CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

PUBLISHED BY A JOINT STOCK COMPANY UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE.

VOL. VI.—NO. 47. RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30, 1863. TERMS: FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Christian Advocate Publishing Company

Dr. JNO. F. TOARD, President.

Directors—Rev. Wm. H. Chamberlain, D. G. Fulton, Esq., Rev. M. L. Reid, and Zeno B. Green, Esq.

Secretary and Treasurer—W. M. Thomas, Esq.

TERMS.

The Advocate is published every Wednesday morning, at $5 per annum, in advance. Orders must be accompanied with the money, or they will not be attended to.

All advertisements not exceeding a square of 18 lines or less, will be inserted one month for $1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Those exceeding a square, will be charged in proportion. Obituaries, not exceeding 12 lines, will be inserted free of charge. All communications on business connected with the office, must be addressed to the Publishing Agent.

Communications.

Wake College.

It affords me much pleasure to announce that there is a plan now under consideration by which the above institution will be reorganized, and secured permanently to the N. C. Conference. The College building, the two Professors' houses dedicated for the Professors, and all the land and other property belonging thereto, and now owned by Messrs. John F. and O. G. Pearl. These two brothers have determined to make the N. C. Conference the following very liberal and praiseworthy proposition at its next session, in Greensboro':

1st. They propose to donate the College, the two dwelling houses for Professors, and all the land and other property belonging to the premises, to the North Carolina Conference. They are to defend against all liabilities who may, hereafter, hold over the property—it will be sizable and generous donation to the Church, free from any encumbrance.

2nd. They further propose to endow the College with the sum of twenty thousand dollars for the special benefit of the Conference. The annual income for the investment is to be applied to gratuitously in the education of the sons of those who are members of the Conference. Here then is a plan offered by which the preachers can have their sons educated.

These brethren ask only two conditions of the Conference. They ask that the Conference will accept their offer, and appoint a Board of Trustees to hold the property. They also ask, that the said institution when thus received, shall rank as a first class male college. They do not wish it to be considered in any sense a subordinate or preparatory school; but desire the Conference to accept their offer in good faith, support it cordially, and give it a position equal to any similar institution in the country.

The above are the promises that were embraced in the most noble and liberal offer ever made to our Conference. It is published at this time in order that our preachers may have sufficient opportunity to reflect on the subject, and be prepared to act on it when we meet in Greensboro'.

S. MILTON GROSS.

Mocksville, Sept. 22, 1863.

To Young Men in the Army.

Dear Friends: I am sitting alone in the old Academy this evening, while I have often gazed upon many of your intelligent faces a days past, while I have been endeavoring to demonstrate some intricate problem, or explain some difficult principle of science or language for you. The school is closed, and the clarion voice of pleasure voices has died away upon the air, as the youthful crowds of students have repaired to their boarding places. I am wholly alone, and the stillness of death reigns throughout the building, disturbed only by the chirping of a lonely cricket, and the scraping of my pen as I write. Memory has taken her seat in the car of thought, and is running back through the period of nine years to the hour when the Academy was first filled with bright faces and glad hearts and fairy sails up to vision the familiar faces of Sherrill, Baby, Sink, Jerson, Hoyle, McDaniel, Wilcocks, Grimes, Hays, Connelly, Gray, Davenport, Cloud, and a host of others, who went forth from these halls at their country's call, to defend their rights of the South, and secure the independence of our people. Many of your noble comrades have fallen in what the world calls "glorious conflict," while God in His mercy has spared others of you to the present day.

I had sanguinely hoped that you would all aid our beloved country in moving forward the great moral and mental interests of the South, when you were dismissed from these halls. But ah! war, cruel relentless war has placed his iron heel upon our beloved interests, and they now lie bleeding and prated all over our land; and you are demanded by our country to face the cannon's mouth upon the field of carnage and death.

