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Poetry.

Home From Camp-Meeting

The moon above white-dog the road,
The summer night was still,
And the morning star like a torchlight gleamed
From the top of Three-Oak Hill.
The meadow grasses had the air
With a scent deliciously fine,
And the spider spun his gossamer strands
From the black-bark tree to the pine.
Thousands of throats faintly sang
In the warmth of the summer night,
The soft low, and the great owl swung
Like a bell in the mystic light.
The corn rustled the yellow blade,
The field poppies were from their awson,
And the leaves of the wild grape lightly played
In the rays of the rising moon.
Down the road at a leisure pace
Little Pete on his aged mare,
Whose chimney neck left a faint trace
Of lack in the shaggy hair.
The leather reins were dropped, and hung
On the saddle-horn, and a song
Strangely pathetic the negro sang
As his gleeful content sang.
The time was quiet and the words were odd,
But the music filled the night,
As he sang of the wonderful love of God
And the shining robe of white.
His black face turned to the starry sky
Reflected stars in tears,
For Pete was happy with every eye
He saw beyond the year.
Pete was a preacher old and gray,
He preached when he was a slave,
And he preached at the dawn of freedom's day,
"The Lord has power to save,"
And many a preacher talking to-day
About the heavenly goal,
Had better go to his closet and pray
For the faith of that African soul.
(From the Nashville Christian Advocate.)

LETTER FROM BISHOP MARVIN.

NO. XX.—CONTINUED.

But I must hasten on to Agra. This was the chief seat of the illustrious Akbar, and from called Akbarabad. The fort at this place is the best we have seen, the walls being very massive, very high, and crowned with crenelated battlements. Akbar built a very large palace here, which is still standing and in a fair state of preservation. I cannot undertake to describe it. It has one front on the Jumna, and covers a large area. The inevitable marble filigree work is seen here—broken at one place by a can-not-hall. In the basement is a very labyrinth of columns and walls where, it is said, the women of the imperial household were accustomed to play at hide and seek. In a small court above there is a pavement of marble, in squares, on which, the tradition has it, the Mogul used to play chess, or some such game, right royally, having for his chessmen the beautiful girls of the harem, who moved from square to square as they were directed. A tank, stocked with fish, was in a larger court, and the gallery from which Akbar used to drop his hook was pointed out to us. The throne-room was an open court, and the throne, still preserved, is a slab of black marble. In this slab there are two points of a decided red color from which a slight red tinge shades off for several inches. Our guide told us of this throne before we saw it, and assured us that it had shed blood twice; once when the Mahratta invader, the Rajah of Bhurtpore, sat on it, and again when Lord Ellenboro, a Governor general of India, did the same. When we expressed our disbelief of the fact he took us to the place and proved it triumphantly by showing us the very blood stain, indelible in the rock; proof incontrovertible that it did bleed, and that when those very two men sat on it. But use has rendered it insensible to any millification for when I seated myself on it, it did not even so much as give a grunt.
The description of the bath-room of the harem I give in the language of Bayard Taylor: "The most curious part of the palace is the *Shah Mahal*, or Palace of Glass, which is an oriental bath, the chambers and passages whereof are adorned with thousands of small mirrors, disposed in the most intricate designs. The water fell, in a broad sheet, into a marble pool over brilliant lamps, and the fountains are so constructed as to be lighted from within. Mosaic cascades tumbled from the walls over slabs of veined marble into basins so curiously carved that the motion of the water produced the appearance of fish. This bath must once have realized all the fabled splendors of Arabian history. The chambers of the Sultans and the open court connecting them are filled with fountains."
Akbar's mausoleum is eight miles from the city. It was built by his son, and proudly named *Sacundra-Alexandria*—for was not Akbar another Alexander? It is a massive structure, imposing in the distant view, but near at hand the front elevation, a sort of portico of only one story, projects so as to conceal the really lofty summit, and give the pile a squat appearance. The *sarcophagi* are usually under the dome of these buildings, but this one is singular from almost all others in having no dome, the sarcophagus resting on a marble pavement on the summit, having the heavens for its dome. It is covered by cloth heavily ornamented with gold thread. The pavement

Communicated.

