

THE EPISCOPAL METHODIST.

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Poetry.

Titles.
OR, CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

An Alms-giver, whose plea prevails:
Brother, to those who do His will;
A Counselor, who never fails:
A sure Defence from every ill.

Perfect Example to each mind,
Obedient, trusting, holy, meek;
The Friend of Sinners, gentle, kind,
A Gift Unspeakable from every seek.

A Habitation, firm, secure;
An Intercessor, always heard;
A Judge, of justice strict and pure;
A loving King, in deed and word.

The Light,—the Life, what living power;
The Mighty, upon whom is laid
Our help in every trying hour,—
The Name on which our faith is stayed.

Our Portion—ours,—oh! what a claim!
The Pearl of greatest price, untold,
A Quickening Spirit—blessed name,—
A Refuge—from earth's storms—a fold.

A Shepherd for each wandering one,—
A Teacher sent from Heaven above,—
A Gift Unspeakable, unknown,
So full of goodness, grace and love.

A Vine, the true and living vine,—
The Wonderful, mysterious all,—
Evening Joy, supreme, divine,—
Oh, for what face these wonders call.

Your Saviour and your Friend are I,—
Send words by Christ to sinners told;
And Zion's King exalted high,
Shall reign while endless years unfold.

The Pulpit.

Family Religion.

The family is an institution of divine origin. Communism is as unnatural as it is impracticable; and when it seeks to fuse fifty families into one, mingling their cares, their toils, and their pleasures, it violates some of the finest instincts of our nature. The same may be said of the fashionable system of hotel life, now so common with many wealthy families. A hotel is a very convenient place for temporary sojourn, but a very poor place for a family to dwell upon all the time. What a place in which to bring up children! The comforts and the prophecies of home are there necessarily unknown. Excitement, show, fashion, folly, worldliness, enter so inevitably into this kind of life, that the impressible hearts of childhood are fascinated by vanity, and carried far away from God. Every family should have the quietude and sanctity of a home. Humble it may be in its surroundings, without adornment, the abode of poverty; but if a Christian home, it is a better place for a family than the glitter, luxury, and allurement of a fashionable hotel.

The evening glory of family, as of personal life, is religion. It brightens every domestic joy, and soothes every household sorrow. We do not deny that there are families making no pretension to religion, in which the domestic virtues are cultivated, and much of happiness is found. Yet even here a good share of the happiness enjoyed is often due to the religious influence transmitted from other families, and imperceptibly working out its legitimate results. How greatly would the happiness and real prosperity of such a family be enhanced if the grace of God should reign in the parents' hearts, and its influence, through them, be exerted over the minds and lives of the children!

We have reason to fear that family religion is often neglected even by those who claim to be Christians. The parents attend church on Sunday, and their children may go with them if they will; but if they prefer not, they are excused, very often on the plea that it is not right to force a child to go to church. No prayer is heard in the family, and but little religious conversation, and that only of the most general character. Everything else is talked about—schools, books, newspapers, food, dress, business, amusements; but the greatest and most important of all themes is utterly neglected. Has such a family any genuine claim to the name of Christian?

The existence of family religion depends on the religious character of the parents. To bring up their children aright, and to have the highest degrees of domestic happiness, not one, but both the parents should themselves be Christians. Their children will be influenced by their example, and will thus be drawn to Christ or repelled from him. This religion in the parents must, however, be something more than form or profession. It should be heartfelt, earnest, sincere, practical; removed from formalism and coldness on the one hand, and from cant and fanaticism on the other. If the hearts of some children have failed to embrace Christ because they have

seen no exhibition of parental piety save that which was mere profession, so have others been kept away because of mistaken austerity, undue solemnity, the use of cant phrases, and the association of religion with everything gloomy and melancholy. No wonder the fresh, blithe hearts of children turn away in disgust from religion thus unattractively made. We would have all Christian parents manifest a cheerful piety, and thus accustom their children to associate religion with whatever is bright and lovely and cheerful.

One of the best modes of promoting family religion is family worship, morning and evening. We do not mean by this a brief prayer, hurried through as rapidly as possible, with no effort to awaken an interest in the hearts of the children. We would have a season of worship which all can enjoy, and in which all may participate. One great reason why so many children dislike family worship is because they have no part assigned them in it. A chapter is read from the Bible, and a prayer is offered, very often a long and tedious one, and the little ones get weary. They are not to be blamed for this, nor is it wonderful if they look upon the time of family worship as an affliction or a punishment. But give them something to do, and the case will be different. If they can read, let them now and then read a few verses; let there be an occasional comment, or explanation of the verses read; let each one, even the youngest that can prattle, repeat a verse of Scripture; let all join in singing and in repeating the Lord's Prayer, and they will feel an interest in family worship to which otherwise they will be strangers. Instead of regarding it as a time of dreariness to be avoided, they will look forward to it with delight.

