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## TERMS.

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## Original.

Drift Wood from Cobb Creek. BY REV. TIMOTHY EVERSHAM.

THE PERTY OF A DATRICT COLDING. The subjoined remarks were introductory to a discourse preached at the faneral of a worthy gentleman and gallant soldier of Capt. Smith's Company, 45th Regiment N. C. Troops, who died after four days' illness in the hospital at Goldsboro', from the effects of vaccination.

It is a sad occasion which assembles us to day. A few short weeks ago, and one whom all or most of you knew as relative, friend, neighbor, or acquaintance, was with his accustomed health performing the active and exacting duties of the patriot soldier. But now he sleeps in a soldier's grave. The reveille shall no more sumpion him to daty, nor taitoe warn him to "After life's fitful fever he sleeps wall. 4 And although God did not require that his life should be offered up amid the firsh of guns and the wild roar of battle, yet his life was none the less sacrificed in the cause of human liberty and in defence ef our homes and our health-stones. If the rude clash of hestile arms had not been heard disturbing the sweet peace we had so long enjoyed, and if this cruel and us, and threatened with swift destruction

relentless war had not been waged against all that is dear to freemen, WILLIAM C. PAYLOR were doubtless now among the living. Now more than twelve months since, impressed with his responsibilities as a citizen and regarding it as his solemn duty, he entered the armies of his fatherland, to defend our common liberties so greatly engangered, and has given his own name to swell the long list of victims who have fallen in the citadel of our nation in vindication of outraged law, and of civil and religious freedom.

And oh, my hearers, what an immense debt of gratitude we owe to those citizens, who giving up the many comforts and the dear associations of home, have at their country's call laid aside the habiliments of the citizen and the implements of peace, and clothing their limbs in panoply of war, have firmly grasped the weapons of destruction and gone forth with conscious rectitude to suffer, and bleed, and die .-The memory of our friends and neighbors who have offered themselves upon the altar helocaust to freedom, should be always

tendern cherished by us. And whilst we sympathize with the bereaved, and mingle our tears in sorrow because of the huge sacrifice required, lot us resolutely and deliberately determine, that if need be, we will emulate their noble example, and in defence of the graves where our dear ones sleep; in defence of our ancestral homes; in defence of our hearth-stones, our wives, our children, and the altara which we have eracted to Almighty God, we will sleep too with those who have already perished for the priceless heritage

of our forefathers.

The character of our lamented friend is well known to this community. As a son, he was obedient and reverential; as a brother, he was kind and affectionate; as a friend, he was constant and sincere; as an associate he was pleasant and amiable; as an acquaintance he was sociable and urbane; and as a citizen he was honest and honorable in all his dealings with his fellow-men. Upon entering our patriot army, he was submissive to discipline and always at the post of duty. Said an officer of his company to me; " He was equal to any soldier we had. He never shirked any service-was always at his post, and sometimes performed duty when really physically incapacitated." But he is off duty now, and yet his services should not be forgotten. They may not be written in those historic pages in which, for the most part, the deeds of General officers will be recorded, but should nevertheless be inscribed in ineffaceable characters upon the tablet of memory-should be graven deep upon a nation's heart. Remember, my hearers, that wherever the true soldier dies, whether amid the hissing of shells and whizzing of bullets, or whether at home among dear relatives, or in the sad hospital-remember, that he dies for you; that he dies for personal liberty; for human right; for that which is just and good and sweeter far than life-the deliverance of the land of his birth from the iron heel of despotism and ruin and degradation. For such a soldier there should be woven a chaplet of glory and honor, and the recollection of his services should be never

The brief illness and untimely death of our friend, suggests most forcibly the transitoriness and uncertainty of human life, and reminds us that we too must sooner or later die. That this melancholy occasion may be improved for the benefit of the living, I have selected for our consid. his sleeves rolled up, and working to make cration these words recorded in Job 14: 1-2. I it come right.

forgotten.

Selections.

Simplicity of Truth.

I witnessed a short time ago, in one of our high courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth.

