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The Pulpit.

"We all do Fade as the Leaf."

The vegetable world has furnished both sacred writers, and others, with many striking and beautiful figures descriptive of the instability of all things in this world; and especially of the frailty of human life.

And at this season of the year, when nature is laying aside her vestures of green, and is passing into the sere and yellow leaf of autumn—after laughing spring with her thousand varieties of flowers, has offered her incense of mingled perfumes, and has departed; and has yielded to summer with her luscious fruits and golden harvests—and she in turn, having passed her period; becoming tired of her emerald robe, and yielding to the necessity of nature, and the frosts of age, would end her reign and descend to the tomb in a richer, gayer, and more variegated dress in autumn—who though she may not be able to rejoice in so great a variety of flowers as spring, would yet vie with her sister in the brilliancy and variety of her colors; where she mingles the red, and the yellow; the scarlet and the green in the mellow tints of the gorgeous forest, where we behold nearly all the colors of the rainbow—this season of the changing, falling and decaying leaf, suggests to us many reflections suited to our condition. For "we all do fade as the leaf"—we must now muse on the perishing nature of man. "Day unto day uttereth speech; night unto night showeth knowledge"—so do the seasons, as they come and go, in their annual round, leave some important lesson.

The fresh, flourishing green of spring and summer, are apt emblems of health, strength, and prosperity; but the chilling blasts of autumn, and the biting frosts of winter, point to the arresting of the hopes, and the blasting of the fond expectations of man from the things of earth. How true it is that we all, always fade as the leaf, which having answered its end falls, or is pushed off by the expanding bud of a new leaf, preparing for another year; just as one generation seems to crowd another off the stage to make way for itself.

1st. Our beauty fades—man cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; as if no space between the blooming and the falling. How bright is the freshness and the purple light of youth.—But the red and white roses mingled soon disappear. "That glorious beauty is a fading flower." Persons pride themselves on it; they endeavor by artificial means to heighten it, or prolong its stay; to conceal the inroads of disease, or the approaches of age. But soon deformity takes the place of beauty. What presents a stronger contrast than the fresh, blooming, plump appearance of one of either sex, just entering on the stage of life—and the same individual when shrivelled and furrowed with the cares of life, the attacks of the various evils that flesh is heir to, and bowed with the weight of years! That bold head! those changed features; that decrepid gait! You can hardly recognize the firm, neat, tart, dresy young lady, or young man, after thus suffering the vicissitudes of time. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth."

2d. Our strength fades—"I have written unto you young men because ye are strong." We expect vigor in youth. We expect that they at least, will have firmness of muscle, and strength of nerve to bear the burden and heat of the day. And what power in the human arm! What achievements it can accomplish—what monuments of force, as well as skill, are found everywhere; whether in fields cleared of their forest, and made to yield abundant harvests to man—or in the erection of massive edifices and the construction of public works for the benefit of society. Hands hardened by toil, furnish us with ten thousand things to promote our comfort and happiness. But soon the tool falls from the nerveless grasp; soon this frame built by a divine hand, so firmly compacted with cords and sinews, and tendons, is unstrung. Soon the palsied hand, attests the fact that vital vigor has fled; our "strength is dried up like a pot-herd." "The

keepers of the house tremble; the strong men bow themselves."

3d. Our senses fade—they are the channels of communication between the indwelling mind in this house of clay, and the external world. And how acute they are in youth! How bright the eye! How sensitive the ear! What sensations press into the mind! But how soon the eye grows dim, and artificial aid must be called in to perform the commonest offices of sight. "Those that look out of the windows are darkened."

4th. The mental powers fade—the memory—the imagination—the judgment, the reasoning, &c. What was once quick and active, becomes blunt and dull; incapable of any protracted effort, and impatient of application.—We reach our meridian, if we are spared to that, and begin the down-hill of life towards our second childhood.—What imbecility marks the plans and the calculations of age. Doubtless they who continue to employ their minds actively, preserve their mental vigor longest; but the racking pains, and the prostrating effect of disease, as well as the approach of age, will manifest themselves in an impaired intellect. Minds of the greatest acuteness—powers of the deepest penetration—memories the most retentive—imagination the most lofty—the most extensive stores of learning—must yield to the common lot. How brief the period for acquiring solid knowledge, and how short the time to use it!

