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W. S. BLACK, Editors.  
FRANK L. REID.

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H. T. HUDSON, D. D., Cor. Editor

For the Advocate.

## NATURE'S WASTEFULNESS.

BY REV. E. L. PERKINS.

Among modern skeptics, and writers on agnosticism, it seems as fashionable to arraign the wisdom of nature's laws as it is to arraign the truth of the Bible. Hence the popular phrase that, "Nature wastes a gallon to fill a pint." Nature is accused of wastefulness, and consequently the author of nature has not shown infinite wisdom in its construction. Richard A. Proctor, in his work, "Our place among Infinites," allows that the creator of the universe may be all-powerful, "but certainly not all-wise." As proof of this want of wisdom, reference is made to the immense number of failures in carrying to maturity that which is often begun. Every germ of life, of either plant or animal, that fails to reach maturity, and fulfill its purpose, is a failure and a waste of energy, furnishing new proofs of the fact, that the founder and builder of all things was not all-wise. Proctor says of the sun's rays, "more than two hundred and thirty millions of times as great as the portion used to warm the solar system," is lost in vacancy. Here seems to be an immense waste of light-material.

If the sun is constantly being fed by meteors, and is constantly consuming the supplies, then wasting them on so large a scale, where is the wisdom of the arrangement? Such are, or have been, the suggestions of those skeptics that pretended to reason from a scientific standpoint.

In view of such unworthy suggestions, it is pleasant to notice the statements of Dr. Siemens, that, "The light and heat of the sun are produced by the power of that great orb to attract to its polar surfaces the heavier gases with which the stellar space is filled. It sucks in vast quantities of Hydrogen, Oxygen, Nitrogen, and other gaseous bodies, which, as they approach the surface of the sun, are condensed to a degree which renders them hot, and finally causes them to burst into flame. There is nothing lost in nature, and the combustion of the gases merely combines them into aqueous vapor, carbonic oxide, and other compound bodies, which centrifugal force would first carry to the sun's equator, and thence fling it off again into space. Here they would become attenuated, and under the influence of the sun's rays would be resolved into their original elements, ready to be drawn into the polar surface of the mighty luminary, and begin the process all over again."

This theory teaches that those rays of the sun that "fall into vacancy" are not wasted, but aid in resolving the elements for future use. To illustrate this matter in a partial way: There goes a steamer across the lake. The waters of the lake, (much of it,) pass through the wheels and pass off again. The water is not lost that went through the propelling screws. It becomes quiescent and ready to be used again and again as the steamer shall demand in its repeated trips. So the sun, in its circuit of eighteen millions of years, gives the elements time to cool and reform, ready for use again. Those rays that are apparently lost in vacancy are aiding the elements in their preparation for future usefulness.

This does not indicate any waste of material, or any lack of foresight, infinite wisdom if you please, in the arrangement. He who finds fault with the wisdom of nature's laws, can fall but little short of being as much of a blasphemer as he who holds up the Bible to public ridicule. True science is showing the fallacy of many theories, from which such men as Proctor have drawn false conclusions, to the disparagement of Christianity. The theory of Dr. Siemens shows that those solar rays that "fall in vacancy" are useful, as well as those that touch the plants; that there is no danger of the sun cooling down for want of material, any more than there is danger of the steamer on the lake suffering for the want of water because much of it is being passed through her propellers. So in all other operations in natural world, nothing is lost. There is a bountiful supply, and every thing is in demand. What seems to be an oversupply, or waste, in one place, simply meets a demand in another, though often one is seen and the other is not seen. The better we understand the operations of nature and the laws by which it is governed, the more fully we shall read the proclamation:

"In wisdom thou hast founded them all."

