

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.—RUFUS T. HEFLIN, Editor.

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Original.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. A LETTER FROM THE NORTH. "RADICAL ABOLITION CONVENTION."

Having succeeded in finding the Convention, let us look at and listen to it. The Rev. Mr. Prindell of the True Wesleyan Church, that is Scott, Sunderland, & Co., church, was President. Ex-Rev. Mr. Sampson, of the Congregationalist Church, secretary and chairman of the committee of business. The President laid off his white hat, retained his white cravat, and called the Convention to order. The first thing on the table, was the report of the Committee; which was read, received, and placed before the Convention for its action. I cannot give you the preamble, or the resolutions; I intend, if I can get them, to see how they appear when viewed by the light of a Southern sun. It is enough to say at present, that the Report hated Black Republicanism with a cruel hatred, because it did not hate Southern slavery with more warmth than it does. "What will you do with the report?" said the president: some member said, "I move the adoption of the preamble." This motion sprung the "eloquent orators" to their feet. The first to the floor was Ex-Rev. Mr. Sampson; he levelled all his artillery against Black Republicanism—was especially bitter against the late Speaker, Banks, of Massachusetts, because he did not wish, or did not think it was constitutional for Congress to interfere with slavery in the States where it exists; and they, this convention, were in favor of going—no! but of having somebody go and break the fetters of slavery all to pieces. The Ex-Rev., thinks that he is smart and eloquent, but I guess very few others would think so.

The next speaker upon his feet was Ex-lawyer Spaulding, and very common man in appearance, save his inclination to corpulence, and evident marks of the beast in his face. He declared that the preamble presented his views on the subject "intirely," that it was a "disgraceful sin." He said, "I used to be a democrat," but he found they were not sufficiently abolitionist for him.—He then tried the Republican party, but they are too little inclined to free the slaves, & protect the whites, go South and protect the whites, I don't say I would not go, but I would not go as a *know-nothing*. "Again he said, "Twelve men once met in an upper room to convert the world, and we see the result. It took three years before this is the leading party in the leading party in the country, and then every man in Montpellier will belong to it, but now it taint poplar and they *darnt* come in here." He concluded by saying, "No man that uses the mere English language can express his utter abhorrence and detestation of slavery."

The next speaker was Mr. Ballou, a Universalist preacher, and editor of a Universalist newspaper; a gentleman said to me, "Mr. Ballou, is the smartest man in the State." He said, "I am an abolitionist, a Gerrit Smith abolitionist, I subscribe fully to his Milwaukee speech—there is no law for slavery, it is a great sin, the Constitution does not sanction it, I do believe that Gerrit Smith is the leading patriot and philanthropist in the U. S., if not in the world. I wish to read to you a few words from the speech, they are so good." Then he read a few sentences from the speech, and dropped his hand exclaiming, "That is precisely what I have always said!" This reminds me of an Iron side Baptist preacher in N. C., who was preaching against *deceitfulness*, and said, "I thank God that I am the biggest fool in the world." When he was through, he called upon a colored brother to conclude, he said, "My brethren, I does tank God dat ole brodder Ross here, is de biggest fool in de world, an I is de nex."

I did not learn the name of the next speaker; there was spirit in his speech, tears in his eyes, pathos in his voice, and action in his gestures. Then came Mr. Ballou again, "merely to say, I am abolitionist—I think it would be an easy matter to convince the South that we are right, and when that is done, a great work will be accomplished." This patriotic *parson* declares that he would rebel against the fugitive slave law, if an opportunity afforded, let the penalty be what it might. He said, "I do not say that I would go South and slay the whites, but when reflecting upon the enormity of the sin, I am not surprised to hear Mr. — (a negro) talk about shedding blood." He thought they were too severe upon the Republicans, as he had made up his mind to support them this year. This brought up the next *scintillator*, Rev. Mr. Prindell President, he said "my nerves are touched." He was particularly bitter against the Republicans, who believe that Congress has no right to interfere with slavery in the States—he believed it had, and should exercise that right: one would have supposed that this political parson believed that the Vermont Legislature has the right to free the slaves of Virginia. He said, "I want to see the republican's harmonize their

practical development with their practice." To show that Congress has the power to free the slaves in the South, he said: "It is exceedingly strange that Congress should impart to North and South Carolina a power that it never possessed itself. Now if it give to Carolina power to free her slaves, then it must have possessed the power itself, for it could not impart that which it never possessed; and if it ever did possess the power, it has it still, and should exercise it. It is clear if a State has the right to emancipate her slaves that she derived that right from Congress, and it is absurd to say that Congress can impart a right that it never possessed; but Carolina has the right to emancipate her slaves; therefore Congress has the right to free the slaves in the South."

