

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

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Poetry.

One Hundred Years Hence.
Who'll through the streets in eager haste,
One hundred years from now,
And Mammon's fleeting phantoms chase
With care worn, anxious brow;
To gain a name
For wealth or fame—
Ambition's goal—
Or honor's seat—
Who will be that spell-bound throng,
Passing with busy step along,
One hundred years from now?

Where, O, where will be the men,
One hundred years from now,
Who now the virtuous poor condemn
With pure-purplish, haughty brow;
Who give the miser
To misery's tear,
Withhold relief
To orphan's grief;

Who'll grace our courts as judges grave,
One hundred years from now,
Nor warp the law, nor screen the knave,
When wealth and influence bow;
When bribes of gold,
And crimes untold,
Make justice sleep
And misery wail;
Who will be those jurists pure,
And bribes and sycophants adore,
One hundred years from now?

Who'll guide our rights o'er land and sea,
One hundred years from now,
Stand by the banner of the free,
And dare confront a foe;
And never yield
O'er food and field
And do no wrong—
Salute to none;

Who will be those patriots brave
To guard our flag o'er land and wave,
One hundred years from now,
And make the nation bow?

Where, where will the proud despots be,
One hundred years from now,
Who'd crush the germ of Liberty,
And make the nation bow?
They'll be forgot,
Their names will rot,
No nations feel
Their iron heel;
And the fair goddess, Liberty,
Will reign o'er every land and sea,
One hundred years from now.

Miscellaneous.

From the Methodist Protestant.
A Touching Incident.

Being in Surry county, Virginia, in the fall of 1849, I attended a religious meeting held in an old colonial church, one of the relics of our union with England. After a warm sermon, an invitation was given to seekers of religion to approach the altar of prayer. Among others who availed themselves of this invitation was a gentleman, I judge of 45 years of age. There seemed to be much sympathy felt for him by those present, and I judged him to be a man well thought of in the neighborhood, which I learned was a fact. But I was particularly attracted by the manifest sympathy of an old negro in the congregation. I judged him to be a man of 80 years; his frame, once athletic and erect, was now bent beneath the accumulated weight of years. I learned that the relation of master and slave subsisted between the penitent at the altar and the weeping old negro at his seat, which was near to the end of the door of the church. The penitent truly agonized in prayer, and old Jeffrey, for this was the name of the negro, evidently joined with deep feeling in the prayer of the wrestling mourner. It was not long ere a shout, as from those victorious in battle, went up, and the walls of the old house resounded with the praises of the victor, the wrestles had prevailed, prayer was answered, and the happy convert was now here, and now there, embracing friends and receiving their hearty congratulations. But none in that house was more glorious than old Jeffrey, and, raising himself on his staff, which gave him support, he made his happy way toward his happy young master, (as he called him), and the master at the same time making toward his slave, they met about midway the church, and the convert fell on the neck of his old servant and wept with joy in the aisle of the house of God and in the congregation. And words like these were spoken by Jeffrey:—"Bless God; my poor boy, I have been praying for you this long time."

There was no dry eye in the assembly, and the two, master and slave, were the only objects of attraction for the time. Said a minister present, "I never saw so touching a scene."

ADIEL.

Boisterous Preaching.

A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered: "When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people, but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future."

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.
Electoral Preaching.
We received the following from a distinguished minister, and commend it most sincerely to the attention of all ministers, but especially those who are troubled with anxiety in regard to the success of their pulpit labors:
"In preparing for the pulpit I have sometimes desired that my sermon should be a good one, rather than it should bring sinners to Christ; and have labored more to give it this quality than I have prayed for the Divine blessing to give it success. I must avoid this error, for without God's grace what will human efforts avail toward saving souls?"
"I now see that I have relied too much on the simple power of truth to convert sinners, and too little on the influence of the Holy Spirit to give effect to the truth; hence my sermons have been often addressed to the intellect, rather than the heart. It has followed that I have not expected nor enjoyed the presence of that Spirit in the act of preaching. What is Divine truth but the sword of the Spirit? In preaching I have not generally looked for immediate results in the way of conversions, but have endeavored to satisfy myself that I was sowing seed, that at some time, would produce a harvest; but if God is always willing to save sinners, and if the preaching of the Gospel is his chosen instrument for this purpose, why might I not always have looked for immediate results?"
"When I had done what I could, both in my study and in my pulpit, I have not been, as I now think, anxious as I should be to see the fruits of my preaching; and, therefore, have not followed my public labors with much earnest closet prayer. I must avoid this error. How can I expect God to give me success if I do not ask it?"

