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TERMS.
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Original.

DEAR WOOD FROM COBB CREEK.
BY REV. TIMOTHY EVERETT.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE PENITENT.
There is one incident recorded in the Bible, that is so suggestive, and so full of encouragement to the humble sinner asking eagerly for salvation from sin and eternal wretchedness and woe, that I desire to direct the attention of the reader to it. I allude to the healing of the daughter of the woman of Cana by our Saviour. The reader will find the particulars of this miracle in 15th Matthew. The great leading lesson taught us in this transaction, is that prayer offered in faith—prayer earnestly offered in the name of the blessed Jesus, is certain to prevail. Let us glance for a moment at this interesting narrative.

Behold our adorable Redeemer, the God-man, standing in the midst of his disciples, perhaps explaining some of the deep, grand truths of God, some of the hidden mysteries of revelation; and behold a woman approach him, upon her face written with unmistakable distinctness, sorrow and care. Her whole manner meek and submissive, and yet accompanied by a certain resolution which anguish and suffering sometimes bring. See her as she gazes anxiously into the face of Jesus, and hear her earnest petition, as in heart agony she cries unto him, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." Surely, the holy Saviour will grant, in mercy, her prayer. Can such a plaintive request go unanswered? Can such eloquent, pathetic words be resisted? Can such deep sorrow and distress fail to move Him so full of tenderness and love? "But he answered her not a word." He seems utterly deaf to her cries and indifferent to her sufferings. Even his disciples beseech him, "to send her away." And yet, reader, however singular this treatment may appear—however harsh Christ here seems, there were concealed the deepest love and tenderest emotions. Whilst He appeared to treat her with cool contempt, he was really only affording her a severe trial of her faith, for she had implored him to save her daughter; evidently persuaded that He was both willing and able to accomplish it. If he at once had granted her request possibly, her faith and love would soon have waxed faint. But by delaying the matter, her faith grew stronger, and if heard at last, her love and gratitude would be more profound and sincere. So God sometimes tries the penitent. He sees that it is best that the blessing should be delayed, that the conviction may deepen and the anxiety increase. Sometimes the mourner is so tried by delay, that with the Psalmist he is ready to cry out, "Is thy mercy clean gone forever?" Take courage, growing friend, there is hope ahead yet, and joy, and peace too. He who heard the cry of the thief upon the cross in the hour of his direst extremity, will hear you. He may be silent for a time, but mercy is in His heart. Only remain at the throne of grace, only continue to cry aloud for mercy and pardon, and he will give you "an answer of peace" as he did Pharaoh, when he sought from Joseph an interpretation of his dream. Be not cast down; you may not be able to see God now with the eye of faith, but persevere and He will reveal himself unto you. Joseph made himself strange unto his brethren, even when he most fully purposed to treat them with loving kindness.

But in spite of the silence she endured, in spite of the unkindly manifestations of the disciples, the poor woman still clung to Christ as the only person who could relieve her pressing wants and heal her sorrows. "She worshipped him" still, saying, "Lord, help me." She felt how desperate was her cause, how fearful the condition of her daughter. With what earnestness of tone, with what sincerity of appeal does she exclaim, "Lord, help me." This is the true cry of the real penitent. His conviction is awful. There is none to succor or save but Jesus; the angry sea is rolling around him ready to engulf him; he is sinking beneath its waves, when his cry of distress comes up, "Lord, help me."

Yet, once more, as it should seem, to prove the mother's faith, and to make it further manifest to his disciples, He replies distinctly, "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to the dogs." Even this language of contempt does not excite anger in her soul; but in humility she accepts the application, but still perseveres. And she said, "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." With what grace and humility does she submit to the degradation, and sue for even a "dog's portion." Rebuffed she still entreats; insulted, she still implores.

"Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time." The cloud may look black, but the Syrophenician still believed it had for her "a silver lining." The long deferred blessing came. "Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour."