If the ancient heathen offered daily sacrifices to their household gods, surely Christians should daily offer their family devotion more spiritual, than those of pagan households, so we must expect that the lives of our families will be so influenced by the daily family worship, that they will be all brought to Christ, and made partakers of his blessed character. This is the great end of family religion, and wherever it is faithfully attended to, there will be found a family strong in spiritual affections, enjoying the highest degree of domestic happiness, and useful to the Church and to society.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.
Have you erected a family altar, dear reader? You are the head of a family, and also a professed believer in Christ. If you have, you know its value. In that case it is a permanent arrangement in your household. With you, then, home and the family altar are sacredly and forever united. But if you have not built up this sanctuary about your hearthstone, and yet the vows of the Christian religion are upon you, see to it that you offend your heavenly Father no longer by your failure to acknowledge Him in your family. Erect it at once. If you would have the blessing of God upon you and yours, make an altar for morning and evening sacrifice to Him. Certain it is that you can never meet the responsibilities of a religious life in such signal neglect of religion at your fireside! Your every interest in time and eternity requires that you and yours be no longer classed among the families that call not on Jehovah's name. Erect, then, the FAMILY ALTAR, and with the ark of the covenant in your house, you and yours will be truly blessed, all the better prepared for the duties of this life and the rewards of the life to come. Do it at once, reader, and God grant that—
"When, soon or late, you reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven;
May you rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in Heaven!"
—Methodist.

WHAT IS THE BIBLE LIKE?—It is like a large beautiful tree that bears sweet fruit for those that are hungry, and affords shelter and shade for pilgrims on their way to heaven.

It is like a cabinet of jewels and precious stones, which are not only to be looked at and admired, but used and worn.

It is like a telescope, which brings distant objects and far off worlds very near so that we can see something of their beauty and importance.

It is like a treasure-house, a store-house of all sorts of valuable and useful things; and which are to be had without money and without price.

It is like a deep, broad, ebb-flowing river, the banks of which are green and flowery, where birds sing and lambs play and dear little children are loving and happy.

My dear little children, I want you to love the Bible. If you attend to it, it will make you through God's blessing, wise, rich and happy forever and ever.—Times and Witness.

Communications.

For the Episcopal Methodist,
PHILADELPHIA, May 23rd, 1867.
Bro. HUDSON:—Though writing from this place, I will devote my letter to a continuation of my notes about Baltimore. That is a place of peculiar interest to Southern Methodists, for reasons which I need not mention to your intelligent readers. Our Church is well represented there by its Ministers and members. The Bishop appointed a pastor to each congregation, with the understanding that they were to rotate in their pulpit labors. This system has its advantages and disadvantages; the former, in that it distributes the benefits of the talents and popularity of the most influential of the preachers; the latter, in that it requires the congregations of the most attractive pastors to support them without the regular assistance of the large penny collections from the crowds which they draw to hear them.

Recently Bro. Roscoe has entered the large and beautiful edifice of the Church of the Ascension. Before his house of worship was entirely too small. The Church of the Ascension belonged to the Episcopalians; but they had owed a debt of \$3,000 for years, and had to sell in order to pay it. It speaks eloquently for the power and prospects of Methodism in Baltimore that on the day it was dedicated by the Methodists \$6,000 was raised and nearly all the remainder of the \$20,000 is secured—that being the amount for which it was purchased. I had the great pleasure of hearing the pastor on my first Sabbath in the City. He is truly an extraordinary preacher. In some respects I have seldom heard his equal. Elegant in diction, elocution and exuberant in fancy, uniting the tenderness and beauty of amiable sensibility with the boldness and force of profound intellectuality, he gives to his preaching the character of a feast of reason and a flow of soul—that is seldom enjoyed in the Sanctuary. But after hearing him for twenty minutes you discover that his influence upon you grows more feeble. Whether that is owing to the trouble of his voice, or exhaustion, or to the irregularity of modulation (a peculiarity which is soon noticed) is not known. He is doing a great work for the Church—has an immense congregation and should be heard by all of our people who go to Baltimore. Dr. Hinton is the pastor of Winans Chapel. It is too small.—Such a man must have a more commodious building. It is crowded to suffocation; I think, and I pray, that it will not be long before he too will be favored to enter an edifice that can accommodate the vast throng who desire to hear him. He is not only a preacher, but a pastor. He is working bravely in the cause. Last Sabbath he preached three times in different parts of the City. The membership of his noble little charge is growing surely. Bro. Smith from Georgia is also doing an excellent work. With a body torn by the missiles of death on the battle-field, his appearance attracts your attention and awakens your interest, while his preaching and zeal prove him to be a faithful and accomplished herald of the Gospel. Bro. Wilby is pastor of Holland Street. He has recently, also, moved into a more spacious building, and is earnestly struggling to build up his little flock. All of these Churches would be the better, if they had young, active, vigorous pastors together with the preaching talents of these older brethren. I have seldom, if ever, seen a more promising field for pastoral exertion. I need not extend these personalities. Everybody who takes or reads the Baltimore Methodist (and I hope all who can either do or will) know the trenchant power of Dr. Bond's inimitable pen as an Editor.—He throws down the glove to the most daring and accomplished of the so-called religious press of the North, but they do not accept. They are afraid of him. From what I've heard he has Honorary Degrees enough to fill a "key basket," and from what I have read I believe he is worthy of them.—Bro. Poisel is at his elbow, working with untiring zeal to make the columns of the Methodist worthy of the high esteem in which it is held. I regret several strange facts about Methodism in Baltimore.