P. S. Since writing the above my attention has been called to the fact that R. A. Proctor has written an article to show the impossibility of Dr. Siemens' theory being correct. This reminds me also that when Harvey announced the theory of the circulation of the blood the most learned physicians of England wrote essays to prove the impossibility of Harvey's theory being sustained. The world knows the result. Harvey's success was due to the fact that he occupied a Christian standpoint. Others, as Servetus and Fabricus, had seen valves in the bloodvessels, but regarded them as nature's superfluities. But Harvey, believing in an all-wise builder of the universe, contended that everything had a wise purpose in view; and as these valves all pointed in one direction it must be to prevent regurgitation; therefore he concluded the blood circulated. Experiments proved it true. And here it may be suggested that those philosophers who base their researches upon the idea, that a wise purpose pervades all the operations of nature, are the only philosophers whose theories will stand the test of ages. True, men may sometimes stumble upon facts, but the successful worker in the unexplored fields of science will find that his safe road lies in following the suggestion that "nature is the work of thought, carried out according to design, therefore premeditated."

For the Advocate.

## LETTER FROM IRELAND.

The Primitive Methodist Conference met this year in Sheffield and elected the Rev. Joseph Wood, M. A., President of the Conference. The President of last year died during his year of office. Mr. W. is the youngest member who has ever occupied the chair of the Conference before, and the only M. A. who has been so honored. He is a man of culture and took an active part in the Ecumenical Conference last year. The numerical strength of this body has been increased during the year by more than 6,000.

The New Connexion Conference met in Batley, a Yorkshire town of 28,000 inhabitants, and elected the Rev. W. Longbottom president by an almost unanimous vote. The body, like your church, desires to change its name, but as the union feeling prevails largely, I think the wisest thing for it to do would be to join the Wesleyan body. The President appears to be unfavorable to union; so is Dr. Cocker, President of Rammoor College. An increase of nearly 1,000 in the membership was reported.

The Irish Methodist Conference assembled in Belfast. The first Conference ever held in Belfast was in 1827 with Richard Watson President and Jabez Bunting as his companion from England. Dr. George Osborn is the present President. The membership has been slightly increased—two hundred and four being added during the year.

A distinguished minister, Dr. W. P. Appelbe, Professor of Theology in Belfast College, attended the Conference during the first three days. On the fourth day he felt unwell in the Conference room and returned home, and a little more than forty-eight hours after he peacefully passed away to the rest and coronation of the skies. His sudden and unexpected death has cast the shadow of a great grief over the Conference. To day the Conference followed his remains to the tomb and buried him in sure and certain hope of a triumphant rising again at the last day.—His death has left a vacancy it will be difficult to fill. He was a ripe scholar, a devoted minister and a true Christian. He was conscious to the last, but had no fear. He knew in whom he had believed. He had received his appointments for next year from the Conference, but the Master required his services in a higher sphere. Like your Dr. Summers he died amidst his brethren whom he loved, and the representatives of the entire church were present at his burial. He was forty-eight years a minister.

The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church met in Belfast and adjourned on the day before the Conference assembled. The Rev. T. Y. Killen was elected Moderator by acclamation. A considerable decrease in the membership was reported, which was attributed to emigration. Death took one of the ministers

of this body away also during its sittings. The Rev. Matthew Wilson attended during the first week and recorded his vote on all questions that came up for adjudication. On the Saturday he returned home to occupy his pulpit on the following day, which he did in the forenoon.—After dinner he took ill, and before the Assembly adjourned, the Moderator announced his death. The workmen die but the work continues; the stand-bearer falls, but the banner never furls; the priests pass away, but the succession is unbroken.

BENTLEY.

JUNE 20th, 1882.

For the Advocate.

## WHAT THE WAVES SAID TO ME.

I stood on the sands by the sea-shore, and listened to the murmurings of the waves, which at first was low and indistinct, but as I listened they grew louder and louder, until at last it seemed as though I could hear their voices. And this is what they said to me: I represent the human life. At times I am sporting and playful, merry and glad, joyous and free, bright and sparkling. Laughing in my joyous mirth as the happy child, sparkling like the diamonds in the setting rays of the sun. Free as the wind, by which I am often rocked. And as I move on my way through the world, I strive to let the bright drops of which I am composed, sparkle and glitter and shine, hoping thereby to cause the heart of some of earth's sorrowing ones to be more cheerful and happy. But there comes a time, when the roar and the wailing of my voice, sends a chill of dread and horror through the hearts of the strongest. I am lashed by the fierce and howling winds of the tempest, I am driven mountain high by their cruel power, and am then left to sink down into the very depths of darkness. The wailing of my voice is as the wail of the damned. And with a power that nothing can resist, I drive before me all that lies upon my bosom. I laugh at the puny strength of man, and gloat over the ruin I cause. But hark, there comes through a rift in the cloud, a voice which is heard above the loud roar of the storm. It says: "Peace be still." So that voice comes to the troubled and sorrowing heart of man, and at its command, sorrow and sighing flee away, the darkness of night, and the gloom of despair flee as black vultures, and hide in dread and fear from the presence of that voice. These sad sea waves taught me this lesson: God holds our destiny in his hands. He gives us joy and gladness, He allows sorrow and trials to come, but when the heart is saddest, and our gloom the deepest, He will, through a rift in the cloud, let the brightness of His face be seen, and will whisper in words of love: "Peace be still."