From the Herald of Truth,
A Singular Coin.

We now have in our possession a very singular, copper coin, which was found some time since, by Mr. Robert Barclay, in a little log path, on one of the Green River mountains, in this county. It is something less than a copper cent, and has on it, in raised, plain letters, all in capitals—two, rather, *small caps*, as to size—two very important texts of Scripture. On one side is,
"The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth on Him. Rom."
On the other side of the coin is,
"Echord servants to be obedient unto their Masters, showing all good fidelity, that they may adorn the doctrine of Christ. Titus."
The coin has no date upon it, nor anything else, pointing to its source or origin; but one thing is certain, it was coined when truth was predominant in our country; before a pseudo-gospel was preached by temporizers, or abolitionism usurped the place of gospel-teaching. It teaches that the gospel is God's power and method of saving sinners—both white and colored;—and that servants, in order to avail themselves of the gospel, and "adorn" its "doctrine," must be "obedient unto their masters, showing all good fidelity." We commend such doctrines to the careful consideration of all men; and recommend them as the only panacea for the political diseases of the times!
If any can give us any light, with regard to the singular coin, we will thank them for it. This for aught we know, can be easily done by many now living; but we admit that we know nothing more of the coin than we have already given.

Anecdote of Dr. Humphrey.

A correspondent of the *Christian Intelligence* gives the following admirable illustration of the benefit of being a gentleman:
When Dr. Humphrey was president of Amherst College, he had occasion on a very cold day to ride in the stage, which then ran through to B-ston. A lady appeared and wished to ride. The inside of the stage was full, and all knew what a full stage is. The driver inquired if a gentleman would be so kind as to ride on the outside, and give their seat to the lady. Dr. Humphrey was the only man who heard, and though then an old man, was the only one who volunteered to give up his seat. The lady on inquiry found the kind gentleman's name to be Dr. Heman Humphrey. But a few years afterward, a member of the "Committee to increase the College Library Fund" chanced to meet this very lady, and stated his case to her. "Sir," said the lady, "I know nothing about Amherst College, or its Library, but I know its president is a gentleman, a *real gentleman*, and here are a hundred dollars!" Such an incident occurring in the life of such a man, is worth a *book of morals* and comments.

Christian Graces should be sought after and cultivated.

The English Minister to Russia and his Chaplain.

The English correspondent of *Zion's Herald*, gives the following amusing incident:

In connection with the coronation, an amusing story is related by Dr. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*, of a *fracas* between our Ambassador and a clergyman at Moscow. It seems that Lord Granville, though he has gone to the old Russian capital surrounded with the flower of the British nobility, and took care to provide himself with a secretary, a surgeon, and all other officers so essential to display, forgot that altogether unimportant personage, a *chaplain*. His Lordship could telegraph home for a dancing-book, which was forthwith sent to him; but he took it into his head to manufacture a chaplain upon the spot; and, having caught a converted Polish Jew, he thought all would go well. But he unfortunately forgot to regulate the length of the sermons.

On the first Sunday of this month, Lord Granville and his suite went to church, and were installed in the place of honor. Vague ideas of English sermons must have got mixed up in his Lordship's mind with continental practices; for, thinking that the sermon would be over by one o'clock, he made an appointment for that hour,—business thus following hard upon devotion. But he did not know his clergyman so well as his clergyman knew him; for, having got him fixed in the pew, he determined to give him full measure. For more than an hour did the Jew hold forth, with a volubility which astonished everybody; and when one o'clock came, he seemed no nearer his conclusion than he had been at twelve. The subject of the sermon was the divine right of kings; and the preacher was just entering upon a high-flown eulogy on the character of the late Czar, when the Ambassador, whose time and patience were alike exhausted, rose from the pew of honor, and, with his suite, went jangling out of the church. The effect of this upon the congregation and the preacher cannot well be imagined. The Russians, who have got the story, declare that it was a direct affront offered to the memory of their late Emperor; and the preacher attributing it to anything but his own prolixity is of the same opinion. All this might have been avoided if Lord Granville had thought at first of his scourger as much as he did his body-curer.

