



FOR EVERY THING THAT'S VIEWED ON EARTH, WELL PONDERED, LEADS THE SOUL TO HEAVEN.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 29, 1851.

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ATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1851.

Support of the Ministry, No. V.

The sentiment we wage war against—that men with large families should leave the itinerancy, will appear still more ruinous to the Church when we remember that its tendency is to deprive us of the learning and experience of able ministers. The work of the ministry is one of vast importance, who is sufficient for it? It affords us for the greatest learning and experience. The Church must suffer when there is a constant drain upon the ministry. If we have to lose our ministers just when their faculties are developed, when their minds are richly stored with liberal learning, we must realize the bitter consequences. Yet, such must be the result of not providing homes for the preachers' families. They must locate their families. And, for themselves, take a local relation; or nominally continue in the itinerancy—or rather in the Conference, for it is absurd to call a man who has a family an itinerant. Either case, we have to have an itinerant ministry, is to be deplored. In the first place, they are constitutionally to participate in the general deliberations of the Church. In the second, from their very position they become incompetent to do this to advantage. Is this admitted? It will, perhaps, be granted that the great interest of any Church is in its ministry; this is peculiarly the case with the Methodist Episcopal Church and its itinerant ministry. In order for us to understand and appreciate the working of that itinerancy—to understand its obstructions so as to remove them, and its advantages so as to improve them, it is necessary for him to be interested and engaged in its work. This is the view our fathers took of it, and hence, even local Elders were deprived of a seat in the Annual and General Conferences. Now, as these nominal itinerants with locations, have to endure some of the trials of moving their families, which is the only formidable difficulty in the way of this system, of course we cannot sympathize with those really itinerant brethren whose families are ready to go with them to every field of labor, nor do we think them in devising and providing for their families necessary to enable them to stand in their good work without ruin to their families. Not only so, they are not to be identified with the real itinerancy, for their interests are opposed to theirs. It is necessary for the itinerant to have parsonages. It is necessary for the interests of the local itinerant to have them; and because they are to go down; and because they are to have a parsonage the real itinerant is to be located; and thus the pseudo itinerant goes down the real itinerancy, and the fathers of the Church thought all preachers because not engaged in the ministry were disqualified to take part in the government of the Church, how much more are they disqualified, whose interests are opposed to the interests of what is proper to the ministry of the Church? And what is the great interest of every Church is its ministry, opposed to the true interests of the Church? Whether then, we allow brethren locate their families, or make a local relation; in either case, the benefit of their counsels and learning is lost to the true interests of the Church, and, yet by refusing to furnish them with comfortable homes, you are depriving good men, and men of experience, of influence to occupy these awkward positions, to put their candles under a bush, if our Church is so constituted, we must lose from the regu-

lar and appropriate work of the ministry our older and more experienced ministers, why then, I for one hesitate not to declare, that the whole superstructure is wrong; and that it ought to be torn up from the very bottom and build upon another plan. But we hold that it is not so constituted. Its framers have laid down the plan by which every preacher may continue at his appropriate work till worn out, and when no longer able to work, be supported; when dead his wife and children be provided for. That we lose from our regular work ought of the experience and acquisitions of men able to work, is not the fault of the planners, but of the executors. Let us adhere to their plan, and this efficient ministry will be perpetuated while the world shall stand. But it will require spirituality and zeal; deadness to the world and devotion to God upon the part of the part of the preachers; and liberality upon the part of the people. The itinerant plan requires more sacrifices upon the part of the preachers than any other plan, and more liberality upon the part of the people.

BRUCE.

For the Weekly Message.

Is it the duty of every Christian to join the Church.

The first argument we would bring to prove the affirmative of this question, is, that almost the entire christian world, both by precept and example, enjoin it upon us. Few, very few, think they can remain out of the Church and be guiltless; and these few are not generally the most devoted portion of those who profess to know Christ. There are various texts in the Bible which go to prove that it is our duty to conform our lives to the views of God's people, so far as we can, consistently with a good conscience. We are either members of God's family, or we are not; if we are children, why not identify ourselves with the family, and with them bear the reproach of the cross? If we are christians, we are members of the church militant; and this phrase is applied to the Christian Church, because it is supposed to be in constant warfare; to distinguish it from the church triumphant, or in heaven. Then, if we are engaged in this warfare, it is strange that we do not unite ourselves to some one of the armies of the living God. What could a soldier accomplish fighting singly and alone against the combined powers of any nation? In this good fight of faith which the apostle commands us to fight. Do not

Legions of wily fiends oppose Throughout the evil day."

