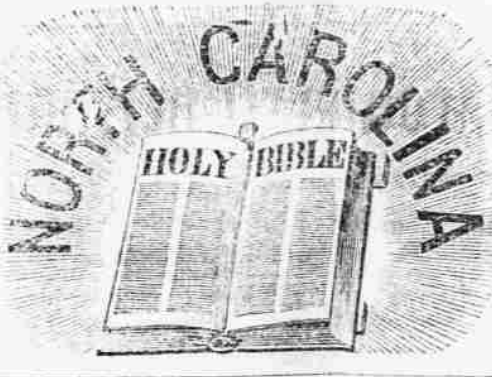


CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.—RUFUS T. HEFLIN, Editor
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The Southern Methodist Bishops.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:—

I ask the favor of making the following statement in regard to the lithographs of the Southern Methodist Bishops, in the columns of your paper.

In the spring of 1858, upon seeing a similar lithograph of the Northern Bishops, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I conceived the idea of grouping our venerated prelates and fathers, who have been honored by the Church with her highest gifts, so as to embody in one memento the first eight Bishops, living and dead, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at a price that every admirer and friend of the beloved brethren, could, without inconvenience, procure a copy; and thus, (when many or all the Bishops have passed away) they or their children could look with pleasure, upon the countenance of those they once delighted to love and honor. I have a likeness of Bishop Ansbury, alive, passed to me by my father, which was published in 1800, that I would not part with for ten times its value, though in his last visit to my father's house, I was an infant; in the cradle, yet I seem to have known him; so familiar his countenance has become, and so oft have his deeds been recounted to me and how many thousands of our Israel will ever remember our venerable Senior Bishop, when he shall—as he soon must,—sleep with the fathers and “dwell with the good and best,” “those we loved most and best,” and so of all his companions, each having his own admirers and devotedly attached friends. Aside from this, my devotion for Methodism, and my having been born and raised to manhood in that part of our beloved country; being the son of a Methodist preacher who was among the first to penetrate the wilderness of Western Carolina in 1762, and who lived and died in the faith with armor on, at an advanced age, after having preached the everlasting gospel for fifty-two years. I felt a holy ambition to place these soldiers of the Cross in a form which should endure for generations. I therefore wrote to Bro's Deems, Hicks and McAnally, who were from different Conferences, and all members of the General Conference (which was to convene at Nashville in the following May), to consult, and if nothing of the kind was in contemplation by any one else, and they thought well of it and could get me good likenesses at Nashville without regard to price, to do so; the result was, that Dr. Deems kindly procured and sent me a photograph of those three present; but from the weather, light, or some other unknown cause, they were exceedingly imperfect, gloomy and indistinct in appearance, causing all the Bishops to appear as though they were careworn, in a bad humor, or physically distressed; being anxious to succeed, and knowing the great difficulty of ever getting their likenesses again, without annoyance to them; the artists, or one of them, agreed to “try” them; yet before proceeding, I wrote to all the living Bishops and many of their friends, for better or more distinct copies. I got only one in time, after weeks' delay; a daguerotype of Bishop Kavanaugh, which everybody concedes to be “good.” After the drawings were all done, Bishop Early kindly sent me a likeness of himself, remarking: “I send you the very best likeness of myself that I have ever seen, except the Crayon from which it was taken.” A good copy of this is in my present picture; of the first picture, Bishop Paine says: “The design and execution are admirable, except the likenesses, these are horrid; Bishops Pierce, Early and Soule excepted.” The result of several months' anxiety and extraordinary exertions to succeed, was a picture, which, as a whole, neither pleased the artists, the publisher, the Bishops or their friends; though many very favorable notices were given of it, as bad as it was; to make it worse, the stone fell on its face and was irreparably damaged, causing a Northern paper to remark: that “the Southern Methodist Bishops were all in the humiliating position of being upon their faces in the dust;” and whilst some editors were very kind and charitable, others laid the whole thing bare, as with a butcher-knife sharpened on a brick. I have then expended some four hundred dollars, and received comparatively nothing. Yet I went zealously to work, wrote again to all the Bishops and many of their friends, to whom I am under great obligations, and used every possible reasonable exertion, without regard to expense, to get good originals. Bishops Kavanaugh's and Early's were furnished by themselves, and are conceded generally to be “good.” Of Bishop Bascom I never could hear of but one likeness, that in his book of sermons, and with two exceptions, his is pronounced “good.” Dr. Myers, of the Southern Advocate, interested himself very generously; and through his advice and the kindness of Mr. Smithson and Mr. Batten, I procured and copied the present likeness of Bishops Paine, Capers and Andrew, from those that are to appear in the General Confer-

