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Communications.

For the Episcopal Methodist.
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
Nov. 10th, 1868.

Mr. Editor: Dear Sir:—Since leaving Warsaw I have traveled, as I calculate it, just 240 miles to reach this city—twelve hours ride, at the usual railroad rates, of 20 miles per hour, makes the handsome distance of 240 miles; and yet, this place is only fifty miles from Warsaw. Twelve years ago, Fayetteville was probably the most flourishing place in the State. In fifty six the great North Carolina road was completed, cutting off a large amount of trade from this market. Ninety miles of railroad would have connected this place with Greensboro' by way of the coal fields, or fifty miles would have connected it with Raleigh. If either of these roads had been built twelve years ago, Fayetteville would have sustained itself at least, but as it is, probably the population is a little less than it was in fifty six; and yet, these very worthy and industrious people have annually paid heavy taxes, to build and sustain roads in various other portions of the State. Only one railroad leads out from this city forty three miles to the coal fields, in the direction of Greensboro'; when the air line now in progress from Raleigh to Columbia is completed, it will cut this road about forty miles from here, and about three miles from the end of the Western road, just mentioned above, thus giving us connection in Raleigh with their ancient city, the distance by railroad, being about 80 miles.—This air line road will eventually provoke a road from here to Lumberton, 35 miles, and another from here to Faion's north east, fifty miles. The roads in those directions will thus bid for the freight and travel of Fayetteville. Strict justice to this section would have built these roads ten years ago; but justice will eventually come, and the beauties and excellencies of cross creek will shine forth in full radiance.

There are many fine residences away up on Hay Mount, representing no small amount of wealth, even yet, and some of the best men in all the State reside here, quietly waiting the time when a grand city of private mansions on the hill, will overlook a grand city of business houses, stretching away down to the Cape Fear river-side, and shipping annually its millions of produce as heretofore. When these things shall come to pass, as I verily hope to see, I promise these good people to make up a grand excursion party in Raleigh, come down on the train, take a pick-nick dinner in one of those beautiful groves on Hay Mount, and hear a beautiful speech from Dobbin, or some other one of the beautiful speakers of this town.

I should not fail to mention, that the citizens here, have re-built since the war, the bridge over Cape Fear; it is a handsome and durable structure, and is said to be paying stock.—Several new stores have been built since my last visit, and Mr. Jones has repaired his Hotel in a handsome style, giving his guests now really city fare, and accommodations. The Fayetteville Hotel is now kept by Mr. Draughon.

The Messrs. Sreel and Lilly have lately opened a new Bank; this with P. A. Wiley, & Co., Banking House, gives the people increased monial facilities.

I go to Egypt on Thursday, where there are six stores, and a handsome trade indeed, for so small a town.—Two ladies conduct business there, each carrying on a brisk and successful trade. Charley Conover also resides there—all the way from 'merry Hengland,' and about his numerous children and grand-children, he can talk to you all day long. Mr. Muse keeps a Hotel, and right well he feeds his guests. Long before day on Friday morning, I shall leave Mr. Muse's house by private conveyance for Morrisville, taking breakfast at Pittsboro, after a ride of 14 miles, thence 22 miles over the roughest road this side the Alps, for dinner at Morrisville, which will be about supper time, perchance; but a good night's sleep at Pages Hotel will enable me to reach Raleigh early Saturday morning, 'all

weary and worn,' if not 'all tattered and torn.' And now some inquisitive reader may ask why Branson is running all round the country after this style? But I will just ask him to remember that I am 'general Superintendent' (self appointed of course like all other great officers,) of Public Works, Internal Improvements, Education, Agriculture, and especially of the North Carolina Business Directory.

(In witness whereof I hereunto set my hand and seal.

L. BRANSON.

Selections.

Participating in Worldly Pleasures.

If there are pleasures which the world, alienated from God, has stamped and chosen as its own; pleasures which express the vanity and darkness of the natural mind; pleasures which bind men as ungodly together in fellowship and sympathy—from these pleasures professing Christians must wholly abstain, if they would "keep their garments unspotted from the world." Now the dance, the opera, the theatre, the race course, *et id omne genus* fall exactly into this category. They have been appropriated by "the lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," as their peculiar portion—they bear the stamp of the mint in which they have been coined they are acknowledged badges of a worldly profession; and, in some sort, sacraments of allegiance to the Prince of the power of the air. We just as naturally infer that one who mingles in them is worldly in his tastes and pursuits, as that one who goes to the Lord's Table is a professed follower of Jesus. In this aspect of the case, then, however perplexed we may be in framing a general and positive rule which shall discriminate all the lawful amusements of the Christian, we have no difficulty in reaching a negative decision upon the dance and the pleasures cognate with it. Brethren "I would not, that ye should have fellowship with devils; ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's Table and of the table of devils."

