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### Poetry.

#### Trust in God and do the Right.

Courage, brother, do not flinch,  
Though thy path be dark as night;  
There's a star to guide the humble;  
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be rough and dreary,  
And its end far out of sight,  
Trust it bravely—strong or weary,  
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish "polity" and "manners,"  
Perish all that fears the light;  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, sect or fashion;  
Trust no "leaders" in the fight;  
But in every word and action,  
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no lovely forms of passion;  
Friends may look like angels bright,  
Trust no custom, school or fashion,  
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple released of all sinning,  
Toward peace and toward night,  
Close your eyes, and look above this  
Trust in God and do the right.

Close your eyes, and look above this  
Trust in God and do the right.

### The Pulpit.

#### No Probation Hereafter.

According to the Christian writings, man stands in a savable relation to Christ's work only during his continuance on earth; throughout the whole of that period he is impetioned by the most earnest persuasions to avail himself of the benefits of Christ's mediation; and if, in defiance of all such impetion, he determinedly persists in a criminal course, how can he possibly escape the effects of the curse? The question is, how can he? If punishment is not regenerative; if selfish fear is not moral agent; if a moral creature cannot be annihilated—then how can the criminal cheat God, and find a way into heaven? Is it suggested that a second probation might meet the case?

A second probation is an impossibility; but even assuming the possibility, where would be the equity? Give men to know that there would be a second probation, and how many of them would care for the first? And if they neglect the first, they are so much weaker in moral nerve to encounter the discipline of the second. And if there should be two probations, why not three?

"But say I could repent, and could obtain  
By act of grace my former state, how soon  
Would I repeat the same, how soon  
What felon's submission swore? ease would repeat  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void."

How do men regard this probationary idea as it comes up in the concerns of daily life? There is one seed-time in the year; an indolent farmer neglects it, and then sets up the theory that to have not only an annual seed-time is ridiculous! When poverty comes as "an armed man," does society pity or reproach him? It may be suggested that possibly the sufferings might have a good effect upon the lost; it might cause them to reflect; it might bring them to repentance. It is forgotten, however, that everything has been done for them which even God could do; they have resisted the whole system of redeeming love; thrust away the bleeding and dying Christ; and if mere sufferings will save any man, God has never a stupendous mistake in sending his Son to save sinners. Hell would then be more successful than the Son of God.

We are not unaware of the pleadings of mere sentiment. All good men would unite in the expression of generous hopes were they at liberty to deal with the sentimentalism of the subject; but as all the arrangements of society show, the moral instincts of the world pretest against a forgiveness of the criminal apart from suffering and contrition. If temporary punishment in hell will bring men to God, why send Jesus Christ to die a sacrificial death, or any death at all? Why not put all men into hell at once, and save by fear those who refuse to be saved by love? Is it because we have pleasure in contemplating the suffering of criminals that we have spoken thus urgently of future punishments? We know that we subject ourselves to such a taunt; it may be, however, that a frank statement on the affirmative side of the question may be conceived in a more delicate and tremulous ten-

derness than the utterance of vapid generalities of hope. We are bound to point out that nowhere in the sacred writings is hell referred to as exerting a remedial influence on the criminal; if it does exert such an influence, it was an inexorable oversight not to dwell upon the fact specifically. On the other hand, it is distinctly taught by Jesus Christ, that if men will not avail themselves of such moral advantages as are at their disposal, they would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Men are apt to think that something which has not been tried, especially something startling and sensational, would succeed in saving the obstinate. Are they wiser than God, or tenderer than Christ? Others, again, refer to the heathen, and to those within our own civilization who have never heard the gospel, and they ask, "Are such to be eternally punished?" This horror is unimposed and unreasoning. No man will be condemned for not believing what he never heard. It is the man who *hears* and that is to be condemned, and the very tenet which the case has been laid before him. As for others, they are in the hands of God, and will be adjudged righteously. "It is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men." Why preach the gospel at all then? Some may say. The answer is, (1) Christ commanded it to be preached, and (2) the very nature of the gospel demands proclamation; the truth will not be silent. The appeal which most concerns us is addressed immediately to those who have heard the gospel, seen Christ in his word and works, and had an opportunity of accepting eternal life. If men have insulted God, poured contempt upon his Son, counted the blood of the covenant as an unworthy thing, grieved and quenched the Holy Spirit, what can possibly remain of a remedial kind? The inquiry is one on which reason may expend its powers. What remains after God has been exhausted? Those who plead against eternal punishment often talk as though no mercy had been shown to the sinner; as if mercy were an orb reserved to shine upon the uttermost darkness to show the way to heaven. Such a suggestion is a grave reflection upon the plan of salvation; it plainly, though indirectly, charges that plan with incompleteness, and violently enlarges the period of human probation. As if God's mercy were less than man's pity! We attempt not to read the unpublished decrees of God in our present sphere, with our present means of judging, reason itself binds us to accept the conclusions of consciousness and revelation in preference to the plausibilities of mere sentiment. — *Euse Deus.*

### Sketches.

#### Notes from Texas.

BY BISHOP MCVETTER.

Next day led us over lands and scenes like the former, only better watered. On the edge of the Salado River boils up a spring of notable volume and beauty, which glistens with the warm and various brilliancy of a diamond. Passing Georgetown, the county seat of Williamson, about sunset, we found welcome with Brother Snyder. Settlements abound, and improvements are good in this portion of the country, which in some respects has an old look. Georgetown has its *union* church. A village on the west bank of the Salado has a large and tasteful stone building called the College. Our Annual Conferences are so prone to take institutions under their patronage, I wondered how this had escaped them. It may be that they are growing wiser, and only become responsible to the public for what they own and control. If they will thus draw in their wings, those institutions under their feathers will get more vital warmth, and know the benefit. At Salado we have preaching in the College, and some estimable and cultivated society. I believe no liquor is allowed to be sold within a mile of the corporation.

HUNTING WILD GESE.

Since crossing the Brazos we began to find out where the wild geese went to, that for a long time had been seen

flying southward. The grassy prairies and the open ponds and bayons down to the Gulf are noisy with them, till the rigors of winter are past. Major Downs told me he had killed as many as two hundred in a season on his plantation, a few miles below Waco—the secret of the *downy* bed on which I slept. Brother Snyder told us that the geese were troubling his barley, and through the night we could hear their cackling. Next morning we were up before day for a shot. A double-barrel gun was furnished me that had been loaded for some time, and about which I had suspicions which were afterward realized. Mine host and the Presiding Elder took naves, counting on close distances. Out on a high, dry prairie-field from which corn-stalks had been removed for seeding wheat, we came upon the geese—they were in groups, and with black heads and gray necks, could be seen and *sez*. Wiser than we supposed, they discerned between us and our intentions, and the plowmen who had reported them not at all shy. They flew up just too soon in every case, and we were despairing of a shot, when a flock, taking a turn, came flying over us, low down. The pistol took no effect. My left barrel snapped, and now they were right over my head, and the other barrel went off—bringing down one goose, but at the wrong end of the gun.

BIG STORIES OF THE TEXANS.

Texans have a way that may perhaps be philosophically accounted for, of overtopping you in anything wonderful that you say or see concerning their country. I was amused at this frequently. "Lovely, beautiful!" you exclaim, as some vale of Tempelies before the eye. "Ah, but you should see it in the spring, when the flowers are blooming." Speaking to a sedate gentleman concerning a very large flight of geese I had seen at one place, I ventured to say, "perhaps a thousand." "A thousand," he remarked, "I've seen a million." An affliction of this land is the want of water in the long, dry seasons. They have not yet resorted to artesian wells and to cisterns, on any general scale. The water they drink, at times, in certain localities, and the distance they haul it, is not easily believed, and not creditable to their enterprise or providence. The stock suffers greatly. The beds of the creeks into which these wild water-sheds pour their contents give evidence of sudden and violent floods, but are quickly dry. East of the Brazos, passing through an extensive prairie, we came to a lake-like collection of water, of small dimensions, to which stock for miles around resorted. Gradually it was narrowing. The edge was so trodden, so miry, that nothing but thirst could drive a beast through it to the water, and nothing but strength bring it out again. Around it I counted seven dead cattle of various ages, and a horse—stuck fast and in various stages of decomposition. A veteran ox was lying, or rather standing deep on the margin, like a stranded ship, and I was counting him for eight, but just then he gave a wink of his large, gentle eye, as much as to say— "Mister, I haven't gone up yet."— "This was a new sight, then, and I was telling it to a friend." "O, that's nothing," said he; "I've seen fifty around a pond of half that size." One day on the San Antonio River we were facing the wind, and I buttoned up, with a slight shiver, remarking to the very agreeable companion of the ride, that it was pretty cool. His nose looked bluish and his eyes moist, and he, too, was buttoned up tightly. "This is a trifle," he replied; "you ought to see a Northern, one of these real *blue* ones, coming rolling over the prairie. Why, you can smell it." "Indeed," said I, "how does it smell?" "Well, it is no use venturing anything extraordinary about their country before Texas.— They always beat you."

