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For the Advocate. Our Georgia Correspondence.

BY REV. G. G. SMITH.

WORK AMONG THE CHILDREN.

In 1858 I was the assistant pastor of the only Methodist Church then in the city of Macon. My colleague was the Rev. H. H. Parks, then in his prime as a popular and useful preacher. I was but a boy, just twenty-two years old. I became impressed with the fact that the children had no preaching. I had never heard a sermon when I was a child, intended for me specially, and as I had Sunday afternoon to myself, with Bro. Parks' concurrence I began some children's meetings. I found no difficulty in getting the children to attend the meetings, and no want of interest, was manifest when they came. The result was a great children's revival. Scores were converted, and over 60 joined the Church. I organized three classes for Saturday, we had beside one for large boys Tuesday night, and the result was that about 98 per cent of those who were converted or professed religion held out. From that day to this I have been preaching to the children. I am sure, and stand sadly by myself in the position, that the crying sin of the Church is the neglect of the children. We glory in our attention to them, and yet we are letting them escape us, and go out into the world of sin, by the thousands, while we are defending our posts, or trying to argue with the unconverted.

AN INCIDENT.

Pardon my apparent egotism, but hear me for my cause. When I was in Maryland, I began to hold children's services at camp-meetings, and on my return to Georgia I continued the custom. I was at the Culverton camp-meeting. They had had a great time. Dr. A. had preached a grand sermon; Dr. B. had preached a greater; and Dr. C. a greater than all. The good second blessing, brethren, had held after meetings, and given in testimony. The Bishop was present and was much troubled, for after all no one was converted, no one sought religion. I came in Monday, I said to the P. E., "Let me make my appointment. Give me 8 o'clock tomorrow for the children." J. W. Wallace, a Presbyterian, and one of Israel's sweet singers, was present, and we had a children's meeting. We preached the gospel, we asked up mourners. The altar was filled. Conversions were many, and the revival began in good earnest. Bishop Pierce and I were at the tent and he avowed his intention to send me out on this Evangelistic work, among the children, and that is why I am in the field, filling the only active Sunday-school Agency in the Southern Church. I have had for over twenty years experience in this field, and have had time to test the work, and I can do no better service to young preachers than to say something of

CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.

A service for the children should be a real religious service. These little five minutes sermonettes, are of but little value. Say your Sunday-school meets at 9 a. m. the best hour I think, for it then devotes Sunday afternoon to a service for the children. The first work of course is Evangelistic. They must be converted. The question of the old Episcopal Catechism: "When were you made a Christian?" ans. "In Baptism" has been replaced by some of our progressives with, "When were you made a Christian?" Ans. "I was born one," but either answer will do away with effort for their salvation. They were not made Christians in Baptism, nor born such, they must be made Christians by Repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ. If I were to find a large number of unconverted children in my Sunday-school, or Church, I would first pray and get others to pray very earnestly for the descent of the Holy Spirit, in converting power, and would seek to awaken and convert them, by special effort. The best way to teach is by example, and as I am just from

SAVANNAH.

Where I have been holding a children's meeting, I will write of that. Trinity Church has 680 members, and 25 of these were children, under fifteen. The Sunday-school was large, numbering nearly 300. It was admirably officered and equipped. Everything which money or capability to conduct and teach, could do, was done in it. The Sunday-school was famous for its large gifts—its excellent appointments, but yet this was the outcome of 9 boys under 15, in the Church, and 16 girls. The ablest men of the Conferences

had been the pastors of the Church, and now and then a sweeping revival had followed earnest effort. The good pastor, Rev. T. T. Christian, had taken in last year 176 new members, but his heart was burdened for children. It is not in my Conference, but I could go to help him, and I went.

The preparatory work had already been done. It is already done in most Sunday-schools, so I had nothing to do, but to help the pastor in the reaping.

The services began by public announcement, that a week should be given to the children. On Sunday A. M. at 11 o'clock, I preached to a large congregation, on the Possibility of the Conversion of little children—at 3, I met the Sunday school. The Superintendent, R. B. Reppard, President of the Monteville Institute, gave me the hour. I talked to the children about personal religion. Perhaps 100 persons came forward to the altar for prayer, and two joined the Church. The next morning and every morning afterwards for several, I met the mothers. The

MOTHER'S MEETINGS

are a feature of these special services, of the greatest value. My talks were on

1. A mother's Christian example.
2. The importance of early conversion.
3. The need of parental control.
4. The mode of nurturing young Christians.
5. Encouragement.

The people of the Church are of what we call the better classes, and I gave them faithful warnings against dancing schools, theatres, bad books, prayerlessness in homes, and especially I spoke of the fearful responsibility of mother's.

These topics engaged us every morning, and we more than once opened the meeting for experiences and Conference.

THE CHILDREN SERVICE

Was held at four o'clock every afternoon. The first sermon was on

1. "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, repent and believe the gospel."
2. On the new heart.
3. On the witness of the spirit.
4. On the gift of the Holy Ghost.
5. On love to Jesus.