After this long, lamed, lucid, logical, legal, loyal, and laborious speech, a Dr. —, whose name I failed to learn, arose and wished to speak, but several who had spoken, objected, saying, "we have had speaking enough." He said, "All that I wish to say is, the States, do not derive their power from Congress, but the powers of Congress were derived from the States, by the surrender of certain rights, or powers, of which they were individually possessed." The Rev. President said, "I must leave this moment, as the cars start at 4." So he left immediately after the adoption of the Report. Ex-Rev. Mr. Sampson said, "we have a resolution prepared in reference to the decision in the Dred Scott case." Just then I left the room, as did many others, and I saw no more of the "Radical Abolitionists."

I have given you a very brief view of the appearance and sayings of the Convention. But we are not to judge of the numbers of abolitionists by the size of this convention. The common people have been duped by politicians and preachers into the belief that the Southern slaves are worked *naked*, and to death.

If Vermont abolitionism can do no more than their Convention indicated, I would advise them to think less about slavery in the South, and attend to their meadows, their farms, their sugar maples, their sheep, their pigs, their Morgan horses, and their *keoves*.

Lookout. OSSISSO.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

REV. THOMAS MANN.

First Circuit—Difficulties to Encounter—Much Depressed—Union Circuit—Hard Cases.

No itinerant ever forgets his first circuit. Notwithstanding a long list of circling years may move him far a way from the field where he first began to sow the seeds of his Master's kingdom, yet, its passing scenes, and impressing interests will ever live revived in his memory, as things of yesterday. It is a time when he must change the familiar friends of his boyhood home, for the greetings of strangers. He looks at his appointment and knows only its name, while a thousand conjectures arise, as to what awaits him in his new, and allotted sphere of action. He feels at one time animated in anticipation of success in winning souls to Christ, but again, greatly depressed by a consciousness of his own wickedness and inexperience in the great work.—But the time arrives when it must be a thing no longer of thought, but of action. He rises and gathers his Bible, hymn book and saddle-bags, and with a full heart, and tearful eye, breaks loose from the affectionate embrace of fond parents, brothers and sisters, to go into the world "as a sheep among wolves." A long, tedious ride brings him to his first appointment on his work. No one but those who have experienced like feelings can tell the emotions that fill the young preacher's mind, as he arrives at the church for the first time, and meets the anxious gaze of a staring, and expecting congregation, recollecting that he is to be the chief object of their scrutiny, and that without any escape. He goes through the gaping crown with a faltering step, and on rising in the pulpit, he sees, or imagines he can see that all think, "well, that is the young preacher, we'll see what he can do?" He journeys around, finding the same inevitable cross at each successive place.

Such were the feelings of diffidence, especially of the subject of this sketch on entering his first field of labor, the Tar River circuit. Although it was considered a good circuit, then it was far from what it is now. No part of our beloved Carolina can boast of a more loyal Methodist, a more liberal people, or a more pleasant field for the itinerant, than Tar River circuit, but if the preacher of '98, could return, and review the field, he would fail to recognize it at present. The rude houses in which the fathers, and the grandfathers of those now living used to worship, have decayed to the earth, and better edifices have arisen in their places. Their common dwellings have been torn down, and replaced by others more comely and comfortable. In neighborhoods where he used to wind his way for a mile to find the common abode of neglected minds and morals, he would now find filled with enterprise,

wealth, flourishing schools, good churches and bright prospects. But we only have to do with the past. We leave the present bright stream of success, to go back to its first little windings, soon after it broke out in that part of the country—when the subject of our lines, in the bloom of health, and vigour of manhood, and the zeal of a true apostle walked down its sides, bidding God speed to the great flow of Gospel grace.

