

The Star of Zion.

ORGAN OF THE AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL ZION CHURCH IN AMERICA.

Vol. XII.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JAN. 5, 1888.

NUMBER 1.

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise up in other shores,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.
There is no death! the faces leave
To live in the new heaven above,
To rock in organ pipes and swell
The harp of glory's choir.
There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall spring beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or meadow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.
There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade, and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.
There is no death! the choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth,
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth!
And all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left a solitude,
Are swiftly garnered there.
Though life becomes a desert waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into Paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.
The voice of birdlike melody,
That we have missed and mourned so long,
Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.
There is no death! although we grieve
When beautiful familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms—
Although with howling and breaking heart
With sable garb and silent tread,
We hear their footsteps dust to rest,
And say that they are "dead"
They are not dead! they have but passed
Beyond the mist that brought us here,
Into the new and larger life
Of this serene sphere.
They have but dropped their robes of clay
To put their shining raiment on:
They have not wandered far away
They are not "lost," nor "gone."
Though disenfranchised and glorified,
They still are here, and love us yet
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.
And sometimes when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,
We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm.
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.
And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is life: there are no dead!

BE A MAN.

The highest attainment for a young man is to be a man. This world is full of counterfeits. But it is a grand thing to stand upright in defense of truth and principle. When persecution comes, some hide their faces until the storm passes by; others can be bought for a mess of pottage. From such a one turn away. But stand by a friend; be a man; do not run away when danger threatens to overwhelm him or yourself. Think for yourself. Read good books and dread not men's faces. The eye is the window to the soul; use your eyes and hold your tongue. If opposition comes meet it manfully. If success crowns your efforts, bear it quietly. Do your own thinking and keep your own secrets; worship no man for his lineage or his wealth. Fine feathers don't always cover fine birds. Be sober, be honest, be just in all your dealings with the world; be true. They will sell you for money or popularity; don't trust them. Wear but one face and let that be an honest one.—Farm.

The New York Methodist have organized a Social Union, modeled after the successful Baptist Union of that city.

FROM CHESTER, S. C. TO BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

BY REV. G. J. BLACKWELL.

Nothing, perhaps, is more enjoyable to one travelling than the scenic beauty that greets the eye while he is being dashed at the rate of 30, 40 to 60 miles an hour. After a slight tremor of earthquake (?) in South Carolina on December 7th, we with very agreeable and welcomed company, boarded the C & A. cars enroute for Washington D. C. An immense crowd thronged the depot till comfortable standing room was a premium. Notwithstanding there was a hot box we were brought to Charlotte on time. Here we remained 20 minutes chatting with a coterie of the elite of the city. The congratulations received were so weighty till when we awoke to full realization of ourselves we had a very sharp appetite ere we reached Salisbury. Bishop S. T. Jones D. D. and P. E. R. S. Rivers left us at Charlotte. Arriving at Salisbury we found a coupe awaiting us by which we were soon brought to the pleasant residence of Rev. C. R. Harris. The landlady, Mrs. M. E. Harris, with smiles of congratulations welcomed us to her hospitalities. Anterior to repairing to the College hall (Livingstone) a delegation of young gentlemen and ladies dressed in appropriate costume, came over, and after a formal introduction we brought up the rear of a score of couples who were soon found in Huntington Hall. Introductions and congratulations were in order. Presently we were led to a mammoth table which groaned beneath the burden of all kinds of edibles suitable for the occasion. After general satisfaction to all concerned, the party repaired to the parlor to exchange words and ideas. The reception was grand, if not unique. Appropos as had been previously arranged we left next morning for the Capitol. Arriving that eve we were the guests of Mrs. Bishop Jones a lady of fine parts and well qualified for the place she so nobly fills—a bishop's wife. While the feminine sex enjoyed each other's company we with Elder J. W. Smith our "ink slinger" strolled to many important parts of the magnificent city the Paris of America.

By invitation we visited and spoke for Rev. J. H. Anderson of Gallbreath church on Sunday at 11 a. m. The visit was highly enjoyed. The singing of the choir was excellent and the church seems to be in splendid condition. In the afternoon we in company with Elder J. W. Smith and others visited Union Wesley of which Rev. S. S. Wales is pastor. It was the occasion of the Lord's Supper. Elder Wales' church is certainly alive. It was in process of a revival. The choir sang charmingly, especially was the interlude during the Eucharist, superb. At evening, compatible to a previous desire, we visited John Wesley of which our peppery correspondent Rev. J. W. Smith is pastor. The church is in splendid operation. John Wesley choir was not a whit behind the best and the audience was very appreciative which contributed to the enjoyment of a very pleasing service. Here they are having their Annual Fair which is almost indispensable, toward meeting the demands current. Leaving Washington on the 13th we arrived in the metropolis next morning early. We called on Rev. J. S. Cowles visited the Book Store, and out we were for Bridgeport, the flourishing city of New England. Having arrived we found Rev. F. K. Bird preparing to

leave for Tarboro N. C. The people here were averse to relinquishing the services of the incumbent, but after the reasons for hesitancy were explained away they conceded mildly to the arrangement of the appointing power. Rev. Bird is highly respected here and leaves a host of admirers. When we shall bring up our other half (?) from Washington we hope to find the situation agreeable and pleasant.

No. 8 Gregory St.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

ASPIRING TO BE GREAT PREACHERS.

Men who aspire to become great preachers seldom do much good in the world. They think more of their own fame and greatness than they think of the salvation of the world. They prepare themselves to preach great sermons such as may please men. Such sermons do not please God and fail in reaching the hearts of sinful men and women. Such a Gospel is not the Gospel of Christ, and cannot be the power of God unto salvation, even though it may be believed. Bro. her, if you want to do good in the world as a minister of the Gospel, preach the Word of God in fear of heaven—*The Witness*.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The public schools of America are a part of the American system of society. Universal suffrage without universal education would be a curse. New England has had free public schools from almost the beginning; Italy has not. In America the children have been in the main educated in the public schools; in Italy and Austria the children have been educated (as far as they have been educated) by priests. We are not afraid to compare the results. The American people know all this; they love the public schools; they will see blood flow before they give them up or allow them to pass under the control of priests receiving their orders from the Vatican. We do not by any means affirm that the public schools are perfect. Few human things are. The schools suffer in large cities from the low character of the officials who appoint the teachers.—Ex.

PLAIN TALK.

One of the great needs of the colored people of today is union. So long as they continue in this state, they need not expect to succeed in any undertaking. We should begin to get closer together and assist and encourage each other in the various business pursuits. No race has as many societies among them as the colored, and no race stands further from one another than the Negro. Societies are of but little good among us; our proneness to try to pull down one another when we start in business. Yet we continue to ask, "What must we do? When will our condition be bettered? It will be no better till we learn and begin to unite ourselves more closely, patronize each other in business, and circulate our money among ourselves as much as possible.

Again, by being united we can better protect ourselves and save our property from the many insults that are heaped upon them every day. If we want protection we must unite and protect ourselves, for no one else will do it. Let us unite and work for our own common good.—*Christian Index*.

THE WAYS OF PASTOR AND CONGREGATION.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW MINISTER AND HIS INTRODUCTORY SERMON.

BY REV. J. W. SMITH.

The conference has adjourned and the bishop has appointed a new minister to our church, and he will be heard by us for the first time next Sunday.

The moment the delegate returned from conference and uttered the above words which spread like wild fire over the city of —the members and friends of the church to which the delegate belonged were in a state of flutter and excitement. This was a very aristocratic church with kid-gloved religion and was hard to suit in the appointment of ministers. They wanted a highly educated minister who could count the stars and dive down into the mineral kingdom, and who would not "haul them over the coals" for going to theatres, circuses, ball-rooms and having "a good time" with the world generally. To please them, this minister must be very popular with the Bishops and "big-guns" of the connection and must have "grace in all his steps, heaven in his eye, in all his actions, dignity and love." He must not only be a great preacher but a wonderful financier. If he was destitute of these traits, of course, to them he was no "count" and unacceptable and the sooner his time expired the better they thought it would be for the church. Instead of rallying around the new minister who is a stranger and among strangers, and hold up his arms, they begin to whine and growl and wander off into other folds, disregarding their early and first love and loyalty to the Connection. Hence, many ministers who were regarded by the Bishop and conference as able, had, after "one year," gone away from this high-toned church disappointed and lowered in their own esteem. Brethren is this picture overdrawn?

But Sunday has come. "The new minister is to preach," seems to be words wafted on every breeze. The day was lovely and clear. From every street the surging mass of humanity could be seen wending their way to the House of God. Long before the time for commencing services the church was packed from pulpit to door and crowds were turned away. Vanity, worldliness, winks, nods, recognitions, and bad behavior were seen in this church as in all his churches. Smelling bottles, fans, ugly and pretty female faces powdered, silks, bonnets, fiances, giggling girls and grinning dudes were conspicuous objects. "Human nature is the same everywhere," or as Bishop Jones puts it—"When you leave one congregation you have learnt all of them."

As the time drew near for the opening of divine worship the organ pealed forth a tremulous yet melodious sound, and it was noticed that the organist was very nervous, and bounced up and down as he pressed the keys, her face being flushed and her trills more rapid. She was almost too excited to play.

Presently, the door of the vestry-room opened and there entered a quiet, sanctified, scholarly and pale faced young man. He seemed to take no notice of the excitement around him but entered the pulpit and quietly kneeled. When he arose to give out his first hymn, there was a leath-like stillness—you could almost hear a pin drop. When he said, "Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord," the first sound

of his voice was a relief. He had a charming voice, but a certain peculiarity of manner. Brother Jones, one of the trustees, thought that peculiarity of manner against him. The congregation managed to possess their souls in patience while he read lessons from the Old and New Testament. The "sermon" was what they wanted to hear, as that would tell what manner of man he was. He selected his text and announced its title and divisions. Contrary to expectation, it was a simple, common sense, practical sermon, without ornament, without effort, without consciousness that there were any around who would judge and criticize him. He told them how to flee from the wrath to come and to get to heaven. Nevertheless, as they had heard of the fame of this minister and had been asking the Bishop and conference, for years, for him, they went out of church and declared themselves to be perfectly delighted. There was something in his manner which awed them and inspired them with respect, or they wished to flatter themselves, and be satisfied with their own judgment in asking for him. That church on account of its vanity and egotism was getting an unpleasant name in the conference, and well they knew it, and in order to keep from sinking beneath the waves of just criticism and retain the little respect the conference and their community had for them, they decided to make themselves satisfied with the new minister and try and make his administration a success.

