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W. S. BLACK, Editors.

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

WHAT WILL WE DO FOR THE INDIAN?

For the Advocate.
"Mrs. Dr. McCabe says: There are none more acute y sensible of the apathy of the Christian Church to their condition than are the converted Indians. The writer has heard their words of pathos, regretting their friends who have died in the past years without the gospel. When the pious Chippewa chief, Mi-ne-ge-shig, known to the writer, returned from a visit to our eastern cities two years ago his brother chief, gathering around him, said: 'Tell us what of all you saw was most wonderful?' After a long silence, Mi-ne-ge-shig replied: 'When I was in the great churches and heard the great organ and all the pale faces stood up and said, 'The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence, I thought the pale faces had this religion 400 years and did not give it to us, and it is late. That is the most wonderful thing I saw! Now it is late! It is indeed noon!'"

Bishop Hare, of Dakota, writes: "For nine years I have been working among the Indians of Dakota, and I can truthfully say that I have been rewarded by a noble harvest. If the Church be indeed the other self of our blessed Master, as I have tried to show, then these poor children of nature have a claim on us which we dare not refuse to consider. Men who are known to you as wild, brutal savages, have been brought in contact with me, and I tell you to-day that the most remarkable thing I have noticed in them is how much they are like myself in nature and feeling. The same human heart beats under a white or a red skin. And these people can be civilized and are being civilized. A chief said to me not long since: 'The Church is a broom; it sweeps all the bad things out—whiskey, and falsehood, and agents.' Indians to-day are dying of a broken heart. They frequently come into my study and sit for hours without speaking; and, at last when questioned, they give vent to their despair by saying: 'Our people have no future!'"

The United Presbyterian says: "The story of the Indian is a sad one. Pushed back by the advancing settlements from the richer to the poor land, wronged and hunted by the greedy pioneers, what wonder if their savage nature resisted and retaliated in horrid massacres? Gospel work has been eminently successful among them, except as it has been nullified by the wrong-doings of the whites. The stories of missionary labors among the Indians of New England and Pennsylvania in the colony times reads like a romance, and in recent times such work has been rewarded with abundant results." Archdeacon Kirby, who has labored for twenty-seven years in the Northern part of British America, says: "In 1800 the first missionary to the Indians of North America beyond Hudson's Bay, paddled up the Nelson river in a canoe. With him was one little Indian boy. That boy is still living, but now there is not a heathen Indian north of the 49th parallel of latitude to the Arctic Sea, and west of Hudson's Bay to the Pacific. In every house and tent the Word of God is read and revered. I don't mean that all these people are model Christians. What we are doing is to lift them up so that they may take a place and a name among Christian nations." The preceding extracts from the "gospel in all lands," should arouse us to greater exertions for the unfortunate red man. The great success which has attended Missionary labor among these people should stimulate us to do more for them. The nations condemn us for so long withholding the good news of salvation from them: how can we answer for this delay at the judgment seat in the last great day?

Mrs. F. M. B.

For the Advocate.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF COL. D. C. PARRISH.

BY REV. T. A. BOONE.

Col. D. C. Parrish was born in Granville county, N. C., May 28th, 1807, and died in the town of Durham, July 11th, 1883. He was converted at Moore's Chapel, Granville county, in the Fall of 1841; and was happily married to Miss Ruth A. Ward in 1842. Seven children were born to them, six of whom are yet living, and all of them recognized as exemplary and influential Christians. In the midst of these Christian families, he spent the latter years of his life, honored and loved by his children and grand-children. "A hoary head is a crown of glory—if it be found in the way of righteousness," such a crown rested upon the head of this servant of God for many years, shining with increasing strength to the end of his mortal life.

When the startling announcement was made that Col. D. C. Parrish was dead, the news was borne from lip to lip in softened tones and with bated breath, until the entire town felt the thrill of grief and sorrow. Every where it was said, a good man has gone. In the marts of trade, and on the streets, men would gather and repeat their sentiments of sorrow.

