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TERMS.

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Original.

DEAR WOOD FROM COBB CREEK,
BY REV. TERRY EVERSHAW.

THE WRITER'S VIEW.

I have a mind to employ a column or two of our Advocate now and then, as a medium of communication with those of our readers who should weekly peruse its contributions to a sacred literature. If I should do so, I shall write upon such subjects as may occur to me at the time of literary recreation, or I may follow an article upon some thesis which "abstracting" may have engaged my attention upon which I may have quickly cogitated. At any rate, I shall write nothing so dull as the peculiar vein I am in for the time, and may perchance be dull, tho' I shall essay to be entertaining and edifying. But reader, if I should really be dull, believe me, that like the great "Wizard of the North," I have a reason for this, and a ready way to get rid of it. I shall be glad to hear from you, and to receive your criticisms, and to be assured that you are not so far from the house at which I have liberally entertained you, and I will try and present you with a few specimens of "Drift Wood," which if not as beautiful as that which may be gathered from the streams of other lands, shall yet probably possess some of the virtues of the pines of our own well-beloved and well-blest State,—that of usefulness. So gentle and courteous reader, having accompanied me thus far in the beginning of this series of my labors, give your consent to follow me through each successive number, and when I shall have been a while, perchance you will have been so gratified by the extension, that with quiet Nick Bottom, the weaver, you will be ready to say to me at parting, "I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb."

A FEW WORDS FOR "OUR" ADVOCATE.

The resurrection of the North Carolina Christian Advocate is certainly a cause for gratulation and thanksgiving among the friends of Methodism in this State. As a member and minister of the Church, I deeply regretted its untimely demise, as I now greatly rejoice in its restoration to life. I pray to Almighty God that it may survive through many coming decades, and continue to be a source of knowledge and pleasure to thousands! May it be a messenger of peace and may the light which it bears be the light of truth! All this will be I have no doubt, under the management of its present editor. And now, dear friends, whilst he labors faithfully and indefatigably to furnish you with a most entertaining and instructive weekly visitant, will you not labor to open to him an entrance to many households to which hitherto he has had no access? If you are a true Methodist you will feel interested in the success of the only literary enterprise which your Church has inaugurated in this State. If you cherish a becoming pride, you will be glad to see the only exponent of Methodist intellect, and the only defender of Methodist doctrine and usages in North Carolina, placed upon a foundation so secure and stable, as to defy accident or failure. This end so devoutly to be wished can only be accomplished through the active and unremitting exertions of its friends. A failure on your part to exert your individual influence in its behalf may result in the loss of such a meritorious and moral support; for scores of subscribers may be lost that otherwise might have been secured. Then I beg you to make an earnest and persistent effort to obtain at least a dozen paying subscribers. Until you have made an honest effort in its behalf you will not know how much you can accomplish in the furtherance of its success. The writer of this earnestly worked for some weeks, and his labors were rewarded with far greater success than was ever anticipated by him. This leads me to inquire if our preachers— itinerant and local—in the Conference have done their duty in regard to our organ? I was at one time disposed to believe that the laymen were greatly culpable for their indifference towards the "Advocate." But lately I have concluded, that where the "circuit preacher" displays a becoming activity in its behalf, the paper will be liberally and generally supported. If you present its claims once and your success should not be commensurate with your expectations, then emulate the example of the Kentuckian—"pick your flint and try again." Where this is done your perseverance will usually be rewarded. Allow me to say, that in canvassing for the "Advocate," I not only exerted all the influence I possessed, but I endeavored to secure the influence of others. In this I was quite successful, and I have already sent some twenty names to