I am more solicitous now young friends, to know the state of your morals, than to know anything else about you. Many of you left school, members of the church, and firm friends and advocates of the great temperance reform. How is it with you to-day? Have scenes of blood and war changed the youthful purposes and resolves of your life? Do you still prize that invaluable treasury, the Bible, and still make its pages the man of your counsel? Do you yet hold secret converse with the God of armies, and pray Him to protect your head in the day of battle? Is your heart still under divine influence so that you can look up amidst the din of battle and cry "Abba Father?"

Or have you grown cold in religion and turned back to the beggarly elements of this poor world? O friends, I hope better things of you! Surely you have not forgotten the lessons you have been taught.

We at home, feel *proud* of you as our defenders. But how sad would it make our hearts to learn that, in gaining the liberties of the South, you had lost your immortal souls! No, dear young men, this must not be so. Thousands of prayers go up from brotherned hearts at home in your behalf; and surely *you* will not be so ungrateful, nor so regardless of your eternal welfare as to be indifferent for the politicest interests of your friends at home.

Remember that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Trust in God; and by putting your trust in Him you shall not only succeed in gaining the independence of the South, but you shall yet be permitted to enjoy the fruits of your toils and sufferings, with your friends and loved ones at home.

Daily pray; read your Bibles daily; go not among the vain and the wicked; attend upon every possible means of grace, and you will bring you out triumphantly. May the Great One bless you all, is the daily prayer of your humble tutor.

Happy Home, N. C. PHILO.

Letters from the Army.

Camp near Orange C. H. Va., September 18th, 1863.

Dear Bro. Pell: I am not in the habit of scribbling or grumbling, and I pray God I never may be, but I do wish the christian world to know the conduct of one who might be, by the grace of God, a worthy and useful man as Chaplain, but who as it is, proves himself a "stumbling block in the way of many." The Chaplain I refer to is in Scales' Brigade. I will not give his name now. Perhaps he may not force me to do so in some future day. I will also withhold his religious faith, and only say he calls himself *the* preacher. The soldiers love preachers, and delight to see them walking among them, and nothing is more grieving than to gather around our worthy brethren and good Missionaries and hear a fervent message; but we do despise those cold-hearted preachers who seem condescend to walk through our camps. This Chaplain has been to a regiment, but quarters in the General and says by his manner "I am monarch of all I survey."—Of him he excuses himself with the remark, "that if I visit the men in their quarters I will get loused." O God, pity such a Chaplain!—Our Saviour could make his bed in the cold rock, and mingle with publicans and sinners, but our stiff necked brethren would let the world drift down to hell without the inconvenience of a remonstrance. This same Chaplain has actually declined [illegible] of months by physical exercise, and rationally, religiously and everlastingly opposing like religious revivals.

Bro. Pell, we do utmostly believe this very morally declares it has choked to an abrupt end the spirit of grace among us. One more meeting. Last night we told the congregation we were not to go much religious services; that one sermon on the Sabbath was all sufficient, and even called upon proof the Biblical world in truthfulness. St. Paul, upon the Lord's day preached all through the week at one place, refusing to preach until the Sabbath. Now, we know St. Paul was a preacher indeed, and though he did on one occasion delay preaching until the Sabbath, it does not argue he was opposed to doing good even on every day and every hour. My Bible tells me the Saviour of the world went about from day to day and from place to place doing good; and the same blessed Saviour tells us to "pray always," and as one who desires to serve God and live with Him beyond the grave, I will endeavor to follow the footsteps of Christ in that of an old apostolic Chaplain. This is a secret. Our kind missionaries and visitors from home pretty often preach for us and the [illegible] for them to be excellent.

We love to worship God "under our own vine and fig tree," and this we think is our religious right. We hope our home ministers will continue to come and see us. This ought to be a great field for the ministers of Christ. There is a great spirit of religion in our army now, and we trust it may continue.

Yours in saving faith,

A CAPTAIN.

Camp near Taylorsville, Va., September 18th, 1863.

