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For the Advocate.

Experience and Reminiscences of a Teacher Nearly Fifty Years Ago.

BY REV. SOLOMON LEA.

In the remarks about the boys at Warrenton, it was not my intention to make the impression that all of them were alike. Not by any means, a large proportion of them were good, studious and obedient pupils. I selected worse specimens, extreme cases. Doubtless many a boy among my many pupils, grew up to manhood, became useful citizens and exerted a good influence in Society. Having remained in Warrenton two years, I resigned the position as Principal of the Warrenton Academy at the request of Rev. John Early, President of the Board of Trustees of Randolph Macon College, afterwards elected to the Episcopacy. This I did to take charge of the Preparatory Department of the College. My Predecessor was Rev. Lorenzo Lea, my brother, who nobly filled the place for a number of years. He moved to Tennessee, established the Female Institute in Jackson, Tenn., and afterwards sold out to Dr. Amos Jones, who, I believe, is still President of the Institution. In my new sphere, I soon found that I had a different set of boys to govern and teach. Not one idle, not one refractory, no use for the rod, all studious and obedient. In Warrenton, there were but few Latin and Greek pupils. Here all studied the languages preparatory to entering College. There were about fifty in the school from some half dozen different States, attracted there mainly by the fame of Dr. Stephen Olin, President of the College. The boys had every motive to study as they could not enter College unless they were well prepared. To stimulate them still more, it was my custom to mark every lesson and at the end of each week, I read out the report to them. Without mentioning all that were distinguished for scholarship, I now readily call to mind some few whose names I take the liberty of presenting, as this will give me an opportunity to make some remarks about them; Clopton from Ga. Tucker from Va., Smith from Tennessee, Jones, Brame and Hunt from N. C., Clopton was a noble boy of fine mind and indomitable perseverance. He led the contesting ranks, being slightly ahead of all competitors. I have never heard from him since he left College to return to his native State. I have no doubt he filled and may be still filling some high position in Society. Tucker went through the junior class, displaying extraordinary talent for speaking. He could, at any time without scarcely any preparation, on almost any subject, pour forth such a torrent of eloquence as to astonish the audience. He left Randolph Macon before graduating, went to Princeton, remained there, I think about one year, and the next I heard of him, he entered the field of politics in Va., was a match for the ablest debaters on the stump. In the mean time, he formed the habit of drinking. It grew upon him rapidly and the last I heard of him, he filled a drunkard's grave. Poor Tucker! what a brilliant start! what a dreadful end! A warning to youth and genius.

Smith from Tennessee, well do I remember him, when he entered the Preparatory Department, he remarked that he was limited in means and wanted to be prepared for College in one year, (the usual time allotted being from two to three years.) He knew nothing of Latin or Greek—and was not advanced in the English studies. I replied to him, if he would follow my advice, I thought he might succeed. In this he readily acquiesced. At the end of the year, he stood his examination, and entered the College as we sometimes say, with flying colors. The question might be asked what was peculiar in the advice that was given and practiced. Why, it was just this and nothing more. After about a week's drilling in the Latin Grammar, he was put to translating parsing in Historia Sacra, the first book, then used, being required to go over no more than he could learn accurately. Accuracy, absolute accuracy was the point aimed at both in Latin and Greek. The habit once formed, he advanced rapidly and hence he found no difficulty in accomplishing the object aimed at, that of a thorough preparation for College in one year. I believe he graduated with the highest distinction, returned to his native State, became a distinguished Divine, receiving the honorary title of D. D. It was an intellectual and spiritual treat to sit under his ministry, as one of my daughters can testify who enjoyed that privilege for nearly a year. Some two years ago, our distinguished pupil was translated to a better land. John Todd Brame was a fine specimen of a close student. He

