



THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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RALEIGH, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1857.

81 50 Year, in Advance.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. A Dedication Hymn. Assembled here, oh Lord, Thy presence we implore; Oh! let us all with one accord, Thy Majesty adore.

The World that I am passing through. BY L. MARIA CHILD. Few, in the days of early youth, Truited like me in love and truth.

Original. For the N. C. Christian Advocate. PLEASANT HOURS.—No. 10. BY REV. JOHN BAILEY.

THE HOUR OF RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN. "I yearn for realms where fancy shall be filled, And the exiles of freedom shall be felt.

Pure in their nature, exquisite in their enjoyment, and lasting in their devotion are the pleasures that flow from the society of the loved ones at home.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. "Montgomery County"—"Candor." BRO. HEFLIN: In the Advocate of Dec. 26, I see an article by "Candor."

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. The Noble Revenge. The coffin was a plain one—a poor, miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top, no lining of rose white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud.

our probationary state terminated by death? It has always seemed strange to me, that any one, with the lights of reason and revelation in his possession, should answer this question in the negative; and it is not my purpose to attempt a discussion of the question in this place.

But who shall tell the blessedness of the hours, if hours can be so called, of an eternal state, that will be enjoyed by all who shall meet in the land of rest! We meet with friends sometimes from whom we have been long separated on earth; and at these meetings are thrilling—almost too full of joy to be borne in these frail bodies: and this, even when our meetings are embittered by the recollection of former afflictions, difficulties, and injuries.

And what has nature done for this County? The far-famed Narrows of the Yadkin, are in this County. Where the Waters of the great Yadkin River, a short distance above spread out several hundred yards in width, and then dash between two vast mountains of rock through a channel of only 62 feet.

And tho' coal and land badly cultivated have been discovered there, yet 'Candor' does not tell you of the vast amount of Gold found there in that County, nor the many disadvantages that the inhabitants labor under in cultivating this valuable land.

We have earnestly longed, ardently prayed, and diligently labored, for the salvation of some whom we have loved on earth. After many long, weary years of fruitless effort, we have seen them go down to the grave as we thought, without hope.

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where they buy their groceries; and Iron too, to make or mend their plows, which wear out the next season, among the rocks, making more produce. And if they have no 'cities,' they have towns, for I saw one, and it was situated at the cross roads. And I suppose 'Pekin' is in that County—which is quite an attractive place, as many old bachelors desire to remove there to see the fair sex that abound in that neighborhood.

Then 'Candor' is grateful because there has been a school there for the last three years. Will you and Bro. Candor believe me, if I tell you that there was a school in that County more than 20 years ago? For I was there one morning when a boy brought the Master a big potato, and a few days after, that same boy was brought before the Master for some misconduct.

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For the N. C. Christian Advocate. Post Office Wanted. Cape Hatteras, N. C., Jan. 8. BRO. HEFLIN: We want a Post Office on Cape Hatteras. I could do a great deal in getting subscribers for the Advocate if we had a Post Office here.

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The court house was crowded to suffocation. "Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge. There was a silence when he finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with a haughty reserve, upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindling eye, to plead for the erring and the friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced, convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot." "I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness. "I—I believe you are unknown to me." Twenty years ago, you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's poor coffin. I was that poor miserable boy.

The man turned livid. "Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?" "No, I have a sweeter revenge; I have saved the life of the man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child." The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible, and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul forever after.

Larkin Moore was a half crazy, lazy fellow, who used to amuse the people in and about Newberryport with his eccentricities and his music; for Larkin had a host of old songs, hymns, and snatches of melody, which he rendered in a plaintive voice, to familiar airs, and entertained crowds that would gather around him. Many of these songs needed only to be clothed in better words, and they would take their place among the verses that men will not let willingly die.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. Pictures of a Good Wife. Will our young sparks who are pleased to think of a wife as an elegant plaything, intended only to dress and dance, visit and spend money, please to look at the following picture of a good wife, drawn by the pencil of Solomon.—Prov. XXXI. (2)

Verse 10. Behold, a virtuous woman; for her price is above rubies. 12. She riseth with day and prepareth breakfast for her household; yea, before the sun has risen she hath her maidens at work.

Verse 14. She looketh well to the way of her family, and catcheth not the bread of idleness. 16. By her industry her cheeks are made ruddy like the rose of Sharon; yea, her nerves are strengthened, so that when she heareth talk of hysterics, she marveleth thereat.

