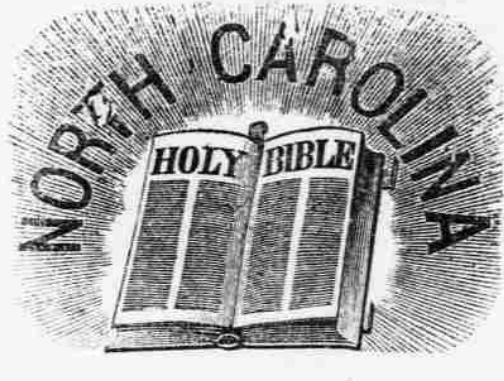


CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.—RUFUS T. HEFLIN, Editor.

VOL. IV—NO. 9.

RALEIGH, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1859.

\$1.50 a year, in advance.

ORIGINAL.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
Selections from Old English Authors.

Having been requested by the Editor to select an occasional article for the *Advocate*, I herewith present the readers with the first instalment. If they should be pleased with the excerpts, given below, taken from the writings of certain old English worthies, men of genius and talents, who in their day were appreciated and who have been kindly remembered by posterity, I promise them, every few weeks, to set before them in inviting typography, such "spice islands" as I shall pass in the "sea" of my "reading." They will be taken for the most part from the writings of religious poets, divines, and moralists. Those who have not access to good libraries, may perhaps find for the first time, in these columns, some "genus of purest ray serene," which may gratify their taste, inform their minds, and relieve the tedium of the hour. Thus much by way of preface.

MERCY TEMPERING JUSTICE.

Had not the milder hand of mercy broke
The furious violence of that fatal stroke
Offended Justice struck, we had been quite
Lost in the shadows of eternal night.
Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning sun,
Whose beams undo what sable night hath done;
Or like a stream, the current of whose
course
Restrained awhile, runs with a swifter
force.
Oh! let me glow beneath those sacred
beams.
And after, bathe me in those silver streams;
To These alone my sorrows shall appeal:
Hath earth a round too hard for heaven
to heal?

FRANCIS QUARLES.

If evil men speak good, or good men
evil, of thy conversation, examine all
thy actions, and suspect thyself. But if evil
men speak evil of thee, hold it as thy honor
and, by way of thankfulness, love them;
but upon condition that they continue to
hate thee.

To tremble at the sight of thy sin, makes
thy faith the less apt to tremble; the devil
believes and trembles, because they tremble
at what they believe; their believings
trembling; thy trembling brings belief.
If thou desire to be truly valiant, fear to
do any injury; he that fears not to do evil,
is always afraid to suffer evil; he that never
fears, is desperate; and he that fears all-
ways is a coward. He is the true valiant
man that does nothing but what he may,
and fears nothing but what he ought.

When thou prayest for spiritual graces,
let thy prayer be absolute; when for tempo-
ral blessings, add a clause of God's pleasure;
in both, with faith and humiliation;
so shalt thou undoubtedly receive what
thou desirest, or more, or better. Never
pray rightly, made, was made unheard;
or heard, ungranted.

Not to give to the poor, is to take from
him. Not to feed the hungry, if thou hast
it, is to the utmost of thy power to kill
him. That, therefore, thou mayest avoid
both sacrilege and murder, be charitable.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely
revenged; slight it, and the work is begun;
forgive it, and 'tis finished: *he is below
himself that is not above an injury.*

Gaze not on beauty too much, lest it
blast thee; nor too long, lest it blind thee;
nor too near, lest it burn thee; if thou love
it, it disturbs thee; if thou lust after it,
it destroys thee; if virtue accompany it, it
is the heart's paradise; if vice associate it,
it is the souls purgatory; it is the wise man's
bonfire, and the fool's furnace.

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty,
lest it take thee prisoner. A word un-
spoken is, like the sword in the scabbard,
thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's
hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be
so wise as to hold thy tongue.