Rev. Wm. E. Pell, *Dear Bro:* I write to let you know something of the Lord's dealings with us. There has been some interest in the Brigade (Cooke's) for some time past. In the 15th Regt. there have been several conversions, and backslidings of a revival in the 27th, 48th and 46th. Last Saturday we fixed up a stand and seats for Brigade services, and had prayer meeting at night, conducted by bro. C. W. Westbrooks, a deeply pious young minister a private in the 27th Regt. We had a solemn time. On Sabbath at 3 o'clock we had preaching, after which several were baptized by bro. Howerton, Chaplain of the 15th Regt. Services were held for the Regiment at night and we had quite an interesting time.—Since then Brigade meetings have been held every night, and I dont think I have ever witnessed deeper interest. The men come by hundreds, and all sit quietly and respectfully. The altar is constantly filled with penitents, and some 20 or more have found peace in believing. Meeting was given out for 10 o'clock this morning, but it is raining and we will have to postpone until the sun comes out again. We are anxiously looking for bro. Tyler, who we learn has been appointed Chaplain, of the 48th Regt. Rev. Farley, Chaplain of 27th, was detained at home some time by afflictions in his family, but is now at his post. All the Regiments in the Brigade are sharing in the revival. Gen. Cooke promises all the privileges that we may desire; may God bless him abundantly for his kindness. Pray for us that the Lord may bless us more abundantly.

The Advocate makes its appearance regularly, and is a welcome visitor. We receive about fifty-five copies weekly.—Many thanks to those kind friends who think of us, and give of their means to supply us with religious reading to cheer and bless us, as we endure the privations and hardships of camp life. I will say that I hear no murmuring here among the soldiers, but all seem cheerful and hopeful.

C. J. DODSON,
Chap. 48th Regt. N. C. T.

Camp Near Rapidan, Sept 17, 1863.

Bro. Pell:—As every progress of Christ's holy cause, though humble it may be, is a subject of interest and encouragement to the christian, I ask your indulgence for a few facts concerning our religious condition in Davis' Brigade.

As I previously stated, we have no Chaplain in our Brigade, but for some time past chaplains from other Brigades, have been occasionally preaching for us. More than a week since, a good chaplain from Ga promised to give us a regular course of preaching for a week or two; and in connection with others, continued the meeting from day to day, in the presence of large and attentive audiences. I have scarcely ever seen better attendance, and more seeming interest manifested; and the result, if not what the ardent christian could desire, was, at least, gratifying. Ten or twelve of our brave defenders professed to have found the "pearl of great price," and attached themselves to the church. But unfortunately before the meeting had continued but a week, the late advance of the enemy, broke our quietude, and put us under arms again, breaking up for the time being, our meeting. But we have gone into camp again, though in the face of the enemy, and I am happy to tell you that our meeting is being revived under the control of Rev. Mr. —— I easily believe, a great work might be accomplished in this brigade, if sufficient and energetic means could be brought to bear. May we not hope that that good time is coming to dawn upon us.

Truly this war, though seeming cruel to us, has its benevolent designs in the eternal plans of the Almighty. And is not a beneficent result working out through it, by the bringing of thousands of Adam's lost race into the fold? God will bring down high looks," even if he must execute his wrath to do it. O let us learn lessons from the past. Who hath arrayed Himself against the Lord, and hath prospered? Let us acknowledge God's sovereignty, or continued to his holy law, and take upon us His beneficent government; and then we may expect the heavy hand of his wrath to be lifted from us and the benign rays of peace and prosperity to illumine our country again.

J. J. HOYLE,
Lieut., 55th N. C. T.

Camp at Taylorsville, Va., 27th N. C. T., Cook's Brig. Sept. 16th 1863.

