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ORIGINAL.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. The Veil Withdrawn; OR, GLIMPSSES AT ITINERANT LIFE.

An interesting manuscript containing the unfinished autobiography of Rev. Abner Albright, a member of the Conference, has incidentally fallen into my hands. I have concluded that a few facts, incidents, and reflections gleaned from its pages might interest and profit some of the readers of the Advocate. It is hoped that these sketches will be the more acceptable inasmuch as the incidents to be described have occurred recently in our midst, and our hero is still among us with the dew of youth upon his brow. The reader need not hope to be entertained by the spell of romance or the charms of fiction; he may expect nothing but a faithful transcript from itinerant life. In everything the "veil will be withdrawn," save the names of persons and localities; delicacy requires that these should be veiled.

Rev. Abner Albright was born in the country a few miles from Mt. Pleasant, a prosperous inland town, in the fertile hills of our State, where he remained till he was twelve years old. His father, Henry Albright, was a successful farmer for many years, and though not in affluent circumstances, he enjoyed the conveniences and comforts of life. A series of misfortunes, such as seldom befall man, overtook Mr. Albright, and he was stripped of all his possessions. In this destitute condition he removed to Mt. Pleasant, having obtained a situation which he hoped would secure a comfortable support for his grieving family. He had occupied his new situation but a short time when his wife was called very suddenly into eternity, leaving a large family of children dependent upon him for support. This sad bereavement thwarted all his cherished plans, and rendered it necessary to procure employment for his children, at the very time when he had hoped to place them at school. Abner was placed in the employ of Mr. James Crain, where he was associated with several dissipated boys and worthless young men. He naturally imbibed their spirit and formed their habits, and in a short time outstripped them all and became the leader in all manner of wickedness. For more than five years he remained in this abandoned state. At length a religious interest was awakened in the Methodist Church, under the faithful ministry of the Rev. Mr. Sampson. For several weeks the interest increased, and the whole community was brought under Divine influence. A large number embraced religion, among whom were some of the companions of young Albright. Finally he was induced to attend the church more, it was thought, for amusement, than from a disposition to be profited. The first evening he was amused and entertained by the exciting scene before him. The second, he became serious—an arrow had pierced his heart. He returned home with a wounded spirit. He retired to rest, but sleep departed from his eyelids. The morning came, and he went forth to his toil with his head bowed like the bulrush, and with a broken spirit, mourning in silent grief. The night came, and he was found a weeping penitent at the altar of prayer. The services closed and he returned home with a bleeding spirit. Two more days passed over his head and he still felt that "he was in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity." He was tempted to give over the struggle; his sins were heavier than he could bear; his soul was stirred to its deepest depths; "the pains of hell got hold of him"; and he felt that he was damned and damned quickly unless he found help somewhere. He determined to make one more effort; and, looking to God to help him, he summoned up all his powers to sustain him, determined, sink or swim, live or die, never to leave the altar of prayer until hope should dawn upon his brightened soul. The struggle lasted but a short time, and all was over. His darkness was dissipated; his mountains of guilt were gone; the raging turbulence within was calmed; and he found himself standing up and singing the sweet air,

"Lord and is thine anger gone, And art thou pacified; After all that I have done, Dost thou no longer chide?"

Here, for the present, we leave him who is now the Rev. Abner Albright, rejoicing in the warmth of his first love. His sky is clear, and his soul anticipates a happy life and a blissful immortality.—Happy youth! He dreams that salutary care is o'er; that sin and sorrow will be known no more. It is well that he cannot lift the veil that hides the future from his view. A few years will reveal many a sad tale of woe. Be patient, gentle reader, and you shall hear all.

ALFONZA.

In Bloom.

At Augusta, Geo., last week, peach and pear trees were in bloom.

SELECTIONS.

From the Northwestern Ch. Advocate. Hume's Death.

The biographer of this celebrated author and infidel tells us Hume died like a philosopher. It is well known that he employed the last hours of his life in reading the "witty, profane and indecent" dialogues of Lucian, playing at whist, cracking silly jokes with the fabled Charon, and in trifling conversation with Dr. Smith, his physician and economist. His death is the boast of skeptics everywhere. They say, "Go to his bedside to learn that infidels, as well as Christians, may 'die in peace.'"