Christ certainly instituted a church in the world. None, I suppose, will doubt this. Hear him, when, after giving directions how we should attempt to gain an offending brother, he says: "If he hear not thee, tell it unto the church, and if he neglect to hear the church, let him be to thee as a heathen man and a publican"; plainly indicating that those without the church were regarded as heathen. Then his commission to the apostles when about to leave them: "Go teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." As by baptism they were initiated into the church; if they were to be baptized, of course they were to be members of the church. Again, on the day of pentecost, after the Holy Ghost was given, we read, that "the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved."

In the Jewish Church all were bound to attend to all its requirements. What would have been thought of a son of Abraham, if, after God had commanded him to appear before the Lord three times a year, he should have concluded he could do as well without it? By the law of Moses, the soul that failed to keep the Jewish Passover, was to be "cut off from among his people." What, then, shall we think of the christian who stays out of the church, and thus makes it impossible for him to commemorate the death and sufferings of the Lord Jesus, the Lamb of God, the Paschal Lamb, slain for the sins of the world? And this too, after the Saviour himself, has said, "This do in remembrance of me." And yet there are persons who will do this and still say they are trying to serve God and get to Heaven! T. Those who have had the most forgiven them, should be the least addicted to slander.

For the Weekly Message. VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT LAND.

Like gentle zephyrs through the air, At midnight hour they come; To soothe the heart that's pressed with care, And guide the spirit home.

In the hour of adversity, when earthly friends fail, and the heart is ready to sink under affliction, they come to buoy up the soul, inspire us with energy and prompt to action.

When reckless man walks the giddy rounds of dissipation, and seems lost to all sense of virtue, they touch the last tender chord of affection, and cause to rise within that soul a purpose to reform.

In the silent vesper hour, they come to join the evening song, or the lonely meditations of the heart, and tell us of loved ones gone before. And O! it is delightful to think, that while we are wrapt in the slumbers of the night, they come and whisper pleasant dreams of days gone by, or of future bliss.

If we visit the silent resting place of the dead, they speak in solemn tones: "Sweep, ah! very soon, thy body will rest beneath the sod, and thy spirit shall fly away to realms unknown."

There is not a breeze, there is not a gale, but breathes silent, whispers from, "the Spirit Land." They call us from the vain things of time, and bids us prepare to dwell with them. Oh! happy! happy land! we would ever be grateful for these messages of love which thou sendest us; and soon we hope to mingle, in thy dominion, with those who are now sent as ministering spirits, on errands of love. ADY.

We give the following verses, handed us by a friend, as a dernier effort to reach a very filthy practice, that of chewing tobacco in Church. In the course of our experience on the subject, we have found that reason does not reach the case, persuasion does no good, and it is worse than useless to fret. If we have endeavored to break up the offensive practice by a kind and polite request, that request has been disregarded, if we have been serious, we were laughed at; and once in our life we undertook to ridicule it, when the tables were fairly turned upon us. Before giving up, in hopeless despair, to see the house of God forever desecrated by the juices of that bitter weed—incense far better befitting the altar of Baal—we will make one more effort, and try to sing at it. If this fails, we shall be once again at our wits end. But now for the verses:

A WORD TO TOBACCO CHEWERS. A word I would drop to the church going folk, Of country and town,—and not in a joke.— That chewing tobacco, and spitting the juice In the house of the Lord can find no excuse, But want of politeness, or rather of grace, Or want of respect for the hallowed place: Yet here it is practiced by A, B and C; And there it is followed by E, F and G. You never need ask where these gentry sit, Just look on the wall, and you'll see by the spit: In dark filthy puddles it spreads on the floor, From the pulpit all round each way to the door! The scene is disgusting! and how must one feel If, in such a place, he were called on to kneel! Yet often it happens these men are so good, They bend on their knees while others have stood This done, they turn to their labor again, Still chewing their quid, and spreading the stain. A scandal to man! a scandal to grace! Here decency blushes and covers her face! Do throw out your chews, ere you enter the door, And never so rudely behave any more; But down with your cash for the sand and the soap For the horrible job of cleaning all up.

THE RAGGED BOY.

