

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

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

VOL. VII.—NO. 3.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 25, 1863.

TERMS:
Five Dollars a Year in Advance.

Christian Advocate Publishing Company
Dr. J. O. F. POARD, President.
Directors—Rev. W. H. CUNNINGHAM, O. G. POARD, Esq., Rev. M. J. HUNT, and ZENO H. GREEN, Esq.
Secretary and Treasurer—A. M. GORMAN, Esq.

TERMS.
The Advocate is published every Wednesday morning, at \$5 per annum, in advance. Our rates are as follows: Single copies, 10 cents; 12 copies for one dollar, for first insertion, and 20 cents per copy for each subsequent insertion. A notice on the address of our business must be given in the office, should be addressed thus: "Rev. W. H. CUNNINGHAM, Raleigh, N. C."

Selections.

From Newton's History of Methodism.
Rev. J. H. Fletcher.

In November, 1781, John Fletcher and Mary Bannanquet were married in Harley Church. Their nuptials presented a scene befitting the Apostolic Christians, or a world of unfallen inhabitants. It was in the truest sense a religious festival. About a year afterward Fletcher wrote to Charles Wesley, who knew the felicity of a happy marriage: "I thank you for your hint about exemplifying the love of Christ and his Church. I hope we do. I was afraid at first to say much of the matter, for new married people do not at first know each other; but having now lived fourteen months in my new state, I can tell you Providence has reserved a prize for me, and that my wife is far better to me than the Church to Christ; so that if the parallel fail, it will be on my side."

Fletcher and his wife were both more active than ever, in Christian usefulness, during the four years of their happy union. They opened new places of religious worship in Madeley, and among its neighboring hamlets. He erected a chapel and schoolhouse in Madeley Wood, in order to secure Methodist services in the parish. If any changes after his death should exclude them from his church; and immediately subsequent to the origin of Sunday schools, he established them in the town, and quickly had three hundred children under instruction. Accompanied by his wife, he preached in many places; and visited Papin, where their labors left a lasting blessing to the Methodist societies. At Wesley's Conference, as we shall have occasion to notice, Fletcher's counsels and faintly example harmonized discords, and were received by the assembled evangelists as those of a messenger from a heavenly world. Daily, as he approached the grave, he appeared to be nearer that world, and its serene light seemed to shine perpetually upon him. Few men have departed better of the doctrine of Faith; and the remark may be soberly ventured, that perhaps no man has ever better exemplified the "life of faith" in his daily Christian walk. Faith in the atonement as the sole ground of spiritual life, and in the gift and abiding presence of the Holy Spirit, as the great result of the atonement, was his habitual theme. The "dispensation of the Holy Ghost," as the prerogative of the Church, he dwelt upon in the pulpit and in conversation continually. He lived and died in the assurance that this prevalence of the Spirit was limited in the world, only because the faith of the Church, regarding it, was feeble, and that the "glorious wonder of a Pentecost" would yet be seen among men. Thus, full of divine life, he was of course full of charity. He shared Wesley's liberal views. "God forbid," he wrote, "that I should exclude from my brotherly affection, and occasional assistance, any true minister of Christ, because he casts the Gospel net among the Presbyterians, the Independents, the Quakers, or the Baptists! If they will not wish me good luck in the name of the Lord, I will do it to them. They may excommunicate me if their prejudices prompt them to it; they may build up a wall of partition between themselves and me; but in the strength of my God, whose love is as boundless as his immensity, I will leap over the wall."

His charities to the poor continued to exhaust his income to the last. His wife, equally liberal, assures us that if he could find a handful of small silver when he was going out to see the sick, he would express as much pleasure over it as a miser would in discovering a bag of hidden treasure. He was hardly able to relish his dinner if some sick neighbors had not a part of it. On Sundays he provided for numbers of people who came from a distance to attend his ministrations; and his house as well as his church was devoted to their convenience. Being called upon by a poor man, who feared God, but who was reduced to great difficulties, he took down all the powder from the kitchen shelves, saying, "This will help you, and I can do without it; a wooden trencher will serve me just as well." During epidemic and contagious diseases, when others fled from the sick and dying, he flew to them, offering his services to watch with them by night as well as by day.

Benson, who knew him many years, says of him what Burnett said of Leighton: "I never saw him in any temper in which I would not have wished to be found at death." Wesley speaks of his perfect courtesy; "it directed his words, the tones of his voice, his looks, his whole attitude, his every motion."