O, then mourning sinner, be not discouraged. Let the language of your heart be "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." If your prayers are not answered when you expect, pray the more. Do not cease your entreaties—do not dispond—do not relax your earnestness. Remember that the blessed Jesus himself declared, "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Never fear but what God, if he for a time withhold, does so only that he may in the end more effectually bestow the blessing unless the fault be in you. Pray then with a firm conviction that though you are amongst the most unworthy of God's creatures, yet even for "the dogs" there are "crumbs"—even for the most unworthy there is mercy, through Christ, on their sincere penitence and unfeigned faith. And may God in his mercy, give you soon your heart's chief desire—that peace and joy consequent upon sin's pardon.
May, 1863.

"Things Neglected."

DEAR BRO. PELL:—I have read the article of a contributor on "Things Neglected" with a great deal of interest. According to his presentation of the matter, Methodism is a very different thing as it stands in our Discipline, from Methodism as presented in the practice of our people, and the general usage of our church. The usage of our Church is widely different from, and frequently in direct conflict with its law. This article makes very clear. But if we are to believe the teachings of some of our church lawyers, usage constitutes common law. So we have two systems of law, common law which is the practice and usage of our Church, and statutory law which is the law enacted for our government by the General Conference. The article conclusively shows that what is termed our common law, is often in direct conflict with our statutory law, or in other words our practice is in direct conflict with the rules laid down in the Discipline for our government. Now, which are we to obey, our common or our statutory law? By which must we be governed, by the Discipline, or the usage of our Church and the practice of our people? Some one who is learned in the laws of our Church, and experienced in the practice of our people will please answer. But why is this conflict? Is there not some defect in the system itself, or in its practical application, that causes this constant conflict between the practice of our people, and the laws which the General Conference has enacted for our government? Have we not too much or too little ritual? Do we not require of our people too much, or allow them to do too little? Do we not teach our people, that it is a fundamental principle in our system for the preachers to do everything? They must not only lead our devotions and conduct our worship, but they must do our praying and offer our thanksgiving, while our people have nothing to do but to hear the prayer as we hear the sermon. Is it any wonder that our people do not utter the responses as given in our ritual for the sacraments, when they are given no part nor lot in the worship on other occasions? Can we expect them to respond in an audible voice at the administration of the sacraments, when we require them to be silent spectators of the usual Sabbath worship of the sanctuary? We have so little ritual, and what we have is so seldom used, that one half of our people do not know that we have any. We should either have a more extended ritual, or we should have none at all. Our preachers and our people should be required to observe the form of service laid down in our ritual, or they should not be required to join in the service when we administer the sacraments. Another reason probably for this neglect upon the part of our people, and of many of our preachers, is the example and influence of the older members of our Conference, and of others in high official position in our Church. How few of our prominent men—our men of position and influence in the Church, use the form of service entire that our Discipline requires. How often do they substitute a prayer of their own for the one prescribed by the Church in her ritual? The Discipline requires that in the ordination of Deacons the communion of the body and blood of Christ should be administered to them, yet I have never seen this done. Is it surprising that our people, and many of our ministers neglect these things, when our men of age, experience, position and influence in the Church, set them the example?

A third reason probably for the general neglect, is to be found in the fact that our ritual has been so frequently changed. A comparison of the various editions of our Discipline for the last fifteen or twenty years will satisfy any one that not a few changes have been made. The service

for the burial of the dead is not the same in the ritual published in 1854, as it is in that published for 1859. I see also that the communion service in the ordination of Deacons has been omitted in the last edition of our Discipline. Were these changes made by the committee on revival at our last General Conference? We would like to know. Who was on that committee from our delegation? Can he not give us the information for which we ask?
A METHODIST.

Goshen Leaves.