ence picture. Just a week after it was too late, Dr. Myers met with Bishop Paine at Nashville, and procured a third copy—of his face—which looks more at ease than any I have ever seen, but several who know the Bishop declared “The present one as good or better than the other,” therefore it was let alone. Those of Bishops Andrew and Capers look young, as they were both engraved by Sartain, several years ago,—and this is the case with Bishop Early's—yet I think they will give better satisfaction on the whole, than any ever yet taken,—being taken nearly in the prime of the Bishops' lives—and good when taken. Of Bishop Pierce, every body—except one, who says “it is not sharp enough,”—concur in saying “good!” “perfect!” &c., and the same may be said of the opinions given of Bishop Soule, who occupies the centre of the picture, it is pronounced by many good judges “the best they ever saw.” Dr. Myers says: “Bishops Soule and Pierce will do as well I suppose as a lithograph can be made to do,” and of the picture, “I suppose this may do for a cheap picture, but I do not admire this cheap art.” The Doctor's judgment is evidently “steeled” on this subject. Bro. Gillette of the N. O. Christian Advocate says, “I noticed with sincere approbation your likeness of the Southern Methodist Bishops.” Dr. McTeire of the Nashville Advocate, says: “You are a man of perseverance, not to say pluck!—will not be beat off from a good picture of our Southern Bishops. Well, you deserve success. Bishops Kavanaugh and Soule, first-rate, admirable!—Bishops Andrew, Capers and Early, too young looking,” &c. Brother Watson, of the Memphis Advocate, says: “I think them all good, except Bishops Early and Paine; the latter look father too old.” Brother Hefflin, of the N. C. Advocate, says:—“The likenesses of Bishops Soule, Pierce, Andrew, Capers, Bascom and Early are good, except a slight defect in Bishop Soule's mouth; that of Bishop Paine as good as any thing I have seen; some seeming defect in the mouth, yet the picture as it is, is worth much more than the price.” Bro. Carnes, of the Texas Advocate, says: “The copy I received was very much abused, and has been taken away; as well as I remember, I was not perfectly pleased, but cannot tell why. I hope to be able to assist the sale of the picture, when it receives the final touch.” Dr. Doggett, of the Quarterly Review, says: “The likenesses of Bishops Soule and Pierce are very good; that of Bishop Pierce, perfect.”—Dr. Thos. O. Summers says: “I consider these portraits greatly inferior to the others, and I have shown them to a number of friends. Bishops Soule, Capers and Pierce the best; Bishop Andrew next. I hope you will be successful.” Dr. Deems says:—“There is a decided improvement on all; the more I look at each face, the more nearly do they seem to come to the most faithful representation. I really like your picture more than any I have seen. Bishops Andrew, Kavanaugh and Early, as good as can be made in lithography; Kavanaugh, capital.” Dr. McAnally, of the St. Louis Advocate, who generally drives a nail in the right place, says: “I think it equal or superior to any lithograph I have ever seen; I suspect the difficulty—if there be any—is, that certain editors, preachers and people, expect a lithograph to appear like the finest steel engraving, and fret because it does not and cannot; on yours, the likeness and the execution are certainly good.” Bishop Kavanaugh says: “As a whole, the picture is an improvement. The likenesses of Bishops Pierce, Paine, Andrew and Capers—all improved; Bishop Pierce as good as I think could be taken on stone; any one of them would be readily recognized; two or three are good, not to say elegant.” Dr. F. W. Capers says of the likeness from which Bishop Capers is taken: “It is the best I have seen.”

I might thus go on giving “opinions” ad libitum. In asking them, I solicited an opinion of “any one or all,” thus a number only refer to one, two, or three, with whom they are familiar. As scarcely five persons can ever be found to concur in their opinion of a beautiful woman, a landscape, the merits of a book, the eloquence of an orator, or give the same statement of what each heard; so of the opinion given of any single face, and much more so where there are eight on the same picture, and the same person often presents, from natural and artificial causes, a very different appearance, and then our judgments are often warped by our admiration of, or our indifference to, certain persons or things.—To conclude, allow me to say that I have labored faithfully, earnestly, sincerely, to produce a picture worthy of the object I had in view; if I have failed it was not my fault, but misfortune. Yet I think a better picture will never be produced for anything like the price. Since the criticisms were given, I have had several slight improvements made, and have now sent a supply to all “Advocates” and Depositories, where they may be had at \$1 EACH,

and by the quantity at a liberal discount, free of expense, I send them everywhere, and handsome 1-1/2 inch gilt oval frames, in New York, with glass, at \$2.75, and beautifully carved oval 3 1/2 inch frame and glass at \$5.00, each. They are very much improved in appearance by oval frames.

