



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

VOL. IV.—NO. 23.

RALEIGH, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1859.

\$1.50 a year, in advance.

ORIGINAL.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. "Calvinism vs. Arminianism." Reviewed.—No. VI.

REV. R. T. HEFLIN:—I now proceed to the consideration of No. 3, of P. T. P.'s communications. In this, he contemplates the "Power of God" in regard to the work of the regeneration of man. This is accomplished, he says, by this "power operating irresistibly upon the hearts of men." See the entire article in No. 3, April 2 To this I answer briefly: Power simply considered in itself is one thing, and its exercise, is quite another. God has energy quite sufficient to regenerate all men; but that energy is not, cannot, be exercised arbitrarily, but in harmony with all his manifold perfections; and the constitution of man's intellectual and moral nature—

ject of man's regeneration. Calvinism considers man as passive in this work, and that the "Almighty Jehovah" must "operate with irresistible power," upon the resisting will of man. This makes man appear in this work as a moral machine, acting only when acted upon by a foreign power, perfectly "irresistible." Arminianism considers man, as an intelligent, free, moral agent, co-operating with God, and "receiving the grace of God" in his heart, and working with God. Hence, it is affirmed, that "we have no power to do good works, pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good will, and working with us when we have that good will."—Article viii. Methodist Ep. Church, South, p. 22.

P. T. P., will, perhaps, say, that it is because God operates "irresistibly" in the sinner that he works and is saved. Not so fast, my brother. If so, where is there room for the sinner to work, when, as you say, he works altogether in opposition to God, until God "irresistibly" works salvation in him. Your words are: "His resistance ceases not until his nature is changed, and a wife is bathed into his soul by the Holy Ghost." The sinner, according to Calvinism, works against God, and yet is saved, whereas, Isaiah, Paul, and Christ teach, that before a man can be saved, even by the power of God, he must be willing, obedient—not receive the grace of God in vain—and personally "believe," or he will be "damned." There is a discrepancy here, between your teaching and those others. Who am I to believe? Calvinism here, has these witnesses against it! But, if God works irresistibly in the sinner's heart, while he ceases not to "resist," how, I ask, can it be possible, in this instance, to "receive the grace of God in vain," which Paul says may be the case? Can irresistible grace be frustrated?

You say, if Mr. Wesley's doctrine is true, it will prove that "Devils and wicked men are stronger than God." Why? You say this flows from the doctrine of the "freedom of the human will." It may not be true that "devils and wicked men are stronger than God," and yet it may be true, that neither the "devil" nor some "wicked men" will not be saved. As to the "devil," it would seem that the power of God cannot operate to his salvation; because his "prohibition is end," and he is now suffering the "vengeance of eternal fire." God, to save him, would have to revoke the decree, (unchangeable though it be) by which he banished him from heaven, and remit his sin, without regard to the claims of justice, as it claims in this instance, would not be met, by an act of pardon. Could power be thus exercised? Or if this could not be, then the doctrine of Purgatory must come in to satisfy the claims of justice, and secure his salvation, by paying the "last farthing of suffering;" or, Deism is true, which contemplates the salvation of all beings whom God has made by an "irresistible" act of his power, without any regard to law or justice, or any other principle of moral government.

It does not follow that men are stronger than God, if they are not saved; because salvation is of grace, and not of power, whether that power is irresistible or not. Power in this case cannot contravene grace; but must co-operate with it. Not precede grace, but accompany it. This is demonstrated by St. Paul, in Rom. i. 16, 17; and I Cor. i. 18-21. The power of God, i. e. the "gospel," works the salvation of "every one that believeth;" it evidently does not accomplish this work before "faith" is exercised, but at the time of its exercise. If, therefore, follows, that mere power cannot accomplish any thing. It acts with, or through, the faith of the subject. Where there is no faith, this power acts not. The doctrine of Arminianism is further demonstrated in Christ himself: John i. 11-13. So far is Christ from inculcating Calvinism here, that he teaches the contrary; affirming that the reason why some are not "born again," was, because they "received him not," i. e. resisted him; others were regenerated, because they "believed on his name." Our Saviour in this text, strikes down Calvinism in two respects: 1. By showing that a sinner must be a "believer," before his regeneration; and not as P. T. P. says, that the sinner's "resistance ceases not until his nature is changed, and a new life is breathed into his soul." &c. 2. That the "power of God" in man's regeneration, cannot be effectual, until "faith receives Christ" as the Messiah. The sinner's strength is greater than God's power in this instance; his power will not act, unless faith is exercised in Christ. "As many as received him," to them "gave he power to become the sons of God."

