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## The Pulpit.

### Christian Fruitfulness.

The whole force of the allegory of the vine and the branches is fruit.—The vine is planted for this; for this only it is watered, nourished, and pruned. If the want were shade, strength, or beauty, then the tree, the shrub, or the flower would be chosen, but this is selected for the rich clusters of luscious, life-giving, life-cheering grapes which it bears. If there be no fruit, there is no use and but little beauty, and the branch—for it cannot be spared for what slight grace it possesses—is cut off and withereth, and is burned. Such is the use of the Christian, that he may bring forth "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." He is God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works. Not to philosophy, systems of politics or physics—not to ideas, whether in prose or poetry, except subordinately—is he called; but to holiness, the possession and manifestation of the power of the Gospel in holy tempers and acts.

If the Gospel is offered to the world as the highest exhibition of the wisdom, love, and power of God, its claim to be thus regarded in the estimation of mankind must rest upon its effects as seen in its adherents. Fruit is the test of systems. This is the law of modern experimental philosophy; the mind is educated to it, and can accept no other. Honor can be conceded to Christianity, and through it, to the infinite Father who originated it, only as it renders believers. For believers in Christ to increase in intellectual acquirements, to grow in worldly acquisitions, to advance in the multiplication of their social and political rights, is well, but not enough. In all these respects, men have grown and may grow again without Christianity; they must be "rich in good works," in those dispositions and deeds which spring distinctively from the Spirit of Christ, and overtop in their sweep and majesty all the creations of natural impulse. The fruit which the Gospel produces, while much of it will resemble the products of natural goodness, must yet be marked in most of its attributes as essentially Christian in origin; and its tendency must be to direct the mind of the beholder exclusively to God as its author. Thus, the appreciation of the fruit will reflect upon the husbandman, and God will be glorified. The gardener does not point to the thickness of the vine and the luxuriance of the branches as the vindication of his skill and care, but to the quantity and quality of the fruit.

In addition to the evidence which a large spiritual fruitfulness affords to the real discipleship of a Christian, it should not be forgotten that a constant growth is necessary to establish the believer. He will be confirmed in discipleship in proportion as he finds in himself the proper fruits of a new life. The Apostles wrought miracles by faith, and then believed all the more firmly because of the miracles.—The reflex influence of the productive working of any principle upon itself is one of the clearest laws of God. Life is nourished by the very activities to which it instinctively leads. "Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect?" A Christian can have entire confidence either in his own experience or in the Gospel, only as he possesses the fruit of the Spirit in his heart and life. And as he finds the virtues of the Spirit enlarging will he be confirmed in the verity of both.—Prayer, for example, is a fruit of the Holy Ghost, as no man can truly pray who does not do so in the Spirit.—"For we know not what to pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." When one prays and the answer is given in the sweet assurance of divine acceptance, in an abiding sense of free and joyous moral power, in an additional readiness and unction in talking of the things of God and working for his glory, how the faith is quickened! Consequently, where a man of prayer is found, there is invariably to be seen a Christian who neither questions his own discipleship nor the reality of the Master whom he follows.

He, then, is most the disciple of Jesus, both for others and himself, who is the best and does the best. Doing good out of a full and loving heart is the measure of the Christian. To gauge the discipleship of any believer, it is not so necessary to inquire for his creed or his church as to ask if he bring forth much fruit. If the life be holy and increasingly useful, he is abiding in Christ and going on to perfection; he is a true branch as certainly as Christ is the true Vine. This is all that need concern the believer—to be growing in fruitfulness. No man would take care of his health by dropping his hands and nursing his heart. The Christian will promote his vital power not by manipulating his faith, but by the obedience to which it impels.

## Miscellany.

### Life in Germany.

BY THE REV. DR. STEVENS.

#### THE PEOPLE.

I have said that the Germans are the most 'comfortable' people, know best how to enjoy material life, of any race in Europe; but I have been careful to except the lower classes. Yet, even this exception needs qualification—more, perhaps, than would be needed respecting the same classes of any other people save those of America. The German lower classes are incomparably better off than those of England or France. Their education, at least, is better than that of the same classes in any other part of the world, except, perhaps, New England. This single fact necessarily implies a superior condition, in spite of any special drawbacks.

