mother, was once forced to flee from his enemies—He hid in a ruined building, and gave way to feelings of sadness.

The next Sabbath Freddy's teacher looked at him with a pleasant smile at the close of a well-said lesson. That smile passed like sunlight into the boy's heart, and I believe he seldom failed after that to conquer his lessons.

And Freddy did get his lesson. A little effort conquered it, and he jumped up with a laugh in his eye, shouting as he leaped across the floor and saying: "Hurrah! Hurrah! I've got my lesson!"

And I will tell her how we've mourned All the while she has been gone!

Oh! I shall be delighted To hear her speak again— Though I know she'll ne'er return to us— To ask her would be vain.

And I'll look among the angels That stand about the throne, 'Till I find my sister Mary, For I know she must be one.

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