Yours affectionately, PETER DOUB. Fayetteville, N. C., May 21, 1859.

Common Sense.

The argument most apt and ample, For common minds, is the example.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. Parsonages.

How to furnish them and keep them furnished—on appeal to the ladies of the N. C. Conference.

There is no subject in which the Methodist church is more deeply interested, than the one I have chosen for this article. An itinerant ministry is an essentiality of Methodism. Whatever has a tendency to prevent a complete development and operation of this system is derogatory to the interest of the church and should be carefully guarded against or removed. Everything having a tendency to increase the efficiency and perpetuity of the system should receive encouragement and support. Of all the arrangements of the church for its expansion and perpetuity, there is none, to my mind, of more importance than a proper provision for the comfort of the itinerant and his family. Ministers of other churches, with permanent pastoral charges, do not labor under the disadvantages in many respects, attendant upon a life in the Itinerancy. I do not mean that they get better paid: as a general thing, this is not so. But they are settled; and every man of any experience in the matter knows, that there are hundreds of ways in which a man permanently located, may increase the comfort, and impose the temporal condition of his family, of which an itinerant cannot avail himself. He can have his own furniture—comfortable furniture; which the itinerant can only do at a very great disadvantage. Every circuit and station ought to have a Parsonage—something worthy the name; and then they ought to be well furnished. And why should not every District have its parsonage also? If this were so—if proper provision were made for the comfort of the preacher's wife and children, with how much more heart could he engage in his master's work! how much more efficiency would be given to his labors!

But as strange as it may seem, there are many persons opposed to parsonages. Said a brother to me the other day: "I am opposed to parsonages, on the ground that different preachers having different tastes, parsonages are never furnished to suit them—the furniture that suits one, does not suit the other." In reply to such an objection, I simply say: if the parsonage is furnished as it ought to be, there is not a minister in the Conference, who would object to it on the ground of "taste."

Says another, who wants an excuse for hoarding his money: "They are never furnished: at every 21 meeting the preacher is begging the stewards to buy furniture; and the reason is: the furniture is not properly taken care of." I believe Methodist preachers generally have as industrious, careful wives, as other people. The fact is: your furniture, my brother, wears out as well as the preacher's. You break a glass, and buy another: it is not the preacher's business to do this; and besides as a general thing, he would not be able. But says some old fogey of a Methodist, with a miserly soul. "I am an 'old fashion Methodist.' And I want to see preachers do now like they did when I was a boy; then they carried their wives with them, and visited the people; and they did a heap more good." Yes brother! and you were born in a log cabin, and your father made the cradle in which you were rocked: Why don't you live in one now, and do like your father did. I for one, would provide a home for my wife and children (if I had them) by location before I would drag them all around my circuit, just to save a little money to a miserly "primitive Methodist," who would be willing for me to do such a thing when there was no necessity for it. Is not the inconvenience of moving every one or two years, sacrifice enough? Must the preacher be the only one to make sacrifices? There is another consideration: fifty years ago, ladies were not raised as they are now; it was not the same sacrifice for them to labor under these disadvantages, that it is now. A Methodist preacher is a man of it o much holiness of soul, to marry a lady brought up in ease and luxury; refined, sensitive, modest; and compel her to "travel round." Catch me at it.