He, indeed, seemed reckless of his approaching dissolution, and when he knew it must be near, boasted that he possessed "the same ardor as ever in his study, and the same gaiety in company." If his self-possession was unreal, say infidels, he succeeded well in affecting the utmost composure in view of death. He appears to have expired in comparative insensibility of the awful change through which he was passing, and indifferent as to the future. The majority of Christians, however, have always believed, with Bishop Horne, that Hume's consciousness in his dying hour was meant for a deception—of the same nature and for the same purpose as the expedient of the boy who, passing some gloomy place in the night, whistles to lessen his fears, or persuade his companion he does not feel them—and was in reality no more or less than

"Moody madness laughing wild Amid severest woe."

And we are not, now, without abundant evidence that such was the fact. In what follows we give the reader Hume's own words, said to have been written not a very long time before his death:

"I think I am like a man who, having struck on many shoals, and narrowly escaped shipwreck in passing a small frith, has yet the temerity to put out to sea again in the same leaky, weather-beaten vessel, and even carries his ambition so far as to think of compassing the globe under the same disadvantageous circumstances. My memory of past errors makes me diffident of the future; the wretched condition, weakness and disorder of the faculties I must employ in the inquiry, increases my apprehensions; the impossibility of correcting or amending these faculties, reduces me almost to despair, and makes me resolute to perish on the barren rock upon which I am at present, rather than venture upon that boundless ocean which runs out into immensity."

"This sudden view of my danger strikes me with dread despondency, and I cannot forbear feeding my despair with all those melancholy reflections which the present subject furnishes me with in such great abundance. I am at once confounded and affrighted with that forlorn solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy, and fancy myself some uncouth, strange monster, who, not being able to mingle with and unite in society, has been expelled from all human commerce, and left utterly abandoned and disconsolate. Fain would I run into the crowd for shelter and warmth, but cannot prevail on myself to mix with such deformity. I call upon others to join me, that we may make a small community apart, but no one hearkens to me; every one shuns me, and keeps at a distance from the storm which beats upon me on every side. When I look abroad I see on every side dispute, contradiction, anger, calumny and detraction; when I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. All the world conspires to oppose and contradict me, and such is my weakness I feel my opinions loosened and fall of themselves, when unsupported by the approbation of others. Every step I take is with hesitation, and every new reflection makes me dread an error and absurdity in my reasoning; for with what confidence can I venture on such a bold enterprise when, besides those numberless infirmities peculiar to myself, I find so many that are common to human nature?"

"This intense view of the manifold contradictions and infirmities of human reason has so worked upon my brain, that I am ready to reject all belief and reasoning, and can look upon no opinion even as more probable than another. Where am I, and what? What beings surround me, and on whom have I any influence, or who has any influence on me? I am confounded by all these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, enveloped with the deepest darkness, and utterly deprived of the use of every member and faculty." (See Todd's "Hints to Young Men," p. 286.)

Here, by his own confession, his philosophical system was but "a leaky, weather-beaten bark," memory of past errors made him "diffident of the future," inquiry but "increased his apprehensions;" a step farther on, and we find him almost "reduced to despair," quite "resolute to perish upon the barren rock of the present." A view of his danger strikes him with "dread despondency," and he "feeds his despair with melancholy reflections;" he is "confounded and affrighted at the 'forlorn solitude in which his philosophy places him;" he fain would have some refuge from the storm which "beats wildly upon him on every side," but he will not turn to the Rock of Ages, and he turns in vain to feeble man. He calls for help and succor, "but no one will hearken to him;" and he "is left utterly abandoned and disconsolate." Could his confidence in his system be strong when he felt his "opinions loosened and falling of themselves, when unsupported by the approbation of others?" No wonder every step was taken "with hesitation," and he filled with "dreadful apprehension of detecting 'error and absurdity' in his reasoning. He could look upon no opinion as more probable than others; therefore there must have been, to his mind, a "probability" that Christianity was true! And we are not surprised to find that "this intense view" so "worked upon his brain" that he was driven to the borders of desperation, and exclaimed, "where am I, and what? Enough, however, of sense and discernment remained to reveal to him his awful state—"enveloped with the deepest darkness," and "in the most deplorable condition imaginable."

destroyed by their attention to temporal things, nor do they suffer that loss of religious influence with man, by coming in business contact with them, so commonly the misfortune with settled ministers. Again: There is in human nature a love of variety; a fondness for something new, which is gratified by this change. Of this, it is lawful to take advantage in presenting the gospel. A new preacher, of even inferior talents, will often draw out large crowds to hear; where, after, but settled men, preach to vacancy. Many of these are often led to conversion.