MR. EDITOR: Under the above euphonious heading I propose to give you a short article, for the benefit especially of the younger readers of our Advocate. It is said that on one occasion two men were overheard in a Western tavern discussing very warmly the question as to whether Socrates was a *hotel* or a *horse*! And perhaps the enquiry is now lingering upon the lips of some young reader, who knows that the writer is not in Egypt or Palestine, "What does he mean by *Goshen*? Is it a firkin of butter or a piece of honeycomb?" Well, to answer the enquiry, although "butter and honey" have something to do with "Goshen," yet, these precious articles are not themselves "Goshen." Goshen is a very delightful strip of country in a certain county, where I have the honor to try to preach the Gospel of Christ. It is watered by a delightful stream, in which large quantities of the finny tribe sport, and upon whose banks cluster the "Virgin Bower" and "Yellow Jessamine," pouring their fragrance upon the April breezes.

A few Sabbaths ago, while I was preaching in a certain village in this land of Goshen, a bright little girl of about four years walked up the aisle, and halting in front of the altar, attracted by the pitcher and glass which sat on the pulpit at my right-hand, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by many, "Div me some dat water!" But the next moment the little innocent creature was awake from its reverie by the servant, who bore it back to the pew where sat its Ma. So, thought I, there is many a grown heaver, who, as he hears the "river of life" described from the pulpit, sighs from the great depth of his heart, "give me some of that water!" But before he can summon courage to publicly ask for it, as that little child did, the world sends one of its servants for him and he is borne back to sin and folly! What an encouragement it is to the way-worn itinerant to reflect, while he opens to dying men a fountain of the "river that makes glad the city of God," that while many only cast a wishful glance at his healing waters, there are thirstings created in the hearts of others which are only satisfied by the well being planted in them which "springs up into everlasting life."

Among the good qualities of the people who live in this land of Goshen, is the one of extraordinary kindness to "the Preacher." Somehow or other the opinion generally obtains that preachers are great "chicken eaters," and a preacher that wears a moustache and don't eat chicken is set down at least as an oddity. Now, it so happens that I am not particularly fond of chicken; and therefore I am almost grieved sometimes to witness what pains some good people are at, to supply its place with another article that can be termed a *summa bonum*. This, I humbly conceive, is all wrong. Many a good sister, like Martha of old, is troubled about many things; but only one dish is *needful* to a hungry man. And I had rather be the instrument in God's hands of fastening some gospel truth in the minds of men, than to fare sumptuously every day. Indeed, good dinners do not satisfy while sinners are heedless and unconcerned.

There is a section of this land of Goshen which is dreadfully cut up with cross roads. After preaching in that section on a certain occasion, I accepted a very kind invitation from a good old sister to her residence for dinner. But thinking that I knew the road well enough, I suffered the lady to drive on until her carriage was out of sight. The consequence was, I lost my way, found myself beyond her residence in a swamp, drove back, took the wrong road, rode around for two or three hours, found myself finally farther off than when I started from the Church, and at last had to get help to find the way. And it is just so with many who start for Heaven. Although they are called to "look to Jesus," and to keep their "eye fixed upon the mark for the prize," yet, they allow Christ to drive on, so to speak, while they tarry behind with the world, until He is out of sight; and then the cross-roads present themselves, they wander about bewildered in the dark places of folly, night draws on, the darkness envelops them, and they are lost!

Jesus, my everlasting guide,
Fix my wandering eye on thee;
Let me "neath thy sceptre bide,
While I press towards heaven and thee.
Direct my wandering feet the road,
That leads to thee, and heaven, and God.
E. A. Y.

MERCY is like the rainbow, we must never look for it after night;—if we refuse it here we must have justice in eternity.

THE MERCIES OF GOD, if not loadstones to draw us to heaven, will be millstones to sink us to perdition.

Hours with the Books.

BOOKS IN GENERAL.

