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THIS PAPER HAS BEEN ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT RALEIGH, N. C.

For the Advocate.

Emeralda Island Again.

This Island was once known as "Orange Hope," then at "Fenestrilla" but, at a meeting of the citizens, held a few months ago, for reasons which I need not mention here, the name was changed to "Emeralda," and a petition for a Post Office was gotten up, and a gentleman selected and recommended as the prospective Post Master.

One man here, last Fall, gave one acre of fine orange land to the M. E. Church, South, on which a very nice and commodious house of worship has already been erected and paid for, and Bro. DeParr, our excellent P. E., has already promised to dedicate it for us at his earliest convenience. The Church lot has also been set out in orange trees and in 4 or 5 years they will produce oranges enough to support a pastor whom we expect to have stationed here.

Another man has given an acre of orange land for school purposes on which we intend soon to erect a suitable building for a High School. Already the school is being carried on in the Church—and your humble servant has been unanimously elected to the take charge at the beginning of the Fall session. Once in my earlier life I had charge of 40 scholars, and enjoyed teaching their young ideas how to expand! So I guess the circumstances of the new position will all come right after a while. The principal hammock on the Island—called Emerald Hammock—lies on the Western end of Lake Griffin, and is egg-shaped with the little end pointing South, and the larger North, one mile long and half a mile wide. A main street has been opened centrally through the hammock from South to North and the entire hammock has been laid off into 40 lots. Some of these lots have been subdivided into 20, 10, 5, and 2 1-2 acres. This land, several years ago, was all taken up, some of it sold and resold, and now it is nearly all owned by parties who live here and who intend to make this Island their permanent home. Recently, one man, Col. J. S. Hopson, who owned about 3 forty acre lots, decided to divide about two of his lots into small lots and sell them at reasonable rates to such parties as would settle here with families and aid in building up society, Church and school. Already he has sold very nearly all his small lots and we are expecting parties every day to come and purchase every available foot of land on the hammock. On the Island are three other small hammocks, that contain good orange land, but they are not quite so desirable as Emerald Hammock. Also brook hammock contains 160 acres. Peter's Scrub has about 50 acres, and Buck Hammock some 50 acres of good land. The owners of these lands are willing to divide them into lots and sell to actual settlers in order to build up the institutions of civilization and religion on our Island.

These lands are very rich. They are good for oranges, lemons, bananas, pine apples, corn, long staple cotton, peas, pumpkins, melons, and everything else that can be grown in this semitropical climate. Tobacco does well here in fresh land. One good brother of Winston, N. C., has written me, since my first letter to your paper, and desires full information on all these matters. If he will read his Advocate he will find, in the letters I propose to write, what he wishes to know. Please say to him and all like him, come and see for yourselves. We have a good country here—the Garden Spot of North America—and we in-

tend, by the kind favor of Heaven, to develop and make it noble and grand. It is the best place I know in which to grow rich and to be religious if you will only watch, pray, and attend strictly to all Christian duties. More anon. Yours,

W. L. TURNER.

July 30th, 1880.

For the Advocate

Georgia Letter.

Thank you for the Advocate. It is a very kind way of asking me to write.

I am very connectional, for you see my grand father Smith was in the first Virginia Conference, and in the first North Carolina S. C.; also my grand father, Howard, was in the first Georgia and was Secretary of it, and I have belonged to the old Georgia—lived in the. So Georgia and now belong to the North Georgia. I also once belonged to the Baltimore. The Florida Conference is our child and so is the Alabama, and as to Texas, why there would not be any Texas, but for Georgia and North Carolina. I deplore the disposition of Conferences to isolate themselves and to build great walls around themselves over which none either come or go. Methodism is unity all over. I have observed some men with whom it was unity at one time, say at General Conference, and then anything else say in Grand Street Church known as Dr. Bigbugs Church. Everything there is in the direction of Grand Street and Dr. B., and they have not so much as heard if there be any connectionism. Nashville Rings, like the rings of Saturn, are invisible to ordinary eyes. Centralization threatens everything, these are the war cries of ecclesiastical demagogues. "Rings, Rings"—cheques, cheques," who has not heard of them? I have ever since I have been a Georgia preacher. I heard of them in Virginia, (I think they have a Circuit there they call "James River,") but I have yet to see the first one of them—I have heard of Nashville rings and the General Conference revealed the fact, what Nashville needed was a ring. If there was any unity, it was the unity of separate links. I hope they have a ring in Nashville. Let me see. There is Bishop McTycire from S. C. Ala. and La., Dr. Summers from Alabama, Texas, Baltimore, Virginia and S. C., Dr. Young from Holston, St. Louis, and Tennessee, Dr. Cunningham from Holston, China and Kentucky, Dr. Wilson from Baltimore, Bro. Palmer from Georgia and Los Angeles, Dr. Granberry from Virginia, Dr. Shipp from North Carolina and South Carolina, and Dr. McFerrin, who belongs to every body, and last, not least, Dr. Fitzgerald from N. C., Georgia, Ala., (he married there) and California, and you have the ring, beginning at Baltimore it extends to the Pacific. We are in the same boat, belong to the same family, have the same virtues and the same faults. The Church is connectional that she may be unselfish—but we need not love the whole body so well as to neglect our part of it. We must have local papers, Schools and Colleges, and the general interest is advanced by them. I get weekly The Nashville, Texas, Western, S. C., Pacific, Holston and Wesleyan and Baltimore papers and I would like to get the rest, but Lafferty wont send me his, and wont publish my letters, and I am too poor and too proud to subscribe, but I always read it when I can get a chance. It is a delightful work to read them all; one of the most delightful comes from over the river, The Western Methodist, at Little Rock. It has almost as many Editors as the eleven reliable of our great Daily in Atlanta. Cousin Louise is the sweetest, Dr. Johnson, the weightiest, and Bro. Porter the wittiest. By the way get Porter to write for you. It is no secret, that he is