Condition of Church Membership

There is a difference of opinion as to what the condition of Church membership is. Even in our own communion, where the law governing in the case is clear and specific, there is division. "There is only one condition previously required of those who desire admission into these societies"—now the Methodist Episcopal and other Churches—"a desire to flee from the wrath to come and to be saved from their sins." But wherever this is really fixed in the soul, it will be shown by its fruits. In the baptismal ceremony, and also the form of reception and recognition of persons as members of the Church, there is nothing that varies from it or conflicts with it. There are, however, questions upon other points, such as to faith, willingness to be subject to the discipline of the Church, attendance upon its ordinances and the support of its institutions. The questions bearing directly upon the subject under consideration, are few and simple. "Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow or be led by them?" The answer is, "I renounce them all." "Wilt thou then obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of thy life?" *Ans.* I will endeavor so to do, God being my helper. In the form of reception of persons into the Church, "the promise and vow of repentance, faith and obedience, contained in the baptismal covenant, are ratified and confirmed. This is all of the ritual upon this point. The questions "Have your sins been forgiven?" "Have you been converted?" etc. are not in it. That it would be better for every one presenting himself as a candidate for Church membership, to realize all this in his own consciousness, I frankly admit. But a lack of this should not serve as a bar to reception. It is the duty of the Church to receive those who are sincere, and who have fallen into error. Who is it? What is right and proper, and therefore, duty, in this particular? This is what we want to know. I have not always entertained the opinion as expressed above. Believe it or not, I am in conflict with some. This difference is practically bad. Once I was giving an invitation for persons to join the Church. I said: "I desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins," and in tend to lead a new life following the commandments of God, and desire to unite with our branch of the Church come forward and give me your hand." At this point I was interrupted by my presiding elder who got behind me, with the expression "say converted." Who was right? This difference I believe still exists between us. At any rate I have never changed my opinion. It exists between many others, unless there have been numerous and rapid changes of late.
To make the rule "converted" an invariable one would not be wise. To take every person presenting himself, into the Church, without assurance of his sincerity and heartfelt repentance, and a desire to flee from the wrath to come and to be saved from his sins, would be worse. The discipline takes a middle ground and leaves practicalities to the common sense and judgment of the pastor. There is danger that persons, who come into the Church as seekers, will stop right where they are when they join. But this should be guarded against. Such persons ought to receive instruction and encouragement. Many, very many sincerely penitent persons, Wesley like, have gone into the Church, and ministry even, and have persevered until they could rest in that "perfect love" which "casteth out all fear." The danger to which they are liable should not keep them from the Church. Are they not liable to greater dangers out of it? But does not the very same danger lie in their way if they do not join the Church? Besides do not many who profess to be converted, stop just where it is alleged that seekers are liable to stop, viz. just where they are when they joined the Church? So far as we can judge they do, as to their growth in grace and in the knowledge and love of God and of Christ. If there is any movement it is on the retrograde line. It would be better to have ten unconverted persons in the Church, who are truly penitent and seeking to be saved from their sins, than to have a hundred, who make loud cries of conversion, but whose religion does not outlast, if indeed it lasts a long as, the meeting at which they made the profession.
To the former, the Church would be of benefit and they would be of benefit to the Church. In the latter case there is little or no benefit either way.
E. M. MARVIN.
Steamer Australia, Arabian Sea, lat. 14 N., lon. 57 E., March, 16, 1877.

THE TELEGRAPH.