The gentle organist knew what to play and the children to sing. We had first several songs, then the Lord's Prayer in concert, then a Hymn, and then the sermon, which wound up by an invitation to the altar. The children were told God was their father, he loved them, he wanted them. Jesus was their Savior. They could know they were saved. They were asked to say how they felt. They spoke in meeting—"I love Jesus and I know he loves me," was their word of experience. I wound up the meeting by getting their pledge that they would pray twice a day for their pastor and for me—and took a little collection from them—the poor children; 50 professed religion, and 25 joined the Church.

The excellent pastor was there to direct every service. I was merely his helper. He will nurture the children—I will not go when I am not invited—for it would be useless work. The pastor can do the work perhaps, but God has deemed that we shall in the work of the Church help each other, and one has one gift, and one another. The pastor whose children are not converted, is cruel beyond degree if he is too jealous of his prerogative to ask for help.

DR. POTTER

Is always discreet and cautious. He has his theories and one of these is that a special worker among the children, a Sunday-school Agent, ought not to be a necessity, but he says some times and often is. This agency is not popular in the general, although it seems to be in our Conference. To fling it is common, and to discount it by making it a pocket put a useless man into, for the time being, is a common proceeding—"what is Bro. doing?" I asked of Dr. "Trying to collect his salary," he said. "I had rather be a dog and bay the moon—than such a Roman."

If I were not an agent, I would say no man can do more good than an efficient, and devoted Sunday-school Agent, but he must not be a wornout, impracticable—indolent, cranky man, fit for no station or circuit, or district. Nor must he, if he hopes for success, follow the example of some agents, and give himself to the mere educational part of the work.

RITUALISM AGAIN.

I said there was a Ritualistic trend

in Methodism. I see in my last N. Y. Advocate notice of a new book by a Methodist preacher. "Lessons for the Lenten Season." Poor Dr. Coke, brought over to the Christmas Conference, the miniature model of an American Episcopal Church; prayer book, gown and bands, and good Francis Asbury, much against will, donned the gown and tried to wear it, but by the time Jesse Lee, got through with him, the little Episcopal Church sunk out of sight, and Methodism went on her way rejoicing.

From that day to this some brethren have had a weakness toward the Liturgy and the gowns. Bishop Huntington's son taking monastic vows, and some Episcopal priests I know of imitating the exploded ceremonies of mediæval Rome, remind me much of these Methodists, who are going to save our young people by giving them a water-colored copy of the Episcopal picture. For my part I am not ashamed of Methodism, and I want no feeble imitation of old-time usages, even if the Church does have them. So I don't enthrone much over some modern usages in our Sunday-schools that feed this spirit. The other day I saw some tracts. They were our Church series. A gothic door on one side, a Cross on the other, a real Episcopal cover, for a Methodist book, a Confederate trooper in a Federal officer's uniform.

Am I a radical? Well, forgive me. One hundred years ago my Virginia and North Carolina ancestors left the Church in which they were baptized in Society. I joined in Society when I was 8 years old, and I am not disposed to go back on the act, although so many of excellent kin are Churchmen.

For the Advocate.

Division of the Conference.

BY REV. JAS. B. FLOYD.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to submit to the Committee on the division of the Conference and to those composing the North Carolina Conference, some reasons why, in my judgement, the Conference should be divided. The last writer, and perhaps others that have expressed themselves upon the subject, think that the better plan is "to let well enough alone." The adage is a good one, when it will do to apply, but in this case it is inapplicable, and is indeed, no argument, "united we stand, divided we fall" is equally inapplicable, in the matter under consideration.

Now for the arguments in favor of division. Make a Raleigh Conference and a Greensboro Conference of the North Carolina Conference, and you will excite a spirit of emulation between the East and West that has not hitherto existed. Now, there is not only nothing wrong in this, but it is absolutely necessary to the greatest success, we admit that a great deal has been done, a great amount of territory has been fenced, and much of it cultivated to some extent, and an incalculable amount of work still to be done everywhere. A vast number of Church buildings have been erected in localities where they were needed and much good has been effected, and Christianity promoted, so far perhaps, it has been well enough, and is well enough, but how has it been in enterprises, in which the Church or Conference generally were interested? Has there been success? Is it well enough, Mr. Editor, when the wise and far-seeing brethren of the Conference conceived the idea, that a splendid Metropolitan Church building would enhance the cause of God and Methodism within our boundaries, that after steps were taken for the consummation of this enterprise; two decades should have well nigh past, and the building incomplete, and that material should have lain upon the site, until time made its mark and called it old? Is it well enough, that, after agents were worn to a hull, and agencies became hated, and tens of thousands of dollars expended for a Female College in the town of Greensboro and, yet, now the Conference does not own a single brick nor piece of tin or slate or bench or book in that building? Again, is it well enough, when it has taken an age to establish one College for educating the boys among one hundred thousand Methodists; we believe it is not well enough.

