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For the Advocate.

Our Western Letter.

FROM OREGON TO SAN FRANCISCO.

From our special correspondent.

Soon after mailing our last letter at Portland, Oregon, we went aboard the magnificent steam ship, "State of California," for this port. The ship is one of the finest afloat; was built at Philadelphia, Pa., four years ago, at a cost of \$500,000. Her length is 312 feet, iron hull, and has accommodations for 200 cabin passengers and 250 steerage. The social hall and dining room is furnished in superb style, as are also the state rooms. Owing to dense fog we did not leave the wharf until near daylight. The trip down the great Columbia was pleasant, the air, after the fog had disappeared, was bracing and the scenery beautiful. Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helena stood out upon the scene like two immense cones. No stop was made until we arrived at Astoria, a town of considerable importance situated on the bay just above the river bar. This place is the head quarters of the salmon fisheries carried on so extensively in the vicinity of the mouth of the Columbia. The town is one of the oldest trading points of the Hudson Bay Company and named after old Joan Jacob Astor, who at this place engaged in business in connection with the fur company and laid the foundation for the immense fortune he acquired. Crossing the bar, just below, is always attended with more or less danger; only a short time ago one of the coast ships got aground on the bar and had to cast her cargo overboard in order to save the vessel. The wreck of the Great Republic, a side wheel steamer, is plainly visible. She went down a few months ago and became almost a total loss, including her cargo and a number of lives.

All was expectation and animation aboard, everybody wanted to see the ship go over the bar and launch out into the mighty Pacific Ocean. Nearer and nearer we approached the foam crested breakers; three sail vessels were ahead of us going over which added to the interest of the trip. Wife and I took our position on the guards, but no sooner had we got into the breakers and the ship began to toss like a drunken man, when my wife began to grow seasick, as did most of the ladies. Returning from helping my wife to her state room in the first cabin, I laid hold of an iron stay and held on as the ship plunged over the mountain-like waves. When we would ascend upon a huge rolling wave one would feel as if he were starting heavenward in a balloon, then the descent would bring us down into a deep valley. The scene was one of majestic grandeur; the roll and rush of the mighty waves, the tossing and plunging of the mighty ship, and the wide expanse of a watery world, was something I shall never forget. It made me think of Him who holds all as in the "hollow of His hand" and who created all by the "word of His mouth." But alas! sublimity loses its power and poetry is as a hollow mockery when the self-acting stomach pump begins to get at its work. I staggered off to our room, sick as a boy with his first chew of tobacco. My wife was already in the depths of the toils of the "gag monster" which continues to cry for more, even when the stomach is as dry as a bone. Sea-sickness is the butt for many a joke, but when one has to endure its terrors it is hard to see just where the fun comes in. I had to think of the circumstance told us just before we got on board the ship, of a noted wit who had taken passage in the steerage on a certain trip and when tubs were being distributed about the rooms he remarked he would have no use for anything of that kind, but soon after the ship began to plunge and he was found, like Nebuchadnezzar when he went foraging, on all fours, over a tub, and between each paroxysm of mortal agony would cry out "more tubs." His wit had not forsaken him if his dinner had. A siege of 24 hours of sea sickness and we were all right again and ready to enjoy the sea breezes and our meals. On the trip we saw several large whales and some spouting fish—monsters of the deep.

A few weeks ago, off Shoalwater Bay, a large whale was struck by one of the iron-clad steamers and so severely wounded as to float ashore. Many persons visited the huge carcass, among others, say the papers, was an enthusiastic stump speaker who climbed upon the body and while delivering an animated speech suddenly dropped into the interior of the monster. He scrambled out soaked with decaying blubber, and said he would rather make an entrance as Jonah did and take chances on being digested than to repeat his experience. Nearly 800 miles, we sailed on the briny deep, sometimes out of the sight

of land. On the morning of the third day the points of land each side of the Golden Gate hove in sight; everybody seemed glad. On the nearer approach the city began to appear, and coming into the smooth harbor was a pleasant relief. To the right of the entrance is a government fort, the cannons bristling along the hill for some distance. To the left, on a beautiful island, is the United States prison and still farther to the left the Sacramento River comes in. Oakland at a distance can be distinctly seen. What a grand harbor we are in! and here we see a forest of masts that reminds one of the fire seared timber floats found at the base of some of our Colorado mountains. The craft of all nations mingle together here, such as sail ships, barques, brigantines, steam ships, men-of-war, boats and custom house vessels with a number of other conveyances too tedious to mention. It was near noon when our vessel touched the wharf and the crowd of passengers began to go off. I have encountered hotel runners at New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and even met them in full force in Denver, but the San Francisco runners can beat them all in way of impudence and noise making. You would think the landing is a bedlam, whatever that may mean, one has to really fight one's way through. Finding the carriage for the Palace Hotel we felt a great relief and were glad to get rid of the hue and cry of the rabble. As we drove away we noticed two Chinamen and two white men tugging at a grip-sack, each bent on getting possession.

Safely within the confines of the Palace Hotel, our present stopping place, we have time to look around us. What a house! usually the expression of travelers on their first visit to this commodious and architectural monarch of a hotel. American enterprise has capped the climax and beaten the world in the way of a place to accommodate the traveling public. Just think of it, a building covering two and a quarter acres of ground and eight stories high. Its general form is an immense, triplicate, hollow quadrangle, including one grand, central, crystal-roofed garden court, flanked by a lesser and parallel court on either side. The walls are built of stone, iron, brick and marble, said to be fire and earthquake proof. There are over 800 rooms, most of them 20 feet square, none less than 16 feet square and each room is richly furnished. There is a carriage driveway into the very centre of the building. Four artesian wells furnish water for the house at the rate of 28,000 gallons per hour if needed. Five patent elevators are running constantly, carrying guests up or down so that there is no stair climbing to do unless one chooses. The capitals of the columns along the upper corridors are crowned with elegant urns and vases of rare and beautiful flowers and plants whose twining tendrils in luxuriant growth, gracefully festoon the balconies, while the fragrance of this tropical conservatory pervades the air on every side. Statuary adorns the corridors and magnificent paintings the parlors and reception rooms. We are told that the entire cost of the building and furnishing was about six million dollars. Considering the capital invested, it is hardly possible that the enterprise is really a paying one.

J. S. F.
San Francisco, Cal., Dec., 1883.

For the Advocate.

Our Virginia Correspondence.

BY REV. JOHN E. EDWARDS, D. D.
PREACHERS OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

In recalling the preachers of the N. C. Conference, from 1837 to 1845, there are several that come up to my backward glance; some of whom claim something more than merely a passing remark. I sometimes contemplate them in a group, and then I am struck with the variety presented. Variety, as it regards stature, girth, pulchritude, complexions, gait, and all the physical qualities that distinguish men. There stands William E. Pell, in his manly form, conspicuous by his bright face; and, by his side, Henry Speck, short, square, angular, with a hard, but genial countenance. There I see the portly Peter Doub, with his square under jaws, and striking features, illumined by a smile that lights up his benevolent face; and, by his side, Thomas S. Campbell, of medium stature, compactly built, with a staid expression of countenance that readily breaks into rippling sunshine. And there is the stern, cast-iron Moses Brock, standing as though he were planted on a rock, with a face as hard and expressionless as a piece of granite; and yet, as suddenly as a gleam of lightning breaks through a dark cloud, his face flashes with corruscations of

light, and as quickly again subsides into its accustomed, hard and cold expression. By his side I see the nervous, ungainly form of Samuel S. Bryant, with big nose, and his little body. His face beams with intelligence, and bespeaks what he is, the most sprightly, versatile and eloquent preacher in the Conference. This brings me to my subject.

REV. SAMUEL SWIFT BRYANT.

