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TERMS.
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Original.

LETTER FROM FLINT HILL.
JERUSALEM, April 25, 1861.
Messrs. Editors:—In my last I closed by speaking of the liberty which Christ makes men free, and quoting the passage "Dear ye one another burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." Galatians, 6:2. From the 22d verse to the end of this chapter he proceeds to show that this liberty consists in a greater use of our moral faculties rather than a larger engagement of our passions, and develops them with striking shades of richness and beauty. Then we are not to become more proud, more selfish, and more worldly-wise, we feel that the truth has made us free; but employ this liberty as an incentive to more charity, and to cultivate more benevolence and love. Then what is meant by love? Ist, to have patience towards men and to forbear. 2d, to have sympathy for men under trials and troubles in life.

So we may bear each others burdens in life. If men have burdens in the nature of faults, we are to be patient with them. If they have burdens in the way of weaknesses, we are to sympathize with them. If they have troubles and trials, we are to use all our power to comfort and sustain them. What is burden? This term includes trouble, want, care, poverty, and all those experiences which we call afflictions. All those things that relate to the dispositions, weakness of temper, or rather strength of temper. We are to regard men as carrying a great burden when carrying their own habits. It is a trouble for some men to carry their mind and disposition; if such a one be overtaken in a fault, those which are spiritually strong are to restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; and the Apostle was inspired to say: "Considering yourselves best ye also be tempted." There is a strange joy and pleasure in men in discovering evils in other men, especially if they are men of higher standing. I fear this is too universal. I know not why it should be so, but there is a certain secret joy that men experience in seeing that men are not so good as they pretend to be. But the very type and ideal of Christian feeling, as represented by the Apostle, is to inspire in our souls sorrow and regret, and a desire to help them out. There is a class of men who are proud of what they call "a penetrating eye" which is nothing more than a censorious spirit. Their blaming and croaking passes for discrimination, but it is fault finding. They never pity, sympathize or allow for anything. They never bear any body's burdens.

Then there is a class who live an ideal life; whose ideal is, especially those who love refinement, that the cords will relax that bind them to the struggling mass of men, and let them up into serene heights of science and luxury, when they shall find an aesthetic life, and when butterfly wings shall fan them with sweet odors, and life shall exude amid the serene pleasures of self-contemplation and admiration. But the man who goes away from his fellow man goes away from Jesus. There are some who seem to propose to themselves an artistic harmonization of all their powers to carry themselves in life with a balance—a method that shall be according to the finest conception of beauty. Beauty is their God. Their highest idea of doing good to men is to do them no harm. They think it quite harmless to keep all their powers for themselves and give all the world to go by. It is a sad thing for men to live among men and not know their duty under the law of love. O! how solemn the thought, that when they shall go through the final scene, shall die and emerge before Christ; then, at a moment, the true idea of the purpose of life shall flash upon them; they will turn back with anxious thoughts and memories to see what they have done. Then, when all their life shall stand up before them, in that hour of trial and judgment, they will see that the great power and purpose of life was self, while the eyes that they assembled host will rest on them, and the pressure of souls will be upon them. But if they would take the rich gifts that God has bestowed upon them, and scatter them among those desponding; if they would take their hearts of cheer and go down in to the places where men die for music

Selections.

THE METHODIST MINISTERS.
ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS TAKEN FROM SPRAGUE'S BOOK ON THE AMERICAN METHODIST PULPIT.
JOSEPH FRYE AND GEN. JACKSON.
Joseph Frye was a large man, nearly six feet in height, with a strong and muscular frame, rather round shoulders, and a little inclined to stoop. He had a finely formed face, a brilliant eye, that served to illuminate his whole expression, light complexion and brown hair; and his general appearance was much more ordinarily attractive. His manners, which were a mixture of the gentlemanly and the soldierly, were genial and amiable, and sufficiently cultivated to render him acceptable to the most polished circles. His intellect was decidedly above the common order; it had been improved not only by a collegiate education, but by a diligent use of such opportunities as were within his reach.