Dear Bro. Pell:—With heartfelt gratitude to the "Father of all our mercies," I gladly communicate to you and our dear friends at home, good news from this Brigade. While God is pouring out His spirit on the churches, and visiting in His mighty convicting, and converting and reclaiming power, the various brigades and regiments of which our noble army is composed, He in great pity and unprecedented compassion has deigned to visit us. A deep work of grace has doubtless commenced and is progressing rapidly—widening and deepening, overcoming all opposition to the joy and comfort and satisfaction of the tried and tempted followers of Christ. O could you have been here and witnessed the intense interest manifested last night and the night before at our Brigade meeting and also aware of the recklessness of the majority of the soldiers in this command a few weeks ago—you would have surely been astonished. Our Brigade meetings began last Saturday night, when we had a general prayer meeting by way of dedicating our place of worship, which we erected in a thick piney grove on Saturday. Solemnity pervaded the assembly, and the place seemed awful on account of the presence of the Wonderful Prince of life, and Judge of all the earth. On Sunday at eleven o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Taylor of the Baptist church preached at Taylorsville church, and at 3 P. M., he preached at the Brigade stand to a large and attentive audience. No penitents were invited, as the ordinance of baptism was to be administered to several young converts that professed conversion in the 15th Regt., under the faithful labors of their Chaplain, Rev. S. W. Howerton, during the month of July. No Brigade meeting was appointed for Sunday night, and as our Chaplain has been unavoidably absent for several weeks. As usual gave notice to the different companies, and assisted by several of my co-laborers of different branches of the church, I held a prayer meeting, and when I gave the invitation, 10 of my comrades very deeply affected, rushed to the altar. I was greatly encouraged, and clapped for the future of our revival the best of consequences. Night before last, Rev. Mr. Butler of Rowan N. C., German Reformed preached a powerful sermon from the words, "Come, for all things are now ready." At the close of the sermon, he extended an invitation, and upwards of 20 went weeping to the altar, and two were hopefully converted. About 500 were in attendance, and I never beheld a more deeply solemn audience in my life. Last night, Rev. Mr. Farley, our Chaplain, made a deeply scriptural and stirring sermon from the words: "Turn ye! Turn ye! for why will ye die" At the close of the sermon, the Chaplain of the 15th made a strong appeal to the unconverted, and while the inviting hymn was being sung, about 30 presented themselves crying for mercy, and here I cannot describe the affecting scene. I think I am correct in saying there was fully a thousand in attendance. I went through the crowd to look out my fellows that I knew were convicted, and I saw several weeping here and there and all were solemn, for the spirit of the Lord seemed to move upon every heart in that interested multitude. What is remarkable, I have noticed that the religious interest has been on the increase ever since the Advocate and other religious journals have been making regular visits to our camp. Pray for us.

I remain yours truly in Christ,

C. W. W.

Selections.

A Prayerless Christian.

What is that? Those words are contradictory. I have heard of a lifeless speaker—a soulless miser—and a heartless [illegible]. No one is misled by them. No one believes that a dead man literally speaks; but there are many men whose speaking has very little life. We do not suppose that even the miser has no soul; but people generally think that what he has must be exceedingly small. No mother is literally without a heart; but I have just read of one who gave her child to strangers, and devoted herself to infamy. And she is said to be intelligent. Heartless is a very mild term to employ in characterizing such a mother. But a *prayerless Christian!* I do not understand what that can be.

Can any Christian live without prayer? Not long. A *professor* may; but can a true child of God live long in the neglect of prayer? No. A Christian without a closet? A Christian who does not love the duty of prayer? who neglects the prayer room? A Christian parent who has no family altar? Oh! do not dream of such things; such contradictions.—Talk of the blind man who is filled with rapture when the rainbow spans the heavens; or of the deaf man who is ravished with sweet music; but tell me not of the man who loves the Saviour of sinners, and yet does not love prayer.

"But do not real Christians sometimes neglect prayer for a season?" I fear they do. I must think that David was living so when he was indulging in that memorable, fearful course of sin. "How long may a Christian neglect prayer?" I know not. I would not advise you to make the experiment. The wish to make such a trial would, of itself, be strong evidence that you are not a Christian. One of the last things to be mentioned is the effort of a Christian to live without communion with God. How unnatural and how ungrateful. Does he *love* the Saviour, who desires not to *pray* to him?

No, professed disciple of Christ. Do not try how long you can live without prayer; but seek to know what is to *continue "instant in prayer."* The best experiments in religious affairs are those which mortify the flesh, humble the heart, and bring us into nearness and conformity to God. Prayer is eminently conducive to these results. Go to the Great Heart-searcher with a full and contrite confession of your sins, and plead the merits of atoning blood, and cast your soul on divine mercy, and tell me if you could have been better employed.—*Prayer Meeting.*

A Father's Prayer.