5th. Our enjoyments fade.—Whatever cup of joy we taste, whatever we look to for satisfaction—soon ceases to afford it. One thinks that wealth hoarded up will be to him the chief good, but he either loses it, or the fear of loss deprives him of rest, and perhaps of reason. "Some walk in honor's gaudy show," but there comes a chilling frost and nips them in the bud. Friends are found inconstant, and human dependence a broken reed. Plans of prosperity are blasted; or prosperity enjoyed without the divine blessing becomes a curse. Desire fails; the pleasures of eating and drinking have vanished with the decay of the senses. As the poet says—"Though man's life be a dream, his enjoyments I see, Have a being less durable than he."

6th. Life fades away—"that moment we begin to live, we all begin to die." It is a very ancient figure to compare the generations of man to the successive coverings of the forest. Homer, in the sixth book of the Iliad, in Cowper's translation, has it, "For as the leaves, such is the race of man; The wind shakes down the leaves—the budding grove Soon teems with others; and in spring they grow— So pass mankind—One generation meets its destined period, and a new succeeds." The author of Ecclesiastics, (14: 18) says, "As the green leaves of the thick tree, some fall, and some grow; so is the generation of flesh and blood; one cometh to an end, and another is born." The following are a few of the

SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS OF HUMAN LIFE.
As the flower of the field flourisheth, Ps. 103: 15.
But the breath of wind blasteth, " "
As the grass in the morning groweth, " "
But in the evening, mown, it withereth, Ps. 90: 5, 6.
As the leaf of the forest fadeth, Isa. 64: 6.
As the bubble on the water bursteth, Hos. 10: 7.
As the shadow when day declineth, Ps. 102: 11.
As it fleeth, and not continueth, Job. 14: 2.
As the cloud from the sky vanisheth, " 7: 9.
And the vapor quickly disperseth, Jas. 4: 14.
As a sleep when morning breaketh, Ps. 90: 5.
As a dream when one awaketh, Ps. 73: 20.
As the tale the tattler telleth, Ps. 90: 5.
As the swift ship o'er the wave glideth, Job 9: 26.
And the eagle to her prey hasteth, " "
And the post on his way speedeth, Job 9: 25.
And the wind o'er the earth bloweth, Job 9: 7.
And the weaver the shuttle throweth, " 7: 6.
And the moth the garment eateth, Ps. 39: 11.
As the smoke of fire disappeareth, Ps. 102: 3.
As the width the hand breadth spanneth, Ps. 39: 5.
So man fleeth, and not abideth, Ps. 49: 10.
So he is like the beast that perisheth, " "
So man dieth and away he wasteth, Job 14: 10.

Miscellany.

Christ in the Heart.

BY HORATIO N. POWERS.

To gain the likeness of Christ should be the supreme aim of the believer.—If the Lord reign within, then all the blessings of the Gospel will be enjoyed. It is not theological notions that we want most in our religion, but a divine life; not a scientific system, but the spirit of Jesus. That which is outward, formal, and mechanical in Christianity cannot contribute essentially to the grace, and beauty, and completeness of the redeemed and immortal soul. It is Christ in the heart which makes the Christian, which illustrates the power of the cross, honors God, gets the victory over the world, and assures of the heavenly beatitude. The blessings of the Gospel are indeed manifold; and, though every gift that it bestows is precious, and should be received with thanksgiving, still Christ is the transcendent good.—Unless he is formed within, there has been no eternal gain. His mind, his character, is what is set before us, and is what we want and need. This is to be sought, whatever be the results, for its own sake. Many different influences are blessed to the spiritual awakening of sinners, and various are the circumstances amid which souls are born into the kingdom; and, as Christians, some prize perhaps their religion more for some one special blessing that it bestows than for another. No man, however, can grow to the ripeness of the spiritual excellence possible to him; no man can enter into the permanent blessed peace of Jesus; no man can shed forth the power and grace of a beautiful and triumphant discipleship, who does not make the possession of Christ in his heart the supreme end of his religious efforts, *irrespective of consequences*. If he seek *merely* for rest to his soul, for consolation, or joy, or escape from future woe, he may fail to secure the particular blessing that he desires.—But, if he seek Christ supremely, if, by the receptiveness of his nature, and the power of his faith, and the surrender of himself, the Lord manifest himself and dwell within, then all the blessings peculiar to the Gospel and which are needful for him shall be his. For Christ is all that can fill the ideal of the spirit groaning under sin or panting for perfection; all that can satisfy the hunger and thirst of the most tried, the most burdened, the most aspiring soul. Dwelling in the heart, he calms its fears, purges its dross, cheers its loneliness, fulfills its hopes, sanctifies its affections, consoles its sorrows, transfigures the shapes of dread into ministers of mercy, and discovers his own inspiring fullness more and more to the enamored vision of the faithful disciple. Being himself the Light, the Life, the Spring of Truth, and Beauty, and Joy, where he reigns life clasps the Eternal Good, tastes the fruits of Paradise, enters the harmony of Love, walks in the fellowship of the King, and exults in possessions that are heavenly and undecaying. No good higher than this is within the range or possibilities of our being.