"What a delightful sermon! It was just grand! He is a noble speaker! He fed me from on high. Do you not think that he is very pretty? He is a dear, good young man!"

There was not a mother in that church who did not go home and sound his praises. Every daughter in Israel was well pleased with "our new minister." Every member was inquiring where he should lodge, how he should be fed, and the amount of salary they should give him. After much cross-firing and disputes, these questions are settled. The greatest fight, you know, was with the trustees in reference to his salary. Ministers, I imagine I see you smile when I touch the question of salary. I will let it alone. Bro. Willis, one of the big and wealthy members of the church, calls on the new minister, and took him about the city in his carriage, and invited him to dine with him. This wealthy member was very kind indeed, but he thought the young minister very silent and ignorant of the world; but that young minister knew a great deal more of "the world," probably, than Mr. Willis supposed. The new minister's time was taxed with fine dinners and suppers, and he was getting the dyspepsia. "What a dear, good man!" could be heard on every hand.

But it was soon discovered that the young minister was single. He was loaded down with presents. He was becoming very popular. The members and young people gave a "Parlor Social" for the benefit of the minister. It was crowded with fascinating young men and pretty young ladies. The young minister smiled and conversed cheerily, and when the young people asked him if they could dance, as he smiled and said, "yes indeed." Miss Williams took her seat at the piano and drew forth music for the nimble feet of the young. At a suitable hour they retired.

At the end of one year the new minister was very, very popular. Every one was saying "What a dear, good young man!"

Washington, D. C.

The People's Series of Books.

PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOKS.
A selection of the most popular Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, with their appropriate Tunes.
By SAMUEL B. SCHEFFELIN.
Contains 350 hymns and over 200 tunes (printed page 4 x 7 inches). Selling at the rate of 1,000 copies per week.
Price in boards, 29 cents, 815 per 100 copies; in flexible cloth, 25 cents, 820 per 100 copies (net price).
Trial copy sent on receipt of 15 cts.
People's Commentary on Matthew. By Edward W. Rice D. D. 12mo, 316 pp. \$1.25.
People's Lesson Book on Matthew. 18mo, 224 pp. 16 cents.

NEW BOOKS.
Out of The Shadow. By Mary H. Howell. 12mo, 341 pp. \$1.50.
Barbara's Brothers. By E. E. Green. 12mo, illustrated, 447 pp. \$1.50.
Head of The House. By E. E. Green. 12mo, illustrated, 450 pp. \$1.25.
Stories of Great Painters. 16mo, cloth illustrated, 238 pp. \$1.25.
From Shore to Shore. Quarto. Handsomely illustrated, \$1.25.
Pearl's Light. By "Ruby." 16mo, illustrated, 140 pp. 60 cents.
The Gospel Story; or The Life of Christ. 16mo, illustrated, 303 pp. 60 cents.

American Sunday School Union,
1122 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.
10 Bible House, New York.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

The Brooklyn Bible-class of Dr. R. R. Meredith, lately of Boston, already rivals his Tremont Temple class.

A Pan-Anglican Synod has been called to meet July 3, 1888, at Lambeth, England. American Episcopalians will be present.

King Kalakaua, of Hawaii, is allowed to retain his office under the strict supervision of the revolutionary committee, but his salary has been reduced.

Robert Springer, the oldest man in Pennsylvania, died at Carnarvon, Dec. 5. He was a colored man 120 years old, who escaped from slavery upwards of 80 years ago.

Ex-Secretary Holcomb, of the American legation at Pekin, says that out of the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Chinese Empire, fully 300,000,000 spend less than \$1.50 a month for food.

As an evidence of the progress made by the Negroes in the South since the war, it is shown by late statistics that in three States—Georgia, South Carolina, and Louisiana—they pay taxes on \$48,000,000 worth of property.

RECEIPTS ON GENERAL FUND.

FOR THE MONTH ENDING DEC. 21 1887.	
Rev. A. L. Newby, Va. Conference,	\$721.38
" R. H. Simmons, C. N. C.,	220.00
" J. P. Thompson, Phila. and Baltimore,	40.00
" Wm. Spencer, W. Ala.,	974.04
" W. J. Moore, N. C.,	2658.99
" G. W. H. Andrews, Ark.,	703.30
" J. W. Alstork, E. Ala.,	1009.70
" L. J. Scurlock, W. Tenn. and Miss.,	171.35
Bishop S. T. Jones, trav. exp.,	16.70
Total	\$5,882.46.

C. R. Harris.