A pious young man told a clergyman that he had once disobeyed his father, on which the good man retired and shut the door. Curiosity led him to look through the key-hole, and he saw his father on his knees at prayer. The boy listened, and heard his father praying for him.—This struck him to the heart, and he went away and prayed for himself. His prayer and the prayer of the parent were heard; the young man sought mercy through the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and became a christian indeed. Behold the happy effects of a pious father's prayer!

Fidelity in Little Things.

Great virtues are rare; the occasions for them are very rare; and when they do occur, we are prepared for them, we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice, we are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment; they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offence; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. We would much rather make certain great sacrifices to God, however violent and painful they might be, upon condition that we should be rewarded by liberty to follow our own desires and habits in the details of life. It is however, only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit.

Let us remember that God looks in our actions only for the motive. The world judges us by appearance; God counts for nothing what is most dazzling to men.—What he desires is a pure intention, true docility, and a sincere self-renunciation.—All this is exercised more frequently, and in a way that tries us more severely, on common than on great occasions. Sometimes we cling more tenaciously to a trifle than to a great interest. It would give us more pain to relinquish an amusement than to bestow a great sum in charity.—We are more easily led away by little things, because we believe them more innocent, and imagine that we are less attached to them; nevertheless, when God deprives us of them, we soon discover from the pain of privation how excessive and inexcusable was our attachment to them. The sincerity of our piety is also impeached for the neglect of minor duties. What probability is there that we should not hesitate to make great sacrifices, when we shrink from slight ones?

But what is most dangerous to the mind is the habit it acquires of unfaithfulness. True love to God thinks nothing small.—All that can please or displease him is great. It does not produce constraint and weak scruples, but it places no limits to its fidelity; it acts with simplicity, and as it is not embarrassed with things that God has not commanded, it never hesitates a moment about what he does command, whether it be great or small.

Those persons who are naturally less exact ought, to make an inviolable law with themselves about trifles. They are tempted to despise them; they have a habit of thinking them of no consequence; they are not aware of the insensible growth of the passions; they forget even their own most fatal experience. They trust to a delusive courage, though it has before failed them, for the support of their fidelity.

"It is a rifle," they say, "it is nothing." True; but it is a nothing that will be everything to you, a trifle that you prefer to the will of God, a trifle that will be your ruin. There is no real elevation of mind in a contempt of little things; it is, on the contrary, from too narrow views that we consider those things of little importance which have in fact such extensive consequences. The more apt we are to neglect small things, the more we ought to fear the effects of this negligence, be watchful over ourselves, and place around us, if possible, some insurmountable barrier to this remissness. Do not let us be troubled at this constant attention to trifles; at first it will require courage to maintain it, but it is a penance that we have need of, and that will at last bring us peace and serenity. God will gradually render this state pleasant and easy to us. —*Fenelon.*

The Body and the Soul.

Are our bodies so constituted that the food of one day suffices for the wants of the next? Do even occasional banquets dispense with the necessity of daily bread? Are the arrangements of nature such that one bright day each week is enough—sufficient to melt the snows of Winter, to turn the naked forests into a sea of foliage, or cover our fields in Autumn with sheaves of golden corn? No; the body needs daily bread; fields for the ripening of their fruits, and gardens for the beauty of their flowers, need daily sunlight, if not sunshine. And the soul cannot thrive, nor its graces grow and ripen without daily prayer to God and frequent communion with the skies. Pray, therefore, we ought always to pray, morning and evening at the least; so much intener, so much the better—and the result, if it is devout, earnest, believing prayer, will be to maintain our spiritual life under what appears the most unfavorable circumstances. On the rocks by the sea shore I have seen marine creatures living when the tide was out; not in the briny pools it leaves, but off the dry and naked rock—in the withering air, in the burning, broiling sun. They lived because when twice each day the foaming tide came in, and rising, covered the rocky shelves they clung to, they opened their shut and shelly mouths to drink in water enough to last them when the tide went out, and till the next tide came in. Even so, twice a day also at the least, are we to replenish our thirsty souls—fill our emptiness from the ocean of grace and mercy that flows free and full in Christ, to the least of saints and chief of sinners. In him dwelleth all the Godhead bodily.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

The Dying Christian.