A little girl, nine years of age, was offored as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to understand if you know the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean;" was the simple answer. "There, your honor," said the counsel,

addressing the court, "is anything farther necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objections? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath." "Let us see," said the Judge, "come

here, my daughter." Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child stepped towards hier and looked confidently no in his face with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went strait to

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red bleed mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "No sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphom-

"I do not mean that," said the Judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"He handed her the Bible open. "Do you know that book, my daughter?" She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir-every evening." " Can you tell me what the Bible is?" "It is the word of the great God," she

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usu-

ally administered to witnesses. "Now," said the Judge, "you have what will befull you if you do not tell the

"I shall be shut up in the State prison."

answered the child. "Anything else?" asked the Julge.

"I shall never go to Heaven." "How do you know?" asked the Judge

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that," she said, "before I could real."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against

this man?" inquired the Judge. "Yes, sir," she replied; "my mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me into her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came here with father, she kissed me and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word

"Do you believe this?" asked the Judge, with a tear glistening in his eye and his lips quivering with emotion. "Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice

and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you my child," said the Judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued .-"Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth, as spoken by that child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony .--The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured a sham defence, but before her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy in pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that the mother had prayed for was given her, the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible I mean to the prisoner and his perjured associates) with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself .-Massac Mir. or.

Bad Luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good Luck is a man of plack, with

This expression is now upon every lip. . When the war is over" we are going to do thus and so. Isn't there danger here? Are we not finding in this formula a miserable excuse for not doing what ought to be done now? There is a wretched ten-dency in our nature to preciasticate-to put off till to morrow what we ought to do to-day. The slightest possible pretext exonerates our conscience, and we lapse back into self-complacency and lie contented, when every reasonable and religious conideration urges us to be up and doing .-Here we have an excuse which is palliated to the conscience, and we hedge ourselves about with it, in the spirit of a man who has a stronghold that cannot be reduced. When the war is over we will bend ourselves to our duty with tenfold energy .-When the war is over we will rise to the conformance of our various obligations, with new vigor and zeal. We can't do it too immense, the emergency is too fearful, we cannot think of anything now, but the war and its tremendous issues. True, we have no minister in our church, but we can't got one until the war is over, or if | God. we have one, we know it is difficult for him to support his family in these hard times, but we can't raise his salary until the war is over; we are making no contributions to the great benevolent operations of the church now, but we will deu-He our efforts when the war is over .-All our energies and resources are swallowed up in the great national and political crisis, which has come upon us, and we must wait; when the war is over we will correct all these evils and gird up our loins and work manfully for Christ and His kingdom. Many an individual, especially among our soldiers and officers, says, I know I am a sinner under the curse of God's law and exposed to His wrath, but I can't repent now, I am too much engrossed in the affairs of my country; the enemy must be defeated, the war must be ended, and when peace and independence are achieved, then I will repent and turn Alas, what infatuation! what blindness

and foliv! The divine command is to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." This is unconditional and absolute, no pressure of circumstances, individual or national, can excuse us from rally to the standard of our liberties and fight to the last man, and the last dollar for our country; but we must not forget Christ and Itis Kingdom. This is the first great object before us, and he best serves his country who best serves his God, and does most for His glory. Who can tell when the war will be over? and who does not know and feel that when it is over, we shall then be plunged into the very midst of overwhelming anxietics and absorbing interests? That will be the culmination of our national crisis. It will require all wisdom and patriotism properly to adjust our national affairs, and if the war should end to-morrow, it may be years before everything is settled and arranged as it ought to be. Let us not deceive ourselves, therefore, with this vain pretext. (led never develves upon us more duties than we can perform. while we ought to devote ourselves and all that we have to this great national struggle, let us not neglect the claims of God and the interests of His cause. The two things are by no means incompatible; the one will furthor the other. It will be no easier to discharge these duties when the war is over than it is now. If our church is without is too small, let us raise it now; if our Uhrist's kingdom have fallen behind hand. or ceased altogether, let us revive and redouble them now; and, dear reader, in the army or at home, if you are still in your sins and exposed to the wrath of God, we exhort you to repent and believe now, because "now," and not when the war is over, "is the day of salvation." You may not live to see the end of the war, though it should close next week, and if you do, you will find more difficulties and discouragements in the way then, than when you read these lines. " Behold, now

day of salvation." - Cor. So. Presbyterian. -True Eloquence.

is the accepted time; behold, now is the

Elequence is the child of knowledge. When a mind is full, like a wholesome river, it is also clear. Confusion and obscurity are much oftener the results of ignorance than of inefficiency. Few are the men who cannot express their meaning, when the occasion demands the energy; as the lowest will defend their lives with acuteness, and sometimes even with eloquence. They are masters of their subject. Knowledge must be gained by ourselves. Mankind may supply us with facts; but the results, even if they agree with previous ones, must be the work of our own mind. To make others feel, we must feel ourselves; and to feel ourselves, we must be natural,—D'Israeli.