This good and great man departed to his eternal rest not with peace merely, but with extraordinary triumph. He returned home from his parish duties, on a midsummer day, exhausted and feverish with a cold. On the ensuing Sunday, resting after two days' confinement, the admiring friends of his friends, he went to his church; it was the last day of his ministrations there. Before he had read far in the service his countenance changed, he was seized with faintness, and could scarcely proceed. The congregation was alarmed and in tears; his wife pressed through the crowd, and entreated the dying man to desist; but he seemed to know it "was the last time," and persisted. The windows were opened, and afforded him relief; his sermon surprised his hearers by its more than usual pathos and power, and "an awful concern" was awakened through the whole assembly. Descending from the pulpit, he walked up to the communion table, saying as he went, "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim, before the mercy-seat." Several times did he sink exhausted on the sacramental table, while the congregation wept and sobbed aloud at the sight. Having struggled through a service of four hours' duration, he was supported, while uttering benedictions on the people, to his chamber, where he fell in a swoon, and never again went out but when borne to the grave. For several days he suffered much, but with continual praise upon his lips. "God is love! Shout! shout aloud! I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth!" cried the sinking man. A visitor asked him if he thought God would not raise him up. "Raise me up in the resurrection," he gasped. On the next Sunday a supplicatory hymn was sung for him in the church. A brother clergyman, who officiated on the occasion, says that there can be no description of the scene; the burst of sorrow that attended the supplication; the sadness and even consternation that prevailed through the village which had been consecrated so long by his holy life; the ranning to and fro of messengers with reports of his condition. The members of every family sat together in silence that day awaiting with trembling expectation the issue of every hour.

The poor who came from a distance to attend the service, and who were usually entertained at his house, begged to see him once more. They were allowed to pass along the gallery and to take, through the opened door of his chamber, their final look at his beloved face. He died that night. "I know thy soul," said his wife, as she bent over him, when he could no longer speak; "I know thy soul; but for the sake of others, if Jesus be very present with thee, lift up thy right hand." Immediately it was raised. "If the prospects of glory sweetly open before thee, repeat the sign." He instantly raised it again, and in half a minute a second time. He then threw it up, as if he would reach the top of the bed. After this his hands moved no more. Breathing like a person in common sleep, he died August 14, 1789, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. "Many exemplary men," said Wesley, "have I known, holy in heart and life, within fourscore years; but one equal to him I have not known; one so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God, so unblamable a character in every respect, I have not found either in Europe or America, nor do I expect to find another such on this side of eternity."

Weeping and lamenting "thousands" bore the remains of Fletcher to the grave, singing on the way:

"With heavenly weapons he has fought,
The battles of his Lord;
Finished his course, and kept the faith,
And gained the great reward."

Danger and Vanity of Wealth.
A person lately deceased, and who possessed a speculative acquaintance with divine truth, had, by unrelenting industry, and carefully watching every opportunity of increasing his wealth, accumulated the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds. But alas! he became engrossed, and entangled with the world, and to its acquisitions he appears to have sacrificed infinitely higher interests. A dangerous sickness, that brought death near to his view, awakened his fears. Conscience reminded him of his neglect of eternal concerns, and filled him with awful forebodings of future misery. A little before he expired, he was heard to say, "My possessions amount to twenty-five thousand pounds. One half of this my property I would give, so that I might live a fortnight longer, to repent and seek salvation; and the other half I would give my dear and only son."

Little Things.
Life is made up of little things. He who travels over the continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence. He who learns a science must master it fact by fact, and principle after principle. What is the happiness of our life made up of?—Little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes and good deeds. One in a million, once in a life-time, may do a heroic action; but the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.

From the Southern Christian Advocate.
Familiar Correspondence—No. 11.