the Editor (with the money) that were obtained by kind friends who at my request exerted themselves in its behalf. Then friends and brethren, let us put our united shoulders to the wheels of "our Advocate," and give them such an impetus that they will continue to run with undiminished velocity and smoothness for long years to come. Let us work diligently until a copy is taken by every Methodist family; nor let us cease our exertions until we have raised funds enough to send thousands of copies of our gallant North Carolina "boys," who have left the sweet associations and comforts of home, in defence of human right and human liberty, and who have stood through the winter's storms and snows, a living bulwark between our homes and dear ones, and the vengeful and implacable foe. That man who will not contribute to the comfort, whether physical or intellectual, of our gallant soldiery to the extent of his ability, is a shabby patriot; and that professing Christian, who possesses the power and will not employ it, to furnish spiritual food for our brave defenders is a dead fly in the ointment. And dear reader, as you value the reputation of the Methodist Church for intelligence and enterprise, let me allure you not only to subscribe yourself, but induce others, if possible, to become subscribers too. Are you willing to either before yourself or to have others believe that the Church of your affections is indifferent to the claims of a sanctified literature? Are you willing to submit to the taunt, that the Methodist Church in North Carolina is utterly unable to support a representative paper, though it greatly surpasses every other denomination in numerical strength? Are you aware of the fact, that according to the statistics of the different churches, our own nearly or quite equalled in numbers the other three leading denominations? Such, according to my recollection, is the fact. Now these denominations have each a flourishing paper which is exponential of their intellectual status and doctrinal peculiarities. In spite of these sad "disjointed times" these papers have been successful, because their respective friends appreciated their utility and excellence and labored for their sustenance and prosperity. Will you do less? Will you submit to the unpleasant thought that you are a member of a Church which has not intelligence and liberality enough to sustain a paper? Shall it be said that the Methodist Church in North Carolina, numbering three years ago some 74,000 members, is not equal to the task of supporting well one religious journal? I sincerely hope not. I devoutly pray not. Go to work, then, immediately for the Advocate. Secure all the subscribers you may be able, and be sure to raise all the funds you can to send the "Advocate" to the soldiers. Remember that it takes a good deal of oil during these days of speculation mania and monetary inflation to keep the machinery of a newspaper well lubricated. Then go to work now for you cannot reclaim lost opportunities nor recall lost moments. "One good deed dying tongueless, slays a thousand waiting on it." *Verh. sap.*
April 3d, 1863.

From the Army.

The following letter from a soldier in the army to his brother in Wilmington, will be read with interest:

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., March 7, '63.
My Dear Brother: Yours of the 25th ult. was received on yesterday evening as I returned from Church.

Yes indeed, I would be thankful that I could be with you in your class and prayer-meetings, that we could rejoice and be together in worshipping our great Redeemer. But as this privilege is yet denied us, let us be thankful that we are so situated that we have the glorious privilege yet extended to us, to worship our Heavenly Father through the intercessions of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, while we are yet on earth. May all praise be given Him who holds our destinies within his own hands.

We have here, great reason to be thankful that we are so well situated and have His holy influence operating with us. Our meeting is still going on, and many have found the Lord Jesus precious to their never-dying souls. The meeting has been protracted three weeks to day. Some seventy odd have joined our Association, or Camp Church, and I presume there have been about as many conversions, and, thank the Lord, the Church is warm in its devotions to Almighty God.

Yesterday we kept as a day of fasting and prayer for the prosperity of our nation—our Confederate States. The President has set apart the 27th inst. for a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, which we should all observe, and pray for our prosperity as a nation and an early peace.

Our meetings were first held in the Methodist E. Church, for more than two weeks, but the Church would not accommodate more than six hundred or eight hundred persons, it being so much crowded, and many were compelled to return to their quarters for the want of a seat in the Church. From thence we removed to the Episcopal Church, which is much larger, and will accommodate one thousand persons. At night, it is also much thronged with anxious listeners. I never witnessed a more eager assembly to hear the word of God and His divine truths explained in all my life; and thank the Lord, that spirit is manifesting itself and continues from day to day. The Lord is with us, and I do his work, and I earnestly pray that

our revival may be kept up so long as we remain in Fredericksburg—aye, even through life. May it spread from Brigade to Brigade, from Division to Division, from Corps to Corps, and throughout our Army and Confederacy, till thousands and hundreds of thousands may find Jesus in the pardon of their sins. To this end, let us all who profess the name of Christ, pray continually for the conversion of every dying soul and the restoration of peace, and prosperity of the Church of Christ and our Confederacy.

For nearly two weeks, we had the Rev. Dr. Stiles to preach for us—a most eminent and able Divine. He became much exhausted and was compelled to leave us. But the Lord did not leave us forsake us. Brothers—and—I do not recollect their names, but two others—have come to the help of the Lord; and also Bro. Pettigrew has returned from home—a Baptist preacher who belongs to our Regiment (13th Mississippi), and was wounded in the battle of Sharpsburg. So we have plenty of help at present, and I trust the work will continue to prosper.

I must hasten to close my letter. I write this while on guard. I will be relieved at 10 o'clock this morning in time to attend the Bible Class. I noticed in the *Christian Observer* that there was at Goldsboro', N. C., a revival going on. Oh! pray that it may spread throughout our entire Army.