Wisdom without innocency is knavery;
innocency without wisdom is folly; be there-
fore as wise as serpents, and innocent as
doves. The subtlety of the serpent in-
structs the innocency of the dove; the in-
nocency of the dove corrects the subtilty
of the serpent. What God hath joined
together, let no man separate.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

(Quarles was born near Roufford in Eng-
land, in 1592, and died on the Continent,
in 1644. He was a man of deep piety
and great learning.)

THE CARE OF ANGELS OVER MEN.
And is there care in heaven? And is
there love?

In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—so much more wretched were
the case.

Of man than beasts: But O! th' exceed-
ing grace
Of Highest God that loves his creatures
best.

And all his works with mercy doth em-
brace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wick-
ed foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The yielding skies, like flying parentant,

Against fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and dearly
ward.
And their bright squadrons round about
us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O, why should Heavenly God to men have
such regard.

EDMUND SPENCER.

(Spencer, one of the foremost of modern
poets, distinguished for the richness of his
imagination and the gorgeousness of his
diction; the author of the "Fairy Queen,"
one of the most beautiful poems in any
language, was born in London in 1553,
and died at the age of forty five. He was
buried in Westminster Abbey, the mauso-
leum of England's mighty dead. K.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

The Vail withdrawn.

OR GLIMPSES AT ITINERANT LIFE.

Scarcely had the "Sun of Righteous-
ness" poured his first beams of glory upon
the soul of Abner Allbright that his sky
was clothed again with darkest gloom.—
He had more difficulties, it is probable,
than most young men, some of which
were not mentioned. A few evenings before
Abner's conversion a friend stepped into
his father's house and said, "Mr. Allbright
your son Abner is a mourner." "You
don't say so," said Mr. A. "Yes it is really
so." "No," responded Mr. A. he is only
making game; and if it turns out so,
I'll thrash him well." "I think he is in
earnest," observed the friend, and the
conversation turned upon other topics.—
Abner overheard this conversation, and
conscious of his sincerity determined to
persevere. Soon after leaving church, on
the evening of his conversion to God a
thousand perplexing thoughts rushed upon
his mind. "How can I be a christian?—
Not a single member of my family professes
religion! Mr. Crain often requires me to
work on the Sabbath; all my associates are
irreligious; I have been too most reckless
of them all; I am poor and friendless; no
one has confidence in me; even my own
father believes me insincere; and what can
I hope for?" Such were his thoughts. He
went home with a troubled heart, and rest-
lessly retired to his room. It would be im-
proper to enter the sacred precincts of the
closet, and describe all that occurred there;
it is enough to tell the pious reader that in
the morning his pillow was found to have
been baptized with his tears.

The young disciple, although alternating
between hope and fear, attended Church
nightly; and at times his heart was filled
with unspeakable joy, while again it was
cold and callous. When the revival closed,
with much misgiving, he united himself
to the Church.

In a short time he lost the enjoyment
of religion, the fountain of Divine grace
seemed to have dried up, the ear of God
seemed to be closed, and despondency set-
tled down upon his mind. He read and
prayed and mourned and wept. On a
lovely Sabbath morning he retired to the
wood for meditation and prayer. Nature
smiled and all of earth seemed cheerful and
happy. The trees were budding, the flowers
were blooming, the birds were singing,
the sun was shining, and the bells were
ringing. But a cloud was upon Abner's
soul. He prayed; he read portions of the
Scriptures; he offered himself wholly to
God; he kept nothing back, and yet he
found no relief. He opened his Hymn
book, and the first lines upon which his
eyes fell were the following.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break,
In blessings on your head."

He paused—reflected—a new world
opened before him. He then read on,
"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

It was enough. The struggle was over,
Glory filled his soul. He returned home
singing the delightful air,
"O! happy day that fixed my choice,
On thee my Saviour and my God!"

On the evening of the same Sabbath he at-
tended class meeting for the first time. He
went not knowing what would be said or
done there. He dreaded, what he did not
realize. At the appointed time the class
Leader arose and read the beautiful
hymn,

"Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
What evil of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart."

All arose and sung; and then an ap-
propriate prayer was addressed to the Mer-
cy-seat. After prayer, the Leader gave a
statement of his religious experience. He
then addressed each of the members in re-
gard to the interests of their souls. At
last he came to our young friend and ex-
amined the state of his mind and heart.—
Abner told him all. The good man en-
couraged him, assured him of the friend-
ship and sympathies of his brethren, and
exhorted him to be firm and faithful, and

laying his hand upon his head and said,
"God may have work for you to do, my
son." "Work! for me to do?" "But,
Lord! what wilt Thou have me to do?" At
that moment the conviction flashed upon
his mind that "A denunciation of the gos-
pel is committed unto me." Painfully
conscious of his utter want of qualification,
he shrunk back with trembling. But daily
such passages as these were ringing in his
ears. "Henceforth thou shalt catch men."
"Feed my sheep." "Woe is me, if I
preach not the gospel." He could not be-
lieve that this was indeed the call of God;
and he tried to believe that these were the
vain imaginings of his own mind. But the
impression was fixed too deeply upon his
heart to be removed. "I am unlearned,"
said he, "how can I preach? And how
can I qualify myself for the holy ministry?"
This conviction, having deepened into the
all absorbing question of his soul; at
length he gained the consent of his mind
to assume the awful responsibilities of the
sacred office, if God would open the way
before him.

Soon after his father died; and he was
thrown a poor orphan into a cold heartless
world. Now the darkness was more in-
tense than ever. He now bade adieu to
Mr. Crain to whom he was under not the
slightest obligation. He found better em-
ployment and obtained better wages. At
the close of one year he had a sufficient
sum of money to defray his expenses for a
year at school. He made his arrangements
accordingly. A few days before he in-
tended to enter school he was offered a good
situation with a liberal salary in the ca-
pital of the State. He accepted the situation
after much hesitation, believing that it would
be better for him to obtain a larger amount
of funds before he entered school, and that
in the end, he would obtain an education
the sooner. On a bright morning he took
a seat in the stage at Mr. Pleasant for his
new home and untrod situation. His
heart was heavy, for he now felt an ardent
desire to be "about his Father's business."
A ride of twenty-six miles brought them
to the dining house, and availing himself
of the opportunity he retired to an adjoin-
ing grove to hold communion with his Ma-
ster. He did not know that he was
it did seem to him that he *was* turned back
and immediately entered school. A struggle
ensued. He determined to return, and no
sooner was this resolve made and his back
turned upon the world forever, than the
heavens were opened and the fountain of
God's blessing was poured in the most
boundless profusion into his soul. God
gave him the seal of his approval, and
with his heart filled with unspeakable joy,
sent him on his return rejoicing. To him,
that was a glorious day.

ALFONZO.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

Methodists, Read, Think and Act.

We have succeeded in rearing a Female
College, for the education of our daughters,
which I think, has not its equal in North
Carolina; to wit, Greensboro' Female Col-
lege. So far as the mental and moral train-
ing of our daughters is concerned we are
safe. Their physical education is not for-
gotten, but I think important improvement
might be made here.

Now, what have we done, and what can
we do for our sons? We have done but
little comparatively; we *condo everything*.
Normal College that was, Trinity College
that is, is now ours, beyond all mistakes or
cavil.

It remains now for us to place 'Trinity'
among male colleges where "Greensboro"
stands among Female Colleges. The ques-
tion is, how shall we do it? We should
withdraw our strength and support from
the University, where justice has never been
done; and when we call for it, insist-
ing upon our rights, we are laughed at;
and we must concentrate upon OUR OWN
COLLEGE. We must do it, if we would
shake from us the dust into which we have
been so long shamefully trampled, and
maintain the position to which our intelli-
gence, numbers and wealth entitle us.—
The morals of our sons are not properly
attended to at the University. There are
laws enough in regard to this, both State
and college; but of what account are they,
unless enforced? And this momentous
matter requires vastly more than laws.

Ask some one, of many, who has been
a student at the University within the last
fifteen years, (prior to that time I know
nothing of it,) to tell you what he knows
of Chapel Hill. Perhaps he may surprise
you with the information that those who
are professed to stand "in loco parentis,"
[in the place of a parent,] to him, scarce-
ly ever gave him the kindly word of en-
couragement; the gentle reproof of a friend,
the firm and earnest advice of a father;
and that there seemed in reality to be al-
most no solicitude for his spiritual well-
being. Indeed, is their spiritual welfare
anxiously regarded? They have preach-
ing in the College chapel every Sabbath
morning and a Bible lesson to recite every
Sabbath afternoon, upon both of which the
law says they shall attend. In the College

chapel there is from year's end to year's
end Episcopal and Presbyterian, * [there
used to be Methodist,] preaching, and none
other as a rule, or rather a fact, to many
Methodist young men and [if I am correct-
ly informed] the law forces them to attend
these, contrary to the yearnings of their
souls, where they sit almost within the
sound of the voice of the minister of their
own church.

O! ye manes of the Puritan Fathers!
O! liberty of conscience! And at this
identical time Methodist parents through-
out the land are sitting under the olive
and fig tree, thanking God that they can
worship Him as they please and no law
nor man can prevent it.

Will Methodist parents submit to this?
Before God, can they? Let the clarion
sound thunders every where. No! No!
Never! While Trinity battles with the storms
of time, my son shall worship under his
own roof.

Who instructs our sons in the Bible
lesson? Let the Trustees of the University
who fill the chairs of the Professors
with Episcopalians and Presbyterians, an-
swer that question; and let the Legislators
who elect those Trustees, echo that answer;
and let the people who elect those Legisla-
tors repeat that answer until the ears of North
Carolina Methodists shall ache with the
sound.

But perhaps they do the best they can
under circumstances? Let the recording
angel read the record of the revival of
God's work at Chapel Hill in the year 1858,
under the ministry of the Rev. Messrs. Man-
gum and Fisher, and that "perhaps" will
have an answer which God grant some who
call themselves christians, aye ministers,
may be afraid to meet in Eternity, and
prepare for it now. But suppose they do
the best they can. Why then, that best is
not good enough for Methodists, whose
greatest desire is that their sons may have
honor of God rather than men.

May be, you will be a little surprised
when the same man who used to be a stu-
dent tells you that a large amount of the
meanest kind of liquor can be had of vari-
ous negroes and white people too, for 50
cents the bottle, not quite a quart. (That
is, *the price*.) I have paid it many a time, he it
said, to my shame I hope since it now is,
to my sorrow. But are not those in au-
thority ignorant of this? Suppose they are;
is it not remarkable that they should
remain ignorant for a series of years, if the
best interest of the student were seriously
felt at heart? Is Chapel Hill so large or
mysterious a place, or the violators of law
and religion so sharp as to make discovery
impossible, if earnest solicitude were the
seeker?

Being willing, however, to render unto
Caesar the things that are Caesar's, we will
suppose that the interest of the student has
been earnestly considered in both the
theory and practice. Then, this great evil
existing in spite of watchfulness, our sons
ought to be removed from his baneful in-
fluence, and sent to Trinity College, where
such a condition of things, I think never
can obtain.

Would it be different at the University,
supposing that all the authorities were
Methodists? I am willing that the con-
duct of Rev. Prof. Shipp, and Mr. Tutor
Pool in that great Methodist revival of
1858 shall be a foundation upon which to
build an argument for the affirmative of
that question.

But I am wandering a little, for I am
unwilling that any denomination of christi-
ans, even Methodist, shall have any mate-
rial preponderance in the University; but
I am most anxious that all the authori-
ties should have, what ought to be a "sine
qua non," both the form and power of god-
liness.

That same quondam student will tell you
that if the old College chapel could speak, it
could tell you of whiskey, &c., being placed
within its once sacred walls during com-
mencements. Not by students, [whom I
have repeatedly heard deride it,] not by the
Faculty; [I hope they always condemn
it,] but by some of the *Custodes* (Trustees).
Those precious guardians who would
gravelly sit and vote expulsion to some
unfortunate youth who, reasonless
from the Bacchanalian revel, had violated
College law, and thus sent the disgraced
son to pierce the dotting father's heart with
his woful tale of blighted honor.

