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

OUR VIRGINIA CORRESPONDENCE.

BY REV. JOHN E. EDWARDS, D. D.

A LIVE WRITER.

I really think that the Rev. Geo. G. Smith of Georgia, is one of the brightest men we have out. That is just as good a way to close that first sentence as any I can think of. There at is again. I am putting rhetoric in defiance. "It would be quite an improvement," say the Editors of the Raleigh Christian Advocate, "if some preachers would leave out of their public prayers all the set phrases that they have been using in them for the last ten years." Bro. Smith does not use "set phrases"—he strikes from the shoulder, and makes a good lick every time. A great many men could pray better and write better if they would begin with the thing uppermost in their minds. Yes; it would be a good thing if a good many of our preachers, in their public prayers, would dispense with their old stereotyped introductions, and pray right along, without thinking of their "set phrases." To come back to Bro. Smith: He is always fresh, for the reason that he lets old issues and dead questions remain in their graves—he writes about something that touches the present—"works right over against his own door." He reads the papers and keeps up with what is passing. My letter in the Wesleyan Christian Advocate had scarcely met the eye of the readers of that first-class paper, in which I said something about our Nashville Catalogue of books before he gives it an airing in the Raleigh Christian Advocate. That is all right. I like it. All I have to say on that subject, here and now is, that I referred to our miscellaneous catalogue of popular reading books, especially designed for cultivated young people. We have valuable works of which I can speak in terms quite as commendatory as the terms of praise, employed by Bro. Smith. But, Bro. Smith will agree with me that we have a meagre catalogue of books, with our own imprint, suited to reading young people—such as are sought after, and read with avidity by educated and cultivated young men and women. We must have new books—books up to the times; and, if we do not get them up at Nashville, other publishers will supply the books, and reap the harvest. Bro. Smith will see my views, a little more at length, in the Wesleyan in the course of a week or two.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT BRO. SMITH.

He will be surprised to learn that I have not yet read his "Life and Letters" of the late Bishop James O. Andrew. I have, however, kept up with the notices and brief reviews of this new book as they have appeared, from time to time; and, notably the short review, in the "Methodist Quarterly." Dr. Whedon speaks in high terms of praise of this book, commending the Editor for the manner in which he has performed his task, with a qualification concerning some two or three points. The notice, altogether, is an out-spoken expression of high satisfaction. This is pleasant to us all. "Let us have peace." But, I am going to read the book myself, and from the good things said in its favor I feel that there is a treat in store for me; and, as Bro. Smith always speaks so kindly of my literary performances, I must pay him back. I know it is first-rate. This is part payment in advance. When Dr. McFerrin gets fair'y to work on the improvement of his present "good catalogue," by the addition of a class of new, fresh books, in the popular, miscellaneous line, suited for Sunday-school library purposes, there is no one who is more like'y to make a live'y contribution to the catalogue than Rev. Geo. G. Smith. Get your pen ready, Brother George, and create a sensation. May be, I will try my hand. Let us do what we can to keep the catalogue abreast with the times. And let me admonish you not to pounce on me too sharply, for something I have written in relation to the class of books now in demand, which will appear in due time in the Wesleyan, of Macon, Ga. If you disagree with me, "draw it mildly;" for, I have nailed my pennon to the mast-head. Wait a time in patience, and I will deliver myself.

BOOK EDITOR.

Dr. W. P. Harrison, our present Book Editor, is a live man. He is up to the times. No one knows better than he that there is a demand upon us for new books—books suited to the times. He knows that

