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## Poetry.

### The Last Call of Mercy.

'Tis the last call of Mercy  
That lingers for thee,  
O sinner, receive it,  
To Jesus now flee.  
He often has called thee,  
But thou hast refused,  
His offered salvation  
And love is abused.

If thou slightest this warning  
Now offered at last,  
Thine will be the sad mourning,  
The harvest is past.  
Salvation I've slighted,  
The summer is o'er,  
And now there is pardon,  
Sweet pardon no more.

'Tis the last call of Mercy  
O turn not away,  
For now swiftly hasteth  
The dread vengeance day.  
The Spirit invites you,  
And pleads with you, Come;  
O come to life's waters,  
Nor thirstingly roam.

'Tis the last call of Mercy,  
O steel not thy heart,  
For now she is rising  
From earth to depart.  
The last note is sounding,  
The judgment is nigh,  
The Bridegroom is coming,  
Obey lest ye die.

'Tis the last call of Mercy  
That lingers for thee,  
Break away from thy bondage,  
O sinner be free.  
Be not a sad mourner,  
The harvest is past,  
The summer is ended,  
And perish at last.

## The Pulpit.

As we have space in our paper we expect to publish a series of sermons adapted to the peculiar wants of the times. These sermons will be very suggestive to the preachers and edifying to the laity especially on those Sabbaths when they have no opportunity of attending Church.

They will be sermons on various subjects by American living divines.—As to how we get them and who are the authors of them, are matters that need not concern the readers.

### Sermon on Affliction.

"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Revelation.

The sublimity of this whole scene and vision can scarcely be over-estimated. It seems that the exceeding brightness of some attracted the seer's notice. "Why," he was asked, "are they so radiant? Whence came they? Who are they? What is their history?" The answer is in the spirit of the whole scene.

Consider the number mentioned.—A great multitude, there was, gathered out of all ages and out of all nations. Not the whole of the stream of time that had poured into heaven were meant; but there had been selected ones. A picked band, it was—an elect host. Besides these, there were in heaven vast multitudes, endless and infinite populations; but these were selected and chosen as the most eminent for some reason. And they were the sufferers of time. These were they who, in every station in life, had learned the deep lesson that no other schoolmaster ever teaches except that one named Trouble. A terrible schoolmaster is he. A dreadful school is his. Unwilling are his pupils. Turmoil, and uproar, and disorder are in all the lower forms of the school, though it grows quieter as you rise to the upper classes. And when the pupils graduate and rise, behold they are the most radiant of the heavenly host.

This is a very striking drama, if we develop its implications.

There have been in every age the unfortunate among men. They were envied or pitied. There have been those who had good parentage, good training, and good opportunity.—There have been those in great numbers who had bad parentage, bad training, and no opportunity. There have been those that entered life with health and strength, to whom existence was a joy, whose whole body seemed strung to ecstasy, that they might gather from every side the sources, and reasons, and motives of pleasure. There have been those whose life began in disorder, in weakness and trouble, and who were as voyagers whose ship leaked from the beginning, so that they were obliged constantly to labor to keep it from foundering. There have been those who have succeeded in for-

tune, in honor, in love, and that without eminent trouble. There have been, right by the side of them, under a dark shadow, those who compassed neither of these things, but every day stumbled over the ruins of yesterday. There have been those who groped and found not; who sighed, and yearned, and died without sight and without joy. There have been those, on the other hand, who seemed on every side to find preparation, flowers blossomed at their feet, fruit hanging rich down to their very hand.

Now, should you attempt to draw a favorite picture of the world, which of these would you select? You would gather the youth; you would gather those of blooming health; you would gather those of manhood strength, wisdom, and aptitude, that bring success; you would gather the learned and refined, the children of beauty, creating beauty; you would gather those who were the children of sunshine and song, and love, and duty, and joy, and laughter. These would make up your earthly scene of happiness, if you were to form it according to the current opinions of men.

And so men draw a picture of the blessed world, in which yet the Greek notion of perpetual youth, and fresh and unwasting sensibility to pleasure, is the ideal blessing. But on Patmos sat one who drew the picture of heavenly blessedness. And who are they that are chosen? They are, not kings, not mighty men, not those with youth and health, not radiant faces unstained with tears, but the great band of earthly sufferers. "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" "Blessed are they that mourn;" "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness;" "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake."—And all that men counted to be happy are passed wholly by in this heavenly vision. The class into which all strove to enter upon earth, and exclusion from which caused infinite sorrow and pity, is passed wholly over by the prophet and seer. There is in their experience no material for heavenly joy. The happy are not ripe nor seasoned. Those to whom the world has brought no trouble, those that have passed through the world without being hardened and tempered, are crude. To whom this world has brought no tears, the other world shall bring no pearls. They to whom this world has brought ease, and luxury, and sunshine, and not chastisement, are not the sons of God.

But under this bold figure, what is washing in blood? Why, it is manhood gained through trouble. As blood is the sign of trouble, so being washed white in blood means being cleansed through suffering.

Those that shine out so wonderfully, then, are the saints that have through trouble come to dignity, and honor, and glory. And every one of their saintly qualities—their high fantasies, their wondrous exaltation, their great patience, their resounding self-denial—every one of these things has been wrought out and washed out by the affliction of pain, or by the cleansing of blood.

As by the axe the rude wood assumes shapely uses; as by the chisel, stone is cut to beauty; as by the fire, lumps of clay grow into white vases; as by the flail, grain is redeemed from chaff and straw; and as by crushing, grapes change to wine; so by suffering comes honor from vulgarity, patience from irritation, depth from shallowness, hope from fear, sympathy from selfishness, and joy from trouble.

Is, then, all suffering of such potency? This manhood, and these glorious garments which the saints wear—are they the result of any and of all trouble? And if a man is only suffering, may he have faith to believe that if he be patient and wait to the end, he shall inherit these things? Of course, no. It is suffering in the service of the noblest sentiments; it is suffering, not simply with victory over trouble, but with victory which comes from the power of a true faith, a true love of God, and a true religion, that produces these results. It is suffering which either springs from your adhesion to the faith which is in Christ Jesus, or else develops in you those peculiar qualities which belong to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. It

comes from or returns to the same point. It is suffering that works out Christian nobleness and manhood in men. And they that stand as most glorious in heaven are those who on earth wore men of care; men of yokes and burdens; men that sorrow sought; men that were hewed, and stoned, and sawn; men that were cast out, and that made use of this mighty instrument, the school of affliction, to develop in them, not querulousness, not pinings, not complainings, not sourness and bitterness, not revenge, not apostasy and abandonment through want of hope; but to work out in themselves sweetness, forgiveness, love, gentleness, triumph of conscience over all passions, of faith over all sense, of the invisible over the visible, of the things of the soul over the things of the flesh.

Such are they that stand first and highest in heaven.—Such is the vision of the great sea.

This feeling comes from the highest state; and it is those who have risen to that state that stand with raiment whiter than snow, washed in the blood of the Lamb. They have made themselves illustrious by suffering; and that suffering has wrought in them not only the likeness but the spirit of Christ; and so they have risen to dignities, and triumphs, and exaltations.

What shall we say, then, of those who all their life have thought themselves to be Christians, but who have had but this one thought—how to build a fence so high that the wind should not smite them; how to thicken their walls so that the sounds of trouble should not come with discord on their ear; how to build a fence between themselves and suffering, so that they might be untroubled and untroubled? God says to such: "You are bastards!" There is not a lineament of the Father's face in them. There is not a throb of the Great Sufferer's nature in them. He that went out of His abode, and left behind Him all glories, and descended to the earth, and took upon Himself the form of man, and of a serving man, and suffered death, and of all deaths the lowest—the death of the cross—and went down so low that it was impossible for human being to go lower, and then from that lowest point began to lift the whole world above Him, that with all His strength in suffering He might make them glorious.—He is the example which the true Christian must follow. And are you His disciple, when your chief thought and ambition is, to find out how to escape suffering, how to throw it off, how to get rid of it?

Or, are you professing to walk, or wishing to walk, in the way of the Lord Jesus Christ? and does suffering excite in you vehement rebound of passion? Do you suffer? and are you angry? Is your requital of suffering bitterness? Do you marvel that you should have suffered such and such things? and do you say: "O God! why should I suffer?" Why should you not? Tell me, why should you not?

There is a piece of clay over at Houghwont's that is just like you. It would not go into the furnace to be baked, and it is dirt yet, when all the pieces that did go in are china. They have come out enameled, and painted, and glowing, and beautiful; but since that refused to go in, saying: "What am I, that I should go into the fire?" there it stands, a homely mass of unbaked dirt.

And of how many is it true that, when in life they are called to suffer cruelly, and wrong, and various chastisements, all that is wrought in them is vindictiveness; all that is done to them is to stir up the bottom of the pools in which their passions are. For, as in stagnant waters the alligator, the lizard, and all manner of reptiles reside, and as where the waters are disturbed they start up and run every whither; so in man's lower nature reside passions hideous as any reptiles, which, when the lower nature is disturbed, spring forth in every direction. And suffering, frequently, is only the means of showing how wicked, and cruel, and infernal are men's passions. Take care how suffering makes you wicked. Take care how suffering operates in the bottom of the soul, and not in the top.

Are there, still further, those who have so far triumphed by the instruc-

tion and power of the word of God, and by faith, that they begin to take hold upon a better notion of living, and are asking, "How shall I convert suffering into profit to myself?" not, "How shall I rid myself of suffering?" Are there those who understand that the thorn shall not be removed—that it shall abide, or shall come often; who comprehend the meaning of the declaration, "My grace shall be sufficient for you," and who begin to say, willingly: "Let me suffer, so that if I suffer with Christ I may reign with him?" My Christian brethren, argument that experience. It is the first distinctive form of Christian experience under trouble. You have begun to wash your garments white, and to know the true uses of the blood of Christ. So he suffered, that he might become the perfect Captain of Salvation; so you are becoming perfect in proportion as you suffer in the spirit in which he suffered. Not he that is untried is the most truly noble.

There lies a ship out in the stream. It is beautiful in all its lines. It has swung out from the pier, and is lying at anchor yonder. And men, as they cross the river on the ferry-boats, stand and look at it, and admire it; and it deserves admiration. But it has never been out of port. There it stands, green, new, untried. And yet, everybody thinks it is beautiful. It is like childhood, which everybody thinks is beautiful—or ought to be.

There comes up the bay, and is making toward the Navy-yard, another ship. It is an old ship of war. It has been in both oceans, and has been round the world many times. It has given and taken thunder-blows under the flag of its country. It is the old Constitution, we will suppose. She anchors at the Navy-yard. See how men throng the cars and go to the Navy-yard to get a sight of her! See how the sailors stand upon the dock and gaze upon her! Some of them, perchance, have been in her; and to them she is thrice handsomer than any new vessel. This old war-beaten ship, that carries the memory of many memorable campaigns, lies there, and they look at its breached bow, its shattered rigging, its coarse and rude lines, its dingy sides, which seem long since to have parted company with paint, and every one of them feels, if he is a true patriot: "God bless you, old thing!—God bless you!"

Do not show me the shapely man; do not show me the man that lives in ease and comfort; do not show me the man that has never known what suffering or trouble was; but show me the man that has gone through sickness, and losses, and misconstruction; show me some man that has borne the stripes and storms of life, and that, though worn and scarred, has triumphed over them all, and I say: "God bless you, old battered hull!—There is more in you than merely a man. There is in you what the grace of God has wrought there—Christian manhood."

Now, Christian brethren, disdain to sneak out of trouble. Disdain to send out engineers to see which way you can go and keep out of the forest.—Straight and narrow is the way. Take a direct line, and follow it without turning to the right or to the left. If God sends you trouble, say: "I was built for trouble, as much as the ship that goes to sea is built for the storm." If suffering comes upon you, let it not daunt you. Conquer it. And with pride wear the scars which you receive in the conflict. The lines and wrinkles on many a man's face are God's handwriting, and the charters of the man's glory, if we only knew how to interpret such writing.

May God give you this heavenly calling! May God give it to me! And since we are followers of Him whose sign is the cross, since we are followers of Him whose signature is blood, let it not be ours to disdain the cross, or to refuse blood; let it be ours to suffer with Him, that then we may reign with Him.

A correspondent asks whether we approve of a preacher's preaching without notes. If he means blank notes, we answer in the negative; if he means sermon-notes, we answer yes, if he wants to. In the latter case he will do as he pleases, in the former he will probably do as his church pleases.—Pulpit.

## Selections.

### Our Work On The Pacific Coast.

BY BISHOP ANDREW.

In a former number he took the position that our Pacific friends should have a Bishop residing among them. The more I think on the subject, the more I am convinced that it is a correct position.

There is something in the office and character of a Bishop which necessarily gives to his opinions and counsels much additional weight; and then the Bishop is regarded as the official representative of the Church, and his supervision is especially important in the exercise and oversight of the laws and government of the Church. The Presiding Elders may be men of wisdom and experience, but their decisions will not command the same obedience as will the Bishops. All this is true, supposing the Conference to be composed of a reasonable proportion of old and experienced men; but I suppose, as is the case with too many of our new Conferences, the Conference is mainly composed of young men. How, then, can any arrangement be made which will dispense with the presence and work of the Bishop?

Ordinations, too, are required, and very often it is important that they take place promptly. But suppose no Bishop has presided at the Conference for a year or two—the Conference may elect, but the preacher, although perhaps elected for some time, cannot be ordained, although the people of his charge are suffering greatly for want of the sacraments. And we say further that the visitations and pulpit labors of the Bishop in the various departments of the Conference must, if the Bishop is a faithful man, yield a glorious influence upon the ministry and membership. Who can estimate the results of the visit of our beloved Kavanagh to the Pacific coast? We have had on the Atlantic coast for the past year an unanswerable argument in favor of the great usefulness of Episcopal visitations.