Begging your pardon for this first and last appeal, I am very truly and respectfully,
Yours,
JAMES M. EDNEY,
Publisher,
47 Chamber St., N. Y.

The Southern Methodist Episcopal Church South, in Washington City.

MR. EDITOR.—Some time ago I sent you a short communication, in regard to the laudable enterprise in which Mr. Smithson is engaged, in the erection of a house of worship for the accommodation of Southern Methodists in the Metropolis of the Country. And inasmuch as he makes his appeal to the entire South for aid, I stated that as the entire Southern Church is to participate in the erection of the house of worship, when completed, that its pulpits ought not to be filled exclusively by ministers from the Va. Conference, but that the pulpits ought to be filled alternately by a minister selected from all the Annual Conferences. I am of the same opinion still, notwithstanding you look at this subject from a different standpoint. Your remarks embraced in your laconic editorial do not reach the main point in question. No proposition has been made to transfer men from other Conferences to the Va. Conference to fill the pulpits in Washington City, but a change made in the Discipline of the Church, to suit the case. You know that the General Conference could very easily provide for the Church in Washington City as above intimated, and each preacher selected annually to fill the pulpits from all the Conferences in rotation remain a member of his beloved Conference. I would not call in question the fact that the Va. Conference has men enough of ability to supply Washington City, but I would assert that other Conferences have men of equal ability, and as the South is appealed to for aid in this matter, I think while the South should participate in filling the pulpits. If there is any honor in being a stationed Preacher in Washington City then let as many preachers share in the honor as can upon the plan proposed in this communication.

You may think that there is no chance for you Mr. Editor, but others may think differently. You may yet vacate the Editorial Chair, and then how nice it would be for you to go to Washington City to represent the Methodists from N. C. How North Carolinians visiting the City would flock to the Southern Church to hear you discourse eloquently of “God and heaven.” I am anxious that Mr. Smithson should succeed in his labor of love. The Church should come up to his assistance, and at once place in his hands one hundred thousand dollars. This could be done if I had a mind to work. I shall rejoice when I learn that the work has been consummated.

JOSIAH,
Elizabeth, N. C., Nov. 11th, 1859.

its advantages, is allowing innovations upon its spirit? Should we not watch a tendency which is manifest in the church; that of persons being local itinerants?—That there are instances in which men are justified in settling their families and itinerating contiguously. I freely admit, but that there is getting to be too great a tendency to the course, I fully believe. Oh that our hearts at this day were filled with the spirit that moved our fathers to thread the labyrinths of the forests, ford rivers, scale mountains, and undergo all kinds of hardship, that they might preach Jesus, and save souls.

RIDGEWAY.

The purest and ablest of these (the regular clergy that joined Wesley) was Fletcher of Madley—a man of whom it is not too much to say that a better was never translated to heaven, or never entered the territory of the grave. He was as near to perfection as it is possible for a man to come, until his soul is lifted away from this vile compound of bones and muscles, arteries and nerves, flesh and fat. Though settled at Madley, he was Wesley's right hand counsellor, and in the field of polemics worse than a match for all Wesley's foes. [This is the frank, truthful confession of a writer by no means favorable to Wesley's theory, as fully appears elsewhere in the article from which these extracts are taken.—P. I.]

Francis Asbury was the ruling spirit among the American Methodists; their first bishop, with a continent for his diocese, and for labors, suffering, and success, unsurpassed by any name in modern christianity. Washington was not better entitled to be called the father of his country than Francis Asbury its apostle.

More than once, in Wesley's lifetime, the question was raised in his conference—shall we separate from the church? Wesley's influence defeated the proposition as often as made. Meanwhile he was the target at which bishops and deans, with sportive malice, directed their pieces.—Warburton and Lavington took deliberate aim; but their balls flattened and fell back, as if they had struck the iron man in the pistol-gallery. The substance of the whole controversy between him and his opponents lay in the single question, “whether it is not better that men shall go to heaven by irregular methods, or regularly to go to the devil?” Wesley's christian zeal decided the question for himself, and his dexterous logic defended the discussion against every assault.

Wesley's old age. No man ever enjoyed a healthier or more serene old age. At fifty-five he did more work than most men, renowned for energy and industry, do at forty. He had passed the period of reproach, and his hoary head was looked upon as a crown of glory. He had acquired an influence in the high places of the kingdom which he exerted in the cause of mercy and justice. The highest offices of cities did honor to themselves by making him their guest, and the grandchildren of those who had stoned him forty years before, now revered him as a patriarch. Southey (a high churchman, P. I.) never forgot his venerable appearance in the street. Wilberforce (another high churchman) received one of the last three letters written by his trembling hand, and with affectionate respect wrote upon the back, “the old man's last.”—George the Third declared that he had done more good in the kingdom than all the bishops and clergy put together.