1. I regret that our good brethren who belong to the independent Churches think it their duty to hold so unfortunate a relation to our general interests. If they hold out in their present way, they will fritter away their energies and resources in vain,

all the time withholding from the Church South what would make it a tower of strength and a crown of glory in Baltimore. We have no forces there that can wisely or safely be neutralized by 'wayward congregationalism. In my heart, loving the brethren and our common cause, I painfully regret the fact of this division of effort, this virtual squandering of most halloved resources, just at the time that we need all possible help and can only hope to succeed by the utmost harmony and concentration. I hope the Blessed Spirit will soon lead them to the bosom of our one great Alma Mater.

Again, I think it remarkable that so many of the good people of Baltimore who feel and believe with Southern Methodism, are withholding their support and membership from those with whom they agree and continuing their membership under those who differ from them more than Christian unity in the same congregation justifies. I do not urge this in behalf of discord but for consistency's sake, without which virtue can neither be useful nor happy.

Again, many pious young North Carolinians and other Southerners have gone to Baltimore to live and have not united with any Church.—Will not their parents attend to this? There are good pastors and noble people in the different denominations there. These young men are exposed to all the insidious, gilded temptations of City life—temptations which, if known by their parents, would make them shudder, and sigh with the deepest anxiety. The City pastors do not know these young men and the latter often do not make themselves and their profession known.

It is late and I must close.

Affectionately,
A. W. MANSOUR.

For the Episcopal Methodist,
A Plea for Amusements.

BY THOMAS.

MR. EDITOR:—By your permission, I propose to furnish, for your most excellent paper, a few articles, strictly speaking, intended as a plea for amusements, yet I propose, in this connection, to consider the bearing that pleasures generally have upon us, in the important relations of life.

I think we will be better prepared to consider the subject of amusements after we have settled the question, in our minds, whether this life was to be one of happiness and pleasure or of pain and sorrow; whether we are, like the honey-bee, to draw sweets from every beauty and bounty of nature,—to grow happier and better as we journey on, till there be scarce a boundary between the joys of earth and those of heaven; or whether life is truly "a state of probation," "a vale of tears," where all nature is at war against us. It will aid us, to begin with, to determine how far the bounties and delights of nature were created for our use and enjoyment; and how far we may venture to indulge ourselves in the enjoyments of the social circle.

Notwithstanding this subject has been so long before the world, yet I cannot find that it has ever been carefully examined by any one, either exhaustively or humbly.

It has been discussed, in a very limited manner, thousands of times in the pulpit and other places, but never with any pretence to master it; and I have not been so fortunate as to find any treatises upon the subject giving it a fair discussion. This silence of theologians and moralists upon the subject might seem a little surprising, when we consider the opposition to pleasures and amusements, if experience did not inform us that the most stubborn prejudices are seldom founded on close enquiry.

A careful study of the subject, in most cases, moderates the passions of disputants, shortens the distance between them, and dispels their prejudices. And we think our present subject does not differ, in that respect, from others.

It can not be maintained that there are no dangers to be feared in pleasures and amusements. I would not take so bold a position as that, in favor of anything, since there is nothing without its evil as well as good tendencies. I shall not contend but that pleasures are more liable to perversion than many of our more serious employments. The most that I hope to do, is to show their natural tendency generally. It is only the general result that we are to look at, and no sane man expects to find unmixed good. If the

general effect is good, they are to be encouraged and not discouraged.