Wonderful are the results of Sunday School operations. At this moment, in all probability, there are in some of our Schools, little boys receiving religious instruction, which will prepare them to turn the world of heathenism upside down. Why should this be doubted? Some years since an aged lady in England met with a little dirty, ragged, bare-headed boy, at the corner of a street, in her native village, swearing most profanely. It was Sunday, and she approached him, and laying her hand softly on his head, said, in accents of kindness, "O, my little fellow, you must not swear so—come go with me to the Sunday School," and by her kind persuasion, he agreed to go, but would only sit at a distance, and look on, and listen, and listen and look on, to satisfy himself at first, what kind of a thing a Sunday School was, for he had never entered one before. The next Sabbath he came and spent in the same way—the third Sabbath he came, and agreed to join one of the classes. It was not long before it was discovered by the teacher, and noticed by the superintendent, that in that ragged boy there was no ordinary mind, for he seemed to grasp every subject presented, as by intuition. That little boy became the celebrated Dr. Morrison, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language—a language spoken by one-third of the human race.

From the Westminster Review. TRAVELS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

After a few more stanzas, the minstrel departed with a profound salutation, to entertain other families who were waiting for him on this festive occasion; but as the missionaries had appeared to listen to him with interest, the chief politely volunteered to produce a family virtuoso to supply his place. The performance of this personage was, however, of so overpowering a description, that they seized the earliest possible opportunity to make their escape. These "Toshiks," or wandering minstrels, are, it seems, often met with in Tartary and Tibet. They are commonly poor; a violin and a flute hung to their girdles comprising their whole possessions; but they are sure of a kind reception in the Mongol families, and remain with each often several days, never failing, on their departure, to be laden with provisions for their journey—cheese, and bladders filled with wine and tea.

The fine countries situated to the north of Peking, beyond the great wall, now bear the name of Eastern Toumet. They were bestowed at the time of the Manchou conquest of China on the King of Western Toumet, who had rendered considerable services to the conquerors; the two portions of his dominions are separated by the district called the Tchakar. The Mongols of Western Toumet no longer lead the nomadic life, but cultivate their lands, and practice many useful arts. After about three days' journey through these countries, the missionaries arrived at a town called Kouk-ou-Khoton, that is "Blue Town." It is entered by a broad road, running between immense kitchen-gardens, which surround the town. The increase of the population has necessitated the breaking through the ramparts, and such extensive quarters have been built beyond them, that this part of the town is now of more importance than that within the walls. Viewed from without, it is rather imposing, but does not improve on a closer acquaintance.

We entered it by a broad street, in which is situated the celebrated Lama Convent of the five Towers; but immediately after passing this, the street comes to an end, and we have on the right and left two miserable narrow lanes. We chose the one that appeared the least dirty, and advanced at first easily enough, but the further we went the more muddy it became, and soon it was little better than a long quagmire filled with black mud, and exhaling a suffocating odor. We were in the Tanners' Street, and advanced slowly, and stumbling perpetually, for the miry liquid sometimes concealed a great stone, over which we had to climb, and sometimes a deep hollow, into which we suddenly plunged. We had hardly gone fifty paces before our animals were covered with mud, and dripping with sweat. To complete our misfortune, we heard before us loud cries uttered by horsemen and drivers who were approaching through the windings of the lane, and shouting in this manner to deter others from entering it. To draw back or to stand up appeared equally impossible, so we began to shout in our turn, and continued our march, expecting with some anxiety the conclusion of the piece. A turn in the lane brought on the denouement. At the sight of our camels the horses took fright, and making a sudden wheel threw themselves one on the other, and rushed out by all the outlets they could find. In this manner, thanks to our beasts of burden, we continued our route without being obliged to give way, and arrived at last in a tolerably spacious street, bordered with fine shops.

We looked incessantly from side to side in the hope of discovering an inn, but always in vain. It is customary in the great towns of China and Tartary for every hostelry to lodge exclusively one sort of travelers. One is for the corn-merchants, another for the horse-dealers, &c.; each has its particular customers, and closes its door to all others. There is only one kind of inn which affords lodging to travelers in general, and these are called the Inns of Passing Guests. That was the kind of one which would suit us; but in vain we traversed the streets in search of such a refuge; we could see no such thing. We stopped for a moment to beg a passer-by to point one out to us, and immediately we saw coming towards us a young man, who rushed in a most zealous manner out of a shop. "You are looking for an inn?" said he. "Oh, permit me to conduct you to one myself, and immediately he began to walk alongside of us. "You would hardly be able to find the inn that would suit you in this Blue Town. The men are innumerable here; but there are good, and there are bad men. Is it not as I say, my Lord Lamas? Men are not all of the same kind; and who does not know that the wicked are always more numerous than the good? Let me say a word to you that comes from the bottom of my heart. In this Blue Town one can hardly find a man who is guided by his conscience, and yet conscience is a treasure. You Tartars, you know what conscience is: I have long known the Tartars; they are good—they have upright hearts; but we Chinese are not like that—we are wicked, we are knaves; out of ten thousand Chinese you can scarcely find one who follows his