however valuable "Smith's Elements of Divinity," "Watson's Institutes," "Wesley's Sermons," "Watson's Dictionary," "Brandt's Life of Arminius," "Summer's Commentaries," and "Granbery's Dictionary" may be to divinity students, or, as stock books in a Library for reference, they are not the books to meet the tastes, and supply a literary aliment for our young people. He knows that our Publishing House must get up a better class of books for Sunday-school libraries, and for general reading, or be content to publish Hymn Books, and Disciples, and Wesley's Sermons, and books in that line, and never rise to the dignity of a Publishing House, except in name. Our men and women of education and talent must write books—original, lively, taking books—and our Book Agent, on the acceptance and recommendation of our Book Editor, must pay for manuscript, and encourage Southern writers. But, I am beginning to fall into what I have written for another paper, and must restrain my pen. If I have said too much or too little my dear good, and gifted brother, Geo. G. Smith, whom I have always loved and admired, has been the innocent occasion of it. Perhaps after he prosecutes his present Sunday-school work for a while, he will begin to appreciate my view of the subject. It is in me to say it, and I will say it, that there never was a more perfectly valueless, useless, and ill-adapted set of books gotten up for Sunday-school libraries—I mean for Sunday-school scholars to read, than some years ago, lumbered our shelves in the Publishing House. Our people were belabored for not buying them. The fact is, there was about as much practical common sense in it, as there was in Mr. Wesley's rule requiring the little boys, at Kingswood school, to devote an hour of each day, to prayer and meditation. "First that which is natural, afterwards that which is spiritual," is St. Paul's rule. There is common sense in this order of things. Our Sunday-school scholars, and the young people in our Church, must have books adapted to their tastes, and grades of cultivation—sound in doctrine and moral teaching; and, if we do not furnish them from our own Publishing House, other writers and Publishers will furnish them. This they are already doing to our damage. Our Sunday-school libraries are full of books, not in accord with Methodist theology and experience.

SCATTERING—HERE AND THERE.

Bishop McTyeire—grand and great man he is—has allowed himself to be interviewed by Dr. Fitzgerald of the Christian Advocate, Nashville, or at least in the Editorial office in relation to his mode of introducing visitors to the Conferences over which he presides. The Bishop vindicates his mode, with his accustomed good humor, and plausibility—satisfactory, no doubt—to the Bishop and others of like mode of thinking—if such there be; but, not satisfactory to Brother Weber, of the Southern Christian Advocate, nor is it satisfactory to the Virginia Conference—as the Bishop has occasion to know. The Presbyterians in Virginia, both at Synods and Presbyteries, introduce visitors by personal presentation; and the Virginia Conference cannot afford to be outdone in ministerial courtesy. The Bishop that presides, hereafter in the Virginia Conference, will have to introduce visitors by personal presentation, or, not introduce them at all, except such as it may be the pleasure of the Bishop himself to introduce. It does seem, with all due respect to a presiding Bishop, that it is graceful and courteous to conform to the prevailing usages and customs in a Conference, where no principle is invaded. Such conformity keeps up the good, respectful feelings between the Conference and the Chair. Nothing is gained, and much may be lost, by persistence in carrying out pet plans and measures, in opposition to the respectful request of a Conference to the contrary. What is here said, is said in the spirit of respect—personal and official—for Bishop McTyeire; but, at the same time, in earnest remonstrance against a procedure that cannot fail—if persisted in—of exciting strong opposition in some of our Conferences.

Petersburg, Va., Feb. 2nd, 1883.

The hand of Christ, first strewed the snow on the Lebanon; and smoothed the slopes of Calvary.—Ruskin.

It is the merit of those who praise that makes the value of the recommendation.—Mill de Lespense.

A REVIVAL NEEDED.

BY BISHOP GEO. F. PIERCE.

Having completed my tour of Conferences, I have thought a word of encouragement and exhortation to the preachers and churches might be appropriate and useful.

I am glad to say that the pleasure of the Lord has prospered in the hands of his servants and that on the whole we have had a good year all round. The reports from my colleagues confirm this statement. Revivals, perhaps, have not been so general, as in some other years but there have been many and they have been fruitful. In the aggregate, the increase of members will attest the presence and blessing of God among us. Financial results in the support of the ministry, and the collections generally, indicate the growth of broader, more liberal views,—a missionary spirit of better tone, more Scriptural faith, more fervid aspirations and clearer, stronger convictions as to the possibility of the world's conversion. Assurances come to me from many brethren, both clerical and lay, of a quickened religious spirit, a spirit of unity, harmony, love, of co-operation and enterprise, of cheerful hopeful feeling as to the future. I am looking for a year of marvelous spiritual power—one of the years of the right hand of the Most High.

My District embraced one missionary field, the Indian Mission Conference, and the Virginia, North Georgia and Alabama Conferences. The last three are old, strong, well organized bodies. They include every class of work—have a very diversified territory and are advancing in every department. The work among the Indians progresses steadily and hopeful. The outlook is full of cheer. The growth is slow but healthy. Schools are multiplying and are well patronized. The older stations and circuits are learning to rely upon themselves. New fields are being enclosed and cultivated. Preachers are beginning to appreciate the enterprise and are offering themselves for service. The hardships and deprivations, which have deterred many, will soon be numbered with the past and the whole field become inviting and remunerative. But I will not go into particulars. These remarks are preliminary to an ulterior purpose, as will appear in the sequel.