S. C. W.

For the Advocate.

## TRINITY COLLEGE DEBT.

A LAYMAN SPEAKS.

DEAR BRETHREN: When Rev. C. C. Dodson brought the claims of Trinity before the Conference, with the amount the College owes, and the number of members in the M. E. Church in N. C., it struck me with force that the debt could be paid very easily. For instance we say the debt is six thousand dollars and the membership 69,000, by a calculation we see that the amount each member would have to pay would be eight and sixteen thirds of a cent, to make it even money we say nine cents per member; how easy it will be to raise the money if we go at it in the right way. I have a plan to offer the lay membership, let one good man of each society become responsible for the amount his Church will have to pay, and in less than thirty days the debt can be paid. Now brethren, I will be responsible for my Church. And I ask you in the name of God to let us raise the amount, and take it off of the shoulders of the men who have carried it until it has almost crushed the life out of them. Now, Mess. Editors, if you see proper to publish this allright, if, not no harm done.

Yours truly,

J. N. S. DOUB.

Bethania, N. C.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a character and you will reap a destiny.

For the Advocate.

## TRINITY COLLEGE DEBT.

BROS. BLACK & REID: I learn from Col. Alspaugh, President of Board of Trustees, for Trinity College, and also from Dr. Craven, that nothing is being realized from the Notes and Accounts, put in the hands of Dr. Craven, by the action of the Trustees to discharge the indebtedness of the College. Why this is so is simply amazing to the friends of the College—in view of the fact, that the honor and integrity of good men is at stake in the matter of payment—the College is in peril, the case must be met, our influence as a denomination, educationally, must be lost if we do not meet this case. Ten cents per member, for all the members of the Church in the bounds of the N. C. Conference, will pay the indebtedness of Trinity. Certainly we can raise that amount, if not we ought to quit the field as an educational factor. If all of the P. E.'s, the men on Circuits and Stations, will move solidly and promptly, the funds can be obtained; our people will not fail to come to the rescue, if the case is properly brought to their attention. Bro. T. H. Pegram, P. C., of the Forsythe circuit, and the writer of this each one pledge our respective churches for this amount, that is ten cents for all of our members—the money to be sent to Col. J. W. Alspaugh, Cashier of 1st National Bank, Winston, N. C. If the money is not all raised, the several amounts sent in will be subject to the order of those depositing. I have consulted Col. Alspaugh and he warmly seconds this move and so also of others. Now, Messrs Editors, will you blow a bugle blast on this subject and rouse our people to save our College and our own property—who will respond—will not all respond?

Very truly yours,

C. C. DODSON.

## YOUR PREACHER.

Give your preacher fair treatment. Do this for his sake and your own. Do it for the sake of your children. Do it for Christ's sake. The most sacred obligation is involved. The most sacred interests are at stake. Fair treatment—what is it?

Do not make him a target for your unfriendly criticism. Doubtless he has his infirmities. He may not be faultless. He is but a man, and no man is impeccable or infallible. A cavilling spirit can easily find something to object to in the best of men. Even the Son of God did not escape the scourge of evil tongues. Your preacher can not excel in every pastoral gift and grace. The Lord does not bestow all His gifts upon one man. It will be easy enough to make disadvantageous comparison of him in some particular with others. Take him as he is, and make the most of him. Your ideal pastor might be a different man but he does not exist. No man ever suited everybody. Neither the ascetic John the Baptist, nor the social and loving Jesus could please an evil or perverse generation. The man who comes nearest your wishes would be objectionable to another. Remember that your preacher is a man of like passions with yourself. A sarcasm stings him as it would sting you. His burdens are heavy enough without the weight of your discouraging words.