Indeed, this matter may be brought home to the conscience. In joining ourselves to the visible Church, do we profess to have come out from the world and to be a peculiar people?—What separation any more remains to us when we have band'd with the world in the enjoyment of its vanities? Do we profess to be "strangers and pilgrims upon earth, seeking a better country, even a heavenly?" How does this comport with our "lusting after the flesh-pots of Egypt?" Do we profess to groan over the remains of indwelling sin, and to sigh after greater holiness of heart? What consternation would be produced if, amid the evolutions of the dance, we should express this in the pregnant utterance of Paul, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and would not the reply come to us from a chorus of voices, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" Do we profess to fear the temptations of the devil? How does this consist with following Satan into his own haunts that we may tempt him? Do we profess to be in travail of soul for the salvation of impenitent men? Suppose that we speak to a partner in the dance, warning him faithfully of the wrath to come; is it he, or is it conscience, that rebukes our profaneness? Do we testify to the world the pleasures of a good conscience and the joy of communion with God?—What is that testimony worth when contradicted by our testimony for the pleasures of frivolous mirth? But above all, do we profess to be the followers of Him, whose style and title on earth was "the Man of Sorrows?" Do we profess to "bear about in our bodies the dying of the Lord Jesus;" and have we been to the communion table expressly to remember Him in his death, and to have fellowship with Him in his sufferings? Oh! tell it not out to earth, lest it rend again the very rocks and break once more the slumbers of the dead—a dancing disciple of a crucified Redeemer!! A holy prudence, I know, must be used in drawing out religious truth to the no-

tion of the ungodly. Yet the Christian has no call to be in any assembly, when his simple presence there effectually closes his lips and seals up the testimony, which, as God's witness, he should never be disabled from uttering.—Dr. B. M. Palmer.

Heat as a Motive Power.

No small amount of anxiety has been occasioned of late in Great Britain by certain estimates, based apparently upon substantial premises, going to show the probable not distant failure of the supply of coal for manufacturing purposes. But providential provisions seem likely now to anticipate such a contingency, and render the actual occurrence an event no longer to be dreaded. Captain Ericsson, an honored adopted citizen of this country, the renowned inventor of the iron-clad monitor, of the screw propeller, and of the calorific engine, at the present time in his native Sweden, has brought to a successful termination a protracted series of experiments in which he has sought to avail himself of the sun's rays as a motive power.

He has prepared three engines, one of which is moved by steam, the other two by compressed air, and all of them are set in motion and continued at their work by the power of the concentrated rays of the sun. The exhaustion of the coal fields may be looked upon with complacency if, as it seems now to be probable, the great source of light and heat can be so utilized as to provide a calorific force to keep the machinery of the civilized portion of the earth in operation.

Mr. Ericsson, in a letter describing his wonderful invention, addressed to the Swedish University of Lund, says with pardonable enthusiasm, "Archimedes exclaimed that his favorite device, the lever, had power enough to heave the earth out of its path. It may be more truly said that the concentration of the radiant heat of the sun furnishes sufficient force to stop the earth in its course." Steam has been one of the most powerful material agents of modern civilization; it has multiplied almost infinitely human force, and given man an extraordinary power to overcome physical obstacles. It has also increased human comforts by affording what would otherwise be beyond the reach of the poor at a cheaper rate, and it has mitigated the oppressive weight of labor by enabling machinery to perform all its heaviest tasks. The cost of fuel has ever limited the widest use of its irresistible force. But if now the inexhaustible sun, by flashing his rays upon an engine, can keep it in constant motion, it is difficult to estimate the effect that it will have upon the world's material progress. Mr. Ericsson meets the natural inquiry as to the practical difficulty growing out of long periods of cloudy and wet weather by intimating, without explanation, that skillful engineers will find no difficulty "in laying up a supply when the sky is clear, and that great storehouse is opened where the fuel may be obtained free of cost and transportation."

Dying Words of Wilberforce.