He moved among this people with the

mien and majesty of a prince, and yet, with the tenderness and affection of a father in the midst of his family. The common people loved him, for in the time of their trouble they found him a sure friend and a safe counselor, for when he was tried, he did not fail them. Among the cultured and wealthy, he was honored and revered for his Christian integrity. "Whatever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," he thought on these things, and thinking on these things, his character was fashioned after this heavenly mould, for as a man thinks so is he. In the Church of God, he was indeed a living stone of strength and beauty. Heaven was his high aim. He purposed to gain a principedom in the kingdom of God. While on earth he transported his fortune, in deeds of kindness, to heaven, and has gone hither to enjoy it. Holiness of life and heart, was his abiding purpose as a qualification for a home in the city of God. His fellowship was with God. He looked not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen. He walked by faith and in nothing was he disappointed. He honored God, and he was honored as God only can honor men. He grasped the Church of Christ in his deepest affection, and God remembered him in everlasting love. God gave him the desire of his heart even in the manner of his death. In relating his experience in the social meetings of the Church, he would often say, that if it were God's will, he would prefer to cease to live, when he ceased to work—and it was so, for his life and his labors ended together. Like Moses, whose strength was not abated, and whose eye was not dimmed, when he ascended Mount Nebo's Summit, to meet the angel charioteers, and ascend with them to the Mount of God: so with this servant of God, who had measured more than three score years and ten in serving his generation by the will of God. He sat at the gate to administer justice and to give counsel, until the setting sun threw its mellow light across the bending sky, while the soft and fleecy clouds, in ample folds of purple and of gold, bade the sweet good bye, to the departing day, and threw their lengthening shadows, tinted with the glory of departing day, as a mantle of royalty upon the shoulders of this servant of God, as he withdrew from the active duties of the day, to the peace and quiet of his home. A fitting scene for the close of such a life.

After tea, he remained with the family, until 9 o'clock, in his usual cheerful spirit. He bade them good night, saying that he would retire early, as he was suffering some pains in his body. After mid-night he awoke his wife, complaining of severe pains in his shoulder and body. Dr. A. G. Carr, his son-in-law, was soon at his bedside. Remedial agencies were applied, which in due time, seemingly brought relief. Lifting his left arm, he remarked "it pains me much." Then turning suddenly upon his right side, he was heard to breathe heavily as if he was sleeping, but the physician touching him, saw that he was dead. It was the sleep that knows no awakening, until the angel trump shall summons all nations to the bar of judgment. Thus has ended a noble and useful life. Whose way was as the path of the just that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Durham, N. C.

MONUMENT TO DR. CRAVEN.

(AN APPEAL.)

At the recent Commencement of Trinity College, the Trustees and the Alumni Association resolved to erect in its Campus a monument to perpetuate the name and memory of its founder and builder, the lamented Braxton Craven, D. D., L. L. D., and to this end a committee, representing both the Association and the Trustees, was appointed to issue an appeal to the old students of the College and to the friends generally of the illustrious Craven, throughout this and other States, to aid in the work. It is the desire of the Committee to go heartily and at once to work and to have the monument ready for unveiling at the next annual Commencement, in June, 1884. They think they have but to offer the thousands of those who were under the tutorage of Dr. Craven and who love and revere his memory an opportunity to contribute their votive offerings to so noble a purpose, in order to meet a ready and generous response; and they are alike confident that there are thousands of others also who need only the opportunity to show their appreciation of this great and good man, who gave his life and labors to rear and make complete a great institution of learning, and also died a martyr to the cause for which he had lived and labored. To embalm his memory in the hearts of all who knew him, he needs no monument of marble or brass; to perpetuate his fame, the grand and noble Institution he reared, stands a beacon light for all ages, but we would rear a monument to show our admiration for a life so gloriously directed—and so unselfishly spent, in the sacred cause of education, and our unfeigned gratitude for the blessings that his life has conferred upon our people and our State.

His life was a grand success, and we confidently expect next year to witness, unveiled in the Campus of Trinity College, a monument worthy to commemorate a success so complete, that of a self-made man, a profound scholar, an eminent educator, a great preacher, a noble philanthropist, a great College President and founder. The monument is to cost not less than \$3,000, and by instructions of the committee all money subscribed to aid in this work should be forwarded at once to Rev. C. C. Dodson, at Winston, N. C. Papers friendly to the enterprise will please copy this notice.

J. S. CARR, President,
C. C. DODSON, Treasurer,
N. M. JURNERY, Secretary.

July 20th, 1883.

THE IMPERILED SOUL.

One of the prominent features of the missionary revival which is now permeating our Church is the bringing out from their lurking place the opposers of foreign missions. We will not deal with the opposition from without. How can we cure this distemper within? The work is in the hands of the pastors, to whom we must look. Do you, dear brethren, regard the Church member who refuses to contribute to missions as in an unsaved condition? You probably return the question to the writer. Our response is, when proper light has been given, a persistent refusal is not a child of God. If this be true, how many Church-members have you, my brother pastor, who are to day in peril of their souls? Where proper light has not been given whose is the peril?