had a fine mind, had been well trained by one of the best of Teachers, Rev. Lorenzo Lea. As he was continually plying me with difficult questions. I imagined he had his doubts about the capacity of the New Teacher, and accordingly I concluded to retaliate, I looked over each lesson carefully and marked a number of the most difficult words for parsing that I could find, and some how I always hit upon John Todd Brame to answer them. After some eight or ten days trial, I think both of us were satisfied, he, that I could teach him, and I, that he was no ordinary youth. After leaving College he became a distinguished minister. His career was short, but brilliant. I presume several of the old ministers, both of Va., and North Carolina Co. Conference have vivid recollections of him. Hunt was studious and ambitious, put forth all his energy to eclipse Clopton, but did not succeed. A few months ago I met him, had a social chat of some half an hour about by gone days. Well, Mr. Hunt, said, to him, you are married I presume. "No," he replied, and then, with subdued tone, he told his story. Said he when I was a young man I was engaged to a lady whom I devotedly loved. For some unknown cause, she discarded me; from that moment I became soured, concluded never to address another lady and now I am an old bachelor, too old to retrace my steps. It is, said he, one of the most painful reflections of my life that I have lived such a life. Just here I may remark I know of some half dozen other cases of persons leading a bachelor's life, falling into bad habits and dragging out an unhappy existence. The experience and confession of Mr. Hunt should be a warning to all bachelors. Jones was another one of my pupils deserving commendation. Why, he is now Dr. Jones of Greensborough Female College. He is known and read of all. *Satis est.*

For the Advocate.

Our Western Letter.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO LOS ANGELOS.
FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Having concluded our ramblings in and around the great city of San Francisco, we wended our way to the wharf and aboard one of the magnificent steam ferry boats that ply between the city and Oakland, we set out for the latter place, distance some eight miles. It was a lovely evening and the smooth bay shone in glassy splendor. Oakland is to San Francisco, what Brooklyn is to New York. Many of the business men of San Francisco reside in Oakland, and owing to the intercommunication between the two cities the travel back and forth is surprisingly large. The western terminus of the Central and Southern Pacific R. R. is at Oakland. In passing up the bay one has a good view of Goat and Angel Islands on which are government garrisons. The great rivers, Sacramento and San Joaquin, empty into the bay and steamers may be seen almost continually going up or coming down in those highways of traffic. Oakland is a city of beauty and wealth and full of promise; its prosperity has been most wonderful. In 1860, where the city is now located oak groves, wild mustard and wild oats grew in abundance and the whole country on the bay was a wild stock range under the rule of Spaniards. Two brothers by the name of Patten and a man by the name of Chase were the first white men who established themselves on the bay on the site of Oakland. In 1860 it was a small village, in 1870 had a population of 1200 and now has a population of 60,000 including her suburbs and the prosperity of the city continues in a surprising manner. It is well laid out, streets wide and clean, water excellent and claims to be the healthiest town in the state. The city has a combined length of 200 miles of open streets, being grand driveways, lined with either business blocks or imposing residences, surrounded with beautiful lawns and evergreen trees, or beautiful parks, which the city takes special pride in keeping in fine order. She has \$6,000,000 invested in manufacturing, giving employment to four thousand hands. The street car facilities of the city are excellent. Some fifteen free high school buildings and about the same number of private institutions of learning with one of the best universities in the Union. The city has about 30 churches most of a grand appearance and of costly construction. The First Congregational church has an auditorium 90 feet square and cost \$80,000. The Galindo Hotel is a fine structure, cost \$100,000. The railroad depots are all that one could desire. The University of Cal., receives students from the age of sixteen up, tuition free.

Male and female are granted like privileges in all the departments, including that of medicine. A visit along the shaded driveway to the fish ranch and to Piedmont Springs gives one pleasure and is of much interest. To take a bath in one of those establishments fitted up on purpose at Alameda, a suburban town, is a pleasure not soon forgotten. Mills' Seminary in the foot hills is situated in a most charming place and lays claim to being the finest ladies' seminary in the state. Taking all in all one visiting Oakland at any season of the year, seems loath to leave the place where so much of interest, to the lover of the beautiful, is found, and the climate is so delightful.

Starting out from the grand depot, the iron horse takes the traveler rushing northward through fertile sections of country and to all appearance near Mt. Diablo which rears its summit 3,896 feet above the sea level. Wagons on roads are constructed to its top, from whence one can have a grand panoramic view of the surrounding country, villages, cities, bays, rivers and the blue waters of the Pacific may be seen afar off; with a glass one can distinctly see into the streets of San Francisco, discern the moving throngs of people, while to the north the beautiful valleys and streams stretch out in one grand picture of loveliness.