As most young preachers, he felt great anxiety to see, immediately the fruit of his labors. But long months passed away with but little success in his Master's cause. He betook himself now, closely to prayer and self-examination, and was almost ready to conclude that it was the result of his own unworthiness. He reared devotedness to God, and determined that no *thing* should be lost, or effort neglected to build up by His help, the cause that he had espoused, and no doubt, by his great physical exertion, laid a foundation for many pains of body in after life. Indeed, before the year closed he was prostrate by sickness, had become the victim of chills, which were so severe as to prevent his laboring in the work he loved so well, for more than one year. But before he left the Tar River circuit, he had the pleasure of seeing "Zion prosper," and during his stay here, in this field of labor, to which he was afterwards twice appointed, he formed many pleasant acquaintances and devoted friends, of whom he always spoke in terms of loving tenderness. As we before stated the disease brought on by his first year's labor confined him at home during the next year. But he was like one in port, restlessly awaiting the departure of the ship with the changing wind. The next Conference was the long and looked for time, and he was assigned to Union circuit.—This was a high mountainous circuit of pure air, and rough roads, but a kind, and hospitable people. His health again returned, and he thanked God and took courage.

While there were no doubt many people here, it seems that there were some quite rough and uncouth in their manners. One day while travelling along through a wild portion of the country to his appointment, he was soon passing a den of infamy, called now-a-days *dog shops*, pursued by a ruffian looking son of Bacchus, who came railing and hallowing at the top what he wanted, he was told by his pursuer that he was a "runaway, and must be taken up." To which he replied, and most modestly replied, that he was seeking *runaways* himself, the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and if he would go with him to his appointment, he might help him take them, at which the man grunted, and turned and went his way. At another time while on his circuit he was met by a rude person, who had the impudence to ask him "where he was going?" and on being informed, told him that it was the "wedding day, certainly he was not going to preach *them*," to which he replied, to this he had no invitation, but that he was invited to one, which was to take place soon, and was trying to get him a *garment* for the occasion, as it was the feast proposed by the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, who would not permit any to partake who had not the "wedding garment." This answer is said to have sunk into the man's heart, and like a nail fastened in a sure place, it resulted in his conversion and entire reformation. J. E. M. Winston, N. C.

(To be continued.)

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

A Venerable Man.

"We find," says Addison, "a secret awe and veneration for one who moves about in a regular and illustrious course of virtue." If this be true, EZRA PARZELSON is a doubly venerable man; venerable not only in goodness, but also in age and in labors. For the last sixty-four years he has stood at the sacred desk and dispensed the word of truth to his fellows with earnestness, zeal and effect. His has indeed been a life-time struggle in opposition to vice and error. He has given his tongue, his purse, his heart, and his life to his neighbor and to his God; and now in a green old age he enjoys the approving smiles of a quiet conscience, a bliss deeper than all the joys of sense. His vigor, both of body and mind, is quite remarkable for one of four score and four years.—Rarely a sabbath passes that finds him not earnestly engaged in his holy work. Aye, he is a constant preacher. His example as well as his precepts, his influence as well as his age, is constantly saying to those around "Come with us and we will do thee good."

Last sabbath his sermon was a good one, on the coming of the leper to Christ. He is about the medium height, rather corpulent. His joints have lost their youthful elasticity, and his step is unsteady. His head bows under accumulated years and labors, and seems already bleached for the grave. His mild and pleasant countenance bears the unmistakable impress of a strong native intellect. His voice is feeble and at times indistinct, but every sentence and gesture shows a heart sincere. As you behold this venerable man you are ready to exclaim "verily there is a reward for the righteous," for surely it is no small reward for him to be able to look back upon a spotless ministry of three score and four years, and say with Paul "I have

fought a good fight." His influence time cannot grasp; merely alone shall reveal it. Influence never dies. Human acts end not with this life. Every motive sprung, every impression made, every impulse given, shall vibrate through time and enter up at the throne of God. This man hath gone forth weeping and bearing precious seed; therefore, he "shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." This man hath been wise and turned many to righteousness, therefore he "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever." STEEL PEN.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

A LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

MR. EDITOR: It may be that a letter from this region would be interesting to our friends in the North, especially in matters, especially so to the readers of your paper. The interesting town of about 3000 inhabitants, from which I write, is situated about six miles from the Montgomery and West Point Rail Road, and communicating by omnibus therewith three times each day at Chowh. It has usually been quiet and healthy, and is so now, but during the last spring fluently from the very extensive prevalence of measles, with it, consequently, we have suffered more from sickness and had more deaths, than for many years together. The history of our town and country being short since its original settlement, it would not be difficult to get it as it does not require, that one should be very old to have been among its earliest white inhabitants; to have participated in the dangers, prudent fears and false alarms of Indian troubles and to have under his own eye all the changes which have marked the progress of its society to the present time. And in its present condition, there may be claimed for it the character of an intelligent, refined and christian community. Not that there is universally that holy and vital spirituality required for a strict application of the term christian, but that they do so formerly embrace in their creed the doctrines, and sustain the institutions of christianity as to entitle them in a good general sense to be called a christian community; nor are we, we trust, without what in good church language, is called christian experience. The Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist churches are all established here, but since there prevails amongst us a good tone of morals in evidence of which I mention only that we have no place for the retail of intoxicating drinks.

