

# Raleigh Christian Advocate.

Rev. J. B. Bobbitt, D. D., Editor & Publisher.

Published in the Interests of Methodism in North Carolina.

Rev. H. T. Hudson, Corresponding Editor.

Vol. XXIII.—No. 4.

Raleigh, N. C., Wednesday, January 30, 1878.

Whole No. 1,193.

## Poetry.

### Hymn to the Holy Spirit.

ROBERT H. DE FRANCE, 971 1031.

Translated by Mrs. J. P. Roberts

Come, ever blessed Spirit,  
Thy soft love impart,  
The light within us dart,  
Come, Father of the poor,  
Come, with us here the cheer,  
Come, light of every heart.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

Thou, Comforter, sweetest,  
Sweet guest within us dwelling,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
Thou, whom we never see,  
In all our joyous meetings,  
Our joy, when longings breathe,  
Thou, who art with us,  
Thou, who art with us.

prayer and talk about religion, and that they would not hurt him, on being invited, he came in and crunched down on the seat nearest the door, and looked on as if he were dead. The next Sabbath was appointed for the next meeting. The visitor spread the news, and quite a congregation assembled. He kept up the meetings, soon found peace with God, and began to exhort others to seek it.

He united himself with the M. E. Church; was licensed to exhort, and not long after became a local preacher, in which sphere he labored zealously the remainder of his life.

A most triumphant death closed his remarkable career. He went up, as it were, in a blaze of glory. The Divine power was so sensibly present, that Judge Griffin, though a Episcopalian, shouted for joy over his father's lifeless remains. His ashes repose in Caldwell county some ten miles South west of Yanceyville, on the road from Yanceyville to Company Shops.

J. W. JENKINS.

Rockingham, N. C.

Books and Papers in the South.

We have as little pleasure in writing as in reading disagreeable facts concerning our own people. Sometimes, however, it is useful if not pleasant to look steadily at disagreeable facts. Of late our thoughts have been turned to the subject of books and papers in the South. Our investigations have developed several unpleasant facts. Our only reason for writing about them is we hope for better things some day.

Few well informed people will deny that our Southern people, in proportion to population, take fewer papers and buy fewer books than the people of the Northern States. The evidence against us is cumulative. Explain the facts as we may, we cannot—while our eyes see and our ears hear—question or deny them. Every publisher and book merchant knows this.

To bring the matter to a point we compare the Northern and the Southern Methodists in one or two respects. In round numbers they have 1,500,000 communicants, of whom perhaps 250,000 are colored; we have 750,000 of whom nearly all are white. The New York *Christian Advocate* is the General Conference organ—in 1877 counted over 50,000 subscribers; the Nashville *Christian Advocate*—our General Conference organ—less than 10,000. They have several *Advocates* that have as many as 20,000 subscribers; we have, perhaps, not one that counts over 10,000. And relatively their *Advocate* patronage is not less divided than ours. If we have, all told, about a dozen Church papers, they have more than two dozen.

Take one other case. Their *Sunday School Journal* (for teachers) has a circulation largely over 100,000. Our *Sunday-School Magazine* (for teachers) has never gone beyond 15,000. We have conclusive reasons for believing that their success of religious and other books show as great disproportion as this.

Our special concern in this article is not with the causes, explanations, excuses, and apologies, that may be offered in palliation of our shortcomings in these matters. But there is no partial defense in some of the explanations offered as many suppose. The war should not be urged too confidently as an explanation of our present status. Far, unfortunately, this much to be deplored state of things existed before the war. Furthermore, the war, so far at least as newspapers are concerned, added immensely to the interest of the people in them. Nor will it meet the case to rest our defense in high prices. The Nashville *Christian Advocate* is a lower priced paper than the New York *Christian Advocate*. As to the rest of our papers they are not higher priced than the Northern *Advocates*. If any say (mark it, we are not saying it) their papers are better, than ours, we ask this question: How about the circulation of any given book of general interest, acceptable to both sides—there and here? It may be a reprint—an English book, perhaps. They buy many more copies than we do. Our post bellum poverty does not serve us in defense, for our ante bellum wealth did not lead to a different result.