Arriving at Sacramento City, the capital of the state, nothing of special interest attracts the attention of the visitor other than the usual noise and confusion of hotel runners and hack drivers. From an elevated position one can have a fine view of the broad river and adjacent country. The bottoms along the river are very productive, and seem to increase in fertility with every overflow of the Sacramento river. Fruits of various kinds flourish well here, and the gardens are green all the year. The population of the city is some 25,000 to 30,000. There is not that same degree of hurry and bustle noticed at some other places in the state, however the city does a large amount of business in way of distributing supplies to many points tributary to it as a trade center. As in most of the cities and towns in California, the heathen Chinese seem to take prominence in the line of ordinary servitude, and from what we can discover, the American born men and women of the period are perfectly willing they shall do it, while the men—a goodly number, at least—louge about the street corners, or in places of idle rest, while the women spin street yarn and patronize stalls where yellow covered literature abounds, but then such seems to be the inevitable destiny of nations, despite the yearnings for an embargo to be placed on emigration, and a higher standard of civilization be imposed upon the Anglo Saxon race.

Good churches abound in the city, and schools are well patronized. From Sacramento to go to southern California, an angle of about sixty degrees must be made, and away we go over desert, plain and fertile valley. "Lathrop, twenty minutes for dinner." Yes, and how glad to know there is another chance to satisfy a hungering after food, but alas! for human expectations. The waiters seem to be off duty, and the cooks out of season, but the man who looks after the pay is never out of place at an eating station on a railway line.

On speeds the train; a jolly crowd of passengers endeavor to make up in wit what they may have lost in disgust. Large tracts of farming lands, spread out miles and miles away, ever and anon attract attention as we speed on our way. Why so few farm houses and such a lonely appearing country? Men of magnificent possessions have grasped in their clutches these beautiful tracts of country. Large land holders are a serious drawback to any country. Good settlements and schools are impossible. As we pass along we notice in places as high as half a dozen outfits in the same field, marshaled in line, putting in grain, each outfit consisting of one man managing eight horses hitched to a seeding machine. Those machines plough, sow, and put in the grain as they go. We also noticed machines that, in harvesting, cut, thrash and sack the grain as they go. Truly, California is a big state, with large proportions and extensive variations, coupled with grand successes and immense failures; a combination of superlatives; up one side and the same down the other. A kind of go-as-you-please success or failure, as the case may be.

Talking of big things in Cal., brings to mind some big stories we heard some "old timers" get off not long since. "Speaking of big trees" said one "puts me in mind of the time when I was taking a drove of cattle up north and had to cross the Calveras river, was so flush that it was difficult to

cross, in hunting for a crossing I found where a large hollow tree had fallen across the river, through it I drove the cattle to the other side; on counting I found six missing, on going back into the tree I found them strayed into one of the limbs, I rode in and brought them out all right. "Just so" said the other, "I have seen numbers of trees up in the big tree country so tall that it takes two persons to see to the top; one has to commence looking where the other left off. But laying all jokes aside, Calveras county has some wonderful big trees, of which your readers have no doubt often read.

Passing through Fresno and Tulare counties the region is more or less mountainous, the grade in places steep, tunnels frequent, and curves short. The run across the Mojava Desert was monotonous and uninviting, being one continuous waste of sandy, barren plain. But as is often said, the darkest hour is just before day, so here a dreary desert intervened into this Southern land of magnificent beauty of which our next will tell about.

J. S. F.
Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 24th, 1883.

"I Don't Take a Church Paper."

BY W. H. ANDERSON.

In pastoral visiting how often is heard the above remark. We wait to learn if there is any regret in the tone, but can not discover any. We look around to see if there is such pressing want as to preclude ability to secure the weekly visitor, full of religious intelligence, advice, instruction and gratification, yet we see no signs. On inquiry we learn the "county paper" or some "weekly" from some great commercial center is taken, but there is no vehicle of church news, no means of enlarging our church intelligence, our correct zeal, and of inducing greater personal effort for Christ's kingdom, such as the church newspaper is so well adapted to effect.

Curious thoughts will present themselves. Here is a member of the church and the head of a family. He has love for his church, and yet shows it by neglecting the chief means of keeping himself in knowledge and sympathy abroad with the purposes and plans, the efforts and successes of his church to glorify our common Lord. He is supposed to be interested in the spiritual welfare of his family, their religious culture, and especially in their correct training in the doctrines and usages of his church. One of the dearest wishes of his heart should be that his children may embrace their father's faith, and live in his church when he is called home. Still he neglects to provide the cheapest, best, most pleasant method of training in family religion, and of interesting young forming minds and of attaching young hearts to the altars of their parents—the church newspaper.