The first time I ever met Samuel S. Bryant was at old Mrs. Mendenhall's in Greensboro, perhaps as early as March, 1834. He was appointed that year to the Greensboro Station, then a small and comparatively poor and undesirable charge. Indeed, it was united with Jamestown, and he preached, by alternation of Sundays, between the two villages; for Greensboro, at that time, was but a village, and Jamestown, even less than Greensboro. There was a little brick Church in Greensboro, something larger than a chicken coop. In Jamestown, there was an old barn of a house, unworthy of the name of a Church. I saw Mr. Bryant first, as just stated, at Mrs. Mendenhall's. He had his room, and his books, and his writing table, and everything around him; and about that time he wore a sort of literary air that struck me forcibly. He was pleasant and agreeable in conversation; and, learning that I contemplated entering the ministry, he manifested a lively interest in me, which I never forgot. On the 7th of April 1834 he attended, with Brother Childs, the Presiding Elder on the District, a Quarterly Meeting on the old Guilford circuit, held at Gethsemane, some 12 or 15 miles, more or less, in a north-easterly direction from Greensboro. I went up to that Quarterly Conference with my recommendation for license as a local preacher. Mr. Bryant was present in the Conference, and witnessed my examination; and, after the license was granted, he was called on to pray; and, while praying, as I was kneeling by his side, he laid his hand on me and said: "Lord, make him a master workman." I never forgot that prayer; and, I am free to say, that the activity of Bryant's intellect, his mode of preparing his sermon with his pen; his literary tastes; his acquaintance with books, and his eloquent preaching stimulated my own mind, and had much to do in the early formation of my habits of study, and preparation for the pulpit. He preached in a style that was somewhat new to the Methodist pulpit. That good man, John Wesley Childs, used to say to him, by way of administering a mild rebuke, "Mr. Wesley said he could no more dare to preach in a fine style, than to wear a fine coat." But, Mr. Bryant's style, in many particulars, pleased me. I loved to hear him preach.

SAMUEL S. BRYANT AT A CAMP MEETING.

In that year, 1834, I attended a camp-meeting on the Davidson circuit, some 8 or 10 miles from Lexington, on my way to the Iredell circuit. James M. Darden was preacher in charge. John Wesley Childs was Presiding Elder. Among the preachers present I recall, Thales McDonald, John W. Lewis, Rufus Ledbetter, Thos. Barnum, and Samuel S. Bryant. On Sunday the congregation was very large. The Presiding Elder put up Mr. Bryant to preach at 11 o'clock. His text was—"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" He was thoroughly prepared; and, so far as a faultless and fascinating rhetoric, with all the embellishments of picturesque imagery, and the grand creations of the imagination were concerned, it was one of the most brilliant sermons I ever heard. But Mr. Bryant was lacking in pathos. His creations of the imagination charmed by their exquisite beauty, and thrilled by their poetic delicacy, but rarely excited a tender emotion. On this particular occasion his sermon was pronounced, on all hands, to be an extraordinary intellectual production. At a later day I heard him preach at the Conference held in Mocksville, January, 1841, when he moved the congregation to tears, thoroughly aroused the religious emotions, by the felicity of his illustrations, and the almost unutterable tenderness of his presentation of the power of the gospel to sustain and comfort the Christian under the afflictions of this life, and in the hour of dissolution.

Passing over the intervening years, I last saw Samuel S. Bryant, (while I was a member of the N. C. Conference,) in the city of Raleigh, on his way to the Conference session, held that year in the town of Washington. He had heard that I expected to be transferred, at that session, to the Va. Conference; and, on meeting me in Raleigh, he was changed and cold towards me; but, this in no way abated my attachment for him, as he had occasion afterwards to learn. I saw him

afterwards in Richmond; and then, for a few years, saw but little of him until he rejoined the Va. Conference at the session held in Norfolk, his native city, November 1866, and was transferred to the Missouri Conference. I visited him while he was stationed in Independence, Mo., in 1870, where I received as cordial a greeting as ever welcomed a guest on the threshold of a Methodist preacher's home.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Many a day that has opened with an unclouded sun and a clear sky has been temporarily overcast before the day declined to the sunset hour. The clouds have obscured the sun at his meridian height, and shut out its light; and yet again the clouds have been scattered and borne away, and the rounded disc of the glorious orb has greeted the eye again, and descended to the rim of the horizon without obscuration, growing larger, richer, softer, until it sank out of sight, leaving its trail of light flushing the whole heavens, and kissing the tops of the mountains, long after it had disappeared from the eye.

The Rev. Samuel S. Bryant, after a painful eclipse, following the resplendent morning of his life, more than recovered his early renown as a preacher; filled the best appointments in the Conference of his adoption; received the distinction of D. D. from Central College; fully sustained his rare ability in all the positions he occupied, till his work was done, and then died peacefully, hopefully, happily in prospect of life everlasting. I knew him well, and loved him much, and take peculiar pleasure in paying this little tribute to his memory. He was unquestionably a man of remarkable talent. He was a member of the Louisville Convention in 1845, and of two or three General Conferences following the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. We forget his frailties, and cherish the recollection of his sterling virtues. He was a warm-hearted, generous friend. He left a singularly gifted daughter as the sole survivor of his family. I love her for her father's sake.