It is a source of gratification to me to believe that the class of persons, whose objections I have been answering, embraces but a small portion of our membership—As a general thing, the church appreciates the importance of parsonages, and in some places, seems to be fully alive to the subject. Ah! that the Methodist church would come up to the full measure of its duty in this matter! What a glorious epoch in her history it will be, when every preacher shall know, upon the announcement of his appointment, that he has a well furnished home to which to take his wife and little ones.

But what can the ladies do? Wonders if they would. It is known to most of the female readers of the Advocate, that in our towns, the ladies have societies organized for the benefit of the parsonage. In some instances they have sewing societies;

to these I am, in the general opposed: better work for your family and give your money to the church. But these societies do well—keep the parsonage furnished, so that the necessity for making a special effort ever few years, to replenish the furniture, is removed. I had never heard of such a society being organized on a circuit; but I have tried it. I have established what I call a "Parsonage Aid Society," and expect it to embrace at least one hundred members. Each member contributes ten cents per month to the funds of the society. These funds are placed in the hands of the preacher who appropriates them for the benefit of the parsonage, at his discretion. I do not think it possible to have the complete organization of the Society in the county that may be had in town. But we raise the money and that in furnishing parsonages, is the "one thing needed." Suppose one half of the ladies in the Conference would appropriate only ten cents a month to a parsonage fund—I mean to furnish, and replenish—how much good might be done. Ladies—you who know what a woman ought to have to make her comfortable—you who dread the idea of your daughter marrying a preacher because his home is so badly furnished—take hold of the matter and do something for your church; your preacher, and the Lord. RIDGEWAY.

SELECTIONS.

From the Nashville Ch. Advocate. Across the Continent.—No. 1.

Delay for men and Means—Contingent Liberty of the East—The Parring—A New Recruit in Old Fashioned Itinerancy—The Land and the Sea—From "Sunshine" Westward—A fine Hotel—A Liberal California—A premature settlement—A delightful Week—New Orleans, and its Characteristics—Duty of the Church.

Mr. Editor:—My departure for California has been delayed a month or two by my efforts to obtain money and preachers for the Pacific Conference, as ordered by the General Conference. One transfer from Texas has gone in advance. I have with me three young men—one from Georgia, one from East Tennessee, one from Arkansas. Several preachers have offered to go, but in most instances they have declined to Conferences too weak to spare, without detriment, and of their number. The collections have been liberal all things considered, and relation both to men and means, I think the Eastern Conferences inclined to sympathy and action—and that they will co-operate cheerfully, if assured that our organization in California ought to be maintained. In due time I shall give the Church my impressions on this subject.

Long accustomed to leave home and friends for days and weeks and months together, I thought I had schooled my heart to such control as to be master of myself and my sensibilities. But California is a long way from Georgia—there are perils by land and water—letters, uncertain in their transit and of old date on their reception, mocking you with ancient history when you are longing for news. And now before I start, for days the children look sad; unbidden tears well up in their eyes, and all the household move about as if a calamity had fallen or was coming—plans for the year must be laid, one child sent here, another sent there, directions given as though I was writing my last will and testament—the adieu is spoken amid convulsive sobs and long lingering embraces.—Say what we will, strong in faith, resolved on duty as we may be, such a time is a trial. Never wavering, delaying not a moment beyond the appointed time—so I felt and feel still. True, Mrs. P. and our youngest daughter bear me company, but this rather adds to than diminishes my solitude. This companionship increases the anxieties of travel and takes away the feeling of security about home interests.—On all former occasions I left home satisfied that the good sense and prudent management of my "better half," would conserve all interests there: now I go down to the war and leave the staff to inexperienced hands. In a long itinerant life, my wife has never accompanied me before, and I suspect will locate at the end of the present year. So far she is delighted with the trip. Railroads and steamboats are pleasant modes of conveyance, especially as they bear you from town to town—city to city, amid old friends and acquaintances; but she will see "the elephant" before we reach California. Twenty-five hundred miles of stage travel, mainly through the wilderness—not to say a desert—is old fashioned itinerancy. "What! are you going the land route?" has been said to me in wonder, a hundred times. Yes, I answer; for several reasons I do not like to travel on water; it is perilous, monotonous, wearisome; sea sickness is horrid, revolting, (believe me.) Let others poetize about the "deep, deep blue sea," my imagination is more at home amid plains and