Perhaps our best apology is found in the fact that our Southern population is chiefly rural. But even this we should not urge over much, for the worse use we can make of our best excuses is to fondle them till they induce a resignation that issues in satisfaction with our delinquencies and failures. That is a very unfortunate explanation of an avoidable evil that induces contentment in its endurance. Certainly no explanation or apology should leave Southern Methodists satisfied to be forever behind in the circulation of good papers and useful books.

No conscientious man, who is in any degree responsible for the welfare of our Zion and of our people, can lightly put aside the consideration of such a state of things as now exists in our Southern land. It is sad beyond words upon thousands of our people that they do not read the papers and books that they and their children need to read. Our judgment is, that few, if any of us, realize the real state of things as to this matter of religious literature—among our people. The real facts would shock and alarm us.

One fact ascertained helps in the explanation of others. Counting both official and non-official, we can name thirteen well known publishers in the interests of Southern Methodism. From the best information we can obtain we are left in doubt as to whether all of them combined have as many as 75,000. And many of them are confessedly far below what their editors wish them to be in ability and general merit. The annual exhibit of our Book Agent at Nashville, does not show a more encouraging state of things as to the sale and circulation of good books. As to our local newspapers, we mention here but a few. Although there are evidences of awakening among us, we are very far behind even our sister Churches in the work of foreign missions. We have but one endowed institution of learning in the territory of our Church. *And we did not endow that!* What is worse, we have not yet seriously considered that our Church Colleges (although they must do a great deal of eleemosynary work) need to be endowed.

There is trouble, perennial, as to the support of our ministry—trouble that can in no wise be explained by our poverty. There are others that thoughtful people will call to mind—mention only these.

What can be done?

Let each man examine himself and find out what he can do, and do it. Reports and resolutions by Conference will hardly answer. We have tried them long and well. Our publishers should look more carefully into these matters. Let them study their own ways and methods. If they can improve let them do so. Edit and write should study their ways. If they can improve, let them do so (if not—re-sign, or "surcease.")

What can we preachers do? Can we develop a deeper interest in books and papers among our people? Can we induce more of them to subscribe to good papers and to buy books? How few among us can say, "I have done my best?" Have we tried and failed? So have we preached and failed? But we try again. We preachers owe a great duty to our people in this matter. We make no appeal for any publisher, or editor, but for our people and our Church, and the good cause of Christ. Perhaps we have made too many appeals on the latter grounds. We write not to sustain a paper, or a store, or a publisher, but to help forward a good and great work among our people. We want to see twenty thousand subscribers to this paper—no to sustain the paper, but to forward every good work. And we do better than ever we have done. Whatever in God's world ought to be done, can be done.

We preachers are under the most solemn and weighty obligations to the cause of Christ in this duty. We are not guiltless if we leave our children in no better case than we find ourselves to day.—Rev. Dr. HAYWOOD, in *Southern Advocate*.

such a state of things as now exists in our Southern land. It is sad beyond words upon thousands of our people that they do not read the papers and books that they and their children need to read. Our judgment is, that few, if any of us, realize the real state of things as to this matter of religious literature—among our people. The real facts would shock and alarm us.

One fact ascertained helps in the explanation of others. Counting both official and non-official, we can name thirteen well known publishers in the interests of Southern Methodism. From the best information we can obtain we are left in doubt as to whether all of them combined have as many as 75,000. And many of them are confessedly far below what their editors wish them to be in ability and general merit. The annual exhibit of our Book Agent at Nashville, does not show a more encouraging state of things as to the sale and circulation of good books. As to our local newspapers, we mention here but a few. Although there are evidences of awakening among us, we are very far behind even our sister Churches in the work of foreign missions. We have but one endowed institution of learning in the territory of our Church. *And we did not endow that!* What is worse, we have not yet seriously considered that our Church Colleges (although they must do a great deal of eleemosynary work) need to be endowed.