The Baptists have here a good female college, having on its last catalogue, I think, little over 200 pupils. The Methodists, too, have here an excellent Female College edifice, which is more than ordinarily well furnished for educational purposes. It has not yet been in operation two years, and had entered the last year between 240 and 250 pupils. It has been, and will continue under the Presidency of Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, assisted by a large corps of competent teachers, in all the branches of an elegant female education.

Indeed, Mr. Editor, if it were not that the current of educational patronage does not flow this way, would it be wrong to hope that we might merit and receive patronage from the 'good old North State'? Enough now, any way, and if there were not, I might touch brother's Jones, Campbell and Frost, by pressing too far this way. Among the papers published here, is the South Western Baptist, a paper quite untrifling in its sectarian character. About 18 miles from this and immediately on the Rail Road, is the town of Auburn. You have probably heard of the struggle between this and Greensboro', two years ago, for the location of a Conference Male College. It turns up that we have one going up at each place. You have seen accounts lately of the laying of the corner stone of the Southern University at Greensboro', and the action of the board of trustees in adopting a course of study and electing part of the faculty. Some of us shall be very glad to learn that Dr. Garland has accepted the Presidency. The corner stone of the East Alabama Male College at Auburn, was laid on the 12th inst. Starting thither early that morning, I soon found myself in company with the Rev. Mr. Pharr, a Presbyterian minister, formerly from N. Carolina, going to the same place. I found him an interesting and intelligent gentleman. He was a good N. Carolinian, and we did not fail to have up topics connected with our old and beloved State.

It has been lately published that one Presbyterian church in New York has given more to the Board of Foreign Missions than both the synods of Virginia and N. Carolina. My friend made some apology for N. C. Presbyterians. In our little journey the state character of N. C. did not fail to enter into our conversation. And who ever thinks of this without seeing the unfavorable effect of her Geographical position and subordinate commercial relations to Virginia and S. Carolina upon the development thereof. But I wished to say something about the lay-

ing of the corner stone. The people from the surrounding country with a sprinkling of visitors from abroad assembled to a multitude estimated at from three to five thousand. They were addressed by Bishop Pierce whose excellency in such services has given his name a frequent association with such occasions. Indeed, some may have thought whether the holiday orator is exactly consistent with the dignity of the Bishops. But you know he never allows his conduct to be influenced by considerations of what may seem appearances of dignity; and upon these occasions is contributing to implant and nourish in the public mind wholesome sentiment upon important subjects. He urged the propriety of connecting education with the church. He was succeeded by Dr. T. O. Sum-

plank, now nearly worn out, and rough enough for the most confirmed case of dyspepsia. It runs through an undulating, good farming country. The fine mansions, large well cultivated fields, waving with corn, indicate energy and skill successfully applied to the art of farming. Lincoln looks rather old; has a fine court house, and neat churches. We passed Shelbyville about midnight; got a supper, so, so; saw a fat young man—white—sitting cross-legged, picking an old banjo, and singing "Possum up the gum stump, Raceon in the hollow," surrounded by three or four others intently listening as if the strains were from the harp of Orpheus! "Where ignorance is bliss, were folly to be wise."

We reached Rutherfordton to breakfast, and after hard toiling, Harris', the dinner house, near the base of the Blue Ridge, at 2 o'clock. The lofty peaks and blue range of the Ridge had broke upon our vision the afternoon before, and ever and anon as we ascended some elevated point, and now we were reposing almost beneath their shadows in a beautiful valley. The scenery around Mr. Harris' is among the most beautiful and imposing, if not the most sublime, with which we meet. On the road to Asheville, is the Warm Springs, the Broad river, Cain creek, and Sugar loaf mountains, forming near a semicircle, frown down upon you from an immense altitude; now attracting your gaze by waving evergreens, or immense sterile piles of granite over which sparkling rivulets of transparent water, gushing from summit, leap; or now, when they are looking in the bright sunlight as threads of silver. From one of the loftiest summits, our hosts informed us that "we could see nearly all of the United States!" To which I immediately added "and a little of Great Britain and France!" It was nearly 6 o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the top of the Ridge, only 6 miles from Harris'. We walked a considerable part of the way, and halted to rest every few minutes. Miss S. remarked that we travelled a mile in two hours. The scenery all the way from the summit to this place is picturesque and grand, in places sublime. The eye never tires in gazing, the soul never clogs as the divinity is constantly stirred within.