DEAR BRO. C.:—You seem to be satisfied with my account of consecration, but then you say "does not one have to make such a consecration before being regenerated?" I readily admit that in many respects he does. You will observe, however, that I took man in his state of alienation from God, and carried him on to the point of full salvation. Now, to answer your question, I must, if possible, draw the line of demarcation between regeneration and sanctification. Those who regard them as synonymous, undoubtedly mistake their true sense. Regeneration is holiness begun; sanctification is holiness in progress. The former is the principle of spiritual life implanted in the soul at the hour of justification; the latter is the unfolding of that principle in the maturity of Christian graces. The one is always complete in itself, but the other exhibits different degrees of perfection. Sanctification, in the Old Testament, means separation and dedication.—"Thus the vessels of the temple were said to be sanctified, because they were separated from everything repugnant, unclean, and dedicated to the holy service of the temple. In this sense every one who is justified is also sanctified, for in his case we see separation and dedication; but he is not actively sanctified. Now it is clear that in the hour of justification of regeneration, we are merely babes in Christ; whereas, he who is actively sanctified is a father in the Lord. In the one, the flesh which lusteth against the Spirit, is subdued, but still exists; in the other, that flesh, with the affections and lusts, is crucified and dead. In the one case, all its roots of bitterness are cut up. We admit that in the hour of our espousal to Christ we consecrate our all to God. But in the darkness of that hour, we have a narrow, circumscribed view of our hearts and the requirements of God's law. Hence, when the light of converting grace shines into our hearts, we find more cause for self-accusation than we did when we were far out in the regions of moral darkness. And here we see the wisdom of God in the economy of grace; for God saw that if he permitted the sinner to see, at one glance, the length and breadth, the height and depth of this law, on the one hand, and the depravity and corruption of his heart, on the other, he would be driven into the whirlpool of despair. Hence the law of progression is stamped here as well as everywhere else. We admit, farther, that if the justified believer would prove true to his own, and separate himself from every evil thing which this new light points out, and dedicate to God every power and influence which the justified state develops, he would have the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, and go immediately on to perfection. You see, therefore, that the difference between the consecration of the justified and the sanctified is this:—the latter has improved the grace of the former so as to make his consecration correspond with the talents given. And for the want of this, thousands in every communion have never brought forth any "fruit to perfection," while others have turned again to the yoke of bondage. But while we make the work of grace in the heart a progressive work, we would not confine that progress to the haggard march of science, the progress of which is only "numbered by chronological eras." The vast field of Christian experience is explored by faith, rather than by physical research; and therefore it is, when man enters its regions, he may soon run its length, explore its depth, and scale its everlasting attitudes, and be "filled with all the fullness of God." But still the work of progression goes on; for as he moves on towards God and Heaven, there is an immense and varied landscape of blessings opening before his raptured gaze; beyond it, stretching forth, a boundless, faithless infinity.

"An ocean of love and power,
Which neither measure nor end"
Such is the Christian's privilege; a blessing which all may possess. And will they continue to "creep, when they might expand their wings and soar." Will they contentedly sit in the mere twilight of spiritual enjoyment, when they may walk in the rays of noontide splendor? Will they abide lingering in the outer court, when they may boldly enter into the holy place, and feel the out-beamings of the divine glory? or will they yet skin on the mere surface of religion, when they may be

"Plunged into the Gol-head's deepest sea,
And lost in His immensity."

Not to be Ministered Unto.
We hear often about the condescension of the high towards the low; yet how it all fades away in the light of the life of Him "who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor." We are commended sometimes for the few spare hours which we give the poor; but what are these to his gifts who always "went about doing good," who sought not "to be ministered unto, but to minister," and who closed all by "giving his life a ransom for many?"

Haydon remarked about his pictures, "I was never satisfied with anything I did until I had forgotten what I wished to do." With the example of Christ before us at which to aim, it will surely be long before any of his followers will be able to say of their work that they are satisfied.

From Tract No. 24 of the London Religious Tract Society.
Only a Step.

It was late one evening, when, on reaching his dwelling, the writer was informed that a person had called upon him to request that he would visit a young man who was then lying in a neighboring infirmary. The man was a contractor, engaged in the making of a large railway viaduct—a young man with every prospect of long life, full of energy, robust in frame and strong in health. Scarcely a year had passed since his marriage; his parental affection and hopes had just been awakened by the birth of a lovely babe, and he had every reason to look for continued earthly happiness and success. Whilst engaged in the work of his profession, that morning, watching the placing of one of the immense stones of which the viaduct is formed, a fastening gave way. One stone fell, broke the plank on which he was standing, and he was thrown to the ground. Though not a bone was broken, he was so greatly injured internally that recovery was hopeless. There he lay, almost free from pain; but his life was gradually ebbing away. He listened, eagerly and thankfully, when the writer tried to direct him to the Saviour, and on his rising to go, the young man expressed a desire that he would remain a little longer. The conversation was continued as long as it was thought desirable, and a promise was given that should the poor sufferer be spared, he should receive another visit early on the morrow. A little after midnight, however, he breathed his last.

That was not the only fatal accident which had happened on the same works. But a few weeks before a carpenter, employed on the temporary wood-work of one of the arches, fell to the ground only a very short distance from the place where the occurrence took place which has just been mentioned, and was taken up dead or dying. On the Saturday after the former accident, a poor excavator, likewise laboring but a short distance from the spot where that accident happened, was covered in by an unexpected fall of earth, and before he could be got out he was dead.