I have been holding conferences for well nigh thirty years all over our territory from ocean to ocean. Never have I been more conscious of Divine support and guidance. Never better satisfied with the general arrangement of the work and the distribution of the men. More important still—never have I seen the preachers more loyal to our enemy, more devotional in spirit, more loving, consecrated and ready for the work of the Master's vineyard. Verily, they are a royal generation. I love them with "a pure heart, fervently." God bless them evermore.

The spirit of the Conferences has been delightful, inspiring. I accept the token and rejoice in hope. Now, brethren as we have entered upon a New Year, let us have in the name of the Lord Jesus a revival year, an epochal revival, wide, deep, abiding. This is the supreme need of the times. Such revivals have occurred in the history of the church. Our own country has been favored with them again and again. They rescued us from the flood of French infidelity in the beginning of this century. They determined the type of civilization as the tide of population rolled Westward. The society, the tone, the sentiment, the institutions of every State have been moulded by their power or marred by their absence. We are now in a crisis, socially and politically, where nothing but the power of God embodied and manifested in a general revival of religion can control and eliminate the elements of evil. The moral atmosphere is full of malaria. We need a pentecostal revival—mighty, rushing, to purify it. Mere human agencies may modify, abate the trouble and thus postpone the disastrous issue, but they cannot reform and redeem the nation. The catastrophe will come. Neither education, nor legislation, nor administration can do the needed work. They can help, co-operate, but they cannot rule the sea and stay its tidal waves. We must have the power from on high. Local, religious excitements will not meet the exigency. They are not to be ignored or underrated. They have done good and will do good. Like showers here and there in a general dry season, they save the land from a universal drought.

Still, as a rule, the crops are a failure. There is scarcity and distress. So in the church, a few conversions, now and then, in this place and that, prevent utter stagnation, yet leave the great mass of the church inert and unfruitful. Our cities, towns, counties, stations and circuits all need a moral upheaval, a work of thorough regeneration. The church itself needs purification—not so much by the expulsion of the disorderly, (though this may be necessary) as by a higher standard of ethics in business, in personal habits, in social life and a daily conscious experience of the grace of God in the heart.

Dearly beloved, I am not croaking. I am not taking gloomy views of things. I am not a panic maker. But I address myself to a felt want, to potent facts—to what every thinking man, who loves his race knows as well as I. Any—every system of theology or morals, which leaves the heart unchanged is a failure, a fraud, a snare. I believe in the Christian religion as the wisdom and the power of God—the great salvation provided for all people. I believe in prayer and effort, faith and works. I believe a great revival of pure and undefiled religion is according to the will of God as revealed in the Scriptures, and that God will respond in power to the cry of faith and the agony of prayer.

Now then I beseech the preachers to set their hearts upon this general baptism of the Spirit. Arrange all your plans to this end. Adapt your sermons to this result. Enlist the laity everywhere in the activities of the church. Give the women something to do for Christ and human salvation. Interest the children and make the Sunday-schools auxiliary to the work. Do not be content with good meetings and partial scanty results. Aim at great things, ask for great things, expect great things. "Open thy mouth wide," says the Lord, "and I will fill it." Jesus is ab'e and w'il'ing, mighty to save. When Christ went down to heal the ruler's daughter he wrought a famous miracle on the way, but he rested not till he reached his destination. You, my brethren, are doing good in many ways, but this is incidental—a work by the way, your first chief business is the conversion of sinners. Let not the erection of churches divide your mind or delay your steps. The parsonage ought to be built—the collections all taken—every duty done—but do not stop short of a revival among your people. Good salary, comfortable surroundings, pleasant society, these are all desirable, yet they cannot compensate you for a barren ministry. Let nothing satisfy you but success, "Make full proof of your ministry," "Do the work of an evangelist." Travail in soul for those for whom Christ died. Hunt the lost sheep. Persuade the prodigal to return to his father's house. Pluck the brand from the burning. Be instant in season, out of season. By all means save some.