The peculiar German physique secures superior general health, and, of course, this is an inestimable advantage. A certain authority says that, "in physical development, the Germans stand superior to either the Latin or the Slavonic race." The middle and higher classes, especially in the northern sections of the country, have, I think, a better physique than the same classes in England; for, as I have heretofore said, they have the stoutness and vigor, without the plethora of the English. Nobler-looking men cannot be found than the mercantile and financial classes of the great northern cities—Bremen, Hamburg, etc. You see them largely represented, in summer, at the island of Heligoland; and no English watering place can match it for superb forms.

The literary men, notwithstanding they are the hardest brain-workers in the world, are notably healthful and long-lived, though not usually so robust as the other classes. There seems to be, in fact, a natural tendency in the race to muscular development. The universal attention to physical education among the middle and higher classes brings this tendency to splendid forms of size and symmetry. Among the peasants and artisans, overwork rarely turns it so much into forms of feebleness or disease as into deformity and stolidity.—Their muscular system is not only strong, but heavy. Among the rural and laboring population, says a good authority, "stoutness and strength of ten approach to clumsiness." The agility of the Latin race prevails in all its classes, and the walk of the Frenchman or Italian is a semi-dance; but the German knows nothing of this alertness, except as a matter of scientific study and experimentalism in his 'gymnastics' or his Turnverein; and there, as in all other matters of study, he beats the world, for he has the best original muscle for such training. But it never comes to him spontaneously, from wiry nerves, as with the Frenchman or Italian.

The peasants and laborers generally are a depressed class; the density of the population and the lowness of wages forbid any hope of their rising out of the material condition in which they are born. Their very school education has to yield to his hard and sad necessity, for, by the time it is advanced enough to excite intellectual aspiration and open the vista of a higher career, the peasant youth must join his father, nay, even his sisters and mother, in the work of the field;

and there, in most cases, hope, for anything besides the monotonous drudgery of his ancestors, vanishes.—He becomes stunted by premature or excessive labor; his once awakened mental faculties become stolid, and he resigns himself to his fate, patiently but hopelessly, unless a hopeful call from across the Atlantic reaches him.

The fate of the women in this respect is indeed sad—the saddest fact in Germany. You see more of them than of men in the fields, and, by some barbarous traditional custom, the hardest work seems to devolve upon them; at least, this is apparently the case in those beautiful regions of the Rhine and the Neckar. All things here are beautiful but woman; even the charms of young girlhood are rare—withered by hard field labor in childhood itself. You see women not only digging, hoeing, or carrying on their backs large baskets of manure up the mountain-sides, but actually side by side with dogs, mules, or cows (for cows more than oxen or horses are draught animals here), drawing heavy loads along the hot, dusty highways, their skin tanned to leather, their features shrivelled, and their contours changed to sinewy outlines, which, were it not for their hair and apparel, would render them indistinguishable from the overworked men of their suffering class. This depressed condition of woman is the greatest detraction I know of from the honor of Germany; a deplorable debasement of its national character—a reproach which its rulers and learned classes should not be willing to tolerate. It is founded chiefly, indeed, in the material condition of the lower classes, but the prejudices of caste life and the partialities of government deepen and perpetuate these conditions. They could be relieved, if they could not be at once rectified, and the higher classes are mostly responsible for this national shame.

But, with this hard fate, the German peasant contrives to enjoy life, more than the same class of population in any other European country.—Though his cattle are usually under the same roof with himself, he keeps them at one end of his house; and the other, with its earthen or stone floor, is tidily with cleanliness at least. The people are universally and passionately fond of flowers, and almost every house is decorated with them at its windows, or in little garden plats.—They have all learned music at school, and they keep on singing if every other acquisition of their school days must go by the board; but it is not seldom that they retain their love of books, and then the great poets and popular writers are a consolation to their humble lot. Perhaps no author has given them more of such entertainment than the American, Fenimore Cooper. He is incomparably more popular here than at home. Every village and hamlet has its 'bier-garten,' or similar resort, where these poor 'boers,' with their wives and children, repose and regale themselves, especially on their festive days; not with the drunken clamors of similar places in England or America, but with social converse and decorous gaiety—loving good music, and keeping good hours. Their beer, tobacco, and Sabbath notions may be condemned by the American spectator, but he cannot help rejoicing with them in their rest and cheerfulness, and bid them God-speed in their almost solitary hope of refuge and deliverance in America.

#### Docile Parents.

A Scotchman, returned home from an American tour, gives some amusing illustrations he met which helped to explain what a New England lady meant when she said, 'I am learning to be a docile parent.'

'Parents, obey your children in all things,' is the new idea. It is not, after all, so great a stretch to anticipate, as somebody suggests, that we shall by-and-by see on the signboard of some American store: 'John Smith & Father.'