'Gilderay,' and don't fail to read everything he writes. The Texas is full of bristling gems and the little General blazes away savagely and effectively. He has skill, pluck, and a good army of backers. They are all good and all bring good news. Now for a *person*—I have just had 3000, making 10,000, in 12 months, of "Darkness to Light" put through the press and the same number of "The Child and the Savior." They are worth respectively 60c. and 50c. per dozen. They are very well known and are meant to aid in pastoral work. I have sent a number to N. C. If any of your preachers would like a dozen of each send the order and I will send them, to be paid for when sold, and if not sold in a month they can be returned. I have just published a little Catechism for Infant Classes. "The Infants Life of Jesus," 48 pages, 50c. per dozen. I will send it to any one for a 3c. stamp—as a specimen. Address me here.

GEO. G. SMITH.

The Pastor's Wife.

Blessings, a thousand blessings, rest upon the head of the pastor's faithful wife! Praise her while she lives, and, when she dies, rear to her memory a monument of whitest marble.

At home she is a model wife and mother. In all the town where will you find a neater house than the parsonage, of which she is the presiding genius? The house is old and, without, somewhat shabby, but, within, what comfort and taste! Flowers bloom in the parlor window, neat pictures, though not costly ones, hang upon the walls, everything is scoured and polished, and swept and garnished, until the critical eye longs to find the luxury of dust, but longs in vain. Even the good man's study is invaded, and to his disgust his books are put upon the shelves, and his papers folded. O for some picturesque confusion!

She looks well after the children, and they all say with one voice—except the twins, whose only language as yet is a cry—that there is no one like their mother. She mends their clothes, and explains the hard points of their lessons, and tells them stories, and cradles the younger ones in her lap, and enters into all their little joys and sorrows. Blessings on her!

No eye so keen as hers to watch her husband on a Sunday morning. He must be faultless in his dress, and the oldest boy must dust him well from head to foot. He must preach thus and so, and make no doleful blunders. He must speak to everybody as he goes within the Church and passes out. He must be sympathetic—he must have a man's head, to be sure, but a woman's heart. Ah! the good man has a better sermon preached to him than he preaches to his people, and he takes it kindly—or he tries to. He has a faithful critic. If his sermon is a good one, his faithful wife is free to tell him so; if he makes a wretched failure, she tells him to his comfort that there have been worse ones preached, as well as better. It was not a poor one—that is, not a very, very poor one.

Not altogether is her life hidden from the public gaze. At the little prayer meeting her voice is heard in prayer; sometimes, in brief exhortation. She tells how deeply she loves the Church of Christ, and how she wants to see it prosper. There is something in the tone and manner more than in what is said which touches hearts. She searches out the sick, the poor, the wretched, and is in their homes like an angel of mercy. She prays with them, she interests others in their behalf. She is ready to give counsel and help. A true-hearted woman ever! She has no time nor inclination to stride up and down a public platform, and harangue large crowds, nor fly

back and forth across the continent to all the national conventions. She has a home and children and a husband, and a Church, of which she is a member; and these absorb her time and energies. Her work is quiet home-like work. No newspaper of the land sounds her praises. Her life is one of sacrifice, and her light is lost in that of her husband and her children. She is content to have it so, and rejoices in the welfare of those who are dear to her as her own life. Calmly she does her work, and lives in hope of the rewards of heaven. Her life is one sweet strain of music, growing clearer and sweeter as the years go by, and gladdening all around. So blessings, a thousand blessings, rest upon the head of the pastor's faithful wife! Praise her while she lives, and, when she dies, rear to her memory a monument of whitest marble.—N. Y. Methodist.