Rightcousness of Christ. A writer of former days remarks, that "The gates of heaven fly open before the righteousness of Christ, as certainly as the door of Lydia's heart flew open under the hand of God's regenerating Spirit. By nature we are all weavers and spinners. We shut our eyes against the garment ready wrought; and like silk worms, we shall die and perish in our own web, if the Spirit of God does not unravel it for us, like straws on a fiver; they do not go, and lead us to the righteousness of Christ." but are carried.

Too Late. An impenitent sinner was recently brought into the near prospect of eternity, and the terrors of God's wrath tell upon him. His friends sent for a minister to come and counsel and pray with him; but though he sought carnestly to lead him to Jesus, it seemed of no avail. Every exhertation was met by the mournful plaint, "It is too late -- too late!" The minister spoke of the mercy of God, of his lengsuffering under provocation, and of his gracious assurance that he has "no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but rather that he turn from his way and live." A bitter group was the first response; and then, as a look of agony convulsed his features, he deliberately said: " My case is beyond all this. There

was a time when God's mercy might have reached me. In after life I often felt the need of religion, but I could not bear to give up the pleasure of sin, and I quieted now, the pressure is too great, the crisis is | my conscience by resolving to spend only a few years in sinful indulgences; then I thought I would marry, and promised my-self that when once settled down in life, I would without delay give my heart to

"At twenty-four I married, and then again conscience reminded me of my yow, and claimed its immediate fulfilment .-But I was too deeply intoxicated with the enp of earthly joys to listen to the faithful monitor, and I said, 'Go thy way for time also.'"

"Then affliction came, and I was brought to the very borders of the grave. In bitter agony I sought the merey-seat; and again I promised that, if spared, I would at once report and lead a new life. God's mercy spared me; but with returning health came renewed cares about my business and family, and the great business of life was again put off for a more convenient season. That season never came; serious thoughts and solemn resolutions have often visited me; God's messages of wrath and of mercy have been sounded in my ears, my broken vows have elamored loudly of my guilt, and again and again I have promised myself that to-morrow I would repent. Thus have I passed forty years of the most aggravated folly and guilt-God's mercies and judgmen's alike unregarded; and can you wonder that he now forsakes the wretch he has so long and so nationally beene with? He is just. My destruction is the work of my cwn hands, and I must reap the bitter fruit to all eternity. Lost, lost, lost! must for

ever be my wail." And thus he died, another fearful example of the danger of delay, and the vital importance of living in preparation to meet God.

Members of the Church. Consider for one moment, how members of the church are spoken of in the Scriptures. Moses told the whole Isrealitish nation, "Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." St. Peter says: "Ye also as living stones are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood." And in another place: "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation. And to the same effect St. John-"hath made us kings and priests unto God the Father." What a spiritual character! What exalted privileges! Every member of Christ's church is unto God a priest .-Not that it is for him to assume the ministerial office, but for him to be hely; offering up spiritual sacrifices, sacrifices of prayer and praise and good works to God, continually. How is this being done? Are a pastor, let us get one now; if his salary | Christians at all awake to their privileges? Are they not living too much for the world, contributions to the great interests of | thinking far more of their life in this world than of their future home? Priests of God, awake to your responsibilities and your privileges. Let your eye be fixed upon things above. - Southern Church-

> A little girl called upon me to attend a funeral. As we were walking along, I said—" Who is this that is dead?"

> "Sarah Ann Evans; a little girl." "How old was she?" "Seven years old." We walked on, in

> "You know," added she, "that she saw

the angels before she died.' "Ah," said I, "did she go to Sabbath

"Yes; to the Carrondelet in the morning, and to the Lafayette in the afternoon."

"They think she has gone to Heaven, said my little guide. "They think so, because she saw the angels-they think."-Still, on we went to the back part of the

"She smiled before she died," added the child; "and the smile is on her face now. She bade them all good bye, and kissed the baby."