BEWARE. A little theft, a small deceit, Too often leads to more; 'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet As through an open door, Just as the broadest rivers run, From small and distant springs, The greatest crimes that men have done, Have grown from little things.

Neither in Heaven nor Hell. A writer speaking of the miseries of an unhappily married couple, says there is no such sight in heaven, in the innumerable company of angels, or in any part of the inheritance of the saints made perfect. No such sight in hell, the region of the 'outer darkness,' for our great Milton declares "Devil with devil damn'd, Firm concord holds."

Gen. Knox's Marriage. Age, incidents in the life of Gen. Knox, relates the following: The general's marriage was something of a romantic affair, and is said to have happened somewhat in this wise: As Miss Lucy Pluker was walking one day, she saw young Knox, (who was a book-binder in Boston at the time), and she fancied his personal appearance, she was smitten with him.

From the N. O. Advocate. Things I don't like to see. 1. I don't like to see Methonist preachers read their sermons in the pulpit. 2. I don't like to see young preachers aping the so-called popular ones.

Things I like to see. 1. I like an extempore, Holy Ghost preacher, who aims at the heart more than the ear. 2. I like to see young preachers seeking to imitate the most godly and pious.

New Version of a Psalm. The following is said to have taken place at the Bradford (England) Parish Church during the visit of the bishop of the diocese. The clerk immediately before the sermon, gave out the psalm in the broad Wiltshire dialect. Let us sing to the praise of our glawry o' God, dree vrees o' the hundred an' vourteenth zaam—a varsson 'specially dapped to the 'caasion by myself:

VERSE. Why hop ye zo ye little hills, An' what var de' skip? Is it a 'case you'm proud to see Kis grace the Lord Bishop?

A REPROOF.—The Christian natives of the Sandwich Islands are said to have contributed last year about \$19,000 for religious and charitable purposes. Their number is not far from 24,000; and the average donation from their "deep poverty" is, therefore, about eighty cents from each person.

Touching a Raw Place. A justice of the peace, meeting a minister mounted on a fine looking horse, peevishly asked him why he did not ride on a donkey or ass, in imitation of his humble Master? "One important reason is," returned the minister, "that at this time they are scarce, having been transformed, by an all-wise Providence, into magistrates."

A Critic. During the Harrison Campaign, an eloquent orator in the western part of the State of Virginia was holding forth to an immense assemblage in favor of the hero of Tippecanoe, and Tyler too. Especially the speaker was expatiating upon General Harrison's courage, tact, and success as a military commander.

Transubstantiation. In spite of Rome the world will still demand, How Jesus held his body in his hand? Born of a virgin, and yet made of bread! While twelve were eaten, ere his blood was shed!

For the Children. Love Your Parents. Children should never delay obeying their parents, because they are busy doing something which they desire to finish. How very naughty to say, "Wait, Mother: I will come directly," or, "I This is self-will, which is entirely contrary to the teachings of the Bible. You must honor your father and mother, if you would live long and be happy."

Christianity Among the Chinese. On Sunday evening last says the Sacramento Union, of Dec. 2, credentials from the first Baptist Church, in this city, were, by the Pastor, presented, with appropriate remarks, to Wong Ah Mooney, who stands before his countrymen as a regularly authorized preacher of the 'new religion.' as the Chinese term Christianity.

A Good Child. Before a good little child lies down on her pillow, she kneels down and thanks God for his goodness to her.—Can a kitten thank God? No; because a kitten cannot think or understand about God. You can, because you have a soul; it is your soul that thinks of God.

Pious Lotteries. The priests of Paris, with the sanction of the Archbishop, have adopted a novel plan of restoring their ruined churches. The plan adopted is to create a lottery, the chief prize of which shall be a hundred thousand francs, or twenty thousand dollars, with a number of minor prizes, amounting to about as much more. The tickets are one franc each, and the day of tirage, or drawing, is postponed from time to time, till the number of ticket-holders reaches a million, or about a thirtieth of the whole population of France; thus the speculator's chance of drawing the great prize is as one to a million, and the profits to the Church of St. Pierre are more than 800,000fr., or \$130,000.

Little Things. She said 'that few were too young, and none too humble to benefit their fellow creatures in some way.'—The Birth Day Council, by Mrs. Alaric A. Watts. Do something for each other.—Though small the help may be; There's comfort oft in little things.—Far more than others see! It takes the sorrow from the eye, It leaves the world less bare, If but a friendly hand comes nigh! When friendly hands are rare! Then cheer the heart which tells each hour, Yet finds it hard to live;—And though but little is in our power, That little let us give.

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