I cannot forbear here to relate an incident, illustrative of his remarkable power in this regard, which I was myself a witness to—it occurred in the Foundry Church in Washington, while the Baltimore Conference was in session, and during the administration of Gen. Jackson. Joseph Frye was the preacher, and the General was one of his audience. The discourse was founded on the incident in the evangelical history, touching the Syrophenician woman. He threw himself into his subject—itself one of great beauty and tenderness—with such deep feeling and mighty power, that the effect was quite irresistible. The President sat so near me that I was able to watch the movements of his great and susceptible heart, as the preacher advanced; and it really seemed as if the old man's spirit were stirred to its lowest depths. The tears ran down his face like a river; and indeed, in this respect, he only showed himself like every body around him. When the services were closed, he moved up towards the altar with his usual air of dignity and earnestness, and requested an introduction to the preacher. Mr. Frye stepped down to receive the hand of the illustrious Chief Magistrate; and the General, instead of merely giving him his hand, threw his arms around his neck, and in no measured terms of gratitude and admiration, thanked him for his excellent discourse. The next day, an invitation came to the whole Conference to pay a visit to the White House, and the General was gratefully accepted, and the General received the members in the most respectful and cordial manner. After passing a very pleasant hour with him, they were about to retire, when he proposed that they should not separate without devotional exercises. They first sang, and then one of the Conference led in prayer. The General fell upon his knees with the rest, and the prayer leader a somewhat lively Amen at the close of almost every sentence. It was a scene which none who witnessed it would be likely to forget.—*A. G. Smith.*

GEORGE DOUGHERTY.
I refer to an incident that was unrecalled to me by the Rev. Dr. Flint, of Charleston, S. C.,—himself one of the most eloquent men in the Presbyterian Church. He stated that, in the early part of his ministry, he was carrying forward, in a country church, a very interesting protracted meeting. Many were inquiring what they must do to be saved. The meeting had reached a critical point. The Doctor was nearly exhausted by continuous labor, had no one to assist him, and knew not what time to turn. At this stage of affairs, Dougherty was passing through that region, and, hearing that Flint was in need of help, made it in his way to call upon him, and tender him his services for a short time. His manner seemed so courteous, and his spirit so gentle, that Flint could not but be impressed in his favor; but, when he looked upon his lean and awkwardly built person, and mean apparel, and unpromising visage, he had many scruples about suffering him to preach; especially as his people were at best a little fastidious, and a weak or ill-timed baroque, just then, might seriously jeopard the interesting state of things in his congregation. But he felt that ministerial civility demanded that he should accept the proffered aid; and he did so; secretly, however, regretting the necessity that seemed to be laid upon him. When the hour came, the Doctor conducted him into the pulpit, and then took a seat in a distant part of the church, fearing and rather expecting that his Methodist brother would make a grievous failure. Mr. Dougherty commenced the service by reading a hymn, in a style of great impressiveness. Then followed a prayer rich in evangelical thought, and altogether pertinent to the occasion. But the sermon was yet to come; and notwithstanding the excellent introductory services, he was not relieved altogether from his anxiety concerning the residue; especially as the text that was announced required the skill of a master-workman. The Doctor said that he actually turned his eyes downward to the floor, that he might not see the ungodly form that rose up in the pulpit before him. The preacher

THE PRAIRIE PREACHER.

I was lately travelling on one of the great railroads of the West, when I discovered near me a minister of the Gospel whom I had seen before. I spoke to him, and took a seat near him. I found he had seen service and done service in the cause of Christ. I had heard as much before. At length I started him on the subject of missionary life on the Western prairies. Here I found him quite at home. I drew from him the following narrative of one of his tours. He said:

"In the summer of 1841 I was at a camp meeting in Indiana, where I made the acquaintance of a Methodist preacher. He was a man of a noble and generous heart, and all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ. He told me of an aged Presbyterian lady, living over in the State of Illinois, where he frequently preached and proposed that I, a Presbyterian, should fill his next appointment there. I gladly accepted his fraternal offer, especially in the hope of seeing some of the dispersed people of God, and particularly this mother in Israel.