There is a mighty power in the Methodist people of North Carolina, but it has not been brought fully into action. It has not been applied. It has been like a balky team to a heavy load. Many of the clergy have done their whole duty, but all have not, in fact some have either put on the brakes, if they have not actually pulled backward. We think many barriers would be removed by division. Let Doctor A. have his Western North Carolina Conference, in order to a

proper and full development. Give to the West Greensboro and Davenport with all and every, etc. Aye, and Trinity also. The West has the intellect, the East the money. Build a College for boys in Granville or Wake, and a Female College in Franklin. We have alluded to the efforts of the clergy in the past, and as to the laity we would say one in fifty perhaps has tightened his traces.

Too much territory, too far from the East to the West. Delegates can use their money to a better advantage than in filling to overflowing the coffers of railroad kings. Let us have more Bishops, (if necessary) thousands of people have never seen a bishop. We have plenty of material, Yates and Furbush and Mangum, to say nothing of Moore and Adams and Wilson.

Again, not only the territory, but the number of delegates is too large. It is one of the great truths of the Bible that "in a multitude of counsellors is wisdom," but the North Carolina Conference is too multitudinous for its expression. It has been said that not all the talent is in the clergy, and perhaps if opportunity were afforded, our lay delegation in the sessions of the Conference to give expression to their views and feelings, it might have a tendency to awaken greater interest in the forty-nine fiftieths of the Methodist that seem to be lacking in this essential. There are other arguments that might be presented, but if the Editor will give space for what has been written, this writer will not trouble him nor his readers any further upon this subject. I shall most heartily acquiesce in the decision of the Conference upon this important question and pray that the Great Head of the Church may so rule that His will shall be done. With good will to all, I subscribe myself,
Wilton, N. C., Feb. 16th, 1885.

For the Advocate.

Reminiscences of By-gone Days.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON THAT TOOK PLACE IN THE OLD BRICK ACADEMY, LEASBURG, N. C., ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. SOLOMON LEA.

As this has never been published, at the request of a Christian brother, I send you a brief account for the Advocate. Rev. James P. Simpson was preacher in charge. He was, then, in his prime. He prayed and preached with extraordinary power. A general revival prevailed around the whole Circuit. One of these protracted meetings was held at the Brick Academy in Leasburg. The meeting lasted about three weeks. It continued to grow in interest and power from the beginning to the end. The house was crowded at every meeting. Penitents by scores knelt at the altar or rather at the benches all the time. How many professed religion I do not now recollect. The meetings were unusually demonstrative. Christians were happy and shouted the praises of God. A local preacher from the neighborhood became so much under the influence of divine power as to pass into what is sometimes called a trance, and he did not get entirely over the effects in a week. While Bro. Simpson was at prayer, a prayer of extraordinary power just about the close, there appeared a luminous, cloudy appearance coming down from the ceiling and gradually descending over and upon the congregation. It continued for several minutes, and then gradually ascending until it disappeared. While it was visible, the scene in the house surpassed anything I ever witnessed. More than half of the audience were professors of religion and they all seemed to be praising God at the same time; penitents were crying for mercy; sinners were overawed, looking on with fear and trembling. A lady who was present, told me recently that she had a chill, produced, it may have been, by the awful solemnity of the scene. Numbers present gazed upon the luminous appearance, and there are now many witnesses whose testimony would not be called in question. A Christian brother with whom I conversed recently, remarked to the writer that he called the attention of two persons by his side to the strange appearance, and one of them immediately replied that the house was on fire, at the same time rushing out to see. No alarm, however, was given. The writer of this article said to a prominent Christian present, that if the candles were put out, the house would still be light, and he responded, "yes." Another remarkable fact was observed by the writer, there was a pleasurable thrilling, tickling sensation over the body which continued for some minutes. What is the explanation of this phenomenon? Very, easy

very plain, says the skeptic. It was just imagination, superstition, fanaticism. It was a passing meteor says another. Others say that it was supernatural. Such was and such is still the opinion of the writer. The supernatural is not impossible. The Scriptures give many instances. "Behold, the glory of the Lord appeared in the cloud." "For the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord." "Then the glory of the Lord went up from the Church and stood over the threshold of the house; and the house was filled with the cloud, and the court was full of the brightness of the Lord's glory." Ezekiel 10:4. Many other passages might be quoted; the above are sufficient.

Gilderoy on Doggerel.

"But what is doggerel but dead doggerel, and what is doggerel but dead doggerel." —LAWSON.

As I go round from place to place, the people—some of them—frequently submit to me rhymes and "jingles," which they call poetry, and ask me to have these effusions published for them. I am not a publisher, and, if I were, I would not publish everything I see. As a matter of politeness, I have to look over the verses submitted to me, though, frequently, I would about as soon take an emetic. I am not a poet, or, if I am, I have not discovered the gift, and hence, I am more than willing to own my incapacity to pass judgment on writings of this kind. I know, comparatively nothing about the rules of poetry, never having made them a study.

When I was a boy, and the "duck-down" just forming on my upper lip, I thought I had the gift divine; and I then wrote, or scribbled, love-sick, doggerel stuff for nearly every silly girl who asked me to write. Sometimes I made a rhyme, and at other times the rhyme wouldn't rhyme, no matter how hard I twisted the "duck-down" at the corner of my mouth. I was a "fool," but I didn't know it. The girls flattered my poetry wonderful, and this made me nearly kill myