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For the Advocate.

### COME AT LAST.

#### "A STANDARD CATECHISM."

MESSRS EDITORS: The able author, Rev. H. T. Hudson, D. D., has sent to my table a valuable work for the Church with the title quoted above. It is certainly worthy of the name, for it embraces the Doctrines of our articles of Faith, our Distinctive Creed, the Church Rules, and a Brief History of the Origin of Methodism. The plan of the work is well conceived, and the questions and answers sufficiently full to be perspicuous, and brief enough to prevent confusion of thought. Each Lesson is accompanied by Scripture proofs of the doctrines taught, with additional side light by way of illustration. The learner is carefully led from first principles up to the grand truths of personal experience. It is an epitome of evangelical doctrine and the plan of salvation.

I have made the Sunday-school a study for many years, having been identified with it from boyhood; and I hesitate not to give it as my opinion that this Catechism is the best I have ever seen as a complete text-book for Sunday-schools. It supplies a desideratum. Its great value is its comprehensiveness and simplicity. While it is thoroughly evangelical, it sets forth the distinctive doctrines and usages of our beloved Methodism in a manner at once clear and inviting; and it is so arranged that it may be studied with profit not only by children, but also by grown persons, and even by preachers.

I hail its appearance with joy, having felt its necessity for the last twelve years. But as all truly great things come in the fullness of their time, perhaps this could not have come earlier, at least with any hope of adoption, and especially if written by any who had opposed the Uniform International system.

The author says in his preface, "Other denominations have their Catechisms, large and small, teaching their distinctive doctrines, and these are faithfully taught. It is remarkably strange that the Methodist Church has no such Catechism for her millions of children."

Such a statement is painful to me, and its truthfulness makes the pain acute. In your well-written article, Messrs Editors, on the Bible as a text-book, you say, "We do not object to the Uniform Lessons except as they substitute and drive out the Bible and Catechisms of our Church." Very true. And that is ground for objection, even to an angel! I have for the last twelve years, in my humble way, labored to show that this would be the almost inevitable effect of the Uniform Lessons upon our Church Sunday-school; for the simple reason that we have no pet dogmas to sustain as the spring of our life. But we have that which is infinitely better, viz: clear Scriptural doctrine, sound experience, and an unsurpassed polity; much of which is peculiar and distinctive to us, and essential to the world's salvation. We have allowed this to be superseded by vague generalities, and Bible geography and history. Any system that deprives our children of Methodistic Bible Catechism is suicidal in policy and damaging in practice. I regard the International Lesson system as the *deadest weight* our Church has borne in the last twenty years. Its effects were like halting a conquering army, substituting its effective arms with wooden swords, and bidding it fall in for sham battles. It has displaced the evangelical and distinctive doctrines of the Church, driven out her Catechisms, and left in their place a few glittering generalities, the geography of the Lake of Galilee, and the dimensions of the boat that was rocked in the storm.

We notice a movement, even in Chicago, to have the Bible restored to the Sunday-school, and prominent men are now waking up to the damage that has been done us. If the International Lesson system *gives the Bible* to the Sunday-school, why all this movement? If it did not, as is certainly true, why should it have been tolerated so long? A good text-book is for this very purpose, to give the Bible to the Sunday-school, and Dr. Hudson's Catechism meets the want exactly.

Amongst other confessions to me upon this subject, I am in possession of a letter from an excellent and prominent Doctor of Divinity, in which he says: "The International Lessons, which now engross our Sunday-schools, may do to impart miscellaneous knowledge, but to study them a thousand years would leave our children ignorant of what, as Methodists, we believe is the true doctrine of the Scriptures." They are good as faliage, but poor for fruit. And so I have

struggled through many years to make these facts understood, and I hail these movements of prominent men with peculiar delight.

Now, let the North Carolina delegation to the next General Conference endeavor to have this Catechism adopted by that body. Let the Publishing House buy the copyright, if Dr. Hudson will sell it, and let it take the place of the "International System." If uniformity is desired, let the Sunday-school Secretary prepare it in lessons running through a Quarter, and leaflets simplified for infant classes, and I devoutly believe that a new era will have dawned for the Church.

E. A. YATES.

Wilmington, May 2nd, 1884.

For the Advocate.

### THE GRACE OF PRAISE.

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

We can give no approval to the theory that children and men should not be praised for fear of spoiling them. Some parents act upon that principle in their families. Some men managing large concerns are governed by it in their conduct to those whom they employ. Some Church members hold the same rule as toward their pastors, and sometimes pastors are governed by it in their intercourse with their congregations.

Has it any reasonable foundation? If so, what? Were not men made to be praised when they do well as much as to be blamed when they do ill? Is it not in our very constitution to desire praise? And does not our Heavenly Father, in His dealings with us, and in the teachings of His Holy Word, show us that He employs that very propensity in leading us on in the path of virtue?

The only show of reason for withholding praise is that it 'spoils' people. Spoils them, indeed! Who has not known a hundred lives to be spoiled for the lack of the sweet sympathy of praise where one has been brought into premature and luxuriant growth by too lavish praise? Every worker in any department of human activity has a right to appreciation. Without that appreciation he cannot work as well as when it is given. It is stimulus and reward. On the other side, the spectator finds intellectual and moral growth in cultivating in himself an appreciation of whatever is excellent in others.

Thinking constantly of the influence of the critical eye which is to examine his canvass when it is hung on exhibition in the Academy, the line artist in his studio, studying his drawings and mixing his colors, has perpetual stimulus to his genius even when he is unconscious of the feeling. He works up towards the very top of the standard of the highest critical appreciation. When his painting is finished and visitors throng the exhibition, each who studies the production, not that he may find fault, but that he may discern beauties and ascertain their genesis, is to go through a process of high education. When he has made a discovery, why should he not announce it? Why should he not praise the artist who has made some wonderful combination of light and shade, some remarkable handling of color, some charming infusion of tone? Will it hurt the artist? Has he not been waiting for that verdict? Will it not stimulate to redoubled efforts? Is the author of a book helped more by blaming its faults than by praising its beauties?

Stimulate an intellect to its highest excellencies, and those very excellencies will tend to expurgate its defects.

The grace of praise is first and most needed in the domestic circle. It should not be sickeningly lavish. It should never have the taint of flattery. It should be honest appreciation, expressed on all occasions. It is better to repress the blame than to suppress the praise. If, every time a wife did right, did well, did beautifully, her husband showed in his eyes or by a silent kiss that he had full appreciation of the sacrifice or the exertion, it would ripen in the woman all wifely graces. The poorer a man is, the more careful he should be to observe this rule. His wife has no luxuries, few companions, little to cheer her. When the husband comes in from his work at night, if he should say to his wife, who has no carpet on their single room: "Why, wife, how clean you do keep your floors! What a tidy little darling you are!" it would fill her evening with comfort, and make her sleep more restful after her anxious toil. And then the husband would feel so much better in his own heart. A snarling, snappish, cross grained husband is always miserable. A husband who gives praise to his wife would have this comfort in his life: she would be trained to the utmost generosity in considering him. She

would suppress any sinister criticism which sprung up in her own heart, and as he had treated her, she would treat him. She would

"Be to his faults a little blind,  
Be to his virtues very kind."

For the Advocate.

### ABOUT DEAD HEADS.

BY REV. E. L. PERKINS, M. D.

Chancing on one occasion to be seated in a railroad car, I noticed three well dressed gentlemen, sitting near each other, who seemed to form a very contented group. When the conductor came along with the usual exclamation, "Tickets, tickets," each of the above mentioned trio drew from his pocket a little piece of paper which the official of the car examined and handed back to the owner. I could not hear the official sigh as he turned away, but I conceived that his looks were very expressive of the words which head this article. Since that time I have often thought that I had discovered persons who are dead-heading their way through on the road to Paradise.

When I see a man who is making hundreds of dollars annually, above his current expenses, going to Church without his pocket book, when he knows a missionary collection is the order of the day, I look sorrowfully at the conductor of the meeting, and I say to myself, "Alas poor man! you have a dead-head in your congregation to-day."

When I see a man listen attentively through a good sermon, frequently wiping the tears from his eyes, and then suddenly discover that something urgent claims his attention elsewhere, so that he cannot remain until the collection is taken up, I think to myself, "Poor fellow; he is aiming to dead-head his way through to a better world."

When I see a man standing in the pulpit, violently assailing the doctrine, that ye should "work out your salvation with fear and trembling," then I say to myself, "strange man! he wants to be the conductor of a train of dead-heads to the city of great rewards."

When I see a man take a subscription, that is for the relief of suffering humanity, and scan it closely that he may find who has put down the least sum, so that he may excuse himself with the lowest possible figures, then I say to myself, "He too is dead-heading his way through to a charitable man's heaven."

When I see a man finds more fault with his faithful pastor, than any one else, and pays the least according to his ability, I say to myself, "Alas! poor fellow! he is dead-heading his way to the heaven of the faithful."

When I see a woman spending large sums of money, in trying to adorn her person, and then with all her glitter and show, drop a nickle gracefully into the contribution box, I say to myself, "Poor thing! she is a dead-head on the train bound for glory."

When I see a man who has taken upon himself all the vows of the Church, and has his name enrolled with the members, and then tries to shun his part in the burdens that are to be borne, I say to myself, "Wretched man! he too is dead-heading his way to the regions of heroes, apostles and martyrs."

Then I pray this prayer, "Lord, when I arrive at the gates of the heavenly city, let the conductor present me as one who had a good full-fare ticket all the way through."

For the Advocate.

### REVIVALS AND EVANGELISTS.

Without question our present system of protracted meetings originated with the rise of Methodism. We have no account in any history, with which I am acquainted, of meetings held from day to day, for the sole purpose of bringing sinners to Christ, until such meetings became necessary, by the earnest and powerful preaching of the early Methodist preachers—from the days of the Apostles until the rise of Methodism. The early Methodists did not have idea of the four modern protracted meetings. They went from place to place, and preached the word with power; always expecting to see immediate results. God honored His word, and their faith, and frequently awakened sinners would become so importunate in their supplications for mercy, that the preachers, and people would remain and sing and pray with them, and continue the meetings from day to day. Many souls were soundly converted to God at these meetings; and they became an integral part of Methodist economy. Methodism itself being a revival, the protracted meeting was simply an expression of Methodist economy. But while it is true that the protracted meeting is the outgrowth of a genuine revival of religion,

it does not follow that a genuine revival is always the outgrowth of a protracted meeting. Much of the modern evangelism is very far from the true revival spirit; and the so-called conversions reported at them are often delusive. Methodism having popularised these meetings by its unprecedented success, others have come forward to teach the Methodists the art of evangelism! It would be amusing, if it were not so serious, to behold the humility, and teachableness of some of our Methodist preachers, and the arrogance of some of the self constituted evangelists, as this evangelist comes along, and takes charge of the good Methodist brothers Church and congregations, and sets everything in the Methodist Church to going in an entirely new way. He must conduct the worship in a way entirely new to the congregation. They must sing his songs, it does not matter what sort of theology they contain; they must get religion in the way he dictates; should he take it into his head, they must not be converted in the Church; and if they are converted there they must keep quiet. After they are converted to him, if he thinks proper they must stay out of the Church a month or two to test the genuineness of their conversion; but in the mean time it must be published to the world, and that without delay, that this wonderful evangelist has had 150 or 200 conversions, in the town of A. so that he may go over to B. with great eclat!

Now, Messrs Editors, I would not disparage the work of any man who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, but must say, (and if I am in error I pray for light and pardon,) I can see no permanent good to Methodism, or Christianity in this sort of thing. I have no sympathy with it, and long to see time when our Methodists' people will leave these evangelists, so-called to get along by themselves.

A METHODIST.

### ABOUT OUR BOYS.

The years of adolescence are often full of restlessness. The boy is, perhaps, overflowing with vivacity, and his gay spirits lead him to do and say things which look idle and foolish to grave middle age. On the other hand, he may develop a tendency to morbidness, retiring into himself and repelling sympathy. Either way he requires delicate handling. It is an inestimable benefit to a boy to be confidential with his mother at this period of life, telling her his trials and troubles, and receiving her counsel.

As a rule, mothers do not pet their older children enough. The sweet, soft words, the caresses which are lavished on the babies are not freely bestowed on the older children. And yet a mother's tender hand smoothing her big boy's brow, her fingers straying through his hair, her kiss in passing him, are tangible evidences of her love, which are beyond price.

It is beautiful to see the knightly grace, the lover-like devotion which some sons show their mothers. Be assured if you would have this crown of crowns, that you must win it by being your boy's friend all the way on from his babyhood. Do not be afraid of demonstration. Many a hungry soul is half-famished in the midst of plenty, simply because those around him are so afraid of showing their affection by speech and smile and touch.

There ought to be some place in the house for a boy's possessions. If he likes tools he should have liberty to use them and a place for a workshop. If he is fond of dumb animals, tolerate his cats and dogs, pigeons, chickens, pets of all kinds, even though you dislike such creatures yourself. If he has a craze for collections, whether of minerals, ores, postage stamps or butterflies, assist him to follow his bent.

Let your boys be permitted to be with their companions freely into the house. There are mothers to whom this advice is superfluous. There are others who care more for clean and shining porches, for stairways and halls, carpets, oilcloths and paints than they do for the welfare of their sons. So, very complacently, they send the latter off to play with Tom or Harry, whom they (the mothers) do not know, somewhere quite out of sight and hearing, and then they rejoice in their clean, well-kept houses.

Dear friends, well-brought-up boy, happy boys, sunning themselves in the atmosphere of a Christian home, are worth a thousand times more than handsome houses and luxurious furniture.

Do not, if you can possibly avoid it, force your boys to wear clothes which they have outgrown, or of which they feel ashamed, or which make them in any way conspicuous. Of course, when poverty compels a lad to go threadbare or patched, when his parents cannot honestly afford to dress

him decently, he is manly to bear the privation without complaint. All things being equal, however, and parents having it in their power to dress their boys neatly and becomingly, they may take it for granted that a pretty necktie, a nice pair of cuffs, properly laundered linen, and a good suit of clothes, are all means of grace to growing lads.

Look out for a boy's reading Crowd out the bad by supplying him with plenty of good reading. The little fellows who were disarmed of pistols and knives in a Philadelphia school the other day, juvenile highwaymen equipped for a career of plundering on the Western plains, had been reading "flash literature." What were their mothers about to let the boys get hold of the papers which contain such poison? There are papers and magazines which are quite exciting enough to please any boy, yet are pure and wholesome. Then there on the home shelves or in the public libraries a great many authors whose charm for the young is perennial. A boy's evenings at home should be made bright and pleasant. Evenings in the street are fatal to many a lad.

Not too much training, mothers, if you love your boys. All good home government leads up to intelligent self government. Never lose sight yourselves of your own accountability to God as mothers, and keep before the boys the feeling that they too are responsible, and must answer to God for the talents entrusted to them.—*Mrs. Sangster in Intelligencer.*

For the Advocate.

### A STRANGE FREAK.

OF A BAPTIST PREACHER (PRIMITIVE, OR COMMONLY CALLED HARD SHELLS.)

Some dozen years ago, not many miles from Leasburg, I had an appointment by request to preach at three o'clock in the Presbyterian Church. As I learned that a Baptist minister would preach in the same Church at 11 o'clock, on a liberal occasion the same day, I concluded to attend the morning service. Before service began, the Presbyterian Elder who had given us both permission to preach, requested the Baptist Minister to give out my appointment for the evening. This he peremptorily declined to do. The Presbyterian Elder remarked to me afterwards that if he had known that he would have acted so, he should not have had the use of the Church. But to the point. After singing and prayer, the preacher had proceeded in his sermon about five minutes, when he suddenly stopped, looked around the audience as though under excitement, exclaiming; "somebody has come here for mischief." "He is here." "I see him now." "Shall I call his name?" Everybody by this time was looking around in suspense to see who the guilty one was; while excitement was on tiptoe, the minister relieved the suspense by exclaiming; "Mr. Prejudice." I had taken my seat in front of the preacher, and was of course the one who had come for mischief.

S. LEA.

### AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

There is a tendency in the eye to enlarge the upper part of an object on which it looks—an illusion which we find admirably illustrated in a paragraph in an exchange: Here is a row of ordinary capital letters and figures: SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS 3333-3338888888888. They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these, and you will perceive that the upper parts of the characters are a very little smaller than the lower parts—so little that an ordinary eye will declare them to be of equal size. Now turn the page upside down, and, without careful looking, you will see that the difference in size is very much exaggerated; that the real top of the letter is very much smaller than the lower part.

Suffer not your thoughts to dwell on the injury you have received or the provoking words that have been spoken to you. Not only learn the art of neglecting them at the time you receive them, but let them grow less every moment until they die out of your mind.

Men in their imaginations are apt to suppose others to possess the same feelings as themselves, especially if those feelings are of an unkind character. Many of the faults we find in others would disappear, if our own hearts were made right, and we ceased to judge them by ourselves.

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