There is trouble, perennial, as to the support of our ministry—trouble that can in no wise be explained by our poverty. There are others that thoughtful people will call to mind—mention only these.

What can be done?

Let each man examine himself and find out what he can do, and do it. Reports and resolutions by Conference will hardly answer. We have tried them long and well. Our publishers should look more carefully into these matters. Let them study their own ways and methods. If they can improve let them do so. Edit and write should study their ways. If they can improve, let them do so (if not—re-sign, or "surcease.")

What can we preachers do? Can we develop a deeper interest in books and papers among our people? Can we induce more of them to subscribe to good papers and to buy books? How few among us can say, "I have done my best?" Have we tried and failed? So have we preached and failed? But we try again. We preachers owe a great duty to our people in this matter. We make no appeal for any publisher, or editor, but for our people and our Church, and the good cause of Christ. Perhaps we have made too many appeals on the latter grounds. We write not to sustain a paper, or a store, or a publisher, but to help forward a good and great work among our people. We want to see twenty thousand subscribers to this paper—no to sustain the paper, but to forward every good work. And we do better than ever we have done. Whatever in God's world ought to be done, can be done.

We preachers are under the most solemn and weighty obligations to the cause of Christ in this duty. We are not guiltless if we leave our children in no better case than we find ourselves to day.—Rev. Dr. HAYWOOD, in *Southern Advocate*.

**THE RESURRECTION.**—In Dr Brown's work on the resurrection there is a beautiful parable from Halley. The story is of a servant who, receiving a silver cup from his master, suffers it to fall into a vessel of *aqua fortis*, and seeing it disappear, contends in argument with a fellow servant that its recovery is impossible, until the master comes on the scene, and infuses salt water, which precipitates the silver from the solution; and then by melting and hammering the metal, restores it to its original shape. With this incident a skeptic—one of those great stumbling blocks was the resurrection—was so struck that he ultimately renounced his opposition to the Gospel, and became a partaker of the Christian hope of immortality.

In the Protestant Episcopal Church the ritualists are again on the surface. Three years ago Dr. Seymour was not allowed, by vote of the General Convention, to become bishop of the vacant diocese of Illinois, but the diocese of the State creates a new diocese to which he was recently elected, and the old squabble and discussion come up afresh. Ritualism expects success.

Prayer, to be prevailing, must be direct, intense, and personal. A general request uttered in a half-hearted way would have availed nothing here; a specific and intensely earnest request brought God to the rescue.

Prayer, to be prevailing, must be direct, intense, and personal. A general request uttered in a half-hearted way would have availed nothing here; a specific and intensely earnest request brought God to the rescue.

Prayer, to be prevailing, must be direct, intense, and personal. A general request uttered in a half-hearted way would have availed nothing here; a specific and intensely earnest request brought God to the rescue.

## METHODISM A REVIVAL.

As a denomination our chief element of growth is an aggressive piety. We have not the social position of some of our sister sects. If our children are not converted and early gathered within our Church folds, the social ties around them, as they grow up, will bear them away towards other Christian harbors. Thousands of Methodist paragon are now the honored members of other religious bodies. We are glad they are doing good service in the Master's work where they are, but they could find ample opportunity in the Church of their fathers. We do not attract the masses by a rich ritual, by the impressiveness of our forms of service and the breadth of our doctrinal liberality. We have only one positive element of power and that is a singular adaptation in creed and modes to effective evangelized work. Methodism is a revival, or nothing. Our growth is a continual reformation. We are least successful, comparatively, when we profess merely to some of our neighbors in the staidness of our church edifices, the wealth of our membership and the precision and grace of our formal service. We are most successful when the necessities of a new movement call out all the energies, sacrifices, prayers and consecrated services of the membership. Here the growth is manifest and often wonderful.

When long established Churches, like old Bedford Street in New York or St. George's in Philadelphia, preserve their ancient simplicity and devotion, the Church continues to be a hive of fruit-bearing workers,