Let us all pray and work for another Pentecost. Oh, that we too may count our converts by the thousand! Why not double our membership this year? Is this extravagant—presumptuous—absurd? Why so? You never saw the like—never read of it—never heard of it. Well—well, is that the measure of your faith? Are your hopes bounded by what you have seen, read and heard? Is there nothing better? Are we to live forever at this poor dying rate? God forbid! Is the Lord's ear heavy that he cannot hear? Is his hand shortened that he cannot save? His promise is given, let us prove Him. His power is sufficient, let us test it. Oh, that Zion may travail! Let every member go into his chamber and pray three times a day, "Thy kingdom come." Let every preacher ascend Mt. Carmel and pray till the little cloud rises from the sea and then in the spirit of prophecy announce to the church that he hears the sound of abundance of rain.—Wesleyan Christian Advocate.

FOR THE ADVOCATE.

POLITICAL MADNESS.

BY REV. J. J. RENN.

MESSRS EDITORS:—I have just read your editorial in this week's ADVOCATE on the late effort in the N. C. Senate to repeal the "Omnibus Bill" of 1881. I say Amen! to every word. Verily, "whom the gods destroy they first make mad."

This effort is not the work of Statesmen and patriots, but of politicians only—short-sighted ones at that. As such, in these changing times, they are engaged in a life

and death struggle for both personal and party existence, and they think that to repeal the legal forms of prohibition will secure the desired end. But let us remember that our people are not all politicians—and nothing else.

We have more Statesmen, patriots and philanthropists outside of our legislature than in it, and what that legislature may do or attempt to do cannot blot out the moral sentiment of the people, who are the real authors of all the prohibitory acts on the statute books. And where is that moral sentiment to-day? Just where it was a decade ago, "rooted and grounded" in the faith of its cause and winning converts every day. For a generation the temperance leaven has been working in N. C.; yet ten years ago prohibition was scarcely thought of among us. Only eighteen months ago the first opportunity was given our people throughout the State to cast their votes on the subject. On that day, in the face of bitter, unscrupulous opposition, 50,000 men cast their votes for prohibition on principle; for they knew that they were voting for a worthless Bill. And who voted against them? A large majority, composed mainly of over 100,000 negroes who had scarcely a dollar invested in the liquor traffic, and knew not what they did.

The battle of Alamance was nothing in this nation's progress toward civil liberty, compared with this first effort in our noble State to free ourselves from the dominion of alcohol. After that first skirmish what did the Regulators do? Did they give up their principles, or lay down their arms?—No. They only waited patiently until the other States fell into line with N. C., and when they came they found those old Regulators at the front "with foot to the field and face to the foe." And these 50,000 are resting quietly on their arms, waiting for re-inforcements.

Just so surely as they came in the "times that tried men's souls," so surely are they coming now. Individuals, communities, States are coming. "Revolutions never go backward," and he who cannot read the signs of the times must be as par-blind as those politicians who see nothing in a great Christian nation except that which will contribute temporarily to the aggrandisement of self and of party. The moral, Christian sentiment of N. C. is not dead, neither is it on the wane; therefore, prohibition in N. C. is neither dead nor waning. It is a living organism, young, vigorous and growing into gigantic proportions; and its living, powerful presence is the very reason why such ado is made against it. And when the leading political parties of this nation are scattered skeletons of the living principles that once held them together, Prohibition will be repealing their sanctions of the liquor-curse which flattered and feasted them, and turned their wisdom into folly, while it preyed on the vitals of the nation.

Really, considering its antecedents, the present legislature is doing well for the cause. It was elected by the "overwhelming majority" of anti-prohibitionists; and we might (logically and politically speaking) expect it to go by an "overwhelming majority" for the repeal of the "Omnibus Bill." "Tell it not in"—Ethiopia! It has gone back on its beloved constituency! and we still have the "Omnibus Bill." So "there is life in the old land yet," and the bow of promise spans the cloud.

Henderson, N. C., Feb. 7th, 1883.

The New York Tribune says: "If clergymen will become editors, they must expect to receive the usual treatment accorded to these useful men. The Rev. Dr. J. M. Reid, of the Methodist Missionary Society, tells this good story about himself:—"While he was engaged in editorial work, some time ago, he was invited to preach in Chicago. As he took a seat early, in a pew, to meditate on his sermon, he discovered that a prayer-meeting was going on in an adjacent room, and that he could overhear what was said. Presently a loud and lusty brother engaged in prayer, and the bulk of the petition was for the preacher of the evening, who was listening. After touching on various matters, in which he thought the Lord, needed information, he said: "O Lord, bless him who is to speak to us this evening. He is a poor, weak man, but make him a power. Bless his message. We know that he is only an editor, and that he is rusty; but do, Lord, rub the rust off."