It is a very singular exhibition that a Methodist can think he is doing his duty to himself, his family and his church by taking no church newspaper, but relying on the "county paper" or the agricultural or the political "weekly" to give general religious information and special denominational training for self and family. These mentioned papers certainly have many excellencies, but let us examine them. There are "prices current" from the markets as to value of cattle, horses, mules and various farm products, dry goods, groceries, etc. The candidates for different offices are announced, recipes for various ailments of man and beast are given; the anecdote column is large and attractive; some long spun sentiment love tale is drawn out in several numbers; groups of fires and fatal accidents, and fearful aggregated statements of crimes and their penalties, whether by law or violence; the matrimonial doings and the advertisements, whether with pictorial accompaniment or not; all these are in abundance. In vain do we look for any religious education or even religious information, except as to the most general and crude in its character. These papers don't propose any such thing. A moral view of the matter comes up—the question of right or wrong in the matter. Is the professed Christian, as father and head of a family, doing his duty in failing to provide his household with a church newspaper? Stranger still, is he not doing a great moral wrong in depriving them of so valuable an instructor in truth and duty and privilege? What a large amount of pleasure in social intercourse around the fireside or in the family circle is lost by the absence of their reliable weekly chart, this most reliable source of church doctrine, in home and in foreign fields—the church newspaper. Childhood is cruelly kept from a most excellent source of pleasure that profits and

elevates both the mind and heart. Noble views of personal duty and privileges remain dormant, while more selfish and secular and penurious views chill forming character, and deprive the church of its true influence over forming minds and developing principles.

Who is to blame if these children grow up ignorant of the names and characters and lives of our great men, our chief officers, our educational and missionary efforts, the growth of the church and the spread of the Messiah's kingdom? With no fixed attachment to any church from early impress and preference, no wonder they float away on the first tide of religious excitement and are often found antagonistic to the church in which they were born. Certainly the religious culture of our children ought to be of prime importance with us.

Every year our church papers are becoming more necessary and valuable as part of the family supply of real wants. The centenary year—1884—while it will soon be on us, will gather about it unusual interest in memory of the historic past, an hundred years of grand experiment and glorious success; and while the source of grateful memories and of pious offerings to heaven, it will be a starting point for nobler efforts and more heroic sacrifices for truth and Jesus. No Christian family ought to be without its newspaper. No family ought to exist that could not save in a whole year two dollars, the price of an *Advocate*, or a *Methodist*. The world never saw a more interesting period since the birth of Christ than our Methodist Centennial in America—the century of our constitutional Methodism. If it shall result in placing a church paper in every Methodist family, we shall have in our midst a monument equal to the proposed Anglo-Chinese College.—*New Orleans Advocate*.

Result of Good Example.

A lawyer, bright and gifted, sent for the writer, and on meeting him, began to speak of his recent experience:

"I have just got faith," he said, "and it has come to me so strangely that I want to tell you about it. For years I was a skeptic, reading every thing on the subject of Christianity, and sometimes giving the weight of evidence to the one side, sometimes to the other; but never quite able to hold both in the firm grasp of my mind at once, and balance the evidence so as to form an abiding conclusion. And so I drifted between doubt and probability, like a homeless wreck in the tossing waves of uncertainty.

"At length I married a Christian wife. Every night she read with me her Bible and prayed, and I tacitly assented, more from love to her than any real interest. But all the while I saw in her something which I did not possess, and which was worth more than all my intellectual superiority. One short year we lived together, and then she died. More than ever in those last sufferings did I see the reality and value of her faith, and when I found myself alone—stunned with grief and without one prop on earth to cling to—I found myself also, without even thinking why, instinctively crying out in my agony to her God for help and comfort.

"Instantly I felt the answer. Before I had time to reason whether I believed or not my heart had cried in its orphanage, and had heard the answering heart of God. And that touch of love and comfort was so sweet and real that I just kept on praying, and the same answer has ever come, and I know it is God; so that now you see I have got faith. I hardly know how. But I know it is faith, and I know it is true, and that is enough for me."