DR. JOHNSON AND WESLEY. Johnson's admiration of Wesley appears in the following extract from a letter which contains the best classical compliment we have ever seen. Johnson had written a pamphlet on the American question, which was soon after followed by another on the same side by Wesley. They were both entitled “Taxation no Tyranny.” In the letter to Wesley are these words: “I have thanks to return you for the addition of your important suffrage to my argument on the American question. To have gained such a mind as yours may justly confirm me in my own opinion. I have no reason to be discouraged. The lecturer was surely in the right, who, though he saw his audience sinking away, refused to quit the chair while Plato staid. I am, reverend sir, your most humble servant, “Sam Johnson.”

THE ITINERANCY. We have referred to Wesley's genius for government, which Macaulay pronounced not inferior to that of Richelieu. He not only created a religious society, but gave it laws which secured its perpetuity, and insured its expansion without limit.—Its main feature is its itinerancy, which as naturally overruns a country as light seeds are scattered in every direction by the varying winds. Some churches flourish in particular sections, and are elsewhere unknown. Others, by emigration, slowly spread through the land; but it is in the very nature of Wesley's scheme to propa-

gate itself “in the regions beyond.” * * * Whitfield's societies came to nothing because he gave them no organic life. Wesley's are girdling the world, with a spirit as ambitious of further conquests as that of Alexander when he sat down on the shore of the Indian Ocean and wept. The grand results have demonstrated the efficiency of the novel experiment. Archbishop Secker one day said to Wesley, “could you a hundred years hence look out of your grave, you would have abundant reason to regret your present course.” Wesley's answer was, “God governed the world before I was born, and he will take care of it when I am dead. Present duty is mine—events I leave to him.” More than a hundred years have gone by since the Archbishop's remonstrance, and could Wesley now look from his grave and see what an impetus he gave to the zeal of the christian world, he would far rather sing, as once he delighted to sing amid derision and flying stones,

“I rejoice that I ever was born.”

HIS LITERARY LABORS.

Wesley's literary labors are an ample subject for a separate article. Many otherwise intelligent men, who have paid little attention to his history, have regarded him as an honest enthusiast, as destitute of learning as Bunyan or George Fox. It is time that such men knew better. His works comprise seven large octavos of sermons, journals, controversy, correspondence and criticism, including a grammar, each of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French and English. These he wrote for a school which he founded in Kingswood—in Occidental America it would be called a University. His translation of the New Testament is unsurpassed for an accurate rendering of the Greek. Besides all this he produced a commentary on the whole Bible—a model of brief, clear, and terse annotation, which no man can read without wishing to become a better man. Moreover he abridged and published innumerable works, chiefly of practical divinity, but including history, philosophy, poetry, an English dictionary, morals and a family medicine book. While thus employed he governed his numerous societies, presided in his conferences, visited the sick, (performed thoroughly pastoral visiting over a large field of labor, P. I.) preached not less than five hundred sermons a year, and traveled principally on horseback, a distance equal to six times the circumference of the globe! This was not only “laughing at impossibilities,” but literally overcoming them.

HIS INFLUENCE UPON THE WORLD.

But easy as it is to find fault with these and other extreme opinions, [Christian Perfection, Witness of the Spirit, etc., P. I.] of Wesley, it is the meanest bigotry to deny him the character of a great reformer. Besides myriads of individual conversions wrought among the poor and the profigate, the Church of England and that entire protestantism within the limits of the English language felt the reanimating power of his life and ministry. The visible effects that bestrew the whirlwind's immediate path may declare its tremendous energy, but its purifying power cools the stifling atmosphere of the whole country, and makes men breathe easier than before. The influence of Wesley's labors on the safety and prosperity of the British empire is a subject for a philosophical historian. We have referred to the infidel tendencies of England when he first threw his voice on the open air. Bolingbroke was the biophant of the upper circles, and the pulpit had lost all power over the masses. Delaney, in a letter to George the Second, written five years before Wesley preached in Moorfields, told the King that England had become as degenerate as the Roman State at a period when, according to Tacitus, “he who revered virtue in his heart dare not express it with his lips.” “A sure sign,” he adds, “of approaching ruin, unless God in his mercy prevent it.” Had this state of things continued, England, in another half-century, might have echoed the horrors of Paris and Lyons. The same brutal class that dragged Wesley through the streets in the earlier years of his ministry would, by that time, have been strong enough and wicked enough to do for Britain what the savage sans-culottes did for France. But Wesley lived to convert an immense number of that mob, and inspire the remainder with the sentiments of reverence for religion, government and law. A staunch royalist himself, he infused his spirit into all his societies. The heaven worked through the myriad mass that gathered around him in every part of England. Meanwhile, Voltaire, in France, was doing another work. Voltaire entered the world nine years before Wesley. Wesley outlived him thirteen years, and died on the eve of the French revolution. Voltaire's pamphlets poisoned the mind of France and prepared it to enact the bloodiest scenes in human history. The world trembled beneath the shock. The names of Robespierre, Cloutier, Danton and Marat were while the terror of England. The