Events like these bring death very near to us, and ought to impress us deeply and powerfully with the conviction that life is most uncertain. They ought to make us feel that there may be but a step between us and death. "I am, xx. 3. Some are engaged in employments more dangerous than others, and are exposed to peculiar peril. To such persons this acknowledgment is especially suited; but it is quite possible that to many who least expect it, there may be but a step between them and death. How necessary, then, is it that we should seek an immediate preparation for that solemn charge! Death involves so much that it is on every occasion a solemn thing to die. It is scarcely possible to think and speak of it with the seriousness which it demands; yet how lightly it is often regarded!

We do not wish to overstate what we have to say, or to indulge in anything like exaggeration. It is quite probable that the majority of those who read these pages may live for many years to come; that the young may reach old age; and that even the aged may add a few years to their already lengthened term of life. All this is probable, but only probable. You cannot calculate with certainty on a day or an hour. Who has not sometimes stood and looked with mingled wonder and fear on men moving about, on some perilous height, calm, self-possessed, secure—their very confidence of their security—and thought, "there is indeed but a step between you and death; a single false step, and you are gone!" And yet it will frequently, though not always, be found, that when, unfortunately, accidents have happened, they have arisen from something entirely unforeseen, and against which no precaution could have been taken. You enter the railway train. All seems perfectly safe; but there comes some unexpected collision, some frightful crash, and in an instant numbers of those who were so tranquil and so free from apprehension are launched into eternity. The emigrant vessel, filled with glowing hearts, looking forward to a distant shore for that success which they have not secured in their native land, leaves the port with a favoring breeze and in gallant trim, when suddenly, perhaps at midnight, there arises the alarm of fire, and every soul perishes.

"Extreme cases," you say. Perhaps they are. Well, then, look at circumstances which may occur to any of us. Is it beyond the range of probability that, as you pass along the street, the tide, loosened by the tempest, should fill from the roof of the building, by the side of which you are walking, and smite you to the earth? Does not the desolating pestilence sometimes visit us, not seldom sweeping away those who were least expected to be its victims? Is it an uncommon thing for a man to have within him the seeds of some fatal disease, the existence of which he scarcely suspected, and it has grown, and it has hurried him to his grave? Are there not a thousand casualties, to one or other of which we are all liable, and any one of which may close unexpectedly our term of earthly existence?

"'Tis a stern and startling thing to think,
How often mortality stands on the brink

Of its grave, without any misgiving,
And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds that tell us that life
Is dying, and death is living."

There may be "but a step between you and death," but a step between you and hell; or—would that such were the alternative with all!—but a step between you and your Father's house in heaven. It is at least possible that death may be close at hand, and that your destiny beyond the grave may be just on the point of being decided forever.

Let us then speak of the preparation we should at once make for death. How, it may be first asked, may a man be prepared to die? This is a subject on which people are often greatly mistaken.

A Contented Farmer.
Once upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surprised "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer, ploughing his acre by the wayside, cheerfully singing his melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the King. "Does this acre belong to you on which you so industriously labor?"
"No, sire," replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the King, "I am not so rich as that; I plough for wages."
"How much do you get a day?" asked the King.
"Eight groschen," (about twenty cents), said the farmer.

"This is not much," replied the King. "Can you get along with this?"
"Get along and have something left?"
"How is that?"
The farmer smiled and said:
"Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend away; and two I give way for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the King.
"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help; and now that they are weak and need help, I keep them; this is my debt towards which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may receive a Christian instruction; this will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I would not be compelled to keep; this I give for the Lord's sake."

The King, well pleased with his answer, said:
"Travely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"
"Never," said the farmer.
"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."
"This is a riddle which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.
"Then I will do it for you," replied the King.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty brand-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming:
"The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you adieu."—*German Reformed Messenger.*

Trust in the Lord.
How many times are we commanded in the Scriptures to trust in the Lord; and how many times are persons commended for doing it? Yet it is most difficult to do at the time most needed. When every thing is prosperous, then trust is easy enough; but when things go wrong, when the times are out of joint, then we find it very difficult to let the Lord have his own way and put implicit trust in Him. And yet this is our duty. We cannot take care of ourselves. We are as helpless as little children. We know not what is for our good; and if we did, we could not always obtain it. This is one great reason therefore why it is a duty to trust in God. There is another. God commands us to do it. He tells us not to lean on our own understanding; not to trust in princes and mighty men, but in Him. And the promise is a gracious one—He will guide us and take care of us. Suppose now we begin from to-day to endeavor to submit our will and our pleasure to God. To let him order our affairs and guide our paths. And if he should take us where it is dark and loneliness, yet to be resigned; and to trust Him though it be dark and we cannot see ahead. What peace and comfort we should have thus living. "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man." "Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: He is their help and their shield."