Why, then, if so great are the benefits of Episcopal supervision to the Church, and especially in that far distant portion of the field, why is it that no Bishop is resident on that coast?—For at least two General Conferences I have directed the attention of the General Conference to the importance of this subject, but without success.—

The Conference felt that it was important that the Church there should have Episcopal visitation, yet no Bishop must reside there, but instead, one of the Bishops must be sent there every year; he must have all the risk of a voyage by sea, or still more hazardous overland route, and then there is the expense of going and returning, and a more important objection still is, that the Bishops will scarcely be sufficiently acquainted with the preachers and people of the Conference in two years to discharge intelligently the duties of his office. To me it is exceedingly strange that the Conference should have taken the course which it did on this subject. I urged the Conference to give to the Pacific brethren a Bishop to reside among them. It will be remembered, too, how earnestly the delegates from the Pacific Conference urged it; they assured us that the best interests of our cause there would be affected by our action on this subject. They offered, if I am not mistaken, to support the Bishop we might send them. But the General Conference determined to send a man there every year. Supposing that he may reside there two years, if he is a man of family, what will he do? Is he expected to leave his family for two years? Is the Missionary Society so rich that it can spare the money to foot these bills, which must needs be heavy? Mr. Editor, the longer I think of this thing the more I am astonished at the course of the Conference. They preferred that course which was doubly expensive and decidedly less efficient. If I live to see another General Conference, I hope to see this mistake corrected. I am decidedly of opinion that whenever we select a foreign field for missionary operations, and send out half a dozen missionaries, a Bishop should very early be one of them. Such a course will be greatly better for the prosperity of the Churches there, and infinitely better for the Bishop.

Summerfield, Ala., Jan. 21, 1868.

### Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and General Lee.

The speech of Henry Ward Beecher, at Cooper Institute, on Monday night, in behalf of the Washington College, Virginia, was a production remarkable as much for its kindly spirit as for its novelty, at a time when the party, of which the speaker is supposed to be a shining light, is dealing in stupidity, malice and all uncharitableness at Washington. The first resolution introduced by Beecher, for example, reads that "it is at once the duty and the privilege of those who maintained the unity of this nation by war to be foremost in time of peace in all works of love which tend to make the American people one in sentiment as well as in government." How does that harmonize with the action of the Reconstruction Committee and Congress, whose "works of love" are so beautifully demonstrated in the Southern States through military rule and negro supremacy?

But General R. E. Lee is President of Washington College; and how does Beecher speak of him? He says:—"I plead this cause because General Lee is President of it. No man more than I regretted his decision; but knowing how human nature runs I cannot say I was surprised, though grieved. I do not know that if I had been born and bred in the South, but what I should have done the same thing. But for Divine Providence, he would have stood in New York and been at the City Hall dictating terms to the people of the North. He failed. But General Lee stands in New York tonight, not with his sword dictating terms, but as a scholar, holding out the hand of peace and saying to us, 'Give me bread for my scholars; give me books for my scholars.'" And Beecher pleads earnestly that Lee should have bread and books, not as a matter of charity, but in the form of justice, mingled a little, perhaps, with selfishness, or, as he calls it, self-preservation; for he argues that by fostering education in the Southern States we confer a benefit, upon the North.—However, it is an admission worth obtaining just at this moment—when persecution, not unmixed with folly, is so rampant—that the South is not as outcast and absolutely disinherited; that she is still a part of the country, and has interests in common with us all.—N. Y. Herald.

## Scraps.

Eggs are twenty-five cents a dozen in Savannah, and they are being exported to the North.

New York drenches itself with 49,000 bottles of mineral water a day, and in this weather.

Fifty-seven men want to be made bankrupts in the Southern Districts of Georgia.

Massachusetts educates her children at a cost of nine dollars per annum for every child within its limits.

Henry Ward Beecher expects to devote five or six years to his "Life of Christ."

It is a terrible fact that there are one hundred thousand drunken women in the United States.

The new Galt House, at Louisville, Ky., will cost \$1,200,000, and will be finished by July next.

The Tennessee Legislature taxes dogs two cents each, and cats one cent to each family.

Sixty-one sheep, belonging to two farmers in Washington county, Penn., were killed by dogs a few nights since.

Wisconsin has paid more than \$54,000 for bounties on wild animals under the recent law. Wild cats are the most common.

Fifty thousand American breech-loading rifles have been ordered by the Spanish Government.

In a recent invention of steam carriages for common roads the tires of the wheels are made of India rubber, which is said to work nicely.

The Memphis Christian Advocate reports a revival in the M. E. Church, South, at Columbus, Ky.

Juarez's government of Mexico is progressive. One man in four now dies peacefully in his bed, according to the latest vital statistics.

California is astonishing every one with her wheat products. Agriculture is drawing off large numbers of the people from mining.

Cattle are among the chief exports of Texas, yet the State imports extensively butter cheese, and even milk.