This change also relieves the minister from sundry embarrassing circumstances, and keeps his zeal and activity continually revived. He has, perhaps, committed errors, in general intercourse or in the administration of discipline; there would be drawbacks to his usefulness, if he remained where they transpired. He has failed, perhaps, to perform some ministerial duty. If he remained he would continue to neglect it, but coming in contact with a work where a duty has been performed, he too, is stimulated to perform it. In fact, he carries with him to his new field of labor, all the skill, experience, and knowledge, that he has acquired in the previous years of his ministry, without the embarrassments in the midst of which they were obtained.

He goes amongst them too, happily ignorant of those personal collisions, which often render it difficult for him who has full knowledge of them, to preach without being considered a partisan.

Besides all this, there is an interest—an excitement awakened in the mind itself by the new scenes and associations that surround him. If a man will do his duty at all, he will do it upon entering upon a new business in a new place. And he does it, then, to devote his new employees, but from the impulse naturally excited in man by such surroundings.

ANNOTATOR. Smithville, Miss. Dec., 1858.

How to make a Quarrel. William Ladd was the President of the American Peace Society, and he believed that the principle of peace, carried out, would maintain good will among neighbors as well as nations. But there was a time when he had not fully considered this subject—had not thought much about it—as I dare say my young readers have not, and he believed that if a man struck him a blow, it was best and fair to strike right back again, without considering if there were not some better way of overcoming the offender; or, if a man did him injury, why, as people commonly say, he would "give him as good as he sent."

He then had a farm; and a poor man who lived on land adjoining his, neglected to keep up a fence which it was his business to keep in order, and, in consequence, his sheep got into William Ladd's wheat field, and did much mischief. William Ladd told his man Sam to go to the neighbor, and tell him he must mend the fence and keep the sheep out. But the sheep came in again, and William Ladd, who is a very orderly man himself, was provoked.

"Sam," said he, "go to that fellow and tell him if he don't keep his sheep out of my wheat field, I'll have them shot."

Even this did not do—the sheep were in again.

"Sam," said William Ladd, "take my gun and shoot those sheep."

"I would rather not," said Sam.

"Rather not, Sam? Why, there are but three; it's no great job."

"No, Sir; but the poor man has but three in the world, and I'm not the person that likes to shoot a poor man's sheep."

"Then the poor man should take proper care of them. I gave him warning; why did he not mend his fence?"

"Well, sir, I guess it was because you sent him a rough kind of message; it made him mad, and so he wouldn't do it."

"I considered a few minutes," said William Ladd, "and I told Sam to put the horse in the buggy."

"Shall I put in the gun?" said Sam.

"No," said I. I saw he half smiled; but I said nothing. I got into my buggy and drove up to my neighbor. He lived a mile off, and I had a good deal of time to think the matter over.

When I drove up to the house the man was chopping wood. There were a few sticks of wood and the house was poor, and my heart was softened. "Neighbor!" I called out.

The man looked sulky, and did not raise his head.

"Come, come, neighbor," said I, "I have come with friendly feelings to you, and you must meet me half way."

He perceived that I was in earnest, laid down his axe and came to the wagon.

"Now, neighbor," said I, "we have both been in the wrong; you neglected your fence, and I got angry, and sent you a provoking message. Now let us face about and both do right. I'll forgive you. Now let's shake hands."

He didn't feel quite like giving me his hand, but let me take it.

"Now," said I, "neighbor, drive your sheep down to my pasture. They shall share with my sheep till next spring; and you shall have all the yield, and next summer we shall start fair."

His hand was no longer dead in mine, and he gave me a good friendly grasp.—The tears came into his eyes, and he said, "I guess you are a Christian, William Ladd, after all."

"And the little fracas with my neighbor about the sheep was," said William Ladd, "the first step to my devoting myself to the Peace Society!"—*Cleveland Leaflets.*

Music in Schools.

If the great end of 'practice' were to demonstrate to 'papa' that his dear Jennie had not misused the privileges for which he had to pay down such hard cash, or to convince some fashionable suitor that the performer had enjoyed the advantages of a 'polite education,' then were this painfully acquired 'finger-fertigkeit' enough. A free and graceful execution of one of Strauss's rattling waltzes would answer either of these purposes perfectly. If, however, the young lady devotes herself so many tedious months to the acquisition of musical skill, in order that thereby she may make her home more cheerful, and minister to the happiness of others, why should she be kept thrumming forever at jingling quicksteps and unearthly polkas, which either bewilder or torture all bystanders with their execrable tangles of sound? Her acquisition is so far from tributary to domestic and social enjoyment that there is a kind of secret felicitation at the close of her performances. Weary papa congratulates himself, on returning home at night fatigued with the turmoil of the office, he finds the piano closed and Jennie out. This ought not so to be. He used to love to greet Jennie on the return, and she always was sure of his first kiss. She is larger now, fairer, more intelligent, almost a woman. O if she only knew some simple song which he used to love when young, some old familiar air, to which her enlivening brain during the day fitted a little ballad of home history, some grand old hymn, how quick could she smooth out papa's furrowed face, and make him forget all his weariness! But no! her music teacher never taught her such things.