mountains. Talk of breeze and billow—I like the first when it blows on land, and the other when it rolls an' leaves me stationary. The fact is, an old Phœnician galley propelled by oars along the coast, suits me better than your modern steamer, with all his appliances for destruction. I was born in the country—raised in the country—live in the country now—love it, feel at home amid fields and woods, and do not like to lose sight of them. I go by land, because I wish to see the far West in its wildness. I like adventure (upon land) have no fears of toil and fatigue; and suspect to make the trip subserve my ministry—the cause of missions and the extension of the Church, South. Last but not least, Mr. Giddings, the mail contractor, voluntarily and kindly offered me a free passage for myself and wife, with every assurance of safety and comfort the route allows.—Withal, the brethren in California urged me to come this way, alleging that I could better serve the Conference by entering the State far from San Francisco and working at points not likely to be visited on any other plan. But enough, for preliminaries.

We left "Sunshine" in tears on the 7th inst., spent a night at Maison with my brother and his family, and left for Columbus, to see my father and my sisters, residing there. Preached twice on Sabbath took a respectable collection for the Church in San Francisco—passed the bitter ordeal of parting with friends again, and left for Montgomery. My old friend, Dr. Dawson, with his wife, took passage with me. I had hoped to preach at night and beg, but the boat for Mobile left at 5 P. M., and we were constrained to depart. Montgomery is on my list (if need be) when I return. At Selma, "the Czár" rounded off early in the morning, and as she was taking on cotton I was taken off, and pressed to preach. I yielded, and held forth to a congregation hastily gathered, and whether the church was edified or not, I cannot tell, but the truth was joy and power to me. We reached Mobile in the night, and rather than disturb our friends at an unseasonable hour, we went to the Battle House, the best hotel in the South. I have seen none equal to it any where.—Crowded with people, it is nevertheless quiet as a private dwelling; servants prompt and polite—rooms airy and clean—table loaded with the luxuries of land and sea, and all the appointments of the house are of the first class. None who stop there will go away disappointed. The Sabbath was appropriated to preaching and collections as usual. The preaching was not great, and the collection was not heavy, but respectable. On Monday afternoon, as we were leaving, a gentleman who had been to California, handed me a hundred dollars, to be used at my discretion.—This addition helped the collection smartly, and will be used accordingly to the discretionary instructions of the donor.

The boat-traveling from Mobile to the Crescent City is refreshing. A noble craft—quiet lake—delightful company—the present trip was an enjoyment to be remembered—"Remembered joys are never past," saith Montgomery. So then I shall have one thread of light in the web of the future. When we reached the wharf and took our seats in the cars, we expected soon to reach the city—four miles distant. But we moved slowly—more slowly yet, and then stood still; the engine had hopelessly failed. We considered ourselves settled for a season. It was early morn—we had the day before us and could afford to wait. We did not wait long. Engines may fail—telegraph wires may break—steamboats may explode, but tidings of misfortune never lack for carriers. The news will spread, especially if the victim even pay.—In a twinkling almost we heard the ring of rapid wheels and the roar of revolving wheels and presently the din of tongues—"Have a carriage, sir? carry you any where in the city." Hack drivers, I suppose, are a public convenience, but they are a nuisance too. We were rescued from their annoyance by my good brother Gillespie, who came out to take us to his hospitable house. I have rarely seen a Methodist preacher whose heart was not bigger than his habitation. G's house and heart are both elastic—can stretch without straining, and so rejecting all remonstrance to the contrary, he took us all captive and away we went, to Dr. Dawson and wife. (I dispute that word lady, in this connection,) myself, wife, and daughter, and found ourselves at home.—The week spent here was one of unmingled pleasure. Renewed intercourse with chosen friends—new acquaintances—letter from home—access to all the Church papers—consultations with experienced brethren on the enterprises of Southern Methodism—the privilege of preaching several times—the prompt responses of the people to my call for aid, served to beguile time of its weariness and make me hopeful and happy. Nevertheless, as I wandered about, and looked upon the throng of the bay and the gulf—sad, depressing thoughts would intrude. How few among these thousands "fear God and keep His