IF YOU HAVE ANY THING TO DO, DO IT.—There is no lesson which people—men, women, and children—have more need to learn than this, do what they have to do at once. Young people cannot calculate the benefit of it, while the want of it will hang upon them all their lives long like an incubus. Our advice to boys and girls always is, if they have but a smart hour's work to do, do it in an hour, and do not dabble over it all day. In our business, if we had a boy who must be lazy, we should urge him, by all means, to work while he did work, and make a business of it; and then, if he must, stop and make a business of that too.

A Strange Thing.

By many it is confidently said that there is no hell except in this world, and that all men at death go immediately to heaven. Were it so, I could rejoice in the happiness of my fellow-creatures; but it is a doctrine involving several strange things, which I briefly suggest.

It is strange that the sinners of the ante-diluvian world, that the guilty Sodomites, and heaven-daring Pharaoh with his host, were speedily translated to heaven, by fire and flood, as a reward of their wickedness; while Noah, Lot and Moses, with the Israelites, as a judgment on their iniquity, were doomed to a continuance of their trials in this world of sorrow.

It is strange that the apostles, knowing that no man's soul is in danger, would have felt such solicitude and made such painful exertions for the salvation of men. It is strange that the persons whom they addressed were often so deeply alarmed under the soothing doctrines of universal salvation.

It is strange, that if Christ and the apostles held such doctrines, they should have employed language such as the preachers of future punishment would choose to employ to express their sentiments—language which has actually led to an eighty of all who ever read the New Testament to believe that they taught the future state, and damnation of all who die without conversion.

It is strange that just God should make so little distinction between the righteous and the wicked in this life, if He intends to make none in futurity.

It is strange that the man who dies in the very act of iniquity, as the suicide, should have no punishment either in this world or the next.

It is strange that all who believe in Universalism, when involved in distress, do not make their escape by self-destruction, and enter at once upon the joys of heaven.

It is strange that a system of religion, designed by its Author to promote the reformation and holiness of men should tend to loosen their obligations and relax their morals and piety, as Universalism is known to do.

Those are some of the strange things involved in the doctrine of universal salvation. Having attentively considered them, will you not deem it a strange thing that any man, having the Bible in his hand, reason in his head, or grace in his heart, should be a Universalist?

Christ Dying for us.
In the reign of Kuseem Khan, of Persia, twelve men were robbed and murdered under the walls of Shiraz. The perpetrators could not for a long time be discovered; but the king resolving to make an example for the sake of good order, commanded the officers to persevere, under heavy threats, until a matter which so much concerned his own reputation should be brought to light. At length, by accident, it was found out that a small branch of Kuseem's own tribe of Zund were the guilty persons. Their crime was clearly proved, and, in spite of powerful intercession, all actually engaged in the murder were condemned to die. The circumstance that they were of the king's own clan made their case worse; they had dishonored their sovereign and could not be forgiven.

When the prisoners were brought before the monarch to be sentenced and executed, there was among them a youth, twenty years of age, whose appearance excited universal interest; but this was increased to pain when his father rushed forward and demanded, before they were led to death, to speak with the prince. Permission was easily obtained, and he addressed the monarch as follows:—Kuseem Khan, you have sworn that these guilty men shall die, and it is just they should suffer; but I, who am not guilty, come here to demand a boon of my chief. My son is young; he has been deluded into crime; his life is forfeited; but he has hardly tasted of the sweets of existence. He is just betrothed in marriage; I come to die in his stead. Be merciful; let an old worn-out man perish, and spare a youth who may long be useful to his tribe; let him live to taste of the waters and till the ground of his ancestors!"—The Shah was deeply moved by this appeal; to pardon the offence was impossible, for he had sworn on the Koran that all concerned should die. With feelings very different from our ideas of justice, but congenial to those of the chief of a tribe, he granted the father's prayer, and the old man went exultingly to meet his fate; while the son, wild and distracted with grief, loudly called on the prince to reverse the decree, and inflict on him the doom he merited, and save the life of his aged and innocent parent.

How much greater was the love of the Lord Jesus for "while we were yet sinners Christ died for us," and how deep should be the gratitude of those in whose stead he gave up his life!

Our Father.
Oh! the unspeakable privilege to have him for our Father, who is the Father of all mercies and the God of all comfort.—Do not think he can shut out a bleeding soul that comes to him, and refuse to take and to bind up a broken heart that offers itself to him, puts itself in to his hand and entrusts his help. Doth he require pity of us, and doth he give it to us, and is it not infinitely more in himself? All that is in angels and men; is but an insensible drop to the ocean.—*Leighton.*