In discussing the propriety of fostering amusements, very naturally, we are led to enquire what is the design of our being. For which of these two states of mind and body are we intended? Are we created for happiness or misery? Which is the natural state of man here below?

In a future number we will discuss these various questions and propose to consider the origin of the present hostility to pleasure and amusements. I think that we shall see that it has arisen in a great measure, from false views of the design of our being, and erroneous theories, adopted centuries ago, by ascetic and monastic religionists.

Having just come out from a state of war and confusion, by which society was broken up—but is now in a state of formation again—it is of vast importance that we adopt correct views as to the bearing of amusements upon our institutions and the future happiness of our country. Now is the time to take the right stand. We have no diversions, as yet, that have obtained any great influence over the public mind. Everything is immature; neither fortified by any hoary-headed customs, nor endeared to us by very tender associations. The amusements that we now have can give up; by and by we shall have become attached to them, and a moral revolution will be required to change the current of our pleasures.

Selections.

John Wesley.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Such an angelic face! the expression so calm and lofty, the features so refined and defined, regular and delicate, just the face that makes you see his mother was a beautiful woman (one of his aunts was painted by Sir Peter Lely, as one of the beauties of the day.) Yet there is nothing feminine about it, unless as far as an angel's face may or must be partly feminine. Eyes not appealing but commanding; the delicate mouth as firm as a Roman general's; self-control, as the secret of all other control, stamped on every feature. If anything is wanting in the face and manners it seemed to me it was that just nothing was wanting—that it was too angelic. You could not detect the weak, soft place, where he would need to lean instead of to support. He seemed to speak almost too much from heaven; not indeed as one who had not known the experiences of earth, (there was the keenest penetration and the deepest sympathy in his words,) but as one who had surmounted them all. The glow on his countenance was the steady sunlight of benevolence, rather than the tearful, trembling, intermittent sunshine of affection, with its hopes and fears. The lines of his eyes were the lines of effective thought, not of anxious solicitude. I've been on a sick-bed in the ward of a hospital, I should bask in his benevolent look as in the smile of an angel.

MR. WESLEY AND MR. WHITFIELD.
Mr. Whitfield looked as if he were pleading with the people to escape from a danger he saw, but they could not, and would draw them to heaven in spite of themselves. Mr. Wesley did not appear so much to plead as to speak with authority. Mr. Whitfield seemed to throw his whole soul into the perils of his hearers. Mr. Wesley seemed to rest with his whole soul on the truth he spoke, and by the force of his own calm conviction to make every one feel that what he said was true. If his hearers were moved, it was not with the passion of the preacher; it was with the bare reality of the things he said.

Henry Clay's Children.

The wife of Henry Clay, besides performing the arduous duties I have mentioned, became the mother of eleven children, six daughters and five sons. Two of her daughters died in infancy, and two others at the age of fourteen. The two remaining daughters lived to be married and to be mothers, but died early in their married life, to the inexpressible grief of their parents.

But these were not all the domestic afflictions of Mr. and Mrs. Clay. Their oldest son, in consequence of an accidental injury, lost his reason as he was approaching manhood, and became at length so violent that it was necessary to remove him to an asylum, where, excepting a few short intervals, he resided for twenty years.

Mr. Clay's second son, upon attaining manhood, entered into the manufacture of hempen goods. The fourth son, Henry Clay, Jr., graduated second in his class at West Point, and fell at the battle of Buena Vista. The two younger sons embraced the profession of the law.—Ez.

Infidelity of the Northern Secular Press.

The New York Christian Advocate says:

To one who has not given attention to the subject, it will occasion a thrill of painful surprise to examine how largely the press of the country is managed by men who do not conceal their disbelief in, and their contempt for, Christianity. Open professions of infidelity are not their policy; but while retaining the name and somewhat of the forms of expression of religion, another and a widely different and antagonistic gospel is taught. The North American Review, almost the only general literary quarterly, is as evidently if not as offensively, non-Christian as are the writings of Strauss or Theodore Parker. The Atlantic Monthly, the first literary magazine in the country is the recognized organ of the most rationalistic free-thinkers about Boston, which is equivalent to saying, in the world; for in point of arrogant skepticism, Tubigen is cast into the shade by our American Athens. Our New York periodicals, if less outspoken in their irreligion, are scarcely less decidedly non-Christian. The ruling minds in the editorial work of both of Harper's able and popular works are certainly not in sympathy with plain, old style religion. The Nation, probably the ablest and most scholarly weekly ever issued in this country, is managed by an editorial corps of "liberal Christians," which is the euphemism for polite infidels. The Phenological Journal, a truly ably conducted monthly, is confessedly outside the plane of orthodoxy; while the Liberal Christian, (Unitarian,) and the Anti-slavery Standard, (which two we name, not because of any special ability, however,) belong in the same category.