Whiskey caused this violation, and it
may be, points with scorn to the Com-
mencement example. Methodist parents
want a College free from such examples
and free from many ills of which they just-
ly complain; and they have it in Trinity
College. If they will but half do their
duty speedily, the reputation of Trinity Col-
lege will only be exalted by its merit,
which for its age stands now unsurpassed.

For four long years I saw these things,
but I was more fortunate, for the eloquence
of Deems filled the College chapel every

* I have nothing against these bodies of
christians, nor do I mean to be understood
as saying aught against them.

third Sabbath in those days. From 150
to 180 students was our number then, and
if things were bad then, how must they be
now, from 350 to 450 students? (The age
of "fast young men," especially now that
the great wisdom, sagacity experience of
the lamented Dr. Mitchell are not there to
direct.

That was a sad day for the University
when he, by far her brightest light, fell
to rise no more. With his sun set much
of her glory. He was my friend as well
as instructor, and his loss I mourn. Great
man and good—farewell!

Methodist parents, think long and deep
upon the spiritual interests of your sons
and let us make Trinity, *Our own College*,
what she ought and must be—More anon
perhaps. ALUMNUS.
Feb. 1859.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

"Worthy of Imitation."

Few men grow sufficiently ugly to cease
to be vain; and few old enough to lose
their fondness for praise, and few become
sufficiently pious to lose all their pride, es-
pecially when they are convinced that "God
did from all eternity fore-ordain and pre-
destinate them unto eternal life." This
last remark is illustrated by a recent Editor-
ial in the North Carolina Presbyterian,
under the caption that heads this article.
It is *sometimes* quite refreshing to read
communications from certain sources, or
editorials from certain quarters, upon cer-
tain subjects. These writers grow vigor-
ously eloquent their nerves seem to be all
on fire which sends flames into their com-
munications. I have none, not the least
intention to harm the good Presbyterian
friends, but just to let them know that
they still linger in the rear-guard of moral
development, and culture, notwithstanding
the sounding of trumpets by the Presby-
terian of January 22.

Some person reported for the paper
from Washington, N. C. "A Novel ser-
vice." Which turns out to be a Concert, or
"Annual celebration of the benevolent
singing school," by the colored people of
that town. Well, the writer was surpris-
ed with the performance. It consisted
with the music—grew philanthropic—he
was astonished clean out of sight—was all
benevolence and would have exercised some
beneficence if it could have been done free
gratis without expense. I began to feel
pretty sure that I should see the writer at
no distant day traveling the country round
to lecture the "colored communities to pat-
tern after the example," but if he should
come I shall not know him because he is
entirely inebriated.

Well, it was a great time! the singing
put to "shame" the white folks—Ineog
said, "I say this to my shame—having
been a member of a choir ourselves." Why
Ineog certainly—"having been a mem-
ber of a choir," how long I don't
know.

The Editor of the Presbyterian takes
occasion to write a little article of glorifi-
cation of the Presbyterian church—to
which I have no objection; *pro deo*, he
had not violated a plain precept of the Bi-
ble—*prov.* 27: 2: "Let another man
praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a
stranger, and not thine own lips." The
Editor first gives a *small fit* at other
"denominations" for "succeeding in induc-
ing some Presbyterians to imagine their
Church excluded from the great privilege
of enlightening that class whose claims
upon the Southern churches are unequal-
led." It is true that we may learn some
things from a very unexpected source—I
should never have expected to have seen
that scrap of information in the Presby-
terian I never heard before that "other
denominations" themselves believed that
the Presbyterian church was "excluded
from" this "great principle"—much less
that they were "inducing some Presby-
terians to imagine" it. I think the whole of
it is the *legitimate* offspring of the Editor's
imagination. But supposing the Editor
stated a fact—then there should be no spirit
of complaining upon his part—for accord-
ing to his doctrine it was but the fulfill-
ment of an irresistible decree, and there-
fore right.