Let us help one another to a clear solution of this question, by throwing upon it the light of a few passages of Scripture. The great commission need not be quoted that is at this moment present in the mind of every reader. Jesus says, "Love one another as I have loved you." He loved all. Again, he draws the line of distinction between the sinner and the children of God: "If ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners do also even the same." But love your enemies, and do good, and, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest." These texts make the men I am to love, under the divine command, now fewer than the race. John says, "In this the children of God are manifest and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother." We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." He puts the question negatively in this strong light: "If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.... And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also." This last text clearly refers us back to the first text quoted, as Jesus loved us, in which every man is my brother.

We may not say that this commandment is fulfilled by an emotion within. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up the bowels of his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and truth." It cannot be that this text finds its highest meaning in the material wants of my brother, unless the material wants be of greater importance than the spiritual bread of more value than the word of God.

But the reply comes, "We grant you that he who does not aid in the salvation of his brother is not himself the child of God, yet are you right to hold that all must help through the missionary channel?"

Let us grapple with this practical and deeply-important issue in the light of a single broad line of facts. In the table of Church and missionary statistics, published in the *Missionary Review* for July and August, 1883, the industry of the compiler shows fifty Churches and societies in North America. Of this number more than forty have committed themselves to the work of missions; and the few feeble Churches which have not yet done so are, with one exception, preparing to do so at an early day. In the light of this agreement of all the good and great of the age, how remote is the probability that any one pastor or member can be excused for declining cooperation? Does not blindness such as this seem to indicate that we have not the spirit which was in Christ our Lord? Add to this agreement of Christendom, Joseph Cook's recent condensed statement of results in the history of the Church, and there is surely enough to alarm every pastor lest the blood of the Church-members who do not contribute to missions be required at our hands.

Joseph Cook said in substance: The first fifteen hundred years of the history of Christianity it gained 100,000,000 converts; in the next three hundred years (after the rise of Protestantism) it gained 100,000,000 more; in the last eighty-three years (the age of missions) it has gained 210,000,000 more. By adherents to Chris-

tianity he here means nominal Christians. In the light of the figures can doubt be aught but obstinacy? Can failure to aid be any thing other than ignorance or covetousness? Are we not as pastors responsible for the ignorance? If it be covetousness, then read 1 Cor. vi. 10. "Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Brother, are we not too readily satisfied when the assessment on our charge is met? Is there not to you and me a duty no less imperative, the salvation of the souls committed to us? Has this duty been met until our Church-books show a missionary contribution opposite each individual name there recorded?—*Advocate of Missions.*

MANLY MINISTERS.

The minister of all people should refuse to be the creature of occasion or circumstance. He should have the courage not only of his convictions, but of his feelings as well, and should carry his manliness out of the pulpit into all the affairs of life. Not infrequently the minister seems far stronger in the pulpit than out of it. His voice is firmer there, and his bearing loftier, and his aim higher than it is seen to be on the street and in the house. His manliness seems to be professional, and the better ranges of it reserved for stately occasions. And then the world accuses him of using the pulpit for a barricade. He is bolder behind its protection than in the open and freer encounters of daily life.

Precisely at this point the minister meets his sharpest temptation in the direction of manly qualities. It is always perilous to make great power absolute, even for an hour. And there is danger to frankness and fairness in the monopoly of address which the pulpit secures to its occupant twice every Sabbath. Not only has the minister the entrenchment of his creed, and a sympathetic audience inviting to boldness or autocracy even, but he is secure against challenge. If his opinion is to be traversed it will be in another place, and when further and deliberate opportunity will be given for reply. A political speaker or a lawyer, must needs see the question at every angle and cultivate fairness in debate, for he is liable to instant challenge. The minister suffers the disadvantage of freedom from such challenge, and from the sacredness with which his proclamation is invested, the triple sacredness of day, place, and subject matter. Since, therefore, circumstances do not guard the minister, how jealous he should be of his manhood, and how severely he should be his own guard and judge; how vigilant of his sincerity, his frankness, his fairness, and every attribute of manly public address. And in our judgment it is at this point that the manhood of ministers suffers the most. They do not so much need to be exhorted to the courage of their speech as to these other qualities.

Conventionalism of every phase is a great foe to manhood. And the pulpit would be the gainer in moral power if it would be less hedged about by this and that sacred fashion. Let it be so sacred that there, if any where on earth, the people who look to it may find transparent sincerity and absolute personal truthfulness. It is not necessary to a minister's spiritual power that his audience shall themselves believe all the creed, but that they perceive he does. They will forgive what they may think to be his errors, and they will easily forgive, or will fail to notice his blunders, but mental or moral posturing hath not forgiveness, and is utterly destructive of spiritual power. First, last, and all the time the love of truth must be visible, and loyalty to it must be seen to be unconsidered.