commandments!" What temptations to earthliness, sensuality and sin abound!—Here amusement spread her snares and plies her charms by night and day, catering alike to the vulgar and refined, full of invention, fraud and trick. Business condensed into a few months, demands the time, thought, care, of all who prefer gold to pleasure. Buy, sell, get gain, make haste, get away, the yellow fever comes, so life is concentrated—the pressure is too strong to be resisted, and thus eternity is lost in time. After all, I see not that New Orleans is more wicked than other great cities. True, the desecration of the Sabbath is alarming—afflictive, but the explanation is to be found, not in the depravity of the American population, but in the foreign elements assembled here, in the Jews, who have a Sabbath of their own, and in the godless latitude allowed by the Catholic religion. I believe the municipal authorities here, as elsewhere, err egregiously in yielding to the demands of the lawless and abominable, who, under false views of religious toleration and civil liberty, are pleading exemption from wholesome restraints, and seeking to flood the land with a licentious infidelity. This is a Christian—a protestant country—and while toleration in religion is the guarantee of the Constitution, and is supported by the sentiment of the people, no man or community of men can plead conscience for outraging public morality. The doctrine of rights is destined to revision—the time is at hand—the necessity is upon us, and when the work is done and the truth established, it will be found that the Bible is the law and that nobody has the natural right to do moral wrong.

In the mean time, let the Protestant Churches be faithful to their high calling. Multiply churches, Sunday-schools—establish Missions—circulate Tracts—preach in the Market-places—carry the gospel to the outcast and neglected. Our large cities are mission fields, demanding more men and money than have ever been appropriated to them. We shall likely reach Sureport to night. Our boat stops at every landing, and we "make haste slowly." G. F. PIERCE. Red River, Steamer Leconte, April 30, 1859.

From the Presbyterian Sentinel. The Devil and St. Beatus.

A Story for Church Sleepers, in the reading of which they may learn something to their Advantage.

St. Beatus (according to a Swiss legend) was a native of Britain, a convert from Druidism, a pupil of Bernabas, and especially commissioned by St. Peter to convert the Helvetians and with for Christ that most desirable land and that proud race of man. Redundant miracles attended his preaching. He journeyed on the lake without a boat, buoyed up by his miraculous cloak, imperious to water and woven by angels. The adventure of this holy man with the Devil was on this wise: Achatas, the companion of Beatus, had charge of a church of converted idolaters on the other shore of the lake. One Easter day Beatus went on in his miraculous cloak to join in the service; but arriving a little late, and finding the temple full of worshippers, he was afraid of interrupting the sermon, and set down on one of the farthest seats. The heat was intense, the audience dull, and the good Saint was scandalized at seeing all the members of the congregation gradually fall asleep, one after another. While he was sadly musing on this culpable indifference, he spied Satan under the pulpit,—horns, tusks, claws, and all,—his left foot on his right knee, a crow-quill in his hand, busily writing down on a skin the names of the unlucky sleepers, who were thus unconsciously endangering the salvation of their souls. Anxious as he was to wake them, he feared to commit the mortal sin of interrupting the sermon. The Devil kept on writing, filled his register full, and had more names yet which he had not room to put down. He then tried to stretch the skin on which he was writing and get more room, pulling it with his teeth and claws, but in his satanic zeal he pulled so hard that he knocked his head against the pulpit. At this mishap Beatus could not contain himself. He burst out laughing; the laugh waked up the people, and they all had time to say Amen to the sermon. The Devil was foiled; and took himself off.—But Beatus lost his boat, for the magic property of his cloak was now abstracted, to punish him for interrupting public worship. That laugh saved the people, but it compelled the Saint to go on foot ever after. He lived, says the legend, to the age of ninety.