Facts in regard to the Invention of the Electric Telegraph.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 2, 1877.
To the editor of the Raleigh News:
SIR:—My attention has been called to a communication, from the Rev. M. L. Wood to your paper, in regard to the original inventor of the electric telegraph. The gentleman is quoted as saying that Mr. Morse was a student of Randolph Macon College, Va., and a classmate of mine. He is not mistaken, however, in representing that my friends claim for some part of the honor of suggesting that invention. I was a student at Randolph Macon College from 1833 to 1837 inclusive. It was in the year 1833 that the suggestions, drawings and explanations alluded to by the gentleman were made by me.
Having been absent from North Carolina for twenty seven years I do not know whether certain citizens of that State who were fellow students of mine are yet living or not.
If the Rev. Baxter Clegg, or J. W. Cameron, once editor of the *Wadesboro Argus*, are yet living, he or they will testify to all the facts connected with this matter. There are others who are familiar with them whose names I do not remember. My drawings of the telegraphic wire, etc., were made around the walls of my room, and often made the jest of my visitors. I was regarded as a visionary, and no person ever agreed with me that it could be done. My explanations all went for naught. I saw it as clearly myself at that time as I do to day, and had I not been devoted to my general collegiate course, and very much prejudiced against "patent rights," I should then have put my suggestions into practice and applied for a patent. As it was I pursued the matter no further than a theoretic suggestion with drawings and explanations of the agencies and machinery by which telegraphic communications at any distance could be made. I was regarded as very extravagant when I contended that these wires could be used across the Atlantic and prophesied that the day would come when they would encircle the globe, I believed this and so contended with my incredulous companions.
This is all that I am entitled to any credit for. It was some three or four years before Mr. Morse's invention.
Mr. Morse is entitled to the honor of having put the invention into practice, which was certainly more important to the world than the mere intellectual conception.
During the years 1834-'5-'6-'7, electricians in England, France and Germany made more or less progress in this invention. It proved, however, in Morse's hands more vital and successful than in the hands of any one else, and hence he was held by the world as the original inventor. I unite with all the world in according to Prof. Morse the honor justly due to the triumph of genius.
Whether or not Prof. Morse ever derived any benefit from my labors is only matter of suspicion with me. The circumstances were these: A gentleman by the name of Page was commissioner of patents at Washington. He had acquired considerable reputation as an electrician. I knew him by reputation as an electrician who was ignorant of the fact that he was connected with the patent office. In 1833 when this conception of an electric telegraph and the manner of working it was sufficiently perfected in my own mind to justify its revelation to men of science I wrote to Mr. Page on the subject. I accompanied my suggestions with rude drawings of the machinery and asked Mr. Page what he thought of it. My object was to obtain the opinion of a scientific man. My communication was concluded in polite and respectful terms and I naturally expected some sort of answer. Mr. Page, however, never replied to me in any way. I then let the matter drop and directed my attention to my studies, only occasionally renewing my suggestions among my friends.
Some four years after my communication to Page I was one day rather startled by seeing a notice in a newspaper stating that a partnership had been formed by Page, Smith, Amos Kendall and Morse to patent and put in operation Morse's invention. I was still more surprised to learn that Page, being examiner of patents, was prohibited by law from taking a patent in his own name. I learned also that Page was the son-in-law of Amos Kendall, and that there were some other considerations that gave cohesion to said partnership. I immediately sat down and wrote to Page, charging him with having used my suggestions for his own benefit and at the same time I published a communication in the *Washington Globe*, making the same charge publicly. Mr. Page answered my publication admitting the receipt of my suggestions

Sorrow and Joy.

BY E. H. STODDARD.

Tell me what is sorrow? It is a golden bed
And what is joy? It is a little bird,
That sings in my heart as I pass,
To weave it in a garland for my soul,
To bind me in its glory,
To keep it when my earthly joys are gone,
To bid me live, let it be again,
And now I look and long for it in vain.
Tell me what is sorrow? It is an endless sea,
And what is joy? It is a little boat,
That floats upon the waves of life,
To give me rest and refuge,
To shield me from the storm,
To keep me when my earthly joys are gone,
To bid me live, let it be again,
And now I look and long for it in vain.
Tell me what is sorrow? It is a gloomy cage,
And what is joy? It is a little bird,
That sings in my heart as I pass,
To weave it in a garland for my soul,
To bind me in its glory,
To keep it when my earthly joys are gone,
To bid me live, let it be again,
And now I look and long for it in vain.
Tell me what is sorrow? It is a gloomy sea,
And what is joy? It is a little boat,
That floats upon the waves of life,
To give me rest and refuge,
To shield me from the storm,
To keep me when my earthly joys are gone,
To bid me live, let it be again,
And now I look and long for it in vain.

The 'Awfully Profound' Minister.

BY E. H. STODDARD.