"Come and sit near me; let me lean on you," said Wilberforce to a friend, a few minutes before his death. Afterward putting his arms around that friend, he said, "God bless you, my dear!" He became agitated somewhat and then ceased speaking. Presently, however, he said: "I must leave you, my fond friend; we shall walk no farther through this world together, but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us talk of heaven. Do not weep for me. I am very happy. Do not weep for me. I am very happy. Think of me, and let the thought make you press forward. I never knew happiness till I found Christ a Saviour.—"Read the Bible! Read the Bible!" Let no religious book take its place.—Through all my perplexities and distresses, I never read any other books, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintance with the experiences and realities of religion, have been drawn from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible."

Causes of Sudden Death.

Dr. J. M. Howe, of New York, writes as follows on this subject:

"Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from disease of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, the experiment has been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasburg. Sixty cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough *post mortem* examination. In these cases only two were found that had died of disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty died of apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are—cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room, into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressive news operating on the lungs and circulation of the blood. These causes of sudden deaths being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen out valuable lives which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence men may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death if they knew it lay in their power. A judicious and persevering use of the inhalation of the common air through the inhaling tube, would, we are persuaded, even in persons who have no tendency to consumption, in many cases prolong life full ten years. It would toughen the throat and lungs, and do away with all the liability to congestion and inflammation of these organs to which so many are liable by reason of the lack of out-of-door, vigorous exercise, and of a sedentary life; and especially as persons advance in age, it would tend greatly to keep up to its normal condition the circulation and arterialization of the blood and a healthy state of the digestive organs, and thus lessen the liability to sudden death."

Three Bad Things.

By three bad things I mean bad thoughts, bad words, and bad deeds.

We know that an ear of corn grows from a grain, a flower from a seed, and an oak from an acorn. Well, just in the same way bad words and bad deeds spring up from bad thoughts.

If we leave the door of our mind open, and are not watchful; if we let bad thoughts come in and stay there, bad words and bad deeds will follow them.

When proud, wicked Haman fell into a rage with Mordecai, the Jew, he let bad thoughts enter his heart, and then he began to consider how he could punish Mordecai. The more he thought of the matter the more his bad thoughts pushed him on to evil; till at last he made up his mind to bring about the death of Mordecai, and all his people, the Jews.

But did the matter end there?—O no! bad thoughts will go on from bad to worse; so Haman's bad thoughts made him use bad words. He went to the King and spoke against the Jews, and persuaded him to give a command that they might all be destroyed. Thus, you see, bad words followed bad thoughts.

Haman was not yet satisfied; for, as I said, bad thoughts and bad words are sure, unless it please God to order otherwise, to be followed by bad deeds. Haman took good care that the King's command should be sent through the country, and after that caused a gallows to be made, that Mordecai might be hanged thereon.

But mark what bad thoughts, bad words, and bad deeds did for Haman. The King found out that he was a wicked and deceitful man, and so he had him hanged on the very gallows he had set up for Mordecai. Again I say, beware of bad thoughts, bad words, and bad deeds.

Pray against these three bad things: say "Search me O God, and know my

heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Prayer and Deliverance.

The following instance of divine interposition in answer to prayer is related by the missionary Hans Egede Saabye, the grandson of the celebrated Hans Egede, who was the first missionary to Greenland:

In the year 1849 a young married pair, who had found grace in the Lord Jesus, came to Okak to get some provisions. On their way they were met by a large white bear, which is the most fierce and dangerous animal of these regions. They were, as you may suppose, very much frightened, and the more so because the man carried no gun or other weapon to defend his own life or that of his wife.—He therefore turned to his companion and said, "We can do nothing to save ourselves from this danger but pray." They then knelt down together on the snow, and begged God to protect them, offering their bodies, souls, and spirits to his divine will. While they were thus engaged the bear came up to them, but to their wonder and joy he quietly passed them by. On their return from Okak, when they had nearly reached the same place, they were alarmed at seeing the fierce creature coming up to them again. The terrified couple, having proved the value of prayer on the first occasion, again knelt down and looked up to Heaven for help. The bear came close up to them and smelt all around them, but he did them no injury and went away. He who delivered David out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear had heard their cry, and delivered them.

CARRYING ON BUSINESS FOR CHRIST.