Before leaving Brother Snyder's next morning, I had an opportunity of witnessing the breaking of a horse taken from the navy-yard; a very different affair from the colt-breaking of my boyhood. The animal, a roan mare, four or five years old, was roped, then bridled and saddled. Such a bit, such girthing, and such a saddle, would inspire confidence in most

horsemen. In adjusting the crupper there was a lively time. The Mexican—a generation who seem to be kept on hand for this business—stood at the stirrup, coaxingly. He had in hand his quirt—a short platted whip—and gathered up the long rope in a fold under his belt—one end still on the horse's head. The person assisting in holding covered the left eye with his hand, and the Mexican softly but quickly was in the saddle. Let go.— The first scarp afterward was the man who had been holding the bridle down on his back, and much is dread lest the beast should strike her feet into him in that position; but he scrambled out of the situation without farther damage. After a few plunges and irregular turns, began the prime maneuver of the prairie-head horse—pitching. Getting the head down, if possible, they stiffen out their legs, as though they were pogs, without joints, and go leaping, leaping. They strike the ground all fours, and with utmost violence to the rider and themselves, too, as is betrayed by the suppressed grunt at each landing. If straightforward does not shake off the rider, they suddenly zig-zag or wheel. It would seem impossible for anything but a Mazeppa to adhere. The Mexican rode it out, freely using his quirt, and in half an hour was walking quietly up the road.

I was speaking of the incident to a friend, a man of decided moderation. He did not seem to think much of my Mexican or my horse. "Why," said he, "that's nothing. I've seen them pitch so that the rider's teeth would chatter like castanets." I did not know then what that word meant, but I knew my story had gone under. The next dictionary that came in my way I turned to it. "Castanet, [Spanish, castaneta.] An instrument composed of small, concave shells of ivory or hard wood, shaped like spoons, placed together, fastened to the thumb, and beat with the middle finger."

WHAT SORT OF PLACE TEXAS IS TO LIVE IN.

I am taking it leisurely with my readers, but we can reach Austin by this afternoon. We pass Round Rock, so named from a rock at the ford of the stream which turns the village mill. About noon we halt at Brother Bottis's, and though our stay is brief, we feel like we have known him and his pleasant family a long time. To worship with them, around their family altar at parting, one accepts as a privilege and a portion of their Christian hospitality. Brother B. gave me much information about the country and the best policy of a farmer, for the benefit of those friends in the old States who had said to me: "We will wait till you go and see and report, before we go." If any of my readers do not fancy these business details, they will please bear with them for the sake of those who do, and to whom they may be of practical importance. Many are in search of homes, cheap, fertile, and healthy. To such these items will be of interest, and if they do not guide them to new places, may make them more content with the old ones. He showed me small improved places within sight—and one sees a long way here—and described their qualities. Some were for sale—\$3 to \$5 per acre. The money would hardly put the improvements down. "Why are they willing to move?" Some are restless, and think they can do better elsewhere, for there is plenty of room, and land is cheap; some farmers wish to move to the thinly settled country and go to stock-raising; some are in debt. So much vacant space around gives a feeling and character of unsettledness to the population. The mistake of new-comers is that they buy too much land, and that unimproved. A small portion of improved land enables them to make a support at once. And with ready money they can enlarge afterward, indefinitely. The wide range is free, and not a small part of the living even of working stock is drawn from it. "We are not much alarmed," said my Belton host, "if corn does get scarce, so there is enough to bread the family: we can make a crop on grass." Corn was being sold and delivered along our way for 35 and 40 cents per bushel. It was surprising to estimate on what a small amount of land and labor subsistence could be

made. Many luxuries and niceties are lacking, many conveniences, many embellishments of life; but it is really a relief and a luxury itself to be in a land where the question, What shall we eat? does not absorb every other—where bread and meat are abundant and cheap, and nobody is in danger of starving.

### Selections.

#### Clerical Anecdotes.

WIT OF DR. BETHUNE.

"Lecturing on a very stormy night, the Doctor observed, 'Though the assembly is small, we have only to open the upper window, and we shall have an overflowing house.' As I came round the corner, the wind having de-raanged my umbrella, I had a lively sensation of what is called, 'sounding under bare poles.' On another occasion, when Admiral (then Captain) Foote addressed the meeting first, Dr. Bethune said, 'You know that we had to put our best foot foremost to-night.'"

"Conversing with a stout gentleman whose face bore external evidence of good living, yet who spoke in feeble tones, complained of his health, and said that he 'was as weak as a moth.' 'A Behemoth, I think,' replied the laughing minister. Sometimes, however, his wit was fully matched by that of his subject. Thus, when Dr. Bethune was walking with a clergyman almost as full in person as himself, they spied another Brooklyn pastor, who presented a perfect contrast to their rotundity, and who, at the time, was suffering from a horrible attack of dyspepsia. As he approached, Bethune said to his companion, within hearing of the third party, 'See there! anybody that looks so endeavorous as that, can't have a good conscience.' The thin person was wide awake, and rejoined, 'Brethren, I don't know about the conscience, but I'd rather have the gizzard of one of you, than the brains of both.'"

