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## The Pulpit.

### Christ's Love.

BY CHARLES F. DEEMS.

It is an amazing truth!—He loved me!

There was no vacuum in His infinite heart to be filled, no craving of His soul to be satisfied, no want of His nature to be supplied by loving such persons as we are. We poor mortals have tendrils growing and going out of our hearts, creeping forward to the light, begging for the sunshine of love as for life, and seeking for that on which we may lean. We must love and be loved. The necessity of loving and being loved is a part of our nature. Little children open their hearts like morning flowers for the kisses of the sun, and strong men have the solemn silence of their hearts broken with the cry for "mother" and for "wife," and women's hearts run down to love as rivers seek the sea. And every full, true woman has felt the instincts of maternity in her heart.

Yet sitting in their despair,  
With their unnoticed griefs to bear,  
Are childless women everywhere;

Who never knew our tender love,  
That which is woman's greatest good,  
The sacredness of motherhood!

That up from a desolate hearthstone and out from the stateliness of a mansion whose grandeur gives no sufficient home, because its walls have never given echo to the voice of children we can fancy how a motherless woman would rush to the "Home for the Friendless" to take up the beautiful babe some dying mother was compelled to lay down, and strive to tie about the little stranger the loose and throbbing mother nerves of her lonely heart. But if Christ's infinite heart demanded objects of love He was under no necessity of seeking us, poor, distant mortals. Consider who He was and where He was. He was the Son of God. He had the love of the Father forever. He had lived in the high and tender mystery of a complete and profound fellowship with the Father of heaven and of earth. All about Him were the angels, cherubim, seraphim, beautiful, brilliant, noble and glowing. Every holy heart in the universe swelled with love for Him.—From afar, from lofty throne or from celestial mount, they gazed with looks of tender adoration at the only-begotten Son of the Father, or rushed to pile their crowns of glory at His feet and bask their sinless spirits in the light of His transforming smiles.—The countless souls of the immortals on whose beauty lay no blight of sin, stood, shouted, soared all about Him in his populous heaven, and He could not have needed "me."

He loved me! As each man of our race says that he must feel that there was really nothing in our poor, fallen, stricken, sinking race to win the love of Jesus. It was not drawn out. It came. There was nothing in us to attract it. He loved. The tide set in to us and bore us up. We were not morally pure or beautiful, or sweet or charming. All these characteristics, which we are accustomed to consider the kindling causes of affection, were lacking in us. If we had been full of all holy sweetnesses and riches, there might have been nothing amazing in His love. But over and over towards our fellow-men we have a feeling that it is wonderful they love us. There is such an intense consciousness of real unloveliness, and such a clear self-knowledge, that it often occurs to us that if our fathers or mothers or wives, or very intimate and devoted friends, only knew all the bad of us that we ourselves know, they would at once throw us from their bosoms forever. Perhaps we save ourselves by the reflection that it may be that our friends have a similar self-consciousness, a similar self-knowledge, and we endure one another because each man endures himself.

But when we come to reflect upon the love of Jesus we know that He was immaculate, that He did not love a fellow-sinner, and that of those He loved He knew more villainous, meaner, wickedness, impurity and general moral unloveliness than they ever suspected in themselves. It was a love that

was in Him, and nothing more thoroughly demonstrates the essential purity of the lovingness of Christ than that He, the Sinless, really and truly loved us sinners. It is a saving truth to believe that in the universe there is not only a possible Being, but a real Person, who being incapable of any villainous, nevertheless loves the vile; that want of goodness does not throw one out of the circle of the possibilities of love. Blessed be God, the amazing truth that "He loved me" demonstrates that proposition.—*Every Month.*

### Need of Spiritual Power.

BY REV. J. T. COOPER.

"But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."—Luke 24:49.

These words were uttered by our Savior on the last or fortieth day of his visible appearance to his disciples after his resurrection.

Although the disciples had enjoyed the great advantages arising from the most perfect ministrations of Jesus, and were themselves, in their degree the sincerest of Christians, yet they were very inadequately qualified for the duties, privileges and responsibilities of future discipleship. Yes, and not the far off future, but the immediate future.

What a lesson here for us preachers and members! We may have correct preachers, Sunday school superintendents and teachers, may imbibe the whole truth as it is in Jesus, theoretically, and yet be exceedingly deficient. Mark you: Jesus' words, manner, example and influence, were all perfect and pure and divinely powerful, yet his converts lacked in *spiritual power*. Hence, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."