"Many years ago, happening to be in South Wales, I made the acquaintance of a Welsh gentleman. He was then a landed proprietor, living in his own mansion, and in very comfortable circumstances. He had been before carrying on an extensive business in a large town. By the death of a relative he had unexpectedly come into possession of this property. After considering whether he should retire from business, he made up his mind that he should still continue to carry it on, though no longer for himself, but for Christ. I could not help being struck with the gleam of a holy mind which lighted up his countenance when he said: "I never knew before what real happiness was. Formerly I wrought as a master to earn a livelihood for myself, but now I am carrying on the same work as diligently as if for myself, and even more so, but it is now for Christ, and every half-penny of profits is handed over to the treasury of the Lord, and I feel that the smile of my Saviour rests upon me." I think that is an example worthy of being imitated."

The Fruits of Faith.

All true and lively faith (says Leighton.) begets love; and thus that heavenly light is the vehicle of heat.—And, as by this means, true faith has a tendency to the practice of obedience the latter depends upon faith, and flows from it. All knowledge of mysteries is vain and of no value, unless it have influence upon the affections, and thereby upon the whole conduct of life. The luminaries of heaven are placed on high; but they are so placed that they may shine, and perform their periods, for the benefit of this earth.

How Good Salaries Come.

That pastor who abandons a weak church because the salary is too small is like the farmer who abandons his newly purchased farm because the crops are insufficient. Salaries like crops, increase in proportion to the amount of labor expended. He who stays and patiently toils, year after year, reaps a better and better harvest. He who drops his work and removes to another field every six or 12 months has a dismal time of it, and deservedly so!

Standing Fire.

A young soldier, going to his barrack room to sleep for the first time, quietly knelt down to pray in the presence of his comrades. This act was the signal for a storm. Hisses, shouts and whistling filled the room with hideous noise. Belts were thrown at the kneeling soldier, and one man leaped upon the bed and shouted in his ear. But he was unmoved to the end of the prayer, when he arose and silently went to his repose. The next night his comrades eagerly watched, to see if he would dare to kneel a second time. To their surprise he again dropped on his knees, and they saluted him with the same noise as on the previous evening. He did not flinch, however. The third evening he knelt down and prayed, regardless of their continued mocking and noise. On the fourth evening the noise was less; on the fifth it was still less; and on the sixth one of the soldiers exclaimed—"he stands fire, he stands fire. He's true." After that no one disturbed him. He had overcome opposition—he had won respect.

Triumph of Redeeming Love.

Two glorious visions rise up before me, and fill the world and all my heart with joy.

I see the Holiest, the Perfect, the Son made the victim, the lamb, the curse, willingly yielding Himself up to death on the cross for me.

I see the Father inflexible in justice, yet delighting in mercy, accepting Him, the spotless Lamb whom He had given; raising Him from the dead; setting Him on His right hand. Just, beyond all my terrified conscience could picture Him, He justifies me the sinner.

Hating sin, as love must abhor selfishness, and life, death, and purity, corruption, He loves me—the selfish, the corrupt, the dead in sins. He gives his Son, the Only-Begotten, for me; He accepts his Son, the spotless Lamb, for me, He forgives me; He acquits me; He will make me pure.

The thought overpowered me. I knelt among the pines, and spake to Him, who hears when we have no words, for words failed me altogether then.

Old Thomas Fuller quietly says: Lord, my voice by nature is harsh and untunable; and it is vain to lavish any art to better it. Can my singing of Psalms be pleasing to Thy ears, which is unpleasant to my own? Yet, though I cannot chant with the nightingale, or chirp with the blackbird, I had rather chatter with the swallow, yea, rather croak with the raven, than be altogether silent. Hadst thou given me a better voice, I would have praised thee with a better voice; now, what my rustic wants in sweetness, let it have in sense—sing, Lord, create in me a new heart, therein to make melody; and I will be contented with my old voice, until in Thy due time, being admitted into the choir of heaven, I have another, more harmonious, bestowed on me.

TRUTH.—The consciousness of truth nerves the timid and imparts dignity and firmness to their actions. It is an eternal principle of honor which renders the possessor superior to fear; it is always consistent with itself and needs no ally. Its influence will remain when the lustre of that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

There is a sacredness in tears.—They are not the mark of weakness, but of power! They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues.—They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.—Bishop Hall.

We triumph over calumny only by despising it.

Truth has never need of error, and shades add nothing to light.

Flattery is a false coin which is current only through our vanity.

It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received.