He wished that he had been a Minister.
This is one of the remarkable expressions made by the late Mr. Shephard, Counsel to the Corporation of the city of New York, in his midnight conversation with a friend, a few hours before his death. He was, however, in no respect conscious of his approaching change, but spoke as if he had many years before him. Yet "he wished that he had been his lot to be a minister of the gospel." And this was not a late and death-extorted admission, neither was it the fruit of disappointment in the common aims of life. Mr. Shephard was unusually successful, both as a professional man and as a politician. He rose rapidly. Honorable and lucrative offices were at his beck. His character for lofty integrity was universally admitted. His friends were among the pillars of society. Yet in the first stages of his career, in the bloom of success, with many glittering prizes before him, and with a moral certainty of soon grasping them, he turns away amid the whirlwind tumult of an excited political canvass to sigh after the lot of a gospel minister.

Is there no lesson, no caution here to the young men of piety who turn their backs on the ministry, because other professions hold out the prospect of a speedier and more brilliant worldly success? Mr. Shephard's case reveals the magnitude of the mistake they make. They succeed to the top of their wishes, may accumulate honors, offices, means, influence, and political station; and then, after all, feel in their hearts the irresistible desire that the holy peace, humble toil, and spiritual aims of a parish minister had been their lot.

Christian Intelligence.

INCREASE OF JEWS.—An intelligent writer in the *North American Review* supposes that no class of immigrants has increased more rapidly in this country than the Hebrew. In 1850 a man might count upon his fingers all the Synagogues in the land; now there are at least a quarter of a million of Jews, from eighty to ninety synagogues, and a multitude of smaller communities where a nucleus exists which will soon grow into a Synagogue. The city of New York alone has twenty Synagogues and thirty thousand Jews—about one-twentieth part of the population being such. There are Synagogues in all the chief cities of the seaboard—two in Boston, five in Philadelphia, five in Baltimore, three in New Orleans, two in Charleston and four in Cincinnati.

CLERICAL WIT.—On a certain occasion, a noted infidel borrowed a sum of money from the late Rev. Dr. Lathrop, of Westfield, Mass. When he came to pay it, he thought to pose the Doctor by an argument from the Bible. "You ought not to take interests for this money, for the Jews were forbidden to take usury." "Oh no," said the Doctor, you forget; the Jews were indeed forbidden to take usury of their own people, but they were allowed to take usury of the heathen." The application was too direct to be mistaken, and the man was quite willing to drop the argument and pay the money.

N. Y. Evangelist.
God showeth mercy unto all.

Dr. Elliott.
Dr. Elliott's appointment for the year, by the late Cincinnati Conference, is to the Irish mission enterprise in this country. In about a year from now he expects to sail for Italy, where he will have an opportunity of testing his favorite idea of a mission to Rome. We should be glad to witness his interview with the pope, and hear the first consultation on the subject; we should expect to visit him the next day in the dungeons of St. Angelo. This fate, however, would place him directly in the "apostolic succession." St. Paul, and, as some say, St. Peter prayed in Roman dungeons when they could no longer preach in the Roman streets.—Should, however, the brave doctor happen in Rome at a time of popular insurrection, the pope facing one way and the Austrians another, a very different fate might await him. We should look for him, in that case, on the steps of St. Peter's, haranguing the uprising people, and proving to their hearty satisfaction that Christ alone is king of the Church, and Pio Nino the viceregent of the devil. We believe the Romans would shout to that proclamation under such circumstances. God speed the evangelical veteran.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

A Dinner with Washington.

While Washington was at West Point, at the close of 1779, fortifying that strong position, says "Notes and Queries," he bethought him of inviting a certain Dr. Cochrane to dinner, and his letter of invitation, besides giving a picture of the style of living at headquarters, is more remarkable, since it is almost the only instance of sportive writing in all Washington's correspondence. The letter is as follows:

"Dear Doctor: I have asked Mrs. Cochrane and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow, but am I not in honor bound to appreciate them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to promise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had peculiar proof yesterday. To say how it is covered is more essential, and shall be the purport of my letter. Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be about twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies, and it is a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beefsteak. If the ladies can put up with such entertainments, and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin, but now iron, (not become so by the labor of scouring;) I shall be happy to see them."

Once Colored, always Colored.
A negro woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color, and among other things she said she had been in Heaven. One of the ladies of color asked her:

"Sister, did you see any black folks in Heaven?"
"Oh, get out! you 'spos I go in de kitchen when I was dar."
This reminds us of the anecdote of another colored man who was so convinced of the lowliness of his position, and that labor was his natural lot, that he was even indifferent as to a future state, believing that 'dey'll make nigger work eben if he go to Hebben.' A clergyman tried to argue him out of this opinion by representing that this could not be the case, inasmuch as there was absolutely no work in Heaven. His answer was,
"Oh you g'way Massa. I know better. If dures no work for culled fokes up dar, dey'll make some for 'em, and if dere's nfin better to do dey'll make 'em shud de clouds along. You can't fool shud chile, Massa."