"What did she die of?" I asked. "Black vomit."

I found the child in the coffin, with a smile on her face; and the caraiages at the "You had better make the service as short as possible," said one, standing by

"My friend," replied I, putting my hand on his shoulder, "let us take time; better shorten something else, than the service over this child."

There are some that live without any design at all, and only pass in the world Mount Tahor.

Mount Tabor stands a little in advance

of the hill country, with which it is conneeted only by a low spur or shoulder, its basis being the plain of Esdraelon. This is the reason it has been fixed upon as the clace of Transfiguration, though it is not mentioned by name in the New Testament. The words are: "An high mountain Apart," which some suppose to refer to the position of the mountain, and not to the remoteness of Christ and his disciples from men. The sides of the mountain are covered with chumps of oak, hawthern, and other trees, in many places overrun with the white honoysuckle, its fingers drepping with oder of nuturegs and cloves. The ascent, by a steep and winding path, occupied an hour. The summit is nearly level, and resembles some overgrown American field or "oak opening." The grass is more than knee deep; the trees grow high and strong and there are tangled thickets and bowers of vine without end. The eastern and highest end of the mountain is covered with the remains of an old fortress-convent, once a place of great strength from the thickness of its

The day was hazy and sultry, but the panoramic view from Mount Tabor was very fine. The plain of Esdraelon lay under us like a vast mesaic of green and brown-jasper and verd antique. On the west Mount Carmel lifted its head above the blue horizon-line of the Mediterranean. Turning to the other side, a strip of the sea of Galilee glimmered deep down among the hills, and the Ghor, or the valley of the Jordon, stretched like a broad gash through them. Beyond them the country of Djebel Adiloun, the ancient Decapolis, which still holds the walls of Gadara and the temples and theaters Djerash, faded away into vapor. Mount Hermon is visible when the atmosphere is clear, but we were not able to see it.—B. Taylor.

Access to God.

"However early in the morning you

seek the gate of access," says the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of the Scotch Church in London. "You find it stready open: and however deep the midnight moment when you find." yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Savior. And this, wherever you are. It needs not or pull off your shoes on some hely ground. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find Jehovahsham-mah, "the Lord hath been here," inscribed on many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud temple, and David's cedar galleries, but in the fisherman's cottage by the Gennesareft, and in the upper chamber where Pentecost began. And whether it be in the field where Isaac went to meditate, or to the rocky knoll where Jacob lay down to sleep, or the brook where Isreal wrestled, or the den where Daniel gazed on him, or the hill-sides where the Man of Sorrows prayed all night, we should still discern the ladder's feet let down from Heaventhe landing place of mercies, because the starting place of prayer. And all this, whatsoever you are. It needs no saint, no proficient in piety, no adept in eloquent language, no dignity of earthly rank. It needs but a blind beggar, or a leathesome lazar. It needs but a penitent publican, or a dying thief. And it needs no sharp ordeal, or a dying passport, no painful expiation, to bring you to the mercy seat; or rather, I should say, it needs the costliest of all; but the blood of the atonement, the Saviour's merit, the name of Jesus, priceless as they are, cost the sinner nothing. They are freely put at his disposal, and inconstantly and constantly he may use them. This access to God in every place, at every moment, without any personal merit, is it not a privilege?"

The Missed Tree.

When an oak, or any noble and useful tree is uprooted, his removal creates a blank. Her years after, when you look to the place which once knew him, you see that something is missing. The branches hadjacent trees have not yet supplied the void. They still besitate to supply the place formerly filled by their powerful leighbor; and still there is a deep chasm in the ground, a rugged pit, which shows how far his giant roots once spread. But when a leafless pole, a wooden pin, is plucked up, it comes easy and clean away. There is no rending of the turf, no marring of the landscape, no vacuity created, no regret. It leaves no memento, and is never missed.