Notwithstanding the superior reasoning
powers (according to the Presbyterian) of
"other denominations," the Presbyterian
glories in a particular case which forms
itself a general rule. Here is his case—
and his logic—The "colored communi-
ty" in Washington, N. C., sing well; But
some of the "colored community" in Wash-
ington, N. C. are "under the teachings of
the Presbyterian church." Therefore,
"wherever the colored population have
been brought under the teachings of the
Presbyterian church they have in a re-
markable manner been elevated in intelli-
gence above others of their race." That
is splendid logic! The Presbyterian is en-
titled to a premium for the best specimen of
reasoning! He may rest after that effort.

But it appears from the communication
and editorial that the taught have outstrip-

ped their teachers—that the colored popu-
lation are far ahead of the white. They
make the blush of "shame" thicken upon
the cheek of an ex-member of a Presby-
terian "choir" hence, their superiority to
white choirs; in the Presbyterian church.
The Editor says, "We can readily believe
they surpass most of our white choirs in the
South." But the Editor would not
believe a proposition true without proof—
But he "can readily believe they surpass
most of the white choirs in the Presby-
terian church." therefore, he has evidence
of that fact. If we put the communication
and editorial together and from them draw
a conclusion, we will be compelled to say
that the colored people in Washington, N.
C. who excel the Presbyterians, are not
"under the teachings of the Presbyterian
church," unless we embrace the absurdity
that "the disciple is above his Master;"
hence we are compelled to the opinion that
they are "under the teachings of other de-
nominations," whom, the Editor admits in
the outset to be superior to "members of
the Presbyterian church."

But the Editor acknowledges himself in
the dark—he drops Presbyterianism and
South—grows eloquent, and expands—
hear him; he asks, "Can another such
choir be found in our land?" I answer
Yes! hundreds are equal, and perhaps are
superior among the Methodists!!
AMINIS.
Montevideo, N. C.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

F. M. Austin.

The funeral sermon of F. M. Austin,
son of Col. Henry R. and Elvira Austin,
who departed this life the 3d of last Dec.,
was preached last Sabbath, in the M. E.
Church, in Mocksville, to a crowded, at-
tentive, sympathizing audience, by Rev.
N. F. Reid, from John, 14th chap. and
1st verse, "Let not your hearts be trou-
bled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Sufficient to say, Bro. Reid, in the dis-
cussion of the text, in matter, manner and
appropriateness, sustained his deservedly
high reputation as a minister of the gos-
pel. Bro. Austin entered upon his 22d year
the 21st of June last, was born and raised
in Mocksville—embraced religion and con-
nected himself with the M. E. Church in
his 17th year. A young man of fine in-
tellect and moral promise. From a full
sense of duty, and in process of prepara-
tion, he was looking forward with a fixed
purpose and an earnest desire to enter
upon the ministry. But God, in His in-
scrutable wisdom, saw fit to take him from
earth to Heaven. His death is one of the
singular dispensations of Providence. La-
mented he is by all, loved he was by all.
In his piety all had full confidence. Reli-
gion was his home. His praise dwells on
every lip. His memory is fondly cher-
ished in every heart.

I copy from his diary the following ex-
cellent rules, to which, according to the
testimony of those who knew him well, he
strived to conform; whose publication, I
trust may be of much service. "The fol-
lowing rules," says he, "I lay down, which
I intend to practice as much as lie in my
power, the rest of my life. 1 To speak
the truth at all times. 2 Never use any
intoxicating liquors. 3 Never be idle, but
try and be employed in some good cause
all the time. 4 Keep holy the Sabbath
day, and attend church at all times. 5
Strive to do unto others as I would have
them to do unto me. 6 As much as pos-
sible, avoid bad company. 7 Be strictly
honest, especially when engaged in pecu-
niary matters for other men. 8 Never
take the name of God in vain, and rebuke
those that I hear do it. 9 As much as
possible, avoid anger. 10 Strive to treat
all so that I may never have the enmity
of any one justly. 11 Always take care of
the sick. 12 In short, live the life of an
humble christian, seek the society of those
that love God. Do my duty to God, to
my fellow man, and myself. If I do those
things I will have the friendship of my fel-
low man, the approbation of God, and
when I die go to Heaven."