UNIVERSALISM.—"I am a universalist," said a boasting fellow, "and you orthodox are not fair in saying that our system is inconsistent with reason," as he addressed one who held an opposite system. "But I will prove the irrationality of your system," said his friend. "You believe that Christ died for all men?" "Yes." "You don't believe there is a hell?" "No." "No punishment hereafter?" "No; men are punished for their sins in this life." "Now, put your 'rational' system together if you can. It is just this, that Christ died to save all men from nothing at all! Not from Hell, because there is none; not from punishment in a future state of being, for he receives his whole punishment in this life. Yours is the maniac effort of seeing a man on dry land, in no danger of being drowned, and at an immense expense throwing to him ropes and life preservers.—What glaring absurdity! You boasted religion is stark infidelity! If you believe the Bible, you would believe as I do."

Poetical Definitions.

Religion.—A key which opens wide the gate of Heaven;
Death.—A knife by which the ties of earth are severed;
Earth.—A desert through which pilgrims wand'ring their way;
Grace.—A home of rest which ends life's weary way;
Resurrection.—A sudden waking from a quiet dream;
Heaven.—A land of joy, of light and love supreme;
Faith.—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death;
Hope.—A lone star beaming o'er the barren heath;
Charity.—A stream meandering from the fount of love;
Bible.—A guide to realms of endless joy above.

Life in a Skirt.

Hooray! Farewell to the crowd! I, veritable I, have retired within the quiet world of a balloon—skirt, ahem! No more jostling me off the sidewalk, or elbowing me out of a crowd; like the tortoise, I can retire within my shell in supreme dignity, and look around on the distant little folks with wholesome complacency. Sir! please to take the opposite sidewalk! what an idea for that rash man to actually attempt passing me!
Well, it is delightful! It adds grace to form—the shop-keepers say; accelerates motion, keeps intruders at a distance, and gives the dear, easy, unfashionable, undesigning, unobsequious members of the Watch the Ladies Society, something to talk about in the newspapers, and over their cigars. Why it's a benefit to the nation. Here, Susan, set mine away for the night in the attic! Long life to the wiselovone skirts!—*Olive Branch.*

The Jewish Wife.

The wife was "to grind the meal, to bake, to wash, to cook, to nurse her children, to make her husband's bed, and to work in wool." These regulations were modified if she was wealthy, "If she had brought with her one slave, she was not required to grind the meal, to bake, or to wash; if two slaves, she was also freed from cooking and nursing her children; if three, she was not to make the bed, or work in wool; if four slaves (it is added) she might sit in her easy chair." However, this indulgence was limited, and, under all circumstances, the wife is expected at least, to work in wool. If by a rash word, a husband had forsaken himself not to allow his wife to work, he was bound immediately to divorce her, as it was thought that illness induced insanity.—*History of the Jewish Nation, by Dr. Edersheim.*

QUICK IN HER APPLICATION. "It amazes me, ministers don't write better sermons—I am sick of the dull prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a person. "But it is no easy matter, my good woman to write good sermons," suggested the minister. "Yes," rejoined the lady, "but you are so long about it; I could write one in half the time, if I only had the text." "Oh, if a text is all you want," said the person, "I will furnish that. Take this from Solomon: 'It is better to dwell in a house, than with a bawling woman, in a wide house.' 'Do you mean me, sir?' inquired the lady quickly. "Oh my good woman," was the grave response, "you will never make a good sermonizer, you are too soon in your application."

SUCIDE.—"Suppose, sir," (said Boswell to Dr. Johnson, after having put the case of one who was accused of forging a will, and who had sunk himself into the Thames before the trial of its authenticity came on,) "a man is absolutely sure that if he lives a few days longer he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequences of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society." Johnson replied, "Then, sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is not known; don't let him go to the devil where he is known."

HORRIBLE.—A western poet witnessed a pugilistic encounter which he thus immortalized:
And Isaac he pitched into him,
And hyn pitched into be;
Ye wags they fyete it was a sin,
And borried to see.