"*To Jerusalem.*" Every Christian has, or ought to have, his Jerusalem—his religious home—and it is there he is to abide for the anointing. He will feel that Christ commands him to do so. This public or collective waiting in earnest prayer in Jerusalem for the anointing of power from on high, has no substitute in secret devotion.—Both are required. Besides, much that is palmed off as secret devotion consists in a formal repetition of some familiar words—perhaps the Lord's prayer, and "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c. You may put this down where you can see it: Generally, the man who does not pray earnestly and frequently in public, (say in the regular Church prayer meeting) does not privately. Some cold Christian, who most always "can't come" to prayer meeting, will color up at this, and very likely go into an enthusiastic eulogy of the blessedness of sacred devotion, where none but God can see.—By private prayer we especially help to save ourselves; by public or social prayer we especially help to save others. And note here, Jesus is addressing his disciples. As if to say, "Your poor souls are saved, but you must save others and you have not the power yet, hence,

"Tarry ye." Wait—stop everything else, but prayer, till you get this. Do not say, "If I can possibly get through with my work and chores I'll go to Jerusalem." "No, no; stop your work and chores and go now! You know you lack spiritual power. You have been telling everybody so in class and love feast for a long time. While in such a state your soul is in peril—you are in great danger of suffering an eternal loss. O, tarry, tarry now! Let what you call pressing duties go just now and get ready for eternity.

"Tarry until." Ah! how strangely every word of Jesus is emphasized.—"Tarry until." Do not leave or quit praying "until" you get the blessing. O, I fear we all often fail here. We don't tarry until we are made conscious of the Lord's blessing. We often say, "I would like such and such a blessing, but then if I do not, obtain it now I may some other time." If in special darkness we don't pray until we get into special light; if in trial, until delivered; if found weak, until made strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Oh, come, dear reader, let us tarry until we be endued with power from on high. This, then, is the object of tarrying—the obtaining of spiritual power.

"Power from on high." Its alone of

God's bestowment; but, "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find." "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Its the power of light and life, of strength and courage, of wisdom and meekness, of patience in suffering and doing, and of love and holiness—of holiness especially. As a man becomes truly humble and holy before God, so is his surplus religious power for doing good and saving others.

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,  
And that shall kindle ours."

## Miscellany.

### Liberality of Methodist Preachers.

I venture the assertion, that there is not one case in a hundred where an appeal was made in vain for help, to an itinerant Methodist preacher in the Southern States, who had the means with which to respond. As a class, they are proverbial for their liberality and generosity. Accustomed themselves to appeal to the people for money, they illustrate by example, the duty they urge by precept. I have seen them deposit in the Lord's treasury the last cent, with a faith that was heroic and sublime. They feel humiliated and mortified when the meanness of their congregations puts it out of their power to respond with something to the various calls that are made upon them.

I do insist, that it is the duty of the Church, raising the preacher's support, to have it large enough to leave a margin of one hundred dollars annually, to meet the contingencies of which I am speaking, if they should arise. If they should not, the Church may rest assured it will not be uselessly spent or recklessly wasted.

But suppose personified liberality, in the person of a non-paying, professing Methodist miser, suggests that this bonus does not fall within the obligation of indebtedness, but that it is a gift. Well, suppose it is a gift—he is the benefitted party; for the Bible, which he professes to believe to be true, declares, "that it is more blessed to give than to receive." But it is not true that it is a gift. It is as much a debt, and of as high an obligation as the subsistence that sustains his life, and the life of his wife and little ones.

I have said that preachers, like other clever people, love to dispense hospitality. Their relatives and friends sometimes visit them. Hospitality is a social duty, as well as a social pleasure. Their supplies should be sufficient to enable them to dispense its blessings and preserve the worship of its altar. Yet this contingency is never taken into the account in the assessment. But when a relative or a friend spends a week with the family while he is absent and his wife is lonely, and, it may be, sick, those who never pay *complan* of his company, and of the burdens it imposes upon the Church. Her very liberal "beothering" who thus complain, to save a tavern bill, will put up with the preacher during court week, with their horse, when they happen to be summoned as jurymen or witness. In traveling one hundred miles, they will go twenty out of the way, and claim kin, related in the fifth or eighth degree to some old acquaintance, with the party with whom they wish to stay.

I know a "good brother," living six or eight miles from town, who was summoned to serve on the grand jury. It was in Confederate times, on a poor circuit. He and his horse "put up" to spend "court week" with his pastor who was pressed for subsistence. He was in good circumstances, and exulting over the abundance of his rye crop—boasting of the number of bushels he had made, and the superior quality of the grain. The preacher's good wife asked him to bring her some when he came to town, to make coffee, supposing he would bring her a bushel or two. "Certainly," he replied with an air of princely munificence that was absolutely magnificent. Alexander or Caesar would have given away an empire with less demonstration of kingly liberality. The next time he came to town he brought the rye—two table spoonful tied up in a pocket handkerchief 8 by 10 inches.

Such is the liberality of many Meth-

odists upon whom the preacher depends for the support of himself and family. But more of this in my next.

### "STAT UBERA NOMINIS."

#### Bishop Marvin.

We had the pleasure of hearing Bishop Marvin last Sunday, says the San Francisco Spectator of Aug. 29. He preached at the Minna street church morning and evening, to crowded audiences, whose high expectations were not disappointed. He is a great preacher. The elements of his greatness in the pulpit, like those of all great pulpit orators, are hardly definable.—But some things are apparent, and may be noticed. 1. He is in earnest. His soul is evidently burdened with this great theme, Christ crucified.—He is solemnized with grand thoughts of God, of sin, of judgement, of heaven, of hell. 2. He is natural, without the least shadow of affectation, divested of pride, self-consciousness or self-seeking in any way. He holds up the Cross, and stands behind it. 3. He possesses an intellect of extraordinary sweep and vigor, capable of sounding the profoundest depths of speculative thought, and of comprehending and unfolding the sublime doctrines of Christianity; and all its powers are concentrated upon his theme and mission. 4. He is surrounded by an atmosphere of spirituality, an "unction from the Holy One" rests upon him, and gives that character to his ministrations with out which the most important element of pulpit power is wanting. His preaching is eminently calculated to meet the religious needs of our people, and with the blessing of God great things may be hoped from his labors on this coast. On Monday the Bishop started to Oregon by the overland route. He will attend the session of the Columbia Conference at Roseburg on the 7th of September, and return to California in time to preside at the Pacific Conference, which convenes at Sacramento on the first Wednesday in October.

### Hard Lot of the Swiss Women.

The Swiss are not neat. They are not offensively uncleanly in their persons. On Sundays and holidays, their gala attire—varying much in the different cantons—though sometimes grotesque, indicates great regard for personal appearance, and in some quarters is even beautiful. On working days, the men are decently clad, and nothing can be more charmingly picturesque than the costume of the women at haymaking—broad straw hats with bodices. But they love to heap all the litter they can in and about their houses. I have been in cottages, built with exquisite taste, and presenting at a distance a most inviting aspect, which were not nearly so clean as a well-kept stable. Indeed, the cellar of a farm-house is generally used as a stable, and the smaller live-stock have the unchecked liberty of the whole house.

The women are subjected to a very great amount of severe out-of-door toil. In the cities, the street sweepers are all women. All over the country, besides performing most of the agricultural labor, the women carry heavy burdens, on frames or in baskets fitted to their backs, and the girls are inured to this task from very infancy. They thus acquire a uniformly stooping gait, as if born under the curse written in one of the imprecatory psalms, "Bow down their back always."

Yet the severity of their lot is due not, as in Saxony and Austria, to the comparative degradation of women in the social scale; but rather to the brevity of the working season, which compels all the members of a family to the maximum of effort, to provide for the long period of inaction. Over heights which no wheeled carriage can surmount and at times when all attainable mules are required for the use of travelers, the human back is the only medium of transportation; and, if the women bear heavy burdens, the men bear still heavier. Many of them are employed as porters carrying enormous articles of baggage, and frequently their feeble or indolent owners, to the highest mountains. Others take care of the herds that are pastured far up among the clouds, and bring

down the products of these aerial dairies to the level of terrestrial markets. For all of them, too, the cutting and transportation of firewood alone make a severe demand on the strength.—*Peabody's Reminiscences.*

### The Revolution in Spain.

An insurrection in Spain does not generally attract much attention; but the rising which began last week has already assumed much larger than usual dimensions. The despotism of the present government had become so intolerable, and the general disorganization of the country so alarming, that nearly all political parties had agreed upon a common effort to bring about a radical change. The Liberal Union, which contents itself with demanding that the Queen shall exercise no absolute power, but shall respect the rights of the representatives of the people; the Progressists, who favor the introduction of universal suffrage, and some of whom would like to unite Spain and Portugal, under the name of the Kingdom of Iberia, with the King of Portugal as ruler; and the Democrats, who hold Republican ideas, have an equal share in the present rising.

One thing appears to be certain.—The fanatical Government, which has persecuted every exhibition of Protestantism, the circulation of a Protestant book, and even the reading of the Bible, with consummate cruelty, and which, while the whole world predicted its imminent collapse, deemed itself strong enough to offer 30,000 men to keep up by force the temporal power of the Pope, is on the eve of a complete overthrow and utter annihilation. However the Liberal party may finally arrange their family quarrels, they will agree in conceding to Spain religious toleration. The advanced Liberals are in favor of full religious liberty and separation between Church and State, and if they should not be able to engraft their principles immediately upon the new constitution, they will now and hereafter make for them a good and manly fight. We hope, therefore, for the immediate beginning of a new era of religious liberty and political progress.

