

THE EPISCOPAL METHODIST.

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ORGAN OF THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

Rev. W. H. CUNNINGHAM, Publisher.

VOL. I.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1867.

NO. 22.

Poetry.

From the American Messenger.

The Tares and the Wheat. Standing together, side by side, 'Tares and wheat in the Master's field, Each with its blade of shining green, Each with its grain in its silken sheath...

The wheat was sowed by the Master's hand; The seed was good, and sown with care; But while men sleep, in the summer night, The enemy came, and scattered tares...

Sole by side in the cheerful sun, Each refreshed by the soft zephyr's flow, Alike they wave in the balmy breeze, And bend their heads in the evening hour...

Waiting together till harvest time, 'Tares and wheat in the Master's field, The reaper comes with his sickle keen, And both to its shining sweep most yield...

"Cast forth the tares in the fire to burn," But, "said the Lord, in harvest-sweat, 'Tare my tares, with thanksgiving and joy, Gather my beautiful golden wheat..."

Al, thus in our Master's harvest field, The wheat and the tares stand side by side; He sendeth his sun, and sendeth his rain; Blessings he scattereth far and wide...

At last he sendeth his reaper forth, His reaper Death, with his sickle keen, And he whets the beautiful gold wheat, And the worthless tares that grow between...

Oh, patient soul in the harvest-field, Wait, Oh wait till the Master come; He knoweth his wheat from the enemy's tares; His own will he bear to his harvest home.

Mrs. C. E. R. PARKER.

The Pulpit.

From the N. O. Christian Advocate.

Christians For the Times.

In the economy of the plan of salvation, there is not only progression, but also distribution. The history of Providence shows that God has a peculiar work for every generation and individual. While the patriarchal, the Hebrew people and the Gospel dispensation, all converged to one grand point, yet each had a particular work assigned to it. And as the work of Noah and Moses, the Apostles and Reformers, in their respective generations, was peculiar to them and their times, so it is to every generation and individual...

He who so orders his life, and conversation as to bring no dishonor or reproach on religion, who gives no occasion to its enemies to blaspheme, nor to its friends to contradict, and who publishes in the streets of Aukodon, "I will thank God, that I do not aspire to a still higher aim in their training. They are mortal natures. They are mortal beings, mortal spirits, mortal souls, mortal spirits, mortal souls...

Now, how should you, how must you train these children? Teach them to be good, as far as you know how to teach them. Teach them by your example, it is worth so much more than precept contradicted and cancelled by example. Let their first lessons be prayer, night and morning, the words of prayer to God. Then, in the school, it is possible that happiness can only be secured by goodness. Try to prevent them from forming bad habits. Encourage them in all that is useful and upright and pious. But in all this, I repeat, you will need help. This help the Church of God strives to give you through the Sunday School. This is the leading design and tendency of all properly conducted Sabbath Schools...

Correspondence.

Sabbath Schools.—No. II. TO PARENTS.

Parents, do you realize your responsibility? Do you remember, day and night, that you are entrusted with the fearful duty of Educating your children for time and eternity? Have you ever considered that on your faithfulness or neglect depends in a great degree the fate of your children in this world and the next? Is it not so?—The Word of God assures us—"Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Oh study that passage of Scripture, and may God help you to understand it! Does it not teach you that your child may be so well educated in the duties of life that he will not fall far from the way? That he may be so established in the way to Heaven that he will not afterwards leave it?

The Living Epistle.

Dr. Guthrie says, in the Sunday Magazine: He who so orders his life, and conversation as to bring no dishonor or reproach on religion, who gives no occasion to its enemies to blaspheme, nor to its friends to contradict, and who publishes in the streets of Aukodon, "I will thank God, that I do not aspire to a still higher aim in their training. They are mortal natures. They are mortal beings, mortal spirits, mortal souls, mortal spirits, mortal souls...

Three Kinds of Preaching.

Dr. Pond, of Bangor Theological Seminary, has a very able and instructive address to the last graduating class, which has been recently published, and speaks of three kinds of preaching. He says: "I have heard preaching compared to lightning, of which it is said there are three kinds: the flash, the zig-zag, and the slant. The flash looks brilliantly; lights up the sky; the people gaze at it with wonder and delight. The zig-zag is here and there and everywhere, darting from clod to clod without any apparent object or effect. But the slant sends its bolt down to earth, and rives the guarded oak, and is mighty, through God, to the tearing down of strongholds. Be sure my brethren, if you deal in any lightning, to prefer the slant." The comparison is not only apt, but the lesson to be derived from it is certainly instructive.