When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan, doubtless, comes also among them now a-days, as in former times. In winter's cold, as well as in summer's heat, he will find enough to keep him busy among the dull and sleepy hearers of the Gospel, if indeed

the dull and sleepy can be called hearers. We think we know of some churches where he will be obliged to stretch his skin considerably, in order to put down the names of all whom he can claim as his own. And it is not always that the fortunate laugh of a St. Beatus wakes up the inconsiderate transgressors, in time to save them from their imminent peril. Some are so dull that they cannot tell the text, and if any Amen has been pronounced, they do not know it. Perhaps they pronounce it to themselves on their way homewards, as a quietus to conscience, or as expressive of their confidence in the orthodoxy and faithfulness of the minister. What their doom will be, we will not undertake to say.—Poor St. Beatus! His sentence was a severe one. It would have been hard even for a Saint, not to have laughed under the circumstances. Yet, his laugh saved the sleepers from the clutches of the adversary. But had there been no sleeping, there would have been no laughing, and the Devil's skin would have been useless, and his Satanic Majesty would have saved his head that hard knock against the pulpit! MORAL.—"Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools: for they consider not that they do evil." MONITOR.

From the Nashville Advocate. Rev. Phillip Bruce.

Mr. Editor:—You gave us to understand recently, that likely a biographical sketch of this faithful and laborious advocate of Methodism, in its earlier days, would be given to the public, and I feel inclined to give your readers an incident in his life that very impressively shows the estimate that he placed upon prayer. I had the incident from Rev. A. J. Crawford, a superannuated member of the Alabama Conference. He and Brother Bruce spent a night together, during which there fell a heavy snow.

Next morning, there being no place in the house for private devotion, they retired to the woods for secret prayer. When they had got out of sight, although the snow was about knee deep, the venerable Bruce bowed himself before God, the snow almost covering him, and poured out his soul in fervent supplications at the throne of the heavenly mercy. His earnest pleadings with his Heavenly Father, with uplifted eyes, while the morning breezes were fanning his hoary locks, made salutary and lasting impressions upon the mind of his companion. It was truly edifying to hear Brother Crawford relate the incident as he added, "That was the secret of his power and success as a preacher." My mind instantly recurred to Jesus when "he went up into a mountain to pray" and also when at Gethsemane he "fell on his face and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." J. W. S.

May 4, 1859.

How the old North State was done out of her Copper Mines.

Looking along the boundary, between North Carolina and Tennessee, it will be seen that the line, after pursuing a general southwest course for nearly the whole way, suddenly bends directly south as it approaches the Georgia border. Now this line should have kept on southwest, as it started, but the boundary commissioners being so near the close of their labors, resolved, it is said, to indulge in a general "sproo," in the course of which the Carolinians got gloriously inebriated, and their Tennessee confederates amused themselves by changing the line, and cheating them out of a small corner. It was considered a capital joke at the time, on both sides, for the land "stands on its edge," and appears to be of that description that makes a man poorer the more he has of it. But it has lately been found to be no joke, as far as "Old Rip" is concerned, at any rate, for this very corner has within it the great copper deposit of Ducktown, which contains immense and inexhaustible beds of that valuable metal.

Mining is in its infancy there, yet the valley already pours out its ores by millions, worth, and constantly increasing every year. In ten years, probably, the market value of this mining region, will be not less than a hundred millions. The line was run about fifty years ago, and North Carolina is barred by the statute of limitation from reclamation. The "mountain dew" was decidedly unwholesome that time for the good old State.

Receipts for Despondency.

At the close of the New England Conference, just before reading the appointments, Bishop Ames said he was saddened by the thought that the announcement might, in some instances cause pain.—"But," he added, "if you ever find any tendency to despondency, let me give you a recipe—Get a little nearer the cross, a little more intimate with Jesus. And however poor or good your station, be it yours, under God, to make it better." More religion and harder work will certainly effect the cure of any curable tendency to lassness of spirit.