MORE ANON.

I may follow up these reminiscences of the older members of the N. C. Conference, as I remember them from 1837, till 1845, the time at which my connection with the Conference was severed by my transfer to the Va. Conference.

Petersburg, Va., Jan. 2nd, 1884.

FOR THE ADVOCATE.

Our Forest Wealth.

The attention of the public has not been called to our forests until within a few years past. That they are being rapidly destroyed and in consequence there is likely to be suffering, in some localities, has raised, somewhat, the excitement of those who have given the subject much thought. It is not my purpose to discuss at this time, the varying statements as to the devastation of the forests, but simply to call attention to the magnitude of the interests connected therewith. This will give a clearer idea and form a proper basis from which to determine how they should be treated.

Until the last Census, but little, if any, account was made of the forests. The farmer and the lumberman, each in his own way, has found the forest of some use and value.

By the returns of the Census, the forest products are reported at \$700,000,000 annually. But such an array of figures is meaningless by itself. It is only by comparisons that we get their practical meaning, and so form a proper estimate of the value of our forests.

Take for instance some of the well known products, again using the Census figures, of these the corn crop is the largest and most valuable, in the United States, and is set down at \$679,714,499, which is \$20,000,000 short of the forest products.

The next largest is that of wheat, \$474,291,850, and is far short of the forest products, by nearly 40 per cent. The next largest to the wheat, is the hay crop, valued at \$371,811,084, which is about one half of the forest products. Then take the seven next largest:

Cotton,	\$280,266,242
Oats,	150,243,535
Potatoes,	81,062,214
Tabacco,	36,414,615
Barley,	30,090,742
Rye,	18,564,560
Buckwheat,	8,682,488
Total,	\$605,224,396

And it will be seen that the sum total of these is far less than the products of the forest.

Now take the mining interests, which are justly considered among the

most important, because they figure prominently in the statistics of national wealth, the production of these is as follows:

PRECIOUS MINERALS.

Gold,	\$33,379,663
Silver,	41,110,957
Total,	\$74,490,620

The total annual productions of the precious minerals is about one tenth of the annual receipts from the forests. Then take the non-precious minerals:

Coal (bituminous,)	\$52,427,868
Coal (anthracite,)	42,139,740
Iron ore,	20,470,756
Copper,	8,886,205
Lead and Zinc,	4,182,685
Other minerals,	12,399,964

Total non-precious,	\$140,507,308
Total precious,	74,490,620
Total minerals,	\$214,997,928

So that it seems that the forests yield over three times as much as the mines, and very nearly as much as the mine, with cotton, oats, and potatoes, added together.

If the coal, which is properly a forest product, for it is but the growth of ancient forests consolidated and laid away for the use of this and future generations, be taken from the list representing the mines and transferred to the forest products it will swell the latter to eight times the value of the mineral products.

These figures, no doubt, may appear startling to some, but they enable us to form some idea of the enormous amount of wealth we have in our forests and should not be overlooked in the general estimates of our resources, and call forth from National and State Legislatures the adoption of measures for its protection and preservation.

R. W. BEST.
Washington, D. C., Jan. 2nd, 1884.

For the Advocate.

Something About Sects.

BY REV. E. L. PERKINS.

In modern times a great stir has been made about sects, as though it were a wonderfully improper thing to belong to a sect. The word sect has been defined to mean "section, separation, division," and many efforts have been made to show that sects are separated from the Church of God. The fact is ignored, that, all great movements are divided into sections or divisions and that different names are given to those divisions, which necessarily creates. An army has its divisions, brigades, regiments, companies, squads and so forth, called by different names; all for the better regulation of the bodies organized.

There are also cavalry, infantry, light-artillery, heavy-artillery, pioneers, marines, pickets, sharpshooters and other classifications of the forces engaged. Still there is but one grand purpose in view by them all. All labor for the accomplishment of one purpose—the protection and defence of the government they serve. The fact that one section of the army is called by one name and another by a different name does not imply that they are cut off from all the others, or that there is opposition or difference of purpose. They often rejoice that they are one.

So the Church of God on earth is one: its union is in its inward faith, not in its outward form. This fact was clearly set forth in the teachings of Christ when he said: "No man that doeth a miracle in my name can lightly speak evil of me." Thus did the greatest of all teachers rebuke the spirit of selfishness that cropped out among some of his disciples.