Let it not be supposed, however, the American children are rude, or ill-behaved. On the contrary, they struck me as more polite, more considerate, more orderly, as a general rule, than our own; but they need to be dealt with in a different way. You must ap-

peal to their reason and good sense.—If you appeal merely to your own authority, you are apt to get a pert answer.

'Remember who you are talking to, sir!' said an indignant parent to a fractious boy; 'I am your father, sir.' 'Well, who's to blame for that?' said young impertinence; 'taint me!'

One little boy, to whom I have already referred, was making himself very disagreeable on one occasion when his mother had him with her on a visit to some friends. She took him to the bedroom, and told him that if he did not behave himself she would shut him up in the closet. 'You can't. There ain't a closet here,' said the child triumphantly. 'I'll put you in that wardrobe, then.' 'No, you won't.' 'I will.' 'You try it!' She took him instantly, put him in, and turned the lock. Thereupon Young America began to kick up a tremendous noise inside, battering the doors of the wardrobe as if he would have knocked them off their hinges. His mother, fearful that he would do mischief, either to himself or to the furniture, and remembering that the house was not hers, took him out and said, in great distress: 'O, George, I don't know what to do with you!' 'Don't you?' said he, looking up into her face. 'No, indeed, I don't.' 'Then,' said he, 'if that is so, I'll behave;—which he accordingly did, marching into the other room with her, and conducting himself for the rest of the evening like a little gentleman. She had capitulated—given up the struggle for authority. He was now behaving on his own responsibility.

This case suggests another which illustrates the same point, but has a grotesque feature of its own. A gentleman in Northampton, with whom I spent a very delightful week, and who belongs to one of the old Puritan families, told me that for several years he had tried whipping with his boy, but found it ineffectual. On one occasion the boy was caught in an oft-repeated fault. His father took him to his room; upbraided him for his persistent disobedience; reminded him (which was probably unnecessary) that he had several times been obliged, in the way of parental duty, to apply the rod of correction; that it seemed to have as yet been in vain; that he was much disheartened, and was at a loss what to do with him. A bright thought occurred to the boy. 'Father,' said he, 'suppose you pray.' The father was a good man, and could not refuse to do this. But having a strong suspicion in his mind that the boy had suggested this Christian exercise in order to escape punishment, he prayed for the young prodigal first, and whipped him afterwards. He told me, however, that he had never been able to make anything of the boy till he gave up flogging and appealed to the boy's sense of what was right and proper.

#### English Farm Laborers.

Let Americans take new pride in their country as the asylum of the nations, while they read these outlines of a farm laborer's life in the west of England. The statement is from a paper read before the British Scientific Association, by a clergyman personally familiar with the facts of which he wrote:

Nowhere has the improvement of the agricultural laborer kept pace with that of the land owner, the farmer, and the land itself. In the west of England the condition of the laborer is very little improved, and in some respects is worse than it used to be. Wages are low; fuel and provisions are dear; education has become a necessary of life for a family; the poor rate is so administered as to quench every feeling of independence. In the west of England an agricultural laborer had, till lately only 7s. or 8s. a week, and now only 5s. or 6s., (about \$2 gold). Unless he is a horsekeeper or a shepherd, he has to pay out of this 1s. to 1s. 6d. or more a week for house rent, and provide food, clothing, medical attendance, fuel, and every other necessary for himself, wife and family.

Potato ground he pays a high rent for, and fuel he seldom gets, except at the cost of as many hours of hard work in getting it as its full value.—

He has three pints or two quarts of cider a day, and has a portion of his wages often paid in quit, which, when corn is dear, is an advantage, but otherwise a loss to him. He is often not allowed to keep a pig or poultry, for fear of stealing food for them from his master. He works nominally ten or ten and a-half hours a day, with an hour and a half deducted for meals. He is almost always, however, in reality kept much longer time than this, and is seldom paid anything for over-time, except by bread and cheese in harvest time.—Women get 7d. or 8d. a day for outdoor work, with a quart of cider, and boys small sums in proportion. The men breakfast before they leave home on tea-kettle broth, which consists of an infusion of bread and water, with a little milk, if, which is not often the case, it can be got. For luncheon and dinner, which they take with them, they have coarse bread and a little hard, dry skim milk cheese, at 3d. per pound. For supper, on their return home, they have potatoes or cabbages, with a very small slice of bacon, sometimes, to give it a flavor. Butcher's meat they seldom see, except it is given to them. They are unable to lay by anything, and few comparatively belong to benefit societies.