conscience. In this Blue Town almost every-body makes a trade of cheating the Tartars, and getting their money out of them."

Whilst the young Chinese poured out all these fine words in the most easy and elegant manner, he went from one to the other, sometimes offering a pinch of snuff, sometimes patting us gently on the shoulders, as a sign of good fellowship. Sometimes he took hold of the bridles of our horses, and offered to lead them. But all these polite attentions did not prevent his keeping an eye on the two great bales which our camel carried. The quick glances which he threw towards them from time to time convinced us that he was busy in calculating what they might contain; he imagined they were full of valuable goods of which he would monopolize the profit. We had now been for more than an hour in search of the inn which was so emphatically promised, and still we had not found it. "We are sorry," said we to our guide, "that you should take so much trouble. If we knew exactly where you are taking us to—? Trust to me, gentlemen, trust to me—I will take you to a good, an excellent inn. Do not talk of my taking trouble; do not pronounce such a word; it makes me blush. How! are we not all brothers? What signifies the difference of Tartar of Chinese? The language is not the same; the dress is different; but we know that the men have only one heart, one conscience, one invariable rule of justice."

"Wait for me one moment—in one moment I will be with you again," and he darted, like an arrow, into a neighboring shop. He returned soon, with a thousand excuses for having made us wait. "You are very tired, are you not? One can easily suppose that—it is not like when one is in one's own family." Whilst he was speaking thus we were accosted by another Chinese; he had not the same joyous and full-blown countenance as the other, but he was meager, with thin, pinched lips, and little black eyes, sunk deep in their orbits, that gave him a remarkably sinister expression.

"Signor Lamas," said he, "you have only just arrived? It is well!—you have traveled in peace? Ah! that is well. Your camels are magnificent; you must have traveled quickly and happily. At length you are arrived. It is well. So-*Eul*," said he to the one who had first seized upon us, "you are conducting these noble Tartars to an inn. It is well! Take care that it is a good one. You must take them to the Hotel of Eternal Equity." It is exactly there we are going. Indeed! the hotel-keeper is one of my best friends. It will not be useless for me to go too. I will recommend these noble Tartars strongly. Really, if I did not go, it would lie heavy on my conscience. When one has the happiness to meet with brothers, one must try and be useful to them. We are all brothers; are we not, gentlemen? You see us two, and he pointed to his young partner—"we are clerks in the same shop. We are accustomed to manage the affairs of Tartars. Oh, it is a great advantage, in this miserable town, to have some people you can trust to."

"To see these two personages, with their inexhaustible professions of attachment, it might have been supposed they were old friends of ours. But, unfortunately for them, we were a little *au fait* to Chinese tactics; and we had not in us all the *bon-homme* and simple credulity of the Tartars. We were convinced, therefore, that we had to do with two sharpers, who were preparing to clutch the money with which they believed us laden. By dint of looking on all sides, we at last perceived a sign, on which was written, in large Chinese characters, "Hotel of the Three Perfections, lodges Temporary Guests with Horse or Camel, and undertakes all sorts of Business, without ever failing." We immediately directed our steps towards the great gate; in vain our two guides protested that that was not the place we were going to—we entered; and after passing through a long avenue, found ourselves in the great courtyard of the inn; and by the little blue cap worn by the people who were moving about the court, we discovered we were in a Turkish hostelry.