Of Asheville and its inhabitants and the mountains round about next week. C. P. JONES. Asheville, Aug. 15th, 1857.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

A Trip to the Mountains.

Travelling and letter writing descriptive of men and things have become somewhat the order of the day. Business calling me to this place, I propose to give the readers of the Advocate some account of the route, the general appearance of the country, towns, people, scenery, &c., &c. On the morning of the 10th inst. at 2 o'clock, we left Goldsboro' in the express train for Charlotte; had a very pleasant journey; the road being in fine condition; the cars new and elegant, the conductor, attentive and kind throughout. Crops are unusually good everywhere. It thrilled us with grateful emotions to gaze upon continuous fields waving with deep green, luxuriant corn for hundreds of miles.—Wheat crops, just harvested, were over an average. Oats fair. From the terminus of the R. R. all the way to this place and throughout the mountain country, crops are very good. North Carolina is not only the land of steady habits, but of industrious good farmers. May they and their products increase a hundred fold!

The towns along the road show signs of industry and thrift. Thomasville and Glen Anna Female Seminary in the lower end of Davidson, look very neat and inviting, indeed—an earthly paradise, almost. Charlotte presents things new and old. There are a number of new and elegant buildings, mostly private residences, which would adorn any place. The Mansion House, at which we spent a night, is a good house; but might be better. Stores abound; and few groceries deal out poison. The people are cheerful—the star of Charlotte is ascending—but they look not a whit healthier than those we had just left over two hundred miles down the country. "Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Soon after our arrival we hastened over to the sanctuary of our good friend Mr. Yates, of the Western Democrat. He was at his post and in fine spirits; the old North State and the rest of mankind had just given an overwhelming majority for the Democratic candidates. Hope they'll make us good representatives and officers. Would like "em" better if they were temperance men. Mr. Yates has made his way up to high position by industry and integrity. He is one of the most trustworthy gentlemen political editors in all the land. He is a decided Democrat—always has been, and advocates the principles of his party with zeal and unflinching purpose, but without bitter vituperation and senseless slang against his opponents. Would that every editor in the State had as much of the milk of human kindness as Mr. Y., but alas! in many cases it never was in them, or has all turned to *sheep* or something worse?

The road from Charlotte to this place one hundred and twenty miles, runs through the towns of Lincolnton, Shelbyville, Rutherfordton and the Hickory Nut Gap. It is a stage, or rather hack line throughout. We left C. on Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock and actually reached Asheville at 10 o'clock Wednesday evening—37 hours continuous travelling and joining. What a purgatory! Oh for a rail road from Salisbury or Charlotte, or anywhere on the N. C. R. R. to Asheville, the Athens of Western N. C. But, in justice to the contractors on that line, I

would add, that the stages and teams are good, the drivers sober, careful and attentive. There are not quite horses enough for the summer travel. There were nine of us as far as Lincolnton, and six the balance of the way, for two horses to pull. The company was pleasant and cheerful, the scenery about the Blue Ridge grand and imposing, and time wore away without ennui. Mr. B. and lady of Concord and the Misses A., of Charlotte, requested much to the cheerfulness of the company. Politics, religion, science, farmed, fashions, hoops, flirtations, &c., came up for a share of debate, approbation or fun. Mr. B. had to take a seat, narrow as our coach was, between two ladies, hooped of course. It was a feat, but successfully and good humorously accomplished.

plank, now nearly worn out, and rough enough for the most confirmed case of dyspepsia. It runs through an undulating, good farming country. The fine mansions, large well cultivated fields, waving with corn, indicate energy and skill successfully applied to the art of farming. Lincoln looks rather old; has a fine court house, and neat churches.

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For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

A Move in the Right Direction.

MR. EDITOR: I have secured from brother Burkhead, the following note, which was signed by more than twenty intelligent gentlemen; and accompanied by a suit of clothes and a bank note for fifty dollars; and I ask its publication. That your readers may see the force of the remarks therein contained, I will give you some of the causes leading thereto, and the circumstances under which it originated. The Baptists of this place, have recently had a revival, which lasted near four weeks, during which time our church was not opened but once, even at our regular appointment, nor did we do or say anything in opposition, but on the contrary, made an effort to keep down a spirit of opposition; which was manifested in the community. We were urged time and again, to commence a meeting in opposition, which we refused to do, but promised at our regular appointment if the prospect would justify it, we would protract the meeting and send for other ministers. My appointment was Sabbath before last, the prospect did seem to justify, we protracted the meeting, wrote for bro. Ricard and Burkhead, the latter on the accompanying note shows how he was appreciated. Souls were born to God; 13 whites and 2 colored joined the church, and those that had not been, were baptized by pouring.