The clock has just struck ten; good bye. We are yet at Fredericksburg.

A SOLDIER IN THE 13TH MISS REG.

Selections.

Gen. Jackson's Conversion.

Mr. Parton, in his life of Gen. Andrew Jackson, gives the following account of his religious convictions after retiring from public life.

His wife (says his biographer) strove unceasingly to turn his thoughts to those subjects in which alone she found comfort, which alone she thought important. She warned him not to be dazzled, nor deluded by his popularity; of which her good sense as a woman, no less than her opinion as a Christian, taught her the emptiness. One Sunday morning, a communion Sunday, in 1826, or 1827, as they were walking towards the little Hermitage church, she besought him to daily no longer with his sense of duty, that then and there—that very year in their own little church, to renounce the world and all its pomps and vanities, and partake of the communion with her. He answered, "My dear, if I were to do that now, it would be said, all over the country, that I had done it for the sake of political effect. I cannot do it now, but I promise you that when once more I am clear of politics, I will join the church."

It was not till 1843, a few years after he had retired from public life, that his promise was fulfilled. His mind was deeply impressed by a sermon of Rev. Dr. Edgar, of Nashville, during a meeting held in the church on the Hermitage farm. After the service was over, Gen. Jackson went into his carriage and was returning homeward. When Dr. Edgar overtook him he expressed a desire to speak with him. Both alighted, and the General led the way into a grove near by.

"Doctor," said the General, "I want you to come home with me to-night."

"I cannot to-night," was the reply, "I am engaged elsewhere."

"Doctor," repeated the General, "I want you to come home with me to-night." Dr. Edgar informed him that he had promised to visit that evening a sick lady, and he felt bound to keep his promise.—The General did not seem to have heard the reply, and said more pleadingly than before:

"Doctor, I want you to come home with me to-night."

"General Jackson, my word is pledged. I cannot break it; but I will be at the Hermitage to-morrow morning very early."

With this understanding the anxious chief went home alone. He retired to his room, and passed the evening and a greater part of the night in reading, meditation and prayer. He was deeply distressed.—Late at night, when his daughter left him, he was still agitated and sorrowful. As the day was breaking, light seemed to dawn upon his troubled soul, and a great peace fell upon him.

To Dr. Edgar, who came to him soon after sunrise, he told the joyful history of the night, and expressed a desire to be admitted into the church with his daughter the morning. The usual questions respecting doctrine and experience were satisfactorily answered by the candidate. Then there was a pause in the conversation. The clergyman at length said:

"General, there is one more question which it is my duty to ask you. Can you forgive all your enemies?"

The question was evidently unexpected, and the General was silent for a while.

"My political enemies," said he, "I can freely forgive; but as for those who abused me when I was serving my country in the field, and those who attacked me for serving my country—Doctor that is a different case."

he thought he could forgive all who had injured him, even those who had assailed him for what he had done for his country in the field. Upon this profession he was admitted to the communion of the church, to the great joy of all who witnessed the scene now to be described.

The Hermitage church was crowded to its utmost capacity; the very windows were darkened with the eager faces of the servants. After the usual services, the General rose to make the required public declaration of his faith. He leaned heavily upon his stick with both his hands; tears rolled down his cheeks. His daughter stood beside him. Amid silence the most profound he answered the questions proposed to him. When he was formally pronounced a member of the church, and the clergyman was about to continue the services the long restrained feelings of the congregation burst forth into sobs which compelled him to pause for several minutes. A familiar hymn was raised in which the entire assembly, within and without, joined with a fervor which at once expressed and relieved their feelings.

From this time to the end of his life, Gen. Jackson spent most of his leisure hours in reading the Bible, biblical commentaries, and the hymn book, which last he always pronounced in the old-fashioned way, *hymn book*. Scott's Commentary was his favorite work. He read it through twice before he died, and maintained family worship daily.

The Gospel enlightening the Soul.