He deals in metaphysics; talks about the laws of perception, the system of consequences, hypothesis, peripatetic doctrines, and nihil genes, null hisan dience can hardly see their hand before their face. He has a learned way of pushing back his spectacles, a learned way of clearing his throat, a learned way of employing his pocket-handkerchief. I have heard him cough until I could hear the echo of the ages. The audience does not know what he is talking about, and he does not know either. The only cheerful part of his sermon is when he gets through. Now, when men are genuinely learned, they are simple in phraseology and manner. I never knew an exception to that. But a little learning will often make a man swell before all reasonable proportions. Oh, drop your scholastic diction, and use short, sharp, plain words.
I have seen a lake of water twenty feet deep, so clear that it would display a silver half dollar to the bottom you could see it. And there is such a thing as being deep and clear at the same time. An Englishman crossed the Channel to France, and was exceedingly disturbed by the fact that he could not understand a word of the French language. He was met at the depot by a Frenchman, and the driver of the cab talked to him in French. When he got to the hotel he found nothing but the French language here, and a man with French language took him to his coach at night, and he was almost exhausted because of his incapacity to understand anything that was being said to him; and in a sad mind he went to sleep. In the morning he woke up and heard the chattering crew, and he said: "Thank goodness, there's some English at last." An awful relief it is, after hearing some men talk in learned technicalities, foreign to our capacity, to suddenly hear something the plainest people can understand. I know only one use for words and that is to let men know what you mean.—*Christian at Work.*

Put Life Into Your Work.

BY E. H. STODDARD.

A young man's interest and duty both dictate that he should make himself indispensable to his employers. He should be so industrious, prompt and careful that the accident of his temporary absence should be noticed by his being missed. A young man should make his employer his friend, by doing his work well and with a will.
After this I said but little about the matter, but I have since had a number of my conception into practice, and I think for this reason I was entitled to less credit than the man, who not only had the intellectual conception, but the energy to make it useful to the world.
Since my graduation from college in 1837, I have been devoted to professional pursuits and have long since ceased to care whether the world knows my connection with the telegraph or not.
I have deemed this communication necessary to correct the errors into which my friends have fallen and to vindicate myself against the sneer of Col. A. M. Waddell, who seems to think my professions an absurdity.
Respectfully,
JAMES L. CLEMENS.
Temptation.
We have had a great deal to say to our young friends about temptation, because in youth a person's susceptibilities are greater than at any other time of life. There is much to be said besides telling a person what he should avoid, or admonishing him to shun this or that. The best way to avoid a thing is to cultivate something antagonistic to it; in fact, if one does not do this, his chances of successfully carrying out his resolves are only half what they might be. If a person can acquire a relish for good, wholesome, improving society, he will be in less danger than if he simply shunned bad company, and the same may be said of a good many other things. Among the greatest protective agencies is a taste for reading.—*One seldom sees a person of such tastes in the ranks of the fast young men who are getting in their crop of wild oats. There is nothing much cheaper than such a taste; indeed, it is wonderful how cheap are all kinds of culture compared with the different sorts of dissipation. A young man who has his business to study and whose livelihood and hope of advancement in the world depends altogether on his own exertions, will have brief time to devote to other things, but such time may be well filled up, and by cultivating a taste for that which is improving and elevating, in whatever department it may be, any inclination in an opposite direction is effectually destroyed.*
John Wesley
Starting in the World.
Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Starting a young man adrift with money left him by his relatives is like tying blind leaders under the arms of one who cannot swim; take chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.
Unmanly Men.
Is it when he helps another person? There are some men so low down that it is said they cannot bear to have the smell of their clover go into the highway for fear that other folk will get something that belongs to them without paying for it; there are some men who are said to begrudge bees the honey which they take from their flowers without leaving anything behind; but that is doubtless imaginary. A man whose heart does not respond to an act of doing good or giving happiness is no longer a man. He has passed the line of manhood, and should be ranked among beasts.
The next General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church will be held in Pittsburgh, Pa., and it is intended that the Assembly shall, instead of burdening the hospitality of the city, pay its own expenses. Pittsburgh ought not allow that.
A popular clergyman in Philadelphia delivered a lecture on "Fools." The tickets to it read, "Lecture on Fools. Admit One." There was a large attendance.
Contributor.—Why have you inserted my last article? Was I long? Editor.—No, it was long.

Advantages of Crying.

BY E. H. STODDARD.

A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppress it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry.
He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterward.
In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed the result may be St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful, and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.