But, whatever be its concomitants and incidental blessings, the conspicuous and priceless fruit of it is character. To make man Christlike, Christ gives himself to us in the glorious Gospel. Loving him utterly, ravished with his beauty, constrained by his love, walking in his light, and refreshed and supported by his sympathy, the disciple takes the lineaments of Jesus. His affections blossom in his sweetness; his temper, his tastes, his thoughts, his ambitions are colored and imbued with his spirit. Out of his life goes a fragrance of purity, and gentleness, and honor and charity that bear witness of their Divine Source.—His patience, and meekness, and faith shine most gloriously in trial. Self is subdued. Sin is crucified. Love is sovereign. In the zeal of his devotion, in the ardor of his sincerity, in the simplicity, and candor, and magnanimity of his life, Christ is manifested and honored. Such a character has in itself the elements of heaven. It is shaped after the pattern of the Master's. His own mind is impress-

ed upon it. Its peace springs out of his eternal joy. Its brightness is from the indwelling light that leadeeth into all truth. Its foundation is upon the Rock of Ages.

How such a character puts to shame a barren formalism, a dead morality, or a stern and heroic stoicism! How strong is the man in whom this mind is formed to suffer; how valiant in every field of duty, and how rich in the resources of the most beneficent being! The jargons of theological speculation do not perplex him, for the Life is within his heart. He shall not mourn for peace, nor walk in a dread of the unexplored hereafter; for the Lord is his shepherd, and he shall not want.

Suggestions on Prayer.

Dr. Shedd, in his work on 'Homiletics and Pastoral Theology,' has some suggestions under this head. He says:

'Some clergymen pray but one prayer through their whole ministry. It contains just so much preface, and just so much confession, petition, and thanksgiving, and always in the same order. In reality, it is a form, which is repeated from habit and memoriter. It is destitute of the excellencies of written prayers, and yet, is as monotonous and uniform as they are. Secondly, the clergyman must *avoid verbiage and repetition* in prayer. 'Vain repetitions' are denounced by our Saviour, and although, He probably referred primarily to conscious and intended repetitions, the spirit of His direction would exclude that thoughtless reiteration of the same thought, which is one of the principal faults in extemporaneous prayers. It is better to stop even before the time allotted to prayer has expired, than to attempt to fill it up with verbiage. In this connection, the habit of didactically discoursing in prayer should be guarded against. The suppliant for the Divine mercy sometimes turns into the instructor of the Divine omniscience. The clergyman should ever remember, that God 'knows what we have need of before we ask Him,' and not enlarge and explain to Him. No one can do this while under a realizing sense of the character of Him with whom we have to do. It is only when the clergyman forgets God, and addresses the congregation, that the prayer degenerates into a sermon.—Thirdly, the preacher must study *directness* in matter and manner. This does not imply familiarity, but simple earnestness, in the creature's address to the throne of grace. Familiarity is the worst of faults in prayer. Circumlocution, paraphrase, and repetition, are not so reprehensible as an irrelevant approach to the Eternal Jehovah. On the contrary, a direct address to God is commanded, and is proper in the creature.

Silver and Gold.

"Silver and gold have I none," said Peter to the cripple at the beautiful gate of the temple; "but such as I have give I thee." The hopeless man extended his long, thin hand for a penny; but instead, received a perfect cure.

Silver and gold are good in their places, but there is something better. They secure to us the comforts and luxuries of life; take away the fear of want and dependence, afford means of culture and refinement; and are an instrument in blessing and saving mankind.