The temperance people of New York and Brooklyn are working for the good cause. There are a strong corps of out-door lecturers, who gather impromptu audiences on the docks, at the ferries, in the parks and public squares; and these earnest and faithful men are not fair-weather advocates of their cause. Summer and winter, spring and autumn, through heat and cold, through mire and snow, they hasten to their task like guests to a festival, seeking no reward save that of a sense of having done a noble deed.

There are also associations embracing the members of various temperance societies, who open halls and churches every Sabbath night for the advocacy of temperance principles.—Eureka Division of the Sons of Temperance, in Williamsburgh, hires at great cost a splendid hall, and throws open its free door to all comers, inviting them to hear the gospel of total abstinence. They secure the most attractive speakers and singers to entertain those who attend the meetings; and it will never be known, until the great day of assize, the good that has been done by this organization. Williamsburgh Division has also opened an elegantly furnished hall to the public for the same object.

We learn that, in some of the counties, some of the Commissioners have not qualified, and others have not been appointed by "Gov." Holden, to fill the vacancy. In other counties, no Justices of the Peace have yet been appointed by the "Governor." Iredell, Catawba, and other counties, we understand, are among the number which have no magistrates. Why is this?—The 15th of October is approaching, when the Registration must commence. The Registrars, according to the law, must be Justices of the Peace. If the "Governor" delays appointing magistrates, the ends of the law will be defeated.—*Sentinel*

While California is producing \$45,000,000 in gold, she produces \$90,000,000 in farm products, and \$50,000,000 in manufactured goods.

THE CROPS.—During our trip to the Northern part of Brunswick county we are glad to learn that their prospects for a crop are very good. The corn and peanuts are especially most promising, having advanced beyond that condition in which there is much fear of any bad effects from the casualties frequently fatal to those crops. The rice crop along the river, which is now being harvested, is very fine.—Only a limited area has been planted, but an abundant yield will be realized.—*Wtl. Journal.*

THE COTTON CROP.—Charleston newspapers state that a total failure of the Sea Island cotton crops may be expected. Although the crop is more advanced this year than last, the caterpillar is three weeks earlier. In reference to this insect, it is stated that they are sweeping the entire east coast of Florida and are pervading every island on the coast of South Carolina, and devouring the crops along the whole line of the Savannah and Charleston Railroad.

BINGHAM'S GRAMMAR.—The "Round Table," one of the ablest literary papers published in this country, says that Bingham has given us the best book of the kind we have seen—that is, his Latin Grammar. We are glad to know that this North Carolina work has been well received wherever it has been called to the attention of the public. We predicted more than a year ago its success. Many of the Schools in this section use this grammar, and as the teachers get over their natural but unwise partiality for old authors, and their *prejudices* to Southern works, we may look to find it the text-book in all our Schools.—*Wtl. Journal.*

## BREVITIES.

The less a man makes of himself the more of a man he is in the estimation of others.

About one hundred students have made application to enter the Drew Theological Seminary next year.

The number of distilleries in the United States in 1860 was 1193, and in 1867 they had increased to over 3000.

Four hundred citizens of Macedon, N. Y., signed a remonstrance against granting licenses for the sale of rum, and presented it to the Excise Board.

It is estimated that New York will this season receive eighty cargoes of pine apples. The cargoes vary from two to six thousand dozen each.

The Baptists have seven Theological schools in the United States. The whole number of students in these seminaries is 159.

A new paper has been started in London representing the banking interest, under the appropriate name of *The Staff of Life*.

The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bore; it is such a burden as wings a roe to a bird, or as sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my desired haven.

Regret not the golden age that is behind. There is one before, and it beckons you. Its rewards are not for the idle, but for the brave hearts disciplined to toil. Reforming the world is like patching an old coat, which will soon need another patch; but if it were not for reformers the world would always be out at the elbows.

Never lay a stumbling-block in the way of a man who is trying to advance himself in the world honestly and uprightly, for he is likely to walk over it and laugh at it afterward.

The young women of Phillipsburg, N. J., have formed a society whose members pledge themselves not to encourage the advances of any young man who makes use of intoxicating liquors.

There appears to be no diminution in the rate of emigration from Ireland. The number of passengers booked for America by one steamer from Queens-town was fifteen hundred.

Among the articles stolen from the house of Mrs. Jared Sparks, widow of the historian, at Cambridge, was a gold watch, chain and seal, once the property of General Washington.

Bayard Taylor, who is now sojourning at Gotha, the place of residence of his wife's parents, will return to America in a few weeks to be present at the golden wedding of his parents at Kennet Square, Chester county, Pa., on the 8th of October.

OCTOBER ELECTIONS.—Six northern States hold their elections in October, viz: Nebraska, October 6; Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania and Iowa, October 13; West Virginia, October 22.