infection of the fiendish spirit was sensibly felt and worse feared. Burke's “Rights of Man,” and Hannah Moore's “Village Politics,” and a thousand other fly-sheets written in fear, were intended to stay the flood of anarchy that came rolling across the channel. But neither Burke nor Hannah Moore alluded to the fact, that for sixty years, providence had been throwing up an effectual barrier against the wars by the gospel labors of John Wesley and his coadjutors. The work was already done, and the throne of England stood firmly on the religious convictions of the people. It was impossible that London could become as Paris, and impossible because God had made Wesley's preaching the antidote for Voltaire's infidelity. His name grows with the circling years; and that Methodism, of which he was the founder, is now felt as a great religious power in every quarter of the globe. The partial evils that marked its early history have sloughed away. It has become less violent in its irrational workings, and more active in the great charities of life. The mountain has ceased to rumble, to smoke, or pour forth rivers of liquid lava. The sky now hangs serenely over it, while the vine enriches it from the basis to the top, bearing precious fruit in its season.” Here ends our extracts.

And now with a few words on Brother Hefflin we too have done. The time has come when the great merits of Wesley should be fully recognized. Many men in the last two hundred years have done admirably and have now a high meed of just praise, but verily, the well informed and fair-minded reader must acknowledge that in the extent of his usefulness, in his multifarious labors, in his perils by land and by sea, in energy, praiseworthiness and great common-sense, Wesley has excelled them all. In a time of danger and intellectual darkness he commenced his glorious career of evangelization. Driven from the pulpits and churches of the Establishment to which he belonged, and of which he was one of the chief ornaments; persecuted with every ingenuity that malice could devise, slandered and vilified and hounded by periwigged dignitaries and privileged formalists, actuated by a holy zeal and strengthened by that Spirit which casteth out fear.

John Wesley, then in the full vigor of manhood's early prime and already illustrious for his ability and learning, went forth conquering and to conquer against the high embankments of sin and superstition and ignorance, bearing aloft in his arm of power the streaming blood stained banner of the Cross, under whose ample folds was soon to be marshalled a host of consecrated soldiers—soldiers as yet untried and unaccustomed to the noise and the deadliest conflict, but whose stout, manly hearts had been purified in the baptism of the Holy Spirit. It was there when his beloved England lay enshrouded with a dark paucity of vice, corruption and ignorance, that this pious man of God performed his greatest labors. It was then, when hooded, and mobbed, and oppressed that he strung his nerves and strengthened himself for his noble exploits; it was there when almost crushed and broken by the overwhelming mass of opposing Churchmen and of the rabble that fretted and ragged around him, that he gave out, like the fragrant Indian trees, the sweetest odors of sanctity, and the most precious of pure Christian doctrine. May his memory be ever held by the whole Christian world in grateful remembrance! May his example, noble and lovely, ever shine a bright beacon light in this world of sin and sorrow, and may the Methodist Church, his own well favored child—be ever blessed with faithful sons to do the work of the Lord and Saviour on earth. And may the Great God of Mercies so order it, that the time shall not come until the end of all things, when the words of Inspiration are applied to that church, “Blessed is she, for she has a quiver full of them!” ESTO PERPETUA!

P. I.

Power of Conscience.

Among the most striking evidences of the reality of the religious belief of Christian nations, is the fact that government in Christian countries is continually receiving sums of money from unknown individuals, who are driven thus to make restitution, not by the power of law, or the fear of detection, but solely by the sting of conscience. In the settlement of their taxes, or in some other way, known only to themselves and to God, they have not rendered to the State all the money that was its due. But they have learned to fear a righteous God, who sees in secret and who will judge openly, and they dare not keep the unlawful gain. From a document just published in England by order of Parliament, it appears that the sums thus remitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as ‘conscience money,’ during the last year, was more than \$15,000.