"On another occasion, when introducing a hank clerical friend of the same denomination, (Baptist) to another intimate companion, with a twinkle of the eye, and in tones which none could more amusingly employ, he added, to the ceremonial announcement of his name and position, 'But he's rather shrunk in the wetting.' "In a synodical debate, Dr. Bethune, taking a onesided view of a subject, was charged with being a jug with one handle; after a little while a man who got himself on two horns of a dilemma, was represented as a jug with two handles, but it was reserved for the Doctor to make the best use of the joke; for a brother having risen who was rather famous for non-committalism, and who, on this subject was no where, Dr. Bethune said, we have had jugs with one handle and jugs with two handles, but here we have a jug with no handle at all."

"A young friend, who had joined the Baptists, approached him timidly, lest the Doctor might censure his choice. After some hesitation, he bronched the subject with the remark, 'Well, Doctor; yesterday I joined the Army of Zion.' 'Did you,' was the reply, 'in which church?' 'In the Pierpont Street Baptist,' came the faltering answer. 'O! I understand,' said the Doctor, 'but I should call that joining the Navy.'"

#### The Doxology.

Bishop Ken, born in 1647, and who died in 1711, was the well-known writer of the familiar doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The poet Montgomery has very properly remarked of this periphrastic composition, that it has probably been more used than any other, except the Lord's Prayer; that it is a masterpiece at once of amplification and compression. Of amplification on the burden "Praise God," repeated in each line; compression, exhibiting God as the object of praise in every view in which we can imagine praise due to Him for all His blessings—yea, for all blessings, none coming from any other source; praise by every creature, especially invoked here below and in heaven above; praise to Him in each of characters wherein He has revealed Himself in His Word, "Father Son and Holy Ghost." Yet this comprehensive stanza is sufficiently simple that by the ignorant and wise, the young and the mature, may "perfect praise."

### Secular.

No man ever sins at half-price.  
Youth and white paper take any impression.

Moderation is the silken string running through the chain of all the virtues.

There is one good wife in the country; let every married man think he hath her.

East-Indian princes cure witchcraft by slitting the noses and ears of the witches.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

Who gives of his superfluity does good to others; who gives of his necessity does good to himself.

Second childhood rarely attacks a man, however aged, whose mind has been vigorously and habitually kept in activity during his life.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in and the beauty of action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.

Don't wait for your fervor to cool before you act. The workman at a foundry might as well wait for the molten iron to cool before pouring it into the mould.

Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles.

In Berlin, the policemen of all railway and police stations, and of the market-places, have been furnished with galeometers, in order to put a stop to the adulteration of milk, which is practised there on a great scale.

A horse belonging to a Boston steam fire-engine was removed to another stable to make room for another horse. There was an alarm during the night, and the old fire horse kicked down the stalls and everything else his heels could reach, in his anxiety to get out and go to the fire.

The Lydians were the first who coined money, and they used iron first; then copper. Athelstan first enacted regulations for the government of the English mint, in A. D. 823. The first gold coinage in England was in the reign of Edward the Third. Tin was coined by Charles the Second, and pewter by James the First.

"I MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE."—Aye, that is the secret of a cheerful and grateful heart—"to mark the hours that shine." He who does this will ordinarily find more hours that shine than that are clouded—more good than ill in his lot; and he shall never be able to say, I have no occasion for thanksgiving.

Bishop Strachan, who died lately in Toronto, retained in his speech to the last many traces of the Aberdeenshire dialect, though he tried hard and long to rid himself of it. It was amusing to hear him advise young Scotchmen to get quit, as fast as possible, of their "braid Scotch, for folk couldn't get on in Canada unless they spak' guid English."

There is a living power in true sentiments. When we hear them spoken they take their place in our memories, and seem often to hide themselves away out of sight. But in times of trial, temptation, or suffering, just when they are needed for strength or comfort, some spirit hand turns the leaf on which they were written, and lo! they are ours again.

A juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.

Appropos of an announcement that a distinguished minister is writing a life of Christ, an exchange felicitously remarks that "there is an excellent history of Christ in a work called the New Testament, which is not likely to be improved upon."

The total length of electric telegraphs in the world, not including the submarine, amounts to upward of 180,000 miles, which is more than enough to go round the earth half a dozen times.

An old picture represents a king sitting in state, with a label, "I govern all"—a bishop with a legend, "I pray for all"—a soldier with a motto, "I fight for all"—and a farmer, drawing forth reluctantly a purse, with the inscription, "I pay for all." There is more truth than poetry in the idea.

It is said that Augusta J. Evans is to write a new novel in which the lovers amuse themselves in their lighter moments with the problems of integral and differential calculus. In their serious moods they talk to each other of the origin of the Chaldee and Sanierit tongues.

"Mike, if you meet Patrick, tell him we are waiting for him." But what shall I tell him if I don't mate him?"