Brethren which are you? Are you cedars planted in the house of the Lord, casting a cool and grateful shadow on those around you? Are you palm-trees, fat and flourishing, yielding bounteous fruit, and making all who know you bless you? Are you so useful, that were you once away it would not be easy to fill your place again, but people, as they pointed to the void in the plantation, the pit in the ground, would say, "It was here that the brave cedar grew; it was here that the old palm-tree diffused his familiar shadow, and showcred his mellow clusters?" Or are you a peg, a pin, a rootless, branchless, fruitless thing, that may be pulled up any day and no one ever care to ask what has become of it? What are you doing? What are you contributing to the world's happiness, or the church's glory? What 'is your business? - Dr. Hamilton of London.

There's no God up Here. A lady, with her little boy and his nurse, was recently spending some months at a fashionable watering-place. She was a professed Christian, and when at home, was accustomed to attend church regularly, and to live, octwardly at least, couris-

tently with her profession. But at the Springs she had been less strict, mingled more in any society, and partaken with apparent cagernoss in fashionable amusements. Her little con, though but four years old, did not fail to observe the change, and it soon had its effect upon his plant character. When told one evening to kneel at his mother's knee, and repent his usual prayers before retiring to rest, he closed his eyes for one moment, and then opening them, jumped up, exclaiming, "O no, mamma, I mus'nt pray till we go home; there's no God up

here, you know." What a reproof to that croing mother came that from the lisping tangue of her infant child, and what a Tesson of practical infidelity and she been amountainty instilling into his susceptible mind. How many professing Christians thus practically deny their Saviour before their children, and instead of leading their little ones to Jesus, teach them to doubt his very existence; instead of feeding them with the bread of divine truth, poison or starve them by the induence of their own example. Where should there be consistency, if not before our own households, in the presence of those for whom God has made us in a great measure responsible? The little ones around our knee will be in the main what we make them by our daily example; the household servants who minister to our daily comfort look up to us as their guides and models in the practical duties of religion; and both will judge, not only our own sincerity, but the character of the religion we profess, not so much by our words as by the tenor of our daily lives. If the latter be inconsistent and worldly, to our households we deny Christ, whatever professions we make to the contrary, and at our hands may be required the blood of immortal souls.

Amusements-Encksliding. Amusements are among the first of the steps taken backward by those who forsake

Open apostacy from the faith often takes its rise in the wine glass, the nevel, the ball-room, the dance, the frivolous, gay assembly. Here lukewarmness and formulity ripen into avewed neglect of the soul. These are the doors through which deserters from the Saviour go out from the number of His people into the world again .--So fell Solemon. He gathered to himself "the delights of the sons of men." (Ecc. ii: S.) As the immediate context shows, he sought their amusements. And thus the enemy led him captive. So have

fallen millions less wise than Solomen. When men waver between the church and the world, amusements often decide their choice - decide it against the church -against God and their own souls. Backsliding is like the whirlpool, in which the waters run round and round-the circle narrowing as it nears the vortex, the motion growing swifter and stronger. In many, many cases the outermost circle of this spiritual whirlpool is worldly amusement. It carries men round, and bears them on to the inner and mightier circles of open vice-whence they are soon hurried into the vortex of eternal-death.

Let not this fact be disregarded, nor the just conclusion from it overlooked .--Amusements are among the first steps which those who forsake Christ take in their downward and fatal course. Can they then be innocent steps, and safe steps

Is the Matter Settled?

"Is the matter settled between you and God?" I asked solemnly of one whose declining health forewarned us to expect her early removal from this world. "O! yes, sir," was her calm reply.

"How did you get it settled?" "The Lord Jesus Christ settled it for

"And when did he do it for you?" I inquired. "When he died on the cross for my

"How long is it since you knew this blessed and consoling fact?" The answer was readily given, "About

twelve months ago." Anxious, however to ascertain the

grounds of this confidence, I asked, " How did you know that the work which Christ accomplished on the cross for sinners was done for you?"

She at once replied, "I read in the Bi-ble and believed what I read."

And now, dear reader, have you read in the Bible, and believed what you have read It is written, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. (1 Tim. 1: 15.) Does this bring comfort to your soul? Do you believe this faithful saying?"

AFRICAN LOGIC .- An old farmer-one who feared neither God nor man-had hired a devout negro; and to get Sanday work out of him would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday morning would put this case to the man's conscience. One morning Sambo proved refractory; "he would work no more on Sunday." The master argued with him that it was a case of "necessity"-that the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit on a Sabbath day a beast that had fallen in. "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spent Saturday in digging for de berry purpose."