Then again, the followers of Christ were denominated among the Jews, "The sect of the Nazarenes." (Acts xxiv., 5. also Acts xxvi., 5.) It is a matter of peculiar interest in this connection to notice the fact that the apostle Paul did not dispute the accusation of being "of the sect of the Nazarenes," but he defended the purity of their doctrines. Now if it had been a very great crime to belong to a sect, Paul was guilty of a serious neglect in not denouncing the accusation of belonging to a sect. What a nice opportunity this was for Paul to denounce the name sect, and to have shown the impropriety of using the term in connection with Christianity. But he was silent on the subject, or rather defended the sect of which he was accused of being a member. Have we a generation of men wiser than Paul, who have made the discovery that sects are anti-christian? Let those who think they are wise on this subject consider the examples before them, and cease their railing against sects, and defend the right of the one to which they belong. Then they can have this consolation, that they are

Hasty Words.

Half the actual trouble of life would be saved if people would remember that silence is golden—when they are irritated, vexed, or annoyed. To feel provoked or exasperated at a trifle when the nerves are exhausted is perhaps natural to us, in our imperfectly sanctified state. But why put the annoyance into the shape of speech, which once uttered is remembered, which may burn like a blistering wound or rankle like a poisoned arrow? If a child be trying, or a friend capricious, or a servant unreasonable, be careful what you say. Do not speak while you feel the impulse of anger, for you will be almost certain to say too much, to say more than your cooler judgment will approve, and to speak in a way that you will regret. Be silent till the "sweet by-and-by"—when you shall be calm, rested, and self-controlled.

Above all, never write a letter when you are in a mood of irritation. There is an anger which is justifiable; there are resentments which are righteous; it is sometimes a duty to express indignation. But, if you consider the matter, the occasions for putting such feelings on record are comparatively few. They come once in a lifetime, perhaps, and to many fortunate beings they never come at all. Upon the whole, people—our friends and neighbors, and the community of which we form a part—are trying to do the best they can; and in hours of good temper and health, life wears a bright and sunny aspect. Much of the friction which makes the machinery of living more rough and discordant is caused by things too petty to be noticed if we were in our normal condition. The hasty word spoken in petulance may be explained, forgiven, and forgotten. But the letter written in an ebullition of wounded feeling is a fact tangible, not to be condoned. There it lies with a certain permanence about it. You have sent it to a friend, who reading it a half-dozen times will each time find it more cruel and incisive than before. Letters once written and sent away cannot be recalled. You cannot be sure that your friend (or enemy) will burn them. Hidden in bureau drawers or in compartments of desks, folded up in portfolios, locked in boxes, they will, it may be, flash up again in sudden feud and fire, months after you have ceased to think of the folly which incited them, or the other folly which penned them.

Never write an angry letter, or write a letter when you are angry. All heated feeling seeks the superlative as an outlet, and superlatives are apt to be dangerous. So long as we cling to the positive in speech, we are pretty safe. We all need to be cautioned against undue haste in speech, but mothers most of all. It is so easy to misunderstand a child; so easy to grieve a little person who is forbidden to answer back; so easy to leave a picture of yourself in the plastic memory, which will be photographed there for the remainder of life, and of which you would in coming days be ashamed. Let who will be hasty and uncontrolled, the mother cannot afford to be either; and, if she ask the help of our Lord daily, hourly, and every moment, she will be kept from this sin and peril.—M. E. Sangster.

Pay The Preacher.

Methodists who do not pay their church assessments would not pay their school taxes but for the iron-nerved arm of the law. In the old countries they have a church-rate, and every body has it to pay whether he likes it or not, because these rulers believe that "Righteousness exalteth a nation," and that the church is the best police for the preservation of the public order, and the conservation of all that is most sacred and dear to men in society. If the voluntary principle in this country proves inadequate to the support of religion, the government may have to resort to compulsion, for the Republic cannot live without the aid of morals and religion.

The Methodist who does not pay his assessment generally finds a way to pay his lodge dues. He would be dropped by the lodge if he did not.

A man who refuses to pay a debt because there is no law to compel him, would refuse to support any good institution in the absence of coercion. Because the preacher's claim cannot be collected by law, increases the moral obligation to pay it.—Pacific Methodist.

The strength of the church lies not in the oratory of the pulpit, but in the corratto of the closet.