From Our Exchanges.

The Wesleyan Advocate says: The "Stingy Yankees" go on, in the most reckless manner, endowing colleges and universities. They will have an "endowed college" in Georgia the first thing we know.

From Evangelical Messenger: "Editor Crary, of the California Christian Advocate, is a bearded man, and means to stay so. He says: 'Living or dead, we never want to be shaved any more.' What were beards made for, anyhow, if not to wear?"

From California Christian Advocate: "The Church did not intend to dishonor this paper by throwing it on its own resources. It sympathizes with the paper, wishes it well, and honors the Methodist preachers and people by commending it to them."

The Nashville Advocate says: When you feel "out of sorts" with the Church, the world, and yourself, don't take up your pen just then to strike at every head in sight. Better pray—and perhaps it would be well to fast a little.

The United Presbyterian says: It is bad either for a man or a Church to live, or try to live, upon past memories. They are often deceptive, and are at best misleading, filling the mind with foolish comparisons and setting the present against the past in a perpetual warfare. We need hearts for the work of today.

The Holston Methodist says: The evidence of moral decadence in operatic and theatrical performances may be pretty well established by the fact that the largest crowds attend the ones which are farthest from decency and virtue. Men who are not willing to have their wives and daughters witness these things ought not to go themselves or neglect to use their influence against them.

From Baltimore Episcopal Methodist: "The action of the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in declining the rite of ordination to women, is but a reaffirmation of the doctrine which the Church of Christ has held from apostolic times—that the public ministry of the word is not the proper vocation for women. We are pleased to notice how universally the action above referred to has been indorsed by all the leading journals of the country, secular and religious. It has given offense only to the 'strong minded women,' as they are called, and their fanatical adherents and advocates."

The Presbyterian says: It is not a healthy condition when the preaching is not found fault with because of its personalities and its sharp inquisitions

into the soul's secrets. If there is unusual life in the pulpit, men will get provoked and imagine themselves as specially pointed out and unmercifully cauterized. Men and women should hear sermons that will shove them off the pedestals of self-content. They will then come to believe that they have no religion at all, and it is a most hopeful sign to see them searching about to see if their past has not been full of hypocrisy. Out of such conflicts in which we are thrown back upon ourselves, we will come purer and better, more loving and trustful.

The New York Christian Advocate says: The vitality of a newspaper item is amazing. It may be untrue or absurd, but, once started, it goes on like Tennyson's brook. Some years ago the late Rev. John Milton Holmes, a brilliant young minister of Jersey City, preached the eighth anniversary sermon of his installment over the Congregational Church. In some way it got started as the eightieth anniversary sermon, and traveled all over the United States and Europe. The contradiction went lazily after it, and after a while it died out. But four years later it sprang up again, with editorial comments, in an English paper, and after quite a run came over to this country, where it was finally killed. Meanwhile Mr. Holmes died, being about forty years old.

Gems of Thought.

The most terrific thing in the world is sin. A man is never hurt, till his "soul" is hurt, and the only thing that can hurt his soul is—Sin.—W. Plumer, D. D.

One of the reasons for so much unanswered prayer, we believe, is that those offering it would shrink from the demand of God, which says, "Shall I answer in the way I think best?"—Presbyterian.

Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do; and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.—Goethe.

Christianity is the true citizenship of the world; and universal peace, and the free exchange of all lands and tributes of their several peculiar goods and gifts, are possible only as all are grouped around, and united by, the cross of a common Redeemer and the hope of a common heaven.—William R. Williams.

Were this world our only sphere of action we might be depressed at the thought of our unfinished plans, and of going before half of our work was done. But the very power which grasps at so much more than we can accomplish is prophetic of a higher life. We have been conscious of a spiritual activity which physical debility has prevented our bringing out. Is this to perish? Is the thirst for higher truth and holiness an illusion! The fountain from which our spiritual life has flowed is inexhaustible.

FASHIONABLE CHURCH SINGING.—A Presbyterian minister recently delivered a lecture on "Congregational Psalmody," in which he referred to the incongruities that occur in present divisions or repetition lines. For instance:

'Love Thee better than before,' was divided, 'Love Thee bet—'; 'We'll catch the fleeting hour,' was sung, 'We'll catch the flee—'; 'My poor polluted heart,' became 'My poor pol—'; 'And take Thy pilgrim home,' 'And take Thy pil—'; 'And in the pious He delights,' became 'And in the pi—'; and 'Send down salvation from on high,' became 'Send down sal—'. A soprano in one case sang, 'Oh for a man,' and the chorus responded, 'Oh, for a mansion in the skies.' In another case the soprano modestly sang, 'Teach me to kiss,' while the bass rendered it quite prosaic by singing 'Teach me to kiss the rod.'—Ex.