Books are very much like men. In some books you can almost see the souls of those who produced them. This accounts for the great variety of books.—We have some books that are bright, sunny and laughingly cheerful. They look at you with a bright glance, and always meet you with a smile or a grin. There are others that are wild, rollicking and playful, that come on you like the storm of mischief, and leave you with your hat off, and your whole nature in a most undefinable state. A large class of books are dark, sombre, melancholy—if you read them much you will live perpetually under a cloud, and always have the blues.—There are many books that are kind, warm and genial; when reading them you feel that your soul is flooded in sunshine, and bathed in the genial light that makes their thoughts sparkle and flash and glow with fire. There are great books that spread before us continents of thought, from which loom up mountains of truth. There are also good books like their authors; they are full of piety and the Holy Ghost. If you read them they will make you better, holier and happier. Their influence is purifying, elevating and soul-inspiring. They suggest pure thoughts, produce holy feelings, awaken warm sympathies and call forth the heart's purest affections.—There are a great many wicked books—the incarnation of sin—the embodiment of evil. Their influence is like the breath of the pestilence. They blast the spirit like lightning. Men put themselves in their books. They embody their thoughts, feelings, principles, prejudices, passions, loves, hates and sympathies in their works, and send them forth as a circulating edition of themselves. Thus they give immortality to their influence in this world. It walks the earth producing good or evil, sin or holiness, a curse or a blessing, after they are dead and in their graves.—Calvin, Wesley, Fletcher, Milton, Voltaire, and Tom Paine, are still living in their works, acting upon millions of minds and hearts through their books. But books like poisons will not injure unless they are taken. Reader, be careful how you take soul poison from the books of the age.
A BOOK WORM.

CROSS CREEK, May 1, 1863.

From the Army.

A soldier belonging to the 27th N. C. Regiment, Cook's Brigade, writes as follows:

WILMINGTON, N. C.,
May 4, 1861.

DEAR BRO. PELL:—To-day I received 20 copies of the *Advocate*. I distributed them among the members of the Regiment (27th N. C. T.) My comrades seem to delight in reading your excellent paper, and I sincerely trust that many will be materially benefited by its perusal. I am sure I am much edified in reading and digesting its columns. I think it is a better paper now than before the war. You will please pardon me for my neglect in not writing sooner and acknowledging the receipt of two packages sent previously.—I received the first at Coosawatchie, S. C., and the last two at this place, forwarded from Pocotaligo. The main reason why I did not write before is that I have all the duties of a soldier to perform, and about the time I intended to write I was sent to Charleston on business for the Brigade, and was very busy until we were ordered here. But I am sure you appreciate the circumstances under which we soldiers labor. However, we can do better than we do, and by the grace of God I am determined to bend all my energies to advance the cause of our blessed Redeemer in this portion of the army. I continue to conduct my prayer-meetings and exhort my fellow-soldiers, and although my labors are attended with difficulties, as I cannot devote all my time to the work and an cut off from my books, I can see a wide field open for usefulness, and if I can do nothing else, I can gather together the scattered lambs of Christ's flock every evening and strengthen and encourage them, and our prayers shall continually ascend to heaven for the revival of God's work—the prosperity of Zion—the careless ones, and for an honorable peace. I am sorry to say that some soldiers in our Brigade who were consistent members of some branch of the Christian Church when we commenced, now place themselves among the unbelievers, and declare there is no eternal punishment for a Confederate soldier. Other backsliders deny the reality of experimental religion.

Please tender our heartfelt thanks to the kind friends who contributed of their substance to send us the *Advocate*. We appreciate the gift very much I assure you. Pray for us that the gracious revival at Fredericksburg may extend to us.
Yours in Christ,
C. W. W.

The following letter from a soldier in a Mississippi regiment has just come to hand
FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,
April 25, 1863.

MY DEAR BRO:—The Lord is ever merciful to those who wait upon Him, and put their trust in His omnipotent power. Of this truth we have the evidence and witness here in Fredericksburg. More than two hundred souls can testify to this truth, who have professed to have had their sins pardoned and found the

Lord merciful to their sin-polluted souls by the shedding of His blood.