Some of our Baptist friends attended our meetings and seemed to enjoy them, and if they did not it was not our fault, for we treated them as brothers. On last Sabbath morning, the Baptist Church met down at the water side, where they said prayer was wont to be made. Among other spectators, I was there, and judging from the rancorous

bigotry, there was great need of prayer. But I am keeping your readers too long from the note which shows in what light intelligent gentlemen view such sectional intolerance. Yours in Christ. H. H. GIBBONS. GREENVILLE, May 25, 1857. REV. MR. BURKHEAD—SIR: The undersigned, citizens of Greenville not attached to any church, request you to accept this small token as a mark of our regard for you and the high estimate we place upon the character of a christian gentleman. The courtesy and dignity, as well as the liberal charity which have characterized your sermons afforded an agreeable surprise, which presented a noble contrast to that rancorous bigotry and sectarian intolerance which so often characterize the pre-cept of this place. This offering was hastily gotten up, and inadequately represents the high esteem we place upon the character of a christian minister who is able to realize the great truth, that christianity was designed to advance the happiness of mankind, not to forward the petty interest of a sect. With the highest respect for yourself, and the strongest wishes for your happiness, we subscribe ourselves your warm friends.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. A Meaning Question.

BRO. HEFLIN: Can members of the Church, consistently send their children to schools in which dancing is encouraged and taught? The trustees of a school build or procure a room, the whole school dances at pleasure, and a dancing master is engaged who regularly teaches dancing? Can members of the M. E. Church, South, patronize that Institution consistently with the principles of Methodism. Q. ANSWER: No; such members and such schools are unworthy the name of Christian. That is our opinion. EDITOR.

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The Pharisee.

I'm a highly respectable man, And I've built a magnificent store; Where I make all the profit I can, And say, can a Christian do more?

I condemn all imprudence in trade, Even though in my very best friend, And should his prosperity fade, That day our acquaintance must end. If a store keeper follows my plan, From his first to his very last act, He will be a respectable man.

He never permit any weakness, In his daily transactions to creep, To the rich he musters in all meanness, To the poor he is a wolf among sheep. Grind them down to the very last cent, For the sake of their health work them this, All gain for the wealthy is meant, The poor would but spend it in gin.

For gold to the poor is a snare, They waste it and idle their time, By taking their wives for fresh air, And extravagance soon leads to crime! I'm a highly respectable man, I have two hundred clerks at my nod, And I doubt if Rothschild's ever ran, A much better chance with his God.

I'm also a man of fine taste, See the pictures that hang round the wall, And I don't think that portraits are waste, Though the gilt frames cost more than them all.

To the opera my daughter and wife, Both subscribe, and to concerts as well, That's a part of respectable life, Cent. per cent. on the goods that I sell. In the church I'm the very best pew, It is cushioned with velvet all round, To my gift the gilt organ is done, For I love it, my respectable sound.

I'm a highly respectable man, I cheat only six days in seven, I know that I'm envied on earth, And there's plenty of time left for heaven. Open Communion. CHANGE IN BAPTIST VIEWS. A great change is said to be taking place in England among the Baptist denomination, in favor of welcoming to their communion all professed Christians, in whatever way they may have been baptized.—Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of London, is one of those who have come out on the side of open communion. A correspondent of the Observer, remonstrates with us on our position with reference to open communion, and considers us as having departed from our Catholic character, in resuming a favorite tenet of the Baptist denomination. But we cite the paragraph at the head of this article; we refer to the well known sentiments of such an eminent divine as Robert Hall; we refer to the practice of Baptist churches in England, and of many individuals in this country,—to prove that open communion is not one of the tenets of the Baptist body. It is a practice on which there is a wide diversity of sentiment, many of the ablest and noblest of that church holding to that portion of the creed which says: "I believe in the communion of the saints," and without restricting that communion to the saints of a particular name. N. Y. Observer.

BISHOP EARLY.—The Norfolk Courier says that Bishop Early is reported to be seriously sick at the Camp Ground near Ward's Bridge in Campbell county, Va.