Death, in taking him away, has created
a great breach in the family circle. One,
in whom they were bound up, is called
from their midst. One, whose past was
so exemplary and whose future they con-
templated with so encouraging a prospect.
But a great consolation to his parents and
other relations is, "Their loss is his eter-
nal gain." Death has introduced him to
another, and an infinitely more desirable
life than this. Beyond the waters of Jordan
with those
"Who swell the rapture of the glorious
song,"
he anxiously awaits their coming. May
none of them fail to meet him in that bet-
ter world.

Mocksville is deprived of one who was
more to her than chariots and horses—a
shining godly example—one whom she de-
lighted to honor, and of whom she will ev-
er in the highest terms speak. Oh! how

greatly does she need such young men as
Frank Austin. May God soon raise up a
number in her midst.

M. C. THOMAS.

Mocksville, N. C., Feb. 19.
The "Spirit of the Age," "Times" and
"Watchman," will please copy.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

Sabbath Preaching.

The people, throughout the empire of
Southern Methodism, are calling for Sab-
bath preaching; they all want it, at every
appointment. So soon as the preacher
enters his circuit, and reaches his appoint-
ments, the question is asked by almost
every membership.—"Are you not going to
give us Sunday preaching this year?"—
What can he answer? Here are ten or
twelve churches in his circuit, all asking
for Sunday preaching. Certain appoint-
ments claim it this year, because they had
it last year; others claim it this year, be-
cause they did not have it last year. Now
if any one will tell how the preacher can
go round monthly, on a circuit of ten or
fifteen appointments, and at the same time
give each society Sunday preaching, the
great difficulty will be remedied. But this
will never be done. Then, who should ar-
range the plan of the circuit, the preacher
or the people? Evidently the preacher,
since it is his duty to carry out the plan.
But let him confer with the brethren first,
and get all the points, and then make out
his plan. And should the appointment
for preaching fall on the week day, or on
Sunday, let the people, especially the mem-
bers, all come out and hear the gospel.—
All this must be done, in order to give
success under the present organization of
Methodism. All this inconvenience must
be suffered, just as long as our circuits re-
main so large. But if the reader will be
patient until next week, we will then look
a little further into the matter.

R. G. B.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

The Bible.

The Bible reader, when taking hold of the
precious book, the Bible, looks up to its
Author, and exclaims "what a precious
he desires for life or pleasure! It gives
food to his hungry soul and medicine to his
sore heart; it is a shield against the
fiery darts of the wicked one, a sword
that turns in every direction to guard him
in his onward and upward course to the
land of eternal blessedness.

Let the world account him poor and de-
spised, give him the Bible and he wants
no more; because it affords light and joy
to his soul brightens, and distresses. Its
precepts give his doubtful way, while its
promises lead his heart to rest. Precious
treasure! It is a food, to which the world
is an entire stranger. Here he is directed
to the fountain, that was opened up in
the house of David, for all uncleanness,
in which all are invited to wash and be
cleansed of all their maladies. It also in-
vites him to the feast of the Lord, at which
he feasts in a hungry longing soul upon the
hidden manna of God's love. He has no
fear of fasting to an excess, though it fills,
yet it never clogs, because he feeds on a
dying Saviour who is meat and drink in-
deed.

Let the christian's hope is fixed, it anchors
in heaven. Satan can not make him, in
the darkest hours of temptation and trouble,
yield. The Bible! yes the Bible is the
word of great consolation, a mighty shield.
Vain are Satan's threats to overturn us,
while we have the Spirit's sword, and with
it we can with ease drive him from us.
Satan trembles at the word. It is a sword
made for conquest, which has a keen edge
and a strong blade. May all read it and
confide more in its truths.

T***.

Spring Garden.

Hymn from the German.