Our meeting is still progressing finely, which has been in progress ever since the 15th of February, with the exception of not more than one or two days recess, since the beginning. All praise and thanks be given to the Lord for the manifestation of His loving kindness, and the influence of His Holy Spirit upon us at this place. Scores have been converted, and yet they come! Still they find that there is room. Daily the altar is filled with mourners who bring their sin-offerings with them, and as many as will may leave them there and arise and go in peace.

Many thus have done, and now they go on their way rejoicing in the love of God. And now my prayer is that this good meeting may continue uninterrupted till our whole brigade may find peace with God, through the atoning blood of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The hand of Omnipotence is with us here. About two hundred and thirty have joined the church since the beginning of this protracted meeting, and now daily meet together and praise the Lord for what he has done for them, and for what they have seen and felt.

A SOLDIER OF CO. B,
18th MISS. REGT.

Selections.

Thoughts of God's Moral Perfections.

The mingling admiration and study of the Divine character, which effects the transformation of ours, has respect rather to His moral than His natural perfections.

Knowledge, in all its length and breadth, reveals God.—We follow the adventurous step of *Geology*. With her we essay to penetrate the globe, where no ravine lays open its fissure, no mine gathers darkness and dread to its perilous shaft. We grope in those gloomy central depths, in which it has never been said, "Let there be light." Even there, God is seen setting fast the foundations of the mountains, or overturning them by the roots; knitting the rocks together into adamant, or dissolving them by the breath of His mouth. We go out to the uttermost parts of the sea. Our feet press "the farthest verge of the green earth." Every clime unfolds its riches to our gaze and grasp. We become pupils of *Nature*, at all points where she has granted audience to man. And her testimony is, that God constrains the wilderness to blossom as the rose, or visits the patience of husbandry with famine; measures the waters in the hollow of His hand, or dries up the floods at His rebuke; preserves life amid the angry storms of ocean, or sends death in the brilliant sunbeams of the quiet landscape. We spread out the records of *History*. On every page we are confronted with Providence. We stand in the presence of One who breaks the arms of the mighty, and clothes infirmity with conquest; causes the wise to stagger like a drunken man, and guides simplicity in the path of prosperity; scatters the possessions of the rich "as chaff driven of the wind," and fills the hungry with good things. We take the wings of *Astronomy*, and ascend the heavens. We converse with systems in their revolution, and suns in their flight. There, on the pinnacle of the universe, where God calls the stars by name or makes sack-cloth their covering, we behold the finger of the Almighty stretching forth the amplitude of space, and wrapping a vesture of glory around the worlds which thought itself cannot compute.

Still—when we have travelled over the territory of Human Knowledge,—when we have stood on all her observatories, and gazed, with streaming eye, toward the loftiness of the Divine character,—when Jehovah has come forward to her apprehension, with these grand and awful habiliments about Him, and she has spoken as interpreter between our spirit and the Father of spirits—"how little a portion is heard of Him!" Impressed with reverence or inspired with sublimity by the natural perfections of God; struggling in vain to support the flight of imagination along the measureless recesses of His eternity; in the tumultuous tides of universal change, marking that *immortality* which rises alone, as a rock from which no atom may crumble, on which no revolution may pass; pursuing with solemn and chastened step the mysterious omnipresence which annihilates solitude and pervades immensity; trembling before the omnipotence, to which creation brought no effort, which fashioned the heavens and the earth without even making bare its arm; affected, as nothing but these attributes can affect us, we forget that such trains of thought, after all their impressiveness, may render no contribution to the sanctification of the heart.

This study may be an intellectual exercise, not a spiritual one. We may urge it more as a matter of taste than as a matter of principle. The ardor of the scholar may displace the contrition of the sinner and the veneration of the subject. The reason may take an extensive range through this field of enquiry, while the affections grovel in the dust. Admiration of the Divine glory, in this aspect, may be joined with hatred of the law, and of the higher glory which that law brings to light. To guard ourselves against so deplorable a result, we must take into frequent remembrance and review, the holiness of God.