And now when, of a Sunday eve, she would give the gathered household a sublime old anthem of the ancient Church, or a taste of some of the old oratorios which they have read, she finds nothing in her music-rack but 'marches,' and 'chansons,' and 'bottle-pieces,' respecting the repeated fiction of which the family have already a hundred times ejaculated sighs of worn out admiration. What avails her hard acquired skill practically? When 'Independence Day' comes round, she cannot diversify the monotony of guns, and crackers, and whistled Yankee Doodles, by summoning the family around her to hear the stirring

"Allez enfants de la patrie!" When Thanksgiving comes she cannot give them the old time-honored

"Te Deum Laudamus."

Practically her musical acquirements are almost useless.—*Advocate and Sun, Ind.*

Abraham's Faith.

In imagination, we see Abraham and Sarah on their way to Canaan. They meet an old neighbor returning from Egypt.

"Where are you going, Abraham? Is the natural question."

"I am going to the land that God has promised to me and to my children as an inheritance."

"Where is it?"

"I do not know."

"What kind of a country is it—level or mountainous, healthy or sickly? Are the people moral or immoral, refined or barbarous?"

"I do not know any thing about the land. I only know that God has said, 'Get thee out of thy country and thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land that I shall show thee.' And I go forth, not knowing whither I go."

And Abraham passed on, and entered the land, and came to Sichem, to a wide-spreading, noted oak. And Sarah was weary, and she said to Abraham,

"How long must we continue this toil-some journey? When shall we reach the promised land?"

And Abraham said:

"I know not; I travel till I shall bid me stop. Apparently, this cannot be the place, it is already possessed. The Canaanite, the abominable idolator, is here."

And they lay down and slept. And the Lord appeared unto Abraham and said: "Unto thy seed will I give this land."

And with a good heart did Abraham awake in the morning, and joyfully did he then, as a token of gratitude, build an altar unto the Lord, who had appeared to him.

Years passed on, Abraham is again under the oak. Again his old neighbor, in his journeying, passes by.

"And this," says he, "is Abraham, the son of Terah! And so you have found the promised land at last?"

"Yes."

"But how is this, Abraham? There are wicked men on your lands. How much do you own?"

"Not a foot."

"And yet you left a beautiful land up where your father, and brothers, and sisters lived, and came down to get this; and now after this long time, you do not own a foot of it!"

"No, but God is about to give it to me, and to my seed after me."

"To your seed! How many children have you?"

"I have none."

"How old are you, Abraham?"

"About four-score and ten."

"How old is Sarah?"

"About my age."

"And, in all your wanderings, Abraham, did you ever meet with any one who had children at your age in life?"

"Never."

"Did you ever hear of any, except way back in the days of Noah?"

"Never."

"And are you expecting to have children?"

"Yes. The promise is, 'I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth; so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered.'"

"And, Abraham, how long before you expect that your seed will take possession of this land, drive out the Canaanites, and call it theirs?"

"God has said it shall be four hundred years." Gen. xv. 13, 15.

"And are you going to wait?"

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

And the Chaldean went on his way, and said in his heart, that Abraham was getting old and childish; but all the good have in all generations wondered at and tried to imitate the faith of Abraham, and God has called him his friend. The Chaldean has now been more than three thousand years in the spirit land. What would he say about it to-night?—*Zion's Herald.*

The Parents of Daniel Webster.

The Newburyport Herald has an article on the parents of Daniel Webster, which contains some anecdotes never before in print.

"The revolutionary services of his father were very important, extending through the whole war. At first a captain, he was promoted in 1784 to the rank of Colonel. He was a brave, trusty and reliable officer, and engaged in many situations of great responsibility. He was in the army when the news came of the birth of his son Daniel. Calling to his brother-in-law, Stephen Bohannon, he said: 'Here, Stephen, I have another boy at home; get a gallon of rum and we will be merry.' This, of course, was before temperance days, when every good Christian thought it no harm to use a little stimulant to help keep the heart cheerful."

It is said on one occasion, Captain Webster was encamped with Gen. Stark, near the British, a little stream alone dividing them, the British, however, in much greater force. A storm of great length and severity arising, the Americans found shelter in a large barn. When fair weather came, it appeared the British had disappeared. This seeming like an interposition of Providence, some one proposed prayers.

"D—n the prayers," said a soldier: "let those pray who want to." Gen. Stark was so much incensed at the language, that he struck him over the shoulder severely with his sword, saying the name of God should not be profaned in his army! They all went into the barn, where they called on Capt. Webster to lead in prayer, who, mounted on a haystack, prayed with such fluency and fervency, that, as Stephen Bohannon said, "there never was so much blubbering at camp-meeting."

Judge Webster's second wife, the mother of Daniel, was Abigail Eastman, born in Salisbury, just opposite Newburyport. She was a tailor's wife by trade, going round from house to house, as her services were required. Her father was the owner of a small farm. The family came from Wales and first settled in Salisbury. She had two brothers, Ezekiel and Daniel, from whom she named two of her children.

The story of the courtship is thus told: Soon after Mr. Webster became a widower, which was in March, 1774, he came to East Kingston, his old home, on a visit. A lady friend said to him, "Why do you not get married again?" "I would," he replied, "if I knew the right one." "I can tell you," said she, "one who will just suit you—Abigail Eastman of Salisbury." He mounted his horse and went to Salisbury. Reaching the house, a young woman came to the door, whom he asked if Abigail Eastman lived there. She told him she was the one, when he handed her the letter of introduction he had brought.

She invited him in, and before he left the bargain was made. They were married October 13, 1774.

How Coffee Came to be Used.

It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage, coffee, without which few persons, in any half or wholly civilized country in the world, would seem hardly able to exist. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia, and Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage, is ascribed to the Superior of a monastery, in Arabia, who, disdaining of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of some shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation rapidly spread through the adjacent countries and in about two hundred years it reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1614 became the parent stock of all coffee plantations, in the West Indies. The extent of consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume at the cost of its landing, from fifteen to sixteen million of dollars. You may know the Arabia or Mocha, the best coffee, by its small bean of a dark color. The Java and East India, the next in quality, a larger and paler yellow. The West India Rio has a bluish greenish gray tint.

Second-hand Slander.

There is a decision in the last volume of Gray's Reports which is at once sound morals and good law. A woman, sued for slander, was defended on the ground that she only repeated, and without malice, what was currently reported. The Court held, that to repeat a story which is false and slanderous, no matter how widely it may have been circulated, is at the peril of the tale-bearer. Slander cannot always be traced to its origin. Its power of mischief is derived from repetition, even if a disbelief of the story accompanies its relation. Indeed, this half doubtful way of imparting slander is often the surest method resorted to by the slanderer to give currency to his tale.

An Offense.

A Methodist writing for the Nashville Christian Advocate says: "When penitents are at the altar of Christ it is of fends me to see a preacher, or other Christian, after approaching one of them, and getting near to the ear of the mourner, in a stentorian voice, utter a tissue of incoherent and meaningless exclamations, and continue this process, until what was at first a mere hypothesis becomes a lamentable truth—the person addressed grows deaf!" He thinks that penitents need to have the way of salvation made clear to their minds, and that it is fruitless and hurtful to attempt "to storm them through with Amen—believe—just now! do, Lord!" and the like.

Posture in Prayer.

And he went a little further and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me.—Jesus.

I fell upon my knees, and spread out my hands unto the Lord my God.—Ezra

And Solomon stood before the altar of the Lord in a large barn. When fair weather came, it appeared the British had disappeared. This seeming like an interposition of Providence, some one proposed prayers.

And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel, and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees. Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day and prayed and gave thanks as he did aforetime. But Peter put them all forth and kneeled down and prayed. They all brought us on our way with wives and children till we were out of the city; and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed.—St. Paul.

For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.—St. Paul.

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth.—St. Paul.

The humble Christian from the world recedes, And proves his piety by silent deeds; He values not the noise of noisy fame, And little cares if fools applaud or blame; Rebuking vice, the sinner wounds him sore, And hypocrites, when censured wound him more; With modest light he shoots his beams afar, Yet shines, scarce noticed, like a midnight star; He gives his substance to the poor, and sheds The dew of mercy over dying beds; And dies himself, in Faith's calm warfare, brave, With scarce a tear to wet his unknown grave.