Do not forget your preacher's temporal wants. Do not fall into the error of assuming that God will in some way provide for him without your help. The ravens fed Elijah in the time of the famine, but the regular arrangement has always been that they who preach the Gospel shall live on the Gospel. Any departure from this principle results in a secularized ministry and a starved, enfeebled church. Do not be willing to devolve the duty and privilege of supporting your pastor upon others. There is in this matter an obligation of conscience and honor from which no right-minded Christian wishes it to be absolved. The tax for the support of the ministry is voluntary, so far as human authority is concerned, but it is enforced by the sanction of God and the impulse of the Christian heart. Neglect of this duty is the cause of the spiritual leanness of many Christians who might be strong in the strength of God if they would break the bonds of stinginess that repress the growth of the soul, and prevent it from ever becoming anything but a dwarfed and sickly thing.

Do not leave him to bear the whole burden of responsibility and labor for the

church. It is as much your church as his. Your responsibility is as direct as his. Its measure, in your case as in his, is the measure of your ability and opportunity. Give him your co-operation. It is as much your duty to hear as it is his to preach. Pray for him. Your prayer will open a channel between him and the throne of grace, and between your heart and his heart. Do not look upon him as your nurse, but as your co-worker. Go into the field with him and labor, you will get the right feeling for him as your fellow worker. Go into the battle with him against sin, and the spirit of criticism will give way to that of comradeship which binds fellow-soldiers in bonds of lasting fellowship. The pastor and people who have been fused together in the white heat of a genuine revival will never cease to feel the force of the blessed bond of cohesion. Thousands of miles from these old hills, we have seen the bosom swell and the eye kindle at the mention of the name of a minister of Christ who had led the hosts of Israel in the mighty revivals that shook the strongholds of sin and gave the church prestige and power it possesses to-day. A praying, working church, in full sympathy with the pastor's plans, and in full co-operation with his labors, will be harmonious and happy and prove invincible in aggression on the kingdom of darkness.

Your preacher! that is the way to put it. He is yours for this year at least. Do the best you can for him, make the most of him. The result will show that in this as in all other matters, duty and advantage are inseparable.—Ex.

## HOME AFFECTIONS.

The heart has memories that never die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are memories of home, early home. There is magic in the very sound. There is the old tree under which the light-hearted boy swung in many a summer day, yonder, the river in which he learned to swim, there the house in which he knew a parent's protection—yay, there is the room in which he romped with brother or sister, long since, alas! laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by yon old church, whither with a joyous troop like himself he has often followed his parents to worship with, and hear the good old man who gave him to God in baptism. Why, even the very school house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of ferule and tasks, now comes back to bring pleasant remembrances of many an occasion that called forth some generous traits of human nature. There it was that he learned to feel some of his best emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being who by her love and tenderness in after life has made a home for himself, happier even than that which his childhood knew. They are certain feelings of humanity, and those too among the best, that can find an appropriate place for their exercises only by one's own fireside. There is sacredness in the privacy of that spot which it were a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to invade it, is neither more nor less than a villain; and hence here exists no surer test of the debasement of morals in community, than the disposition to tolerate in any mode the man who disregards the sanctities of private life. In the turmoil of the world, let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection that is disinterested, where he may indulge a confidence which is not likely to be abused.—Ex.

He that hath light thoughts of sin never had great thoughts of God.

God is not the author of the dross that is in us, though His fiery trial detects and exposes it.

Our path is to be upward from the start; there is no grade downwards on the road that leads to God. He calls to us from above.

There is no worship where there is no joy, for worship is something more than the fear of God or the love of Him. It is delight in Him.

The light of a reconciled God, shining from the cross of our Lord Jesus, gives the heaven of the redeemed its brightness; The shadow of that cross makes the outer darkness of the abode of the lost.