In about three weeks I reached the house of the brother who so kindly invited to visit, was, if I should follow the river, 20 miles, but in a straight line across the prairie it was but 14 miles. I determined to go the shortest way I could, directly across the unbroken prairie, guided the whole way by a little clump of trees, visible from every eminence on the line. But there were three sloughs on the way. I was assured that I need not fear them, however. The first one was easily passed. The second was near the middle of the prairie. I did not like its looks. My want of experience in such matters increased my fears and left me without confidence. When I got to the channel of the slough I found it from four to six feet wide. I pushed my horse in, intending to make a bridge of him, so that I could reach the other side. At first he sunk pretty deeply; but when my weight was added, he was nearly covered in mud and water. I sprang over his head, reached the other side, exclaiming: 'What shall I do?' If I should go for help I knew he would either be drowned, or out and gone before I could return. I took the best position I could to help him. I gave him the word. He made a spring or two, and was again on dry ground. I felt my gratitude warm. I knelt down and gave thanks to God. By this time the weather was foul. It was cold and wet. The third slough I passed without difficulty. I soon reached the settlement on that side of the river. Here I met a reception 'as cold as charity.' On going to the house to the proprietor absent, and a young doctor at the house knew of no christians near at hand. At another house I learned that the old lady, whom I specially desired to visit, was just across the river. In finding my horse fed and plunged me into the water. As I waded out I remembered I laughed heartily at my plight. Ere long, however, I came in sight of an 'improvement,' as the people called it. There was on it a neat little cabin, whitewashed and inviting. Passing through the gate I knocked, and a very pleasant old lady, between sixty and seventy years of age, plainly but tidily attired, came to the door. I extended my hand, saying: 'I am a Presbyterian minister; I have come to find you out and to preach the Gospel to you.' In a life, by no means uneventful, I have seldom, if ever, seen such tokens of gladness. A mother could not have been more overjoyed at the return of her long absent son. True love is ingenious. It was so at this house. This old lady, with a maiden daughter, had come to the wilderness to make glad the home of sons and brothers. Almost the first question was: 'Have you been to dinner?' I answered in the negative, and away went the daughter to make ready the best that could be had. But I was wet and muddy, and had no change of clothing except undergarments. The old lady, perceiving my condition, said: 'You are about as large as my son — He has a Sunday suit; put on that, and I will dry yours.' Of course I agreed, and at once withdrew to a small shed-room, and soon appeared in the said Sunday suit. My father was a gentleman of the old school. He wore ruffled shirts and fair-topped boots. My mother, too, had taught me to be very nice. Here I was, for the first time in my life, in a dress of Kentucky jeans of the eminently clerical color made by an infusion of black walnut bark. The parlors had been out when the fashion had required great width just below the waistband, and exceedingly plaited so as to get in all the cloth; but at the ankle, my figure was, in my own eyes, grotesque. But what of all that? The good mother was renovating my own suit. A supper, my dinner was soon on hand. I was in the bosom of a kind, intelligent christian family. We blessed God for the meeting. We talked about other times, and scenes, and places. I was a happy man. Soon I was asked if I would preach the next day (Saturday) on this side of the river. My answer was: 'Of course, I never refuse.' The neighbors were summoned, and I preached according to appointment. On

THE DREAD OF DYING.

The pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease; for when life elicits sensibility declines, as death is the final extinction of corporeal feelings, no numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding, softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what might be seen in those lofty mountains, whose sides exhibiting every climate in regular gradation, vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow, till its feeble manifestation is repressed by the cold. The spiritual sense, however, is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognizance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than to die.

"If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said the niece of Newton Olney, "it is a pleasant thing to die!" "The very expression," adds her uncle, "which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago." The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable." "I thought that dying had been more difficult," said Louis XIV. "I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all. They expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the pleasured enjoyment. The day Arthur Murphy died he kept repeating from Pope: "Tough't half by reason, half by mere decay, To welcome death, and calmly pass away."

Such was the narrative of my friend. Is it not full of interest and of instruction?—*N. Y. Observer.*

"HOW VERY UGLY I AM."
Our entertaining friend, the missionary traveler, Dr. Livingston, tells us that the tribe of the Makololos have somewhat the same ideas with ourselves what constitutes comeliness. The women, in particular, often come and asked for the looking-glass, and he says that the remarks which they made, while he was engaged in reading, and apparently attending to them, were very amusing and ridiculous.