Yes, he had sought for God where alone God, ever can meet man, "in spirit and truth," in the simplicity of the heart, in the attitude not of the proud censor, but the helpless child and the penitent sinner.

When will men cease to strain their weary eyes toward a cold and lofty region where the Father is not found and simply turn to the cradle of Bethlehem, the Cross of Calvary, the foot stool of simple, lovely penitence, to find Him who has said, "I dwell with him that is humble and of a contrite heart, and that trembleth at my word."

IN WANT OF THE TOOLS.—The people are largely to blame for this mental indolence of ministers. We have been accustomed to limit the salaries of our preachers to the lowest possible figure; to make them *sal buyers* (salaries) indeed, and above the most economical and frequently the most parsimonious modes of living we have given the minister little or nothing wherewith to gratify any intellectual taste that he may have. If he wishes to buy a new book, it must be at the

cost of personal or family self denial. Some necessary article must be denied, for his income is adjusted to a scale that admits of no liberty in this direction. How many stations or circuits among us have ever provided their preachers with a library fund?—*[Dr. Harrison in Nashville Advocate.]*

The Christmas Deception.

BY JULIA H. THAYER.

Why is it that good Christians people still persist in practicing upon their little children the old-time deception regarding the nature and doings of that mythical personage, Santa Claus? How a normal conscience can reconcile such an absolute falsehood with the common interpretation of veracity, is beyond the comprehension of a well-balanced mind.

Then, too, why should that legend exclude, to so great an extent, the beautiful story of Bethlehem? Those children who are taught to attribute their Christmas joys to the bounty of St. Nicholas, lose the true meaning of the holy festival, and scarcely remember that it was instituted in commemoration of that time when the Lord of Heaven gave to our world its first great Christmas Gift. Is it not time to consign the old fairy story to its proper place among the popular nursery tales? As such, let us hereafter repeat it to the little ones—and how they will wonder as we tell them that the foolish fable was once believed by the children of the olden time, when the world was filled with people less wise and less conscientious than those of the present day!

It is not saying too much to assert that the imposition in question has taught many a child his first lesson of distrust, for in his earliest years he looks up to his parent as an infallible guide in all things. The whole world disappoints him, and appears to him in an entirely different light when he first detects frailty and weakness where he had supposed perfection to exist. If his character is formed, as some maintain, before the seventh year, then must parents in general bear the painful reflection that they themselves, while seeking to inculcate principles of honesty and integrity, have been the first to violate them and to countenance a certain license regarding them. The simple intellect of the child cannot yet comprehend those complicated exceptions to the rules of right living by which his elders make their fine discriminations! To him the Ten Commandments are absolute in their meaning. He is still too ignorant to take into account possible contingencies. He has not the acuteness to read between the lines; nor has he the originality to make interpolations according to his fancy. Thank God for the slow perception, the sterile brain, the foolishness of childhood, which imply ignorance of Satan's wisdom! Unless, we also, can become as such little children, casting aside the spurious knowledge of this world, we shall find at last that the language of heaven is to us a foreign tongue which we have never learned to speak, and which we cannot even understand.—*Echance*.

The Christian Minister as a Pastor.

The pastor must also be spiritual. This is first, second and third. This characteristic of the pastor must never be absent. The man is more than the sermon, more than the pastor. Christ must speak through his lips and not through his eyes. This life must be hid with Christ in God. He may not always talk directly on religious subjects; in our modern time boarding-house or because of some family reason, it may be impossible to have prayer in the family. But a gentle, loving word can be spoken for Christ. The child may be kindly remembered; a passage of Scripture may be repeated which shall come like the benediction of heaven upon weary and troubled hearts. If Christ, the Rose of Sharon, be in the heart, the perfume of his presence will fill all the atmosphere in which we move.

The office which has been filled by the laborious Peter, the majestic Paul and the seraphic John, and by scores of the noblest men who have ever blessed the world with their presence; the office which to-day is filled by some of the best men beneath God's stars, needs no vindication from me. God honors us; let us be true to our calling and to our Lord. There is no nobler motto than this; "Whosoever saveth his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it."—*R. L. MacArthur, D. D., in September Pulpit Treasury*.

God writes the Gospel, not in the Bible alone, but on the trees and flowers, on the clouds and stars.