When Witsius had unfolded the scheme of saving mercy, the dogmatic, polemic, logical frosts that chill, through his work "On the Covenants," melted away, and he kindled into impassioned strains:

These are the tremendous mysteries of our religion, "which were kept secret since the world began, but are now made manifest, and by the Scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations for the obedience of faith." From hence the divinity of the Christian religion appears with evidence. What penetration of men or angels was capable of devising things so mysterious, so sublime, and so far surpassing the capacity of all created beings? How adorable do the wisdom, justice, holiness, truth, goodness, and philanthropy of God display themselves in contriving, giving, and perfecting this means of our salvation? How calmly does consistency pervade the whole system of his sin, acquiesce in such a Surety, and in such a suretyship; here at length observing a method of our reconciliation, both worthy of God and safe for man?—Who, on contemplating these things in the light of the Spirit, would not break out into the praises of the most holy, the most righteous, the most true, the most gracious, and the most high God? O! the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of God! O, the mysteries "which angels desire to look into!" Glory to the Father who raised up, accepted, and gave us such a Surety! Glory to the Son, who clothing himself in human flesh, so willingly, so patiently, and so constantly performed such an engagement for us. Glory to the Holy Spirit, the revealer, the witness, and the earnest of so great happiness for us. All hail! Oh, Christ Jesus, true and eternal God, and true and holy man, both in one, who retainest the properties of both natures in the unity of thy person. Thee we acknowledge, thee we worship, to thee we betake ourselves, at thy feet we fall down, from thy hand alone we look for salvation. Thou art the only Saviour. We desire to be thy peculiar property, we are so by thy grace, and shall remain such forever. Let the whole world of thine elect, with us, know, acknowledge, and adore thee, and thus at length be saved by thee. This is the sum of our faith, of our hope, and of all our wishes. Amen.

Never be at a Loss.

If you are beset by perils from which there are no visible means or hopes of deliverance, all your distress and fear may be embodied in the cry of the sinking Peter—"Lord, save me!"

If you are utterly embarrassed and perplexed, that one petition of Saul will invoke light on your path from the source of all light—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

If you are overwhelmed with a sense of sin so as scarcely to dare to lift your eyes toward heaven, or venture on a direct address to a holy God, there is the prayer of the publican at hand for you—"God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

If you desire inward renovation, profound, complete spiritual transformation rather, the prayer of David expresses that wish in its full and perfect form—"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!"

If you desire illumination in the deep things of God, derive a prayer from the intercession of Paul, Eph. iii: 14, to the end. How the soul unfolds its wings in the vastness of that supplication, culminating and resting in a rapturous act of adoration!

If your heart is burdened with anxiety for some beloved one still destitute of grace there is the fervid intercession of Abraham—"O that Ishmael might live before thee!" Substitute the name which your affection prompts, and the intercession of the Father of the faithful becomes your own.

If material wants press you, the modest petition of Agur (which was also a "prophesy")—Prov. xxx.—as every believing prayer is) will express the easily contented desires of a holy mind—"Feed me with food convenient for me."

"I adore," said Tertullian, "the fullness of Scripture" (*adoro plenitudinem Scripturæ*). And in no respect is this Divine *fulfillment* more admirably displayed than in the variety of its petitions. They express every emotion of a sinful and suffering soul struggling backward and upward to God from the sin and misery of this fallen world. And then, what particularly commends these petitions to our use, is that they were inspired prayers.—they were uttered by "holy men of God who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." And of nearly three hundred of them recorded in Scripture, all but some five or six were answered by the actual granting of the petition—and all, without exception, procured blessings such as God alone can give.

Quench not the Spirit.

"I was once called," says a venerable clergyman, "to visit a young lady who was said to be in *despair*. She had at some time previous been serious, and it was hoped set her face Zionward. In an evil hour, some of her associates, gay, pleasure loving young ladies, called on her to accompany them to a ball. She refused to go. The occasion, the company, the parade, the gayety, were all utterly dissonant with her present feelings. With characteristic levity and thoughtlessness, they urged her, ridiculed her Methodism, railed at the cant and hypocrisy of her spiritual guides, and finally so far prevailed, that with a desperate effort to shake off her convictions and regain her former carnal security, she exclaimed, 'Well, I will go, though I am damned for it.' The blessed Spirit immediately withdrew her influences, and instead of the anxious sigh and longing desire to be free from the body of sin and of death, succeeded by turns the calmness and the horrors of despair. The wretched victim knew that the Spirit had taken his final leave. No computations for sin, no tears of penitence, no inquiries after God, no eager seeking of the place where Christians love to meet, now occupied the tedious hours. Instead of the bloom and freshness of health, came the paleness and haggardness of decay. The wan and sunken cheek, the ghastly and glaring eye, the emaciated limb, the sure precursors of approaching dissolution, were there. The caresses of friends, the suggestions of affection, all were unheeded.—The consolations of piety, the last resource of the miserable, were to her but the bitterness of death. When I entered the room and beheld her pale and emaciated, and reflected that the ravages of her form without but faintly shadowed forth the wreck and desolation within, I was almost overpowered. Never had I conceived so vivid an idea of the woe and misery of those who have quenched the Spirit.