ESPERING INFLUENCE.—Time, change absence, distance, break off no genuine relations. The love which the interposition of a continent or an ocean can diminish, which the separation of years can alter, never was love. Had a friend once, a woman, who was the friend of my better nature—who taught me inspiration, taught me the value of thought, made me believe the worth of life, showed me the joy of growth and progress—one whose soul was so large, so deep, so generous, that she reigned like a queen among the highest intellects and hearts. She left the earth one stormy night, sixteen years ago. But she is as near to me to-day as she was then. The life I live, the thoughts that, the acts I perform, are colored by influences which came from her mind to mine. If sixteen years cannot separate souls, why should sixteen hundred years separate them? When our friends leave us for another world, they are less with us outwardly, but more with us inwardly. We carry them with us to our hearts.

Selections.

"I Have My Ticket."

I was lately in a railway station, when a gentleman called on me and said to me, "I have my ticket." I looked at my ticket, and showed it to him, saying: "Yes, sir, I have my ticket."

"I have my ticket," he said, "I have my ticket, and I will not give it up. I have my ticket, and I will not give it up. I have my ticket, and I will not give it up..."

As he entered this sentence, he smiled, and then to the word "with great earnestness, and then, putting his hand to his forehead, he said, "I have my ticket, and I will not give it up. I have my ticket, and I will not give it up..."

"Oh," said he, "I now see how simple it is! I have my ticket, and I will not give it up. I have my ticket, and I will not give it up..."

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The Striking Figure of Christmas.

Do not be discouraged if you are deceived in the people of the world. From such sources these you may be most unexpectedly deceived, and you will naturally feel some under such deceptions; but to these you may be come used. If you have as other people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow grey, and you will learn to trust more cautiously, and examine their character closely, before you allow great opportunities to escape you.

Do not be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience than the opinions of men, though the latter is not to be disregarded. Be industrious, be sober, be honest; deal in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in all your intercourse; and, if you do not prosper as rapidly as was some of your neighbors, depend upon it you will be at least as happy.

Do not be discouraged. "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shall thy dwell in the land, and thy righteousness be rewarded. Commit thy way into the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." If you have God as your friend, by being remembered to Him through the Lord Jesus Christ, you can have no ground for fear. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

The Arts of Africa. The evening past, M. Du Chailu delivered at the Cooper Institute, New-York, the first of a series of lectures on continental Africa, the scene of his late explorations. Among many curious things related by him, the following will strike the reader as very remarkable: This evening time forbids that I should speak at any length of the natural history of the country. In these vast tropical forests there are found a vast number of ants, some of which are so terrible to man, and even to the beasts of the woods, from their voracious taste, their fierce temper, and voracity, that their path is frequently abandoned to them. The most voracious and most dreaded of all is the black Bashikyony. Bashikyony is the name given it by the Bakhini. There are two other varieties of the Bashikyony besides the black kind. These black Bashikyony may be well called the King of the Forest. It is the most voracious creature I ever met. It is the dread of all living animals from the leopard to the smallest insect. It is said the King of God, "I accept thy terms. O me he is wrong, and let Mercury enter." "When," said Justice, "will you perform this promise?" Justice replied, "Four thousand years hence, upon the hill of Calvary, without the gates of Jerusalem, I will perform it in my own person."

The deed was committed to the patriarchs; by them to the Kings of Israel and the prophets; by them it was preserved till Daniel's seventy weeks were accomplished; and at the appointed time Justice appeared on the hill of Calvary, and Mercury presented to him the important deed. "Justice," said Mercury, "is the Son of God." Mercury answered, "Behold him at the bottom of the hill bearing his own cross," and then he departed and stood aloof at the hour of trial. Jesus ascended the hill, while in his train followed his weeping Church. Justice immediately presented him with the important deed, saying, "This is the day when this deed is to be executed." When he received it, did he fear it in pieces, and give it to the King of Heaven? No; he united it to his cross, exclaiming, "It is finished!" Justice called on him to come down and consume the sacrifice. Holy men descended; it swallowed his divinity; but when it touched his divinity it expired, and there was darkness over the whole heavens; but glory to God in the highest! on earth peace, and good-will to men."

Do Not Be Discouraged. Do not be discouraged if, in the outlook of life, things do not go smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish for the future are realized. The path of life appears smooth and level; but when we come to travel it, we find it all uphill, and generally rough enough. The journey is laborious one; and whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it to our disappointment, if we have built up any other calculation. To endure it with as much cheerfulness as possible and to elbow our way through the great crowd, hoping for little, yet striving for much, is perhaps the best plan.