Two things are necessary to inspire confidence in the intellectual manhood of the preacher: First, that he believe something with a definite and loyal faith; and, second, that he do not shut down the horizon against inquiry and fresh attainment in religious knowledge. And if there are some things he does not know, the frank confession of ignorance will only establish trust in his leadership, while posturing for effect and dogmatizing doubtfully will be sure to undermine it. Some attempts to harmonize free agency and decrees may exalt the sense of a man's courage, but it may be at the expense of other manly qualities, while the expressed conviction of the truth of both, and a frank way of confessing ignorance of what is beyond that conviction gives confidence in the man, which is far better than confidence in logic.

Manhood, whether among ministers or others, means a good many things; but first of all it means to be genuine and true. In some, it will appear in the predominance of courage. They will be our reformers. In others, in qualities of fairness, prudence, sincerity, humility, gentleness. But always the manly man is the man who is thoroughly himself. He never dramatizes. He never acts a part. He puts on no airs. He is not wise in his own conceit. But if he has the basis of an honest and truth loving nature, he will have power. If he makes no stakes, he does not exalt them into virtues. He is not ashamed of his heart. He can confess weakness and error. But always his inner self, with all struggles and failures, comes to the surface; and all who hear him and see him will know they have

no failures nor struggles that are not matched by similar experience in the breast of their leader; and in that knowledge they have a most unshaken basis for trust in him, and far more for devotion to the ideals toward which he so supremely strives.—*Interior.*

"THIS IS MY MOTHER."

The following touching incident, related in the Burlington *Hawkeye*, illustrates both the tenderness of the German heart and the familiar lines of Coleridge:

"A mother is a mother still, The holiest thing alive."
We were at a railroad junction one night, says the writer, waiting a few hours for a train, in the waiting-room, in the only rocking-chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep, who talks a great deal when he wants to keep awake.

Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little old woman came in, escorted by a great big German.

They talked in German, he giving her evidently lots of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and her baggage-check, and occasionally patting her on the arm.

At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken.

The great big man put his hand up to the good old lady's cheek, and said something encouraging, and a great big tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen.

The little brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh, and he said,—

"Papa, it is his mother!"

We knew it was, but how should a four-year-old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother, and we asked him how he knew, and he said,—

"Oh, the big man was so kind to her."

The big man bustled out, we gave the rocking-chair to the little old mother, and presently the man came in with a baggage-man, and to him he spoke English. He said,—

"This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa, and I have got to go back on the next train; but I want you to attend to her baggage and see her on the right train, the rear car, with a good seat near the center, and tell the conductor she's my mother."

"And here is a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother some time."

The baggage-man grasped the dollar with one hand, grasping the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German with an expression that showed that he had a mother, too, and we almost know the old lady was well treated.

Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench and went out on the platform and got acquainted with the big German.

He talked of horse-trading, buying and selling, and everything that showed he was a live business man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley, and that his life was a busy one, and at times full of hard work, disappointment, hard roads.

But with all of this hurry and excitement he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little.

When, after a few minutes' talk about business, he said, "You must excuse me; I must go in the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like taking his fat, red hand and kissing it.

Oh! the love of the mother is the same in any language, and it is good in all languages.

PLEASURES OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Many of the good things of this world, of which we have said, these same shall comfort us, prove vexations to us; and we are disappointed in that wherein we most promised ourselves satisfaction. If we say our bed shall comfort us, perhaps it is not a bed to rest on, but a bed to toss on, as it was to poor Job, when wearisome nights were appointed to him. Nay, such strangers are we to real pleasure in the things of this life, and so oft do we deceive ourselves with that which is counterfeit, that we wish to live to those days of life which we are assured that we shall say, we have no pleasure in them.

But the pleasures of religion are solid, substantial pleasures, and not painted gold, and not gilded over; these sons of pleasure inherit substance. It is that of which the foundation is firm, the superstructure strong. The consolations of God are neither few nor small, while a vain and foolish world cause their eyes to fly upon that which is not. Worldly people pretend to the joy they have not, but godly people conceal the joy they have; like their Master, meet to eat which the world knows not of.

It is rational, not brutish. It is the pleasure of the soul, not of the senses; it is the peculiar pleasure of a man, not that which we have in common with the inferior creatures. The pleasures of religion are not those of the mere animal life, which arise from the gratifications of the senses of the body and its appetites; no, they affect the soul, that part of us by which we are allied to the world of spirits, that noble part of us, and therefore are to be called the true pleasures of a man.—*Matthew Henry.*