This movement of ours did not at all suit the two Chinese, but they followed us; and without appearing too much disconcerted, continued to play their part. "Where are the people of the inn?" they cried, in an affected manner; "let them open a large room—a handsome room. The Excellencies arrived—they must have a suitable apartment." A principal waiter of the inn presented himself, holding a key in his teeth, with a broom in one hand, and a watering-pot in the other. Our two protectors seized upon the whole apparatus. "Let us do that!" they exclaimed; "it is we who must serve our illustrious friends; you people of the inn only do things by halves—you only work for money." And immediately they set to work, watering, sweeping, dusting, in the room that had been opened. When all was ready, we went and seated ourselves on the *kaspi*, while the two Chinese chose, out of respect, to remain crouched on the ground. Just as the tea was about to be served, a young man, well-dressed and of elegant appearance, entered the room; he held in his hand the four corners of a silk handkerchief, of which we could

not see the contents. "My Lord Lamas," said the old rogue, "this young man is the son of the head of our house of business; our master saw you arrive and has hastened to send his son to ask if you have made your journey in peace." The young man then placed, on a little table before us, his silk handkerchief. "Here," said he, "are some cakes to eat with the tea; my father at home has given orders to prepare some rice for you. When you have drunk your tea, will you be pleased to come and see take of a small and had repair, in our old and poor habitation? What is the use of taking so much trouble about us? Oh, look at our faces!" they all cried at once; "your words cover them with blushes; but the innkeeper, bringing in the tea, cut short all the wearisome formalities of Chinese politeness.

"Poor Tartars!" said one of us to the other, "how triumphantly you must be floored when you fall into such hands!" These words, which were pronounced in French, excited great surprise in the three sharpers. "What is the illustrious kingdom of Tartary which your excellencies inhabit?" inquired one of them.

"Our poor family is not in Tartary—we are not Tartars."

"Ah! you are not Tartars. We knew it well. The Tartars have not so majestic an air; their persons do not display that grandeur. Might we venture to inquire concerning your noble country?"

"We are from the west—our country is very far from here."

"Ah! that's it!" cried the old fellow, "you are from the west. I knew you were. These young people understand few things, they do not study the physiognomy. You are from the west; I know what your country, I have made more than one journey in it!"

"We are glad you know our country, then you doubtless know our language also?"

"Your language—I cannot say I know it perfectly, but out of ten words I understand always three or four, but there is some difficulty in speaking with that." Never mind, you know Chinese and *Tartar*? "Oh! the people of your country are endowed with a great capacity; I have always been very intimate with your countrymen; I am accustomed to manage all their business. When they come to the Blue Town it is always I who am commissioned to make their purchases."

The object our two friends had in view was not at all doubtful. Their great wish to manage our affairs was, for us, a strong reason to decline their offers. As soon as we had finished our tea, they made a profound bow, and invited us to go and dine with them. "My lords," they said, "the rice is prepared, the chief of our house of business awaits you."

"Listen," we replied gravely, "let us speak a few words of reason. You have given yourselves the trouble to conduct us to an inn—that is well; your good hearts have induced you to act thus. You have rendered us many services; your master has sent us pastry;—evidently you are endowed with hearts whose goodness is inexhaustible. If it were not so, why should you have done all this for us who are entire strangers to you? Now you invite us to go and dine with you; that is well on your part, but it is also well on ours not to accept the invitation. To go thus to dine with people with whom one is not connected, is not conformable to the customs of the Chinese nation, and is equally opposed to those of the west."

These words, pronounced with gravity, completely destroyed the illusion of our two adventurers. "If for the present," we added, "we decline coming to your shop, be good enough to excuse us to your master; thank him for the attentions he has shown us. Before leaving the town we shall probably have some purchases to make, and we will then take an opportunity of paying you a visit. Now we will go and take our dinner at the Turkish restaurant, which is near here."

"It is well," said they in a tone of vexation; "that is an excellent restaurant," and with these words we all rose and went out together."

Preservation of Cabbages.—The cabbage should be gathered before injury is done them by the severe fall frosts, the heavy outside leaves should remain on the stalk. Fix a string or cord round the stump, near the roots, suspend from the sleeper with the heads downward in a cool cellar, and they are ready and fit for use at all times. Cabbages kept in this manner, retain all their peculiar flavor and sweetness, the whole virtue of the stump and leaves is concentrated in the part of which is used, are handy of access, occupy but little room, which would be occupied by other purposes, and seldom if ever rot; the outside leaves wilt and contract, and in time become quite dry, which serves to exclude the air from the inside of the head.

Another method practiced by some and highly recommended, is to cut the head from the stump, pack close in a cask taking care to fill up the vacancies with dry chaff, thereby excluding the air, and keep in a dry cellar.—Mountain Banner.

The city gas works at Norfolk were seriously damaged by fire a few weeks ago.