On first seeing themselves in a glass, they would say, "Is that me?" "What a big mouth I have!" "My ears are as big as a pumpkin-leaf!" "I have no chin at all!" "See how my head shoots up in the middle!" laughing heartily all the time at their own jokes.

One man came alone, to have a quiet gaze at his own features once, when he thought the doctor was asleep.

After twisting his mouth about in various directions, he said to himself, "People say I am ugly; and how very ugly I am!"

We must not forget, however, that this looking into the glass is rather a dangerous thing, especially if people are not quite so ugly as our black friend. It would probably do him no harm; but we think we know some young people who would be all the more agreeable, and the more hopeful characters, too, if they did not so often look into the glass.

There is, however, one glass into which they cannot look too often—the word of the Lord. (James i. 23-25.) The more they look therein, the more clearly will they detect their defects and perceive their sinfulness; and this will tend to keep them humble, and to make them useful characters.

When you look at yourself in this glass, you will not see your face, but your heart. It matters very little whether you are homely or ugly, like this African; but is the heart clean by the blood of Jesus and the Spirit of the Lord? Do you know the reason why many young persons, as well as older ones, do not like to read and study God's word? Because it shows how ugly their hearts are.

Let us ask the Lord, who can change the hearts of all, to make us and the poor heathen clean and beautiful through the blood of our Saviour.—*Miss. Mag.*

AMERICAN INVENTIONS.

The Scientific American, in giving a list of American inventions and improvements recently patented in England, mentions it as a matter for national pride that foreigners are recognizing to greater and greater extent the value of American inventions. It says: "The hard crust of English prejudice has been pretty effectually broken up by the reaping machine, the revolver, and the sewing machine, and there is a constantly increasing disposition to adopt inventions which are really good, even though they come from the United States."

Augustine said, and Wickliffe approved the saying: "As oft as the song liketh me more than doth the sentence sung, so oft I confess that I sin grievously."

Whenever the speech is corrupted, so is the mind.

ONE KIND ACT.
When Mary and I were married we were young and foolish, for we had nothing to be married with; but Mary was delicate and I thought I could take care of her best. I knew I had a strong arm, and a brave heart to depend upon. We rented a chamber and went to housekeeping.—We got together a little furniture, a table, bedstead, dishes; but our money failed us before we bought the chairs. I told Mary she must turn up a tub; for I could not run in debt. No, no. It was not long before our rich neighbor, Mrs. M., found us out, and kindly enough she supplied us; half a dozen chairs were added to our stock. They were old ones, to be sure, but answered just as well for us. I shall never forget the new face these chairs put upon our quarters; they never looked just right before. The tables are turned with Mrs. M. and me now. She has turned a poor widow, "but she shall never want while I have anything, never!" cried the old man with a beaming face. "I don't forget those old chairs."

Ah, now the secret was out. It was the interest of the old chairs which maintained the poor widow. She was living on the interest of a little friendly aid done years before, and it sufficed for herself and her daughter.

How beautiful it is to see how God blesses the operation of his great moral law, "Love thy neighbor;" and we should often see it could we look into the hidden paths of life, and find that it is not self-interest, not riches, not fame that binds heart to heart. The simple power of a friendly act can do far more than the interest of the friendly acts, the neighborly kindness, the Christian sympathy of one toward another, which rob wealth of its power to curse, extract the bitter from sorrow, and open wells of gladness in desolate homes. We do not always see the golden links shining in the chain of human events; but they are there, and happy it is who feels their gentle but irresistible influence.—*Mechant's Lodge.*

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

When Peter, as is well remarked by Dr. Bushnell, ran ahead with his characteristic impetuosity to the sepulchre, he was little aware that he was leading John; nor was John aware as he followed him more slowly, afterwards, however, through his own marked thought perseverance, to be foremost at his Master's tomb, that at the outset, at least, was following Peter. So, on the other hand, when the apostles lay bound in the prison at Philippi and sang to themselves songs of the Lord, they were not aware that the prisoners around them listened, and that this, their own unconscious comfort and edification, was to be means of salvation to many.

Yet so it is; and so it is, also, that many a sin of which the careless may be guilty, may be an act of mere negligence, even of the Christian professor, may be the means of dragging others to their ruin.