Of the daily papers, the Herald has its established reputation for a reckless disregard for religion in any form, though we have sometimes at most concluded that it is, perhaps, the least dangerous of our principal dailies. The Tribune has always been anti-Christian, though in its chief editor's strange way it has been humanitarian. We doubt, however, whether all the good it may have done in the interests of anti-slavery, of education, and of social economy, can compensate for the harm it has inflicted by unsettling the faith of thousands of the young people of the land. The Daily Times, which for a long time occupied an enviable position as a moral and Christian journal, has lately passed over to the class of sneerers at religion and morality. Its new department of "Minor Topics" is among the most objectionable things found in any of our daily papers, reckless alike of truth, of propriety, and of decency; while its policies are as they are, if anybody can find out how. Of the older style of papers the Evening Post is a very decent political and literary journal, with Unitarian proclivities. The Journal of Commerce, once almost a religious paper, is such no longer. The Commercial Advertiser, for long years the model for a secular newspaper, is now simply the mouth-piece of a very bitter old politician, disappointed and cynical. These are some of the periodicals that are now giving form and fashion to the minds of the people of this nation. The view they present is indeed sad-denying, and full of evil portent. But where is the remedy?

Seed Thoughts.

THE CHURCH'S ARTILLERY.—Prayers are the Church's artillery. As long as Moses continued in prayers, Israel prevailed over Amalek. The application of Hezekiah was the means of withering the mighty host of Sennacherib. Praying believers, it has been truly said, are of more service to a place, than walls of brass and ramparts of iron.

THE GUIDING STAR.—To the storm-driven mariner, his compass lost, how welcome are the rays of the polar star. The Bible is the Star of Bethlehem. It is a supernatural object; a source of light; it guides to Jesus; its light reaches the Gentile as well as the Jewish world; if we follow its leads, it will come and stand over and throw the fuller light on Christ.

THE CROSS.—The cross of Christ is the Christian's glory. The offense which the world takes at Him is a proof that he has taken up the cross of Christ and is following him. This no man can do faithfully but he must give offense. Settle this well in your mind; sit down and count the cost. Are you willing to be Christ's glory and the world's scorn? Do you expect all from the cross? Then give up all for the cross.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.—To every man there are many, many dark hours, when he feels inclined to abandon his best enterprise—hours when his heart's dearest hopes appear delusive—hours when he feels unequal to the burden, when all his aspirations seem worthless.—Let no one think that he alone has dark hours. They are the touchstone to try whether we are current coin or not.

EARLY RESPONSIBILITY.—Early responsibility is almost equivalent to early sobriety. If a stick of timber standing upright wavers, lay a beam on it, and put a weight on that, and see how stiff the stick becomes. And if young men waver and vacillate, put responsibility on them, and how it straightens them up. What power it gives them. How quickly it develops and puts forward all that is good in them.

FATHER.—I have seen a lone tree standing on the prairie; he beheld the storms of winter buffet against its trunk, and the gales of autumn bend its lofty branches to the dust, but when the blast had gone, have viewed its tall form still erect, limbs still expanded, and I have said such is the Christian amid the riots and tumults of the world's unrighteousness. His trust is in Him who gave the tree its unyielding root, in whose right hand there is deliverance. Let the Christians, then, learn a lesson from the tree, and amid the conflicts of life remember, that with faith, they are like a house built upon a rock; that their warfare is but for a limited period, and that the reward of the good soldier of the cross is an inheritance of eternal felicity.

THERE IS A GOD.—The herbs of the valley and the cedars of the mountain adore Him; the insect hums his praise; the elements salute Him at the dawn of day; the birds chant Him in the foliage; the thunder-bolt flashes forth His power, and the ocean declares His immensity. Man alone has said "there is no God." He then has never, in his adversity, raised his eyes toward heaven, or, in his prosperity, turned his regards towards the earth. Is nature so far from him that he has no power to contemplate it? Or, does he believe it to be the simple result of chance? But when had chance the power to constrain organized and rebellious matter, to arrange itself to an order so perfect?

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE SAYS:—"The season is one of marked spiritual prosperity in many portions of our church. Our revival list last week, condensed from pastors' letters received at this office during the previous eight days, mention a total of over three thousand conversions."

WANTED.—A number of brave young men for cavalry service under Christ's banner.