And what is this holiness? It is power, the instrument of purity; wisdom, the minister of benevolence; benevolence, the associate of righteousness. It is spirituality, in the sight of which the heavens are not pure; justice, which will require a man to reap whatsoever he sows; truth, amenable alike in reward and retribution. It is faithfulness, which reaches to the clouds, and maintains its covenant to a thousand generations. It is anger, kindled only by sin and appeased only upon repentance. It is jealousy, demanding atonement; and pity, accepting it. It is knowledge, making recognition of vice to punish, and of virtue to mature it. It is goodness, in harmony with wrath; mercy, tempering vengeance; grace, which supports law; long-suffering, which gives no countenance to licentiousness; sovereignty, in obedience to moral principle; paternal tenderness, allied with judicial inflexibility.—*Rel. Herald.*

What is Your Hope?

Reader, what is your hope about your soul? Have you any, or have you none? Can you tell me in what way you expect to be accounted righteous before God?

Depend upon it, these are very serious questions. You and I are dying men.—After death comes the judgment. What is our hope of acquittal in that awful day? What are we going to plead on our behalf before God?

Shall we say that we have done our duty to God? Shall we say that we have done our duty to our neighbor? Shall we bring forward our prayers, our regularity, our morality, our amendments, our church-going? Shall we ask to be accepted by God because of any of these things?

Which of these things will stand God's eye? Which of them will actually justify you and me? Which of them will carry us clear though judgment, and land us safe in glory?

None, none, none. Take any commandment of the ten, and let us examine ourselves by it. We have broken it repeatedly. We cannot answer God one of a thousand. Take any of us, and look narrowly into our ways, and we are nothing but sinners. There is but one verdict.—We are all guilty, all deserve hell, all ought to die. Wherewith can we come before God?

We must come in the name of Jesus, standing on no other ground, pleading no other plea than this, "Christ died on the cross for the unjust, and I trust in him."

O, believe me, Christ must be all the hope of every one who would be justified and saved. You must be content to go to heaven as a beggar—saved by free grace, simply as a believer in Jesus—or you will never be saved at all.

Law and Gospel.

The law makes known to us our sin.—Rom. 3. The gospel reveals a remedy for it. John 1.

The law declares our bondage. Rom. 7. The gospel shows us our redemption. Col. 1.

The law is the word of wrath. Rom. 4. The gospel is the word of grace. Acts 14: 20.

The law is the sentence of despair. Dent. 27. The gospel is the communication of comfort. Luke 2.

The law is the word of tribulation.—Rom. 7. The gospel is the tidings of peace. Eph. 6.

The law says, Thou shalt be damned.—The gospel says, Thou mayest be saved.—The law says, Thou art a sinner. The gospel says, Thy sins are forgiven thee.

The law asks, Where is thy righteousness? The gospel answers, Christ is thy righteousness.

The law says, Thou art doomed to death and hell. The gospel replies, There is no condemnation of any kind, or from any quarter, to them who are in Christ Jesus.

"Not Happy in Heaven?"

"If you were to die, and go to heaven to-night, Fanny, could you be happy there?" said her aunt.

"Not happy in heaven!" asked Fanny in great surprise.

"All who are there are perfectly happy, for they are holy spirits; but how could you, with your wicked heart unchanged, enjoy their holy praises? If you do not love to think of God, and talk with him now, how could you be happy to live with him for ever? How could you praise him eternally, without a heart to praise him? It is only those whose sins have been washed away in Christ's blood, who can enter 'that holy, happy place,' and they only could be happy there. If you would join them when you die, you must give your heart to God, and begin to serve him now."

Riches of the Bible.

An able biblical scholar, who has just been carefully studying the books of the Old Testament in order from Genesis to Job, writes, "I thank God for the spiritual profit I have derived from the revision of every book. I see more clearly than ever before, that each book has its particular place and office in 'all scripture,' given by inspiration of God, and profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Set out for God at your beginning, and hold out with God until your ending.