Life is better than silver and gold. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Money, watches, jewelry, are nothing worth when a steamer is sinking, or the flames pursuing a man.

German Home Life.

Health is better than silver and gold. Disease is bribed with heavy sums. The best skill of the nations, and the climates of the world, are tried at any expense.

An unbroken family is better than silver and gold. Often a man would dead away all his property to save the life of a beloved wife or child, while that life is fading away with a rapidity which his wealth cannot stay.

Innocence and peace of mind are better than silver and gold. Many a man, after some great sin, would buy back at heavy cost his former state; but sin and Satan laugh at his hoard of gold. They have got his virtue and peace, and will not sell at any price.

Salvation is better than silver and gold. It is the costliest thing in the universe, but is not for sale. Every drop of Christ's blood is worth more than a globe of gold. Many a man thinks he is willing to give half he is worth to save his soul; but salvation cannot be bought. A man with a room full of gold may perish, and another be saved who does not leave two coins to close his eyelids.

There will be no use of silver and gold in heaven. We read of streets of gold, and crowns of gold, of golden censers and golden vials, but of no coin to purchase the various and tempting form of bliss. Friends put no pockets in the shroud, and the white robes of the redeemed will need none for there is no money wanted to secure admission to the choicest scenes in the heavenly city. Let the man who has silver and gold turn a portion of it into comfort to the poor, and spiritual life to the lost, and it will be invested where death cannot part him from it, nor the fires of the last day melt it.

Let the man who has no silver and gold, if he is a Christian, rejoice that he has something better; and if not a

Christian, let him at once secure for nothing what will make him a rich man for time and eternity.—*Advantage.*

Origin of Illustrious Men.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.
Homer was the son of a very small farmer.
Demosthenes was the son of a cutter.
Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer.
Franklin was a journeyman printer and a son of a tallow chandler and soap boiler.
Dr. Thomas Bishop, of Worcester, was the son of a linen draper.
Whitfield was the son of an inn keeper at Gloucester.
Bishop Pridaux worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford.
Cardinal Woolsey was the son of a poor butcher.
Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was the son of a farmer.
Virgil was the son of a porter.
Horace was the son of a shop keeper.
Shakspeare was the son of a wool stapler.
Milton was the son of a money scrivener.
Sir Cloudly Shovel, Rear Admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoe maker and afterward a cabin boy.
Mohamet Ali was a barber.
Robert Burns was a ploughman in Ayrshire.
Napoleon, a descendent of an obscure family of Corsica, was Major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a tobaccoist of Martinique.
Boliver was a druggist.
John Jacob Astor once sold apples on the streets of New York.
Catherine, Empress of Russia, was a camp grissette.
Cincinnatus was ploughing his vineyard when the Dictatorship of Rome was offered him.

Literary Morality.

The tables of moralities show the following appalling facts in regard to the chances of an author to secure lasting fame: Out of 1000 published books 600 never pay the cost of printing, 200 just pay expenses, 100 return a slight profit, and only 100 show a substantial gain. Of these 1000 books, 650 are forgotten by the end of the year, and 150 more at the end of three years only 50 survive seven years publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the 17th century, hardly more than 50 have a great reputation and are reprinted. Of the 80,000 works published in the 18th century, posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in 17th century. Men have been writing books these 3,000 years, and there are hardly more than 500 writers throughout the globe who have survived the outrages of time and the forgetfulness of man.

THIRTY THOUSAND WOMEN PICKING HOPS—CURIOUS SCENE IN WISCONSIN.—A Wisconsin paper says: "Probably in all the history of hop picking since yeast and lager were invented there has been nothing to compare with the scenes that have been going on in this region, and in Kilbourn city, especially for the last six or eight days. The first of last week the pickers began to come in, and this week there must be at least thirty thousand lively at work picking the hops of the region that ships them at this depot."

The Feejee Islands number about 225, of which 80 are inhabited. Their aggregate area is 8000 square miles, and the total population 300,000. Of late, English Wesleyan missionaries have met with great success in these islands, and the number of attendants upon the religious services is reported by them as exceeding 50,000. Seven years ago the king offered to cede the islands to Great Britain, and the English Government replied that it had taken the proposition into favorable consideration. No action was subsequently taken in the matter, but it is naturally supposed that this new contract with the Melbourne Company must soon lead to the establishment of a British Protectorate.