The Rev. Dr. E. who lives near Portland, was preparing his discourse for the next Sabbath. Stopping occasionally to review what he had written, and to erase that which he was disposed to improve, he was accosted by his little son, who had numbered but four summers—
"Father, does God tell you what to preach?"
"Certainly, my child."
"Then select matches you preach it out?"

Original.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
Duties Neglected.

BRO. HEFLIN: Can nothing be done to wake up the ministry of our church on some vital points? They are not all alive to the cause of God as formerly, or some of the richest means of grace afforded by the church would not be so despised. I will state facts. They may call to the minds of some, others of similar nature.
I attended a camp-meeting not long since, and though nearly a score of ministers were on the ground, I heard not one word about the Communion.
I know a Methodist society of at least fifty members, that have not enjoyed this means of grace for more than two years; nor has a class-meeting been held among them for a longer time.
I know a community in which, recently, certain individuals—not Methodists, nor any kin to Methodists—threatened to take a Methodist minister out of a Methodist pulpit, for preaching to the negroes.
Now, I mention these facts, that as ministers we may all awake. If the Communion is a means of grace, instituted by our Lord, it is not to be despised. Let us again read Mr. Wesley's sermon on that subject. If class-meetings were of such benefit to dearly Methodists, why would they not benefit us now, if rightly attended? Have ministers anywhere else so neglected preaching to the colored people, that their motives are suspected whenever they attempt this work? Have the people yet to learn that "godliness is profitable unto all things"—that abolitionism is no part of the Gospel?
Brethren, look around! What are our sister Conferences not doing for this people? We are certainly not awake. No missionary field in all the world yields so abundant and so ready a harvest as the plantations in the South. May God awake us to work while it is day; the night soon cometh, when no man can work.

In the bonds of love, yours,
THEOPHILUS.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

To our Ministers' Wives.
PARTICULARLY TO A SISTER IN CHRIST.

My Dear Sister: Happy am I, for one, that you have kindly taken your pen in hand, and invited us to meet with you in the social way of correspondence with each other, by Brother Heflin's permission, through the medium of our excellent paper, which we so dearly love to read. I regret exceedingly that this step has been deferred so long, and hope that our sisters, one and all, will avail themselves of this blessed privilege. What a nice way it is for us to become united together in mutual affection, and help each other in those labors of love which our individual relations demand.
The sweet feelings of my heart and spirit are often with our preachers' wives, and if bodies could move as fast as thought, we should often be together. Oh, that we may ever be united, and run with patience the race set before us. The present Conference year has nearly expired; and it is with pleasure and gratitude I record it as one of the best and happiest of my life. Many, I know, are apt to complain of the itinerant craft, and trouble their dear husbands not a little, but many years of experience teach me that it is a pleasant life to lead, full of interest, full of observation, and, in the language of one of our good bishops, we have it in our power to make our circuits good or bad. I had rather be the wife of an humble, useful Methodist preacher, than to be mistress of a palace. Happy in the enjoyment of great Christian privileges, O may we all, dear sisters, feel a resolution of soul, which I trust this earth can never shake, to live in the discharge of every Gospel duty, and be help-mates indeed to our worthy and self-sacrificing companions. It is true, we have our trials and afflictions, at a far remove, too, from those we love, and the dear associations of early childhood; but what of that? If we love God, all things shall work together for our good. If we trust in Him, we have nothing to fear from any event

What did the Clerk say?

The clock upon the tower of a neighboring church tolled forth slowly and solemnly the knell of the departed hour.
As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face, asked,
"Mother, what did the clock say?"
"To me," said his mother early, "it seemed to say, gone—gone—gone—gone!"
"What, mother! what has gone?"
"Another hour, my son."
"What is an hour, mother?"
"A white-winged messenger, from our Father in heaven, sent by Him to inquire of you—of me—what we are doing, what we are saying, what we are thinking and feeling."
"Where has it gone, mother?"
"Back to Him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words and deeds, while it was with us."
"Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?"
Reader! what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing up on high for you?

Little Robert Reed.

I'll never use tobacco; no,
It is a filthy weed;
I'll never put it in my mouth,
Said little Robert Reed.
Why, there was little Jesse Jones,
As dirty as a pig—
He smoked when only ten years old,
And thought it made him big.
He spent his time and money, too,
And made his mother sad;
She feared a worthless man would come
Of such a worthless lad.
O, no! I'll never smoke or chew;
'Tis very wrong indeed;
It hurts the health and makes bad breath,
Said little Robert Reed.