The power of distinguishing of joy increases with our approach to them. The Christian feels that he is entering on a state where every care will cease, every fear vanish, every desire be fulfilled, every sin be done away, every grace perfected; where there will be no more temptations to resist, no more passions to subdue, no more insensibilities to carries, no more deadness in service, no more wandering in prayer, no more sorrows to be felt for himself, no tears to [illegible] for others. He is going where he will [illegible] without fear, his doubts certainty, his expectation enjoyment, his hope fruition. All will be perfect for God will be all in all.

Every God he knows that he shall derive immediately all his happiness. It will not longer go through any of those channels which now sully its purity. It will be offered him through no second cause which may fail, no intermediate agent which may deceive, no uncertain medium which may disappoint. The felicity is not only certain but perfect, not only perfect but eternal.

As he approaches the land of realities the shadows of this earth cease to interest or mislead him. The films are removed from his eyes. Objects are stripped of their false lustre. Nothing that is really little any longer looks great. The mists of vanity are dispersed. Everything which is to have an end appears small, appears nothing. Eternal things assume their proper magnitude, for he beholds them in the true point of vision. He has ceased to lean on the world, for he has found it a reed and a spear; it has failed and he has long known his weakness. He leans not on his virtues, for they can do nothing for him. Had he no better refuge he feels that his sun would set in darkness; his life close in despair.

But he knows in whom he has trusted, and therefore knows not what he should fear. He looks upward with holy but humble confidence to that great shepherd, who having long since conducted him in green pastures—having by his rod corrected, and by his staff supported him, will, he humbly trusts, guide him through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and safely land him on the peaceful shores of everlasting rest.

The Little Girl's Kindness to the Soldiers.

After the battle of Sharpsburg we passed over a line of railroad in Central Georgia. The disabled soldiers from Gen. Lee's armies were returning to their homes. At every station the wives and daughters of the farmers came on the cars and distributed food and wines and bandages among the sick and wounded. We shall never forget how very like an angel was a little girl; how blushingly and modestly she went to a great rude bearded soldier, who had carved a crutch from a rough plank to replace a lost leg; how this little girl asked him if he was hungry, and how he ate like a famished wolf. She asked if his wound was painful, and in a voice of soft, mellow accents, 'Can I do nothing more for you? I am sorry that you are so badly hurt; have you a little daughter, and won't she cry when she sees you? The rude soldier's heart was touched, and tears of love and gratitude filled his eyes. He only answered, 'I have three little children. God grant that they may be such angels as you.' With an evident effort he repressed a desire to kiss the fair brow of the pretty little girl. He took her little hand between both his own, and bade her good-bye—'God bless you.' The child will always be a better woman because of these lessons of practical charity stamped indelible upon her young heart.

Peace.

"To live," said Seneca, "is to make War." This is the character of life when human philosophy has done its best for us. It is an irreconcilable war between principle and passion—a war of our strength against the cares which overwhelm with despondency, and repress and stifle effort—a war of the higher nature against the pleasures which entangle in temptation and betray into vice. But when Divine grace has wrought its work in us life takes a nobler character. Then, to live is to know the peace of God which passeth understanding—to walk in the light of that peace—to rest on the bosom of that peace. Then passion wears the yoke of principle; and cares seek in vain to crush down those who are "strong in the Lord of hosts and in the power of His might;" and the spell of pleasures is broken, their enchantment is tried not on our nature alone, but on the indwelling Spirit of Him "who is higher than the highest."

Oh, even now, let our first and most fervent prayer be for this peace—this *heart-peace*, this *life* peace which ripens for the faithful into the peace of *heaven*.—*Rel Herald.*

Gather Herbs.

Our fields and woods are now filled with plants possessing medicinal qualities. Every farmer is familiar with many of them. Let them be gathered and preserved, and they will be found invaluable in the absence of many medicines for which we have been hitherto dependent on the outside world.