They are long lived, but even in their prime are feeble, and at the age of 50 often crippled with rheumatism, the result of poor living, sour cider, a damp climate, hard work and anxiety combined. There remains nothing for them, then, but parish pay and the workhouse.

How much better is your farm than it was one year ago? How much better are your implements?—How much more lovely have you made your home by the planting of trees and shrubs? How much have you added to the value of your property by the planting of orchard trees and the small fruits? How much better is your stock of horses, of sheep, of cattle? How much of error have you discovered in your mode of treatment of the different crops you have grown? How much have you learned from your neighbors, from your agricultural papers, from your experience in relation to your farm operations?—How much have you done to aid your wife and daughters in their household duties by furnishing them with improved household utensils and the better location and arrangement of wells, cisterns, walks, wood piles, cellars and dairy rooms? How much of kindness and charity have you exercised toward the needy and the helpless? How much better husband, father, brother, man are you than you were one year ago? Now is he time to reflect upon all these things.—PRAIRIE FARMER.

#### Labor.

Rev. J. B. Jeter has written an article on this subject for the Seminary Magazine, from which the following extract is taken:

A life of idleness is not only worthless, but contemptible. Neither wealth nor rank can efface this blot from human character. An idler is an exercise on the body politic, increasing in weight, but diminishing its strength and beauty. An industrious shoe-boy is more meritorious than an indolent prince. Why should not honest and useful labor of every kind be deemed respectable? The Creator has ordained that man shall labor.—When he came from His plastic hand, in a state of perfection and loveliness, he was placed amidst the bloom and fruits of paradise, to dress and to keep it. When driven on account of transgressions from the bowers of Eden, he was doomed, as much in mercy as in judgement, in the sweat of his face to earn bread. The author of our being has endowed us with faculties for laboring—and our bodies are formed for exertion and the endurance of fatigue, and our hands are admirably constructed as instruments of art. We are surrounded with means of useful toil. In obedience to well directed effort, the earth will yield her bountiful increase to reward the husbandman. And all the riches of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, may, by skilful in-

dustry, be made tributary to the happiness and dignity of man. God has imposed on man the necessity of labor. If he rebel against this ordinance, want, the most inexorable of masters, will teach him subordination and summon hunger, nakedness and pain to enforce his instruction. To esteem labor lightly, then, is to reproach the ordinance of God. Has God made that essential to man which is derogatory to man? It cannot be. He who ordained that man should labor was worthy of him.

#### Random Readings.

The drying up a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

It is as great a mercy to be preserved in health as to be delivered from sickness.

Knowledge, even of Gospel truth, is emptiness, unless love, practically exercised toward God, and man, accompany it.

If a man has any religion worth having, he will do his duty and not make a fuss about it. It is the empty kettle that rattles.

An ill-matched woman at Saratoga says that "some women dress to please each other; some to please men, but the most dressy women don't dress to please anybody; they dress to worry women."

A lady asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud: 'Madam,' said the minister, "when you see a fox's tail peeping out of a hole you may be sure the fox is within."

When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea lights up our darkened hearts and lends to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad and so sweet that we would not, if we could dispel the darkness that environs it.

To be insensible to the charms of piety, and the beauty of holiness, is to be entirely wanting in the best sense and taste a man can have. Whatever is excellent and desirable in the universe of God concentrates in holiness.—Holiness is the ultimatum of human hopes and happiness.

The prayer which Socrates taught his disciple Alcibiades deserves a place in the devotions of every Christian: "That he should beseech the supreme God to give him what was good for him, though he should not ask it, and to withhold from him whatever would be harmful, though he should be so foolish as to pray for it."

Ruskin says people's eyes are so intensely fixed on the immediate operation of money as it changes hands that they hardly ever reflect on its first origin or final disappearance.—They are always considering how to get it from somebody else, but never how to get it where that somebody else got it. Whereas, the real national question is not who is losing or gaining money, but who is making and who destroying it.

The absurd effort at refinement by which would be genteel people speak of a gentleman's "lady" when they mean his "wife," thereby not only sacrificing definiteness, but actually allowing a dubious meaning of unpleasant character to be possible, is well shown up in this significant incident:

"Can't pass, marm," said a stern sentinel of the navy to an officer's lady. "But sir, I must pass; I am Captain W's lady." "Couldn't let you pass if you were his wife."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following wail, floated on the "sea of reading," we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths, beautifully set forth:

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feast.

We do not wish to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave even with kings and princes for our bed fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms.