

To the Ministers and members of the A. M. E. Zion Church.

Dear Brethren: As we have adopted the "EDUCATOR," published at Fayetteville, N. C., by Messrs. Waddell & Smith, as our Organ, I hope you will do all in your power to increase its circulation.

Do your best to send Messrs. Waddell & Smith \$20 for 10 yearly subscribers.

I believe we can make this effort a success. Let us resolve to do it, and it is done. I will publish my appointments and note my visitations briefly in its columns.

Yours for the success of the "EDUCATOR."

J. W. HOOD, Bishop 3d. Episcopal District. Fayetteville N. C. Jan. 15th. 1875

BISHOP HOOD'S APPOINTMENTS FOR MARCH.

- March 31 - - - Union S. C.
" 6th - - - Salisbury N. C.
" 10th - - - Greensboro "
" 12th - - - Statesville "
" 15th - - - Concord "
" 19th - - - Lincolnton "
" 24th - - - Morning Star "
" 25th - - - Biddleville "
" 28th - - - Charlotte "

To whom it may Concern

Be it known that the General Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Connection, at its session in Charlotte, N. C., June, 1872, took into consideration the propriety of establishing schools for the education of our people in the South, and selected for said purpose Fayetteville, N. C., as a proper place to locate a college for said purpose.

The conference also elected the following persons as a Board of Managers to carry out the object contemplated by said conference:

- Bishop J. D. Brooks, President.
J. P. Hamer, Vice Pres't.
Bishop S. D. Talbert, Treasurer.
Dr. J. A. Thompson.
Jacob Thomas.
George Bosley.
P. A. Lee, Corresponding Sec'y.
J. A. Jones, Recording Sec'y

We therefore appeal to a generous Christian public to aid us in this praiseworthy object, in educating and christianizing our poor down-trodden and oppressed race, and also to send out missionaries to teach and preach the Gospel of Christ.

THE BIBLE CATECHISM.

ENTITLED "MILK FOR BABES" and "CHILDREN'S BREAD." (S. B. Scheffelin Author.)

Is one of the most simple, comprehensive and best arranged Catechism now published, and well adapted for general use in our Sunday Schools.

These Books are printed in three forms. 1st Milk for Babes and Children's Bread with hints to Teachers, Bound in Cloth. Price 25 cents. 2nd Children's Bread for Large Scholars, bound in Board. Price 15 cents. 3rd Milk for Babes, Infant classes bound in Paper. Price 5 cents per copy, 60 cents pr. doz.

The Author having given us the plates the books are sold at about the cost of printing. They are now published and for sale by the Board of Publication of the A. M. E. Zion Church, and may be had in any number by sending your orders to

JACOB THOMAS, 66 Grove st. N. Y. mar 6

Zion Hymn Books, 80 cents each. Zion Disciplines, 50 cents each. For sale by R. Harris, Fayetteville N. C.

THE EDUCATOR.

VOL. 1. FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., MARCH 13, 1875. NO. 24

Religious Department.

Ministers and members of the A. M. E. Zion Church are specially invited to write for this department.

Write only on one side of the sheet, and sign your name to every letter.

All letters for this part of the paper should be addressed to R. HARRIS, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Sabbath Services.

Most of our churches are accustomed to having three sermons a day every Sunday, besides prayer meeting, Sunday school, and class meetings in the intervals.

Now, with due respect to ancient usage, we beg leave to enter our protest against this time-honored custom. It makes the Sabbath the hardest working day of all the week, to those who are faithful in attending all the meetings, and many consider it their duty to do so.

One good sermon a day is better than two or three poor ones. If we hear one subject explained in one sermon and then another subject discussed in the next, we are very apt to get things mixed in our minds and no good impression is received from either.

Our plan would be somewhat like this: In the morning sermon preach so as to build up, encourage and strengthen the believers; in the afternoon give the time and effort to the Sunday School, and Class or prayer meeting, and then preach to the sinners at night.

We believe in three meals a day, but it does not follow that all should be the same, on the contrary we like our dinner to differ from our breakfast and our supper a little different from the others.

(For the Educator.) WILMINGTON N. C. Feb. 23rd 1875.

The church here seems to be in a prosperous condition. Rev. T. H. Lomax P. E., who held the pastoral charge here for three years, has won the confidence of the entire community.

We had a large and attentive congregation during the Sabbath.

(For the Educator.) MAGNOLIA, N. C. Feb. 27th 1875.

Quarterly Conference met in Magnolia Chapel at 3 o'clock P. M. Rev. R. H. Simmons presiding. He opened the Conference in the usual way.

his opening address which was very impressive, and was listened to with great respect by all the brethren present. He said: Brethren of the Quarterly Conference, I am pleased to meet so many of you here at this time, and am very thankful to God for having spared us to meet for the first time in Quarterly Conference.

Yours for Zion. LEWIS H. BRYAN, Secretary.

Our Quarterly Conference opened at Beaver Creek Chapel on the 27th of February and realized a good time. I encouraged the congregation to subscribe for the EDUCATOR and to use their own hymn books and not use the M. E. South books.

On Sunday the 28th we had a very large congregation and good decorum was kept during the day. The table of the Lord was spread and 103 souls came forth, communed and showed that they were deeply interested in their soul's salvation.

We are trying to build our church here and at Manchester. I have 146 dollars for Manchester Church and for Beaver Creek Chapel, we have the sum of \$13.82 cash, and 2,000 ft. of lumber.

P. S.—Permit me to say, as we have the use of this organ for the benefit of our connection, let each minister donate to the Editors the sum of fifty cents, to be divided as they choose.

Yours for Zion. A. M. BARRETT.

CHESTER S. C. March 1st 1875.

You will remember that I left off my communication last from Horsebranch, where I stated that I collected \$5.25 the whole amount collected there was \$9.35 and Ridgeway \$1.00 I cannot say too much about the Horsebranch friends and their good pastor A. R. Russel and Brother Lewis Gill, for the great interest

manifested in the cause, these Brethren with others conveyed me from point to point, without charge; within twenty five miles of their circuit. I must here condense matters or else my communication will take up too much space in your valuable sheet; next point visited Elder A. M. Moore spent the 19th and 20th ult., at his residence, during which heavy rain fell. 21st, Camp Welfare, collected \$2.00, 8 o'clock at night, Lowell's Church \$3.00, 22d, Broadside, \$5.25 23d Rossville, heavy rains, no collection, 24th Mount Maria \$4.04, rain continued, Mount Nebo and Mount Ararat \$3.80, wet, heavy and dismal nights, 26th the sun once more arose from the Eastern horizon and a beautiful day was Friday. I left Mount Nebo for Chester over a dreadful muddy road accompanied by two brothers, the road we took, to shun the mud, caused us to travel over twenty miles, but before starting a good young damsel of S. C. prepared for myself and my comrades a delicious refreshment of which we partook by the way.

Yours for Zion. LEWIS H. BRYAN, Secretary.

Our Quarterly Conference opened at Beaver Creek Chapel on the 27th of February and realized a good time. I encouraged the congregation to subscribe for the EDUCATOR and to use their own hymn books and not use the M. E. South books. I find that the people want Hymn Books and Disciplines.

HOW A LITTLE BOY DIED.—The Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise has this little paragraph: "Little Eddie Nye, who was run over by a flat car last Friday evening and was so badly injured that he died the next morning, was a rare, bright child, and one of the best children in the city."

Just before he died he sang "The Beautiful River" with a voice as sweet as though he caught the tones from the softer shore on the brink of which his spirits was then trembling. After the song he repeated a little prayer his mother had taught him. The child had all his life had a lip, but this last prayer fell from his tongue without a halt or quaver, but rather, steady and clear, and yet with a far-off tone, as though another's voice of infinite sweetness had seized upon his lips in the supreme moment, to leave an echo in his anguished mother's ears

which should last as long as life. Shortly after the little prayer the sunny eyes closed and little Eddie was gone. On Sunday his funeral attracted the whole city, and there was not a dry eye around the dear child's bier.

"The Story of My Life."

Lecture by Rev. Fred. Bell, the converted Price-Fighter—His conversion—Fighting Against Drink—Setting out to Preach—Interesting Incidents.

(Continued.) Well, after that I attended the means of grace. Mother got me a new suit of clothes, the only decent clothes I had had for some time.

The last I had worn was a suit of my brother's, the pants being eight inches and a half too long. (Laughter.) I went about with them doubled up. The last time I had seen my mother before that, I left her on the verge of eternity, but when she heard of my conversion she.

BEGAN TO GET BETTER.

In a few days she was out of bed, and in a few weeks entirely well. She had had two paralytic strokes, but my salvation made her well, from that time till to-day. Well, she got me a decent suit of clothes. My brother said: "Mother, you wouldn't have done that much for me. If I had been as bad as Fred, and had cost you so much money and so much pain, you wouldn't have done that for me. I have never caused you an hour's pain. I have never been away from home." That's true. He doesn't go. (Laughter.) My brother was much like my father—very moral, but—no religion. My mother had never at that time heard of the prodigal son, yet the circumstances were just the same, and what she said to him was almost the same as in Scripture: "You know all we have you are at liberty to take. Fred has been a bad lad, but he's trying to be good, and I feel it my duty to help him." You can imagine how I felt. Younger than he by three years, and he manifesting such a spirit—he who had suffered so much from my prodigality. It was almost enough to shake my confidence in God.

MORAL, WITHOUT RELIGION.

They were high in the social scale and thoroughly accomplished. The Congregational Sunday-school of the church they attended was to have a picnic. The superintendent had sent me an invitation. I said to my mother that I was going. My sister said: "Then if he goes I shall not," and she walked out of the room. It may provoke a smile, but it cut me to the heart. I went to the picnic, and she didn't and for two years after conversion, my sisters wouldn't be seen walking on the streets with me, though long before that I was respectable as a citizen and a Christian. If I have thanked God for one thing more than another, it is that I have passed through this ordeal, for it has made me look not to friends but to God. I went on attending meetings, and telling about my salvation, and people got to have more confidence in me. Very soon they wanted me to preach. You know in our denomination they think that as soon as a man can say "Glory!" he is good enough to preach. I could about "Glory!" I was getting better looking since I quit whisky—the eyes more bright—lips no longer leered, face no longer bloated. They first wanted me to

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT. CONDUCTED BY R. HARRIS.

PRAY IN PUBLIC.

It was a strange thing for me. I had read a paragraph in Scripture about the Lord making bare His arm, and had been much impressed. So I said: "Lord, tuck up your shirt sleeves, pull them in by scuff ta neck." I wanted the Lord to make known His strength; and that was my way of saying it. They had me before the quarterly meeting for irreverence in the pulpit. In that country they have pulpits with winding stairs, and you haven't much room. They have generally two lamps with globes. During the first quarter I broke eleven globes (laughter), and those came against me. I didn't want to preach, but they wanted me to, at all events to say God had saved my soul. At the end of the second quarter I was to a trial sermon before all the local preachers to see whether I would make a preacher or not. Just before this quarter expired, a most extraordinary thing occurred. I have called it my fight for Jesus.

My business—I used to keep a candy-store then—increased after my conversion. You know godliness is profitable for both this world and the world to come. People would drop in to buy candy and wish me Godspeed; and I would talk to them about Jesus. I used to hawk milk, too, and people would like to take it from me, because I would deliver milk and preach Jesus at the same time. I was at this work one day, and came within a hundred yards of a public house called the "Merry Heart"—the last public-house I had been in, as it happened, before my conversion, and it had made me many a sad heart. I saw a navy—that means a railroad man—come out of the house drunk. Another man, nearly sober came out too, and commenced beating the first, kicking him and cutting him in the face with a rum-punch. I felt wonderfully funny about the finger-ends and about the hair. "Lord help me here," I said, "don't let me get into trouble, but I can't stand it to

SEE A MAN GETTING KILLED.

I clapped the fellow on the shoulder heavily. "Look here," I said. "What do you want?" he growled. "Are you going to kick that man to death?" "Well, you know fair play's a jewel." He went on kicking. Again I went to him. "Look here," I said, "if you strike that man again, you and I have got to fall out." He was a very large man, rather large to fight, but slow in his movements in that line of business. Said he: "I guess I can eat you up in about five minutes." If he had he would have been dyspeptic before he had got through. (Laughter.) However, he pulled his coat off, and I pulled off mine. A little crowd got around and who should come up but the superintendent of our Sunday-school. He had rejoiced in my salvation; and had taken great interest in me. He was also an alderman of the city. "What are you going to do?" said he. "I'm going to give this man a licking." Quite a crowd got around. "Are you you ready," said the man. "I'm ready," said I. Before he was able to lift his hand, I had lit him six times in the one place. (Laughter.) Before he got up I had him in

AS BAD A FIX

as the man he had beaten.

(to be continued.)

ORRELL & BLOCKER, Real Estate Agents, Cape Fear Bank Building, Fayetteville,

Prompt attention given to business. Many properties for sale. Inquirers give notice. Immigrants are invited to call on us. Consignments solicited. R. M. ORRELL, O. H. BLOCKER