I proposed prayer. The word threw her into agony. She utterly refused. No entreaties of friends, no arguments drawn from the love of God, or from the fullness and freedom of atoning blood, could prevail to shake her resolution. I left her without being able to find a single avenue to her heart, or to dart one ray of comfort into that dark bosom which, to all human view, was soon to be enveloped in the blackness of darkness for ever. Never shall I forget the expression of that ghastly countenance, the tones of that despairing voice. The impression is as vivid as though it had been yesterday. O that all the young, gay, thoughtless ones, who stifle the convictions of conscience and repress the rising sigh, who dance along on the brink of utter reprobation and despair, would read and lay to heart the warning which the last hours and death of this young lady are calculated so forcibly to make."—*Dr. Scudder, Ceylon.*

Who does not see in what God has done for the Church, that her members ought to think much of their welfare, bear her interests on their hearts, and labor and pray daily for her growth and extension. The true Church is the kingdom of God on earth—a kingdom destined to fill the world with the knowledge of His glory.—In promoting this great end, there is a combination of human instrumentalities with Divine power. Redeemed men are called to be co-workers with God. Their efficiency under God depends less on their numbers than on the spirit in which they enter upon His work. The service enjoined on them is too momentous to be neglected or overlooked amid the agitations and turmoil of war. The mountains may be torn from their foundations and carried into the midst of the sea, states and kingdoms may be overturned—but amid these convulsions they are to labor for a kingdom which cannot be shaken. And how are they to labor? How can they promote the growth and extension of that kingdom?

By continuing instant in prayer—and by cherishing and maintaining the spirit of evangelical piety—thus commending the Gospel to every man's conscience in the sight of God.—*Christian Observer.*

Who can be against us?

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"—*Romans viii: 31.*

The Christian has many enemies. Sin within him, the world around him, death before him, and Satan, who as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour—all are opposed to him. But sin is pardoned, the world is overcome by Jesus, death is stripped of its power, and Satan is in held chains. The Christian, therefore may ask, "If God is at peace with me, if God loves me, if God has promised never to leave me, if God has promised that as my day, so shall my strength be, who can be against me, or being against me, can injure me?" as Peter asks the question? "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" With God for us, What if the universe were against us? What can creatures do to injure him who is defended by the Creator? "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." If the Lord fight for us, our enemies must flee. If the Lord undertake to protect us, we must be safe. Let worlds assemble to oppose us, and still we may say, "There be more with us than with them. With them is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to fight for us." "Who can be against us?" If the Lord be with us—and he is with us—he will be for us. "Through our God we shall do valiantly; for he is that shall tread down our enemies." (Gracious God, give me faith in thy promise—in thy presence; help me to believe always and everywhere that thou art with me, that thou art for me; then shall I honor thee by my courage, confidence, and constancy.)

Prayer.

Prayer flourishes and grows in beauty like a flower in a state of domestic culture. It has a small beginning, but a bright consummation; it is cradled in the cloud, but crowned in the sun-beam. To accomplish it well, we have often to begin in ill, that is, as we can, in the midst of retardments and avocations; if not wholly, yet humbly; if not with the unction of divine grace, at least with a full feeling of human depravity; if not with the assurance of success, at least with the conviction of need; finding the strongest motives of prayer in the weakness of our efforts to pray.

Prayer thrives with repetition. All can try; all can ask; all can kneel; and most idle and dangerous it is to trust in anticipating grace, or to wait in expectation of gratuitous mercy, without putting forth such natural strength as we possess; in confessing inability and imploring succor. The holy wish, the sanctified wish, the steady purpose, are of God's free bounty to impart; but to do the act of prayer with humble endeavor; to do it with exemplary frequency; to do it with a sinner's concern for his soul, and to supplicate forgiveness, are simple things within the competency of miserable flesh; duties which humanity is a debtor to perform, and from which beginnings we mount on the promises of Scripture, to that high and holy hill, where our Maker will shed the dew of his blessing on all sincere supplicants.—*Roberts.*