Do not be discouraged if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbor treads over you a little; or, in other words, do not let a failure or two dishearten you. Accidents will happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember, that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes clear and favorable; and as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun because to-day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since in the common course of things, she may surely be expected to smile and smile again.

When the trembling jailor asked the apostle what he must do to be saved, the apostle did not tell him to look within, or to wait till he got better, and felt more comfortable, but by looking in faith to Christ. A believing heart saved the dying Israelites of old, and so a believing look saves the dying sinner now. (Num. xix. 6, 9;—John iii. 14, 17.)

Preach to the Children.

I have heard my father say, and will my father know, it was neat for full grown-men, and neat for children too. There was an element in the discourses of the often time, which the sermonizers of the present day, for the most part, wholly ignore. Those ancient men, of whom it is now so fashionable to speak jauntily, as men of iron mould, and adamant heart, had in them some spring of tenderness which kept alive an interest in the little people. Passing by that species of politeness, which in our day offers hardly more than milk and water for the "full-grown-man," how few of those sermons which are worthy of being called food for the experienced disciple, have in them a single word for the little one. While the sheep are fed, the lambs are frisking about the meadow, or fast asleep beneath the summer sun. Do you not see them, ministers, from your high vantage-ground? Do you not find the curious spectators to which the children resort, to which away the weary hours? The haunting of kindred spirits, the imagines wrought with pin-points on the busy's wonted whiten such decoration; the needless wandering of the cheek; the small buoyancy of face-making; and all length, a relief to "parents and all natural guardians," as to the little head itself—the end of comfortable nap? "You may say," "Let them go to the Sabbath school; learn the ways for children." Yes, but it is not the only place, nor the best place. They should be early taught that they have a right to the temple, as well as in the porch. The little people should not be made to feel themselves a tribe apart, but should be taught their unity with the whole congregation. The lambs are as a part of the flock, as the flowers are also sheep. They must be included in the "bread in every garment surely won't be little time to give them, when you reflect that the fast flying hours and days are bringing them to be almost before you are aware, the men and women, the fathers and mothers of society. And were they once that these few words were coming, their interest would be kept awake in watching for them, and so, by the way, they might pick up some new and valuable ideas for their elders, which yet should spring up in the good soil of the young heart, and grow and bring forth fruit to the glory of Him who loved the little children; which should add to the "golden sheaves" you shall bear to the heavenly garner, the tender and graceful beauty and the delicate fragrance of the opening flower, or the just reddening leaf. Think of it, ye members of the Word; think of the great influence you would gain over this class of your people, by showing them that you understand and love them. Some of them will live to bless you here; many of them will be called early to Jesus. Will it not be a glad and precious greeting, when you also shall go through the gates of pearl, to hear the child-voices singing around you, and joining in your welcome hymn? To hear from the lips whence fell the command, "Feed my lambs," the blessed assurance, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

Get thee up into the High Mountain.—Is. xl. 9. Our knowledge of Christ is somewhat like climbing one of our Welsh mountains. When you are at the base you see but little; the mountain itself appears to be but one-half as high as it really is. Confined in a little valley, you see scarcely any thing, but the rippling brooks as they descend into the stream at the foot of the mountain.—Climb the first rising knoll, and the valley lengthens and widens beneath your feet. Go higher and you see the country for four or five miles round, and you are delighted with the widening prospect. Mount still, and the scene enlarges; until at last, when you are on the summit and look east, west, north and south, you see almost all of England lying before you. You are in a foreign and distant country, perhaps two hundred miles away, and here the sea, and there a shining river and the smoking chimneys of a manufacturing town, or the bands of the ships in a busy port. All these things please and delight you, and you say, "I could not have imagined that so much could be seen at this elevation."

Now, the Christian life is of the same order. When we first believe in Christ we see but little of him. The higher we climb the more we discover of his beauties. But who has ever gained the summit? Who has known all the heights and depths of the love of Christ which passes knowledge? Paul, when grown old, sitting grey-haired, shivering in a dungeon in Rome, could say with greater emphasis than we can, "I know whom I have believed;" for each experience had been like the climbing of a hill, each trial had been like ascending another summit, and in death seemed like gaining the top of the mountain, from which he could see the whole of the faithfulness and love of him to whom he had committed his soul. Get thee up, dear friend, into the high mountain.—Spurgeon.

REV. J. W. LANIER, a supernatural minister of the Montgomery Conference formerly presiding elder of Eufaula District, died at his brother, Robert Laney's, in Pike co., Ala., last February.

It is stated that of 1,327 Episcopal churches in the United States, 269 bear the name of Christ, 264 of St. John, 257 of St. Paul, 242, of Trinity, 172 of Grace, and 122 of St. James.

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