"I heard him talk lightly about the sacraments of our Lord," says the soul thus driven off; or, "I saw him when others were wending their way to the prayer meeting or lecture, turn his feet away; I observed in him this lightness as to truth, or the carelessness as to many matters;" and from the one or the other of these accents, the observer draws an inference as to the slight hold religion is capable of taking on the character of those who are subject to it. On the other hand, the exclamation is uncommon, "Such a one, by her meek and quiet though undemonstrated confession, was, under God, the cause of saving my soul. Not a word was said; but the very unobtrusiveness of that meekness was the reason why I was led to inquire into the religion which produced it."

Two features about this unintentional influence may be noticed here. The first is, that it is the most effective moral power we can each of us wield. Influence which we set about to exert upon others always recoils on ourselves. The professed eleventh-century is crushed by the rebound. Observe any one who attempts in society to influence others, and remark how quickly the attempt is discovered and resented—how cheaply he is held by those on whom he operates, and how soon oblivion passes over him as he moves out of action.—On the other hand, it is impossible to measure the extent of that involuntary power which a pure and true man exerts upon those around him. He may have nothing to do with getting votes, or making speeches—he may be professedly indifferent as to popularity—he may almost stand alone in his time—but this very isolation and independence serve but to augment his power. It is not our *promissed* but our *unpromissed* action on others that forms our greatest social strength.

One other point may be observed with regard to this agency, and that is, that it is involuntary. Every man exerts it, whether he will or not. It is a sovereignty which cannot be abdicated. No man can say—"I am innocent, because I made no *conscious* attempts to mislead others." It was your *unconscious* influence that was the greatest power given to you, and that, by your levity, your coldness, your inconsistency, your dishonesty, you used against the truth.

When Mary and I were married we were young and foolish, for we had nothing to be married with; but Mary was delicate and I thought I could take care of her best. I knew I had a strong arm, and a brave heart to depend upon. We rented a chamber and went to housekeeping.—We got together a little furniture, a table, bedstead, dishes; but our money failed us before we bought the chairs. I told Mary she must turn up a tub; for I could not run in debt. No, no. It was not long before our rich neighbor, Mrs. M., found us out, and kindly enough she supplied us; half a dozen chairs were added to our stock. They were old ones, to be sure, but answered just as well for us. I shall never forget the new face these chairs put upon our quarters; they never looked just right before. The tables are turned with Mrs. M. and me now. She has turned a poor widow, "but she shall never want while I have anything, never!" cried the old man with a beaming face. "I don't forget those old chairs."

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS.

We may die, said the celebrated Wesley, without the knowledge of many truths, but if we die without love, what will knowledge avail? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels. I will not quarrel with you about any opinion. Only see that your hearts be right toward God.—That you love your neighbor, and walk as your Master walked; and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions. I am weary to hear them. My soul heathens their foetid food. Give me solid and substantial religion—give me a humble, gentle lover of God and man; a man full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy; a man laying himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with those Christians, whosoever they are, and whatsoever opinion they are of. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

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LOVE, NOT HATE.

The Baltimore American gently rebukes a contemporary who expressed a desire to see some evil men "hated out of the neighborhood," and proceeds to deliver a very excellent sermon on the beauties of Charity, and the necessity for its exercise towards the erring, from which we make the following feeling extract:

There never was a man yet reclaimed from evil by hate. There never was a man yet saved by love. Criminals long hardened by vice have been known to exhibit feeling for the first time when thoroughly convinced that they were regarded with kindness by others, and from the rough and ragged crevices of their granite natures flowers of purity and joy have peeped forth to greet the sunlight of affection. "God is Love" is the secret of all human and celestial happiness. That great and beautiful truth is proclaimed in every star that twinkles in the blue sky; in every rose that perfumes the air with its fragrance; in the joyous laugh of the cradled child; in the morning light crimsoning the drapery of his couch, and in the swelling chant of the mighty archangel as he bathes his pinions in a flood of golden radiance from the Sun of Righteousness. And it will become those who would "hate" men out of society to reflect where all mankind would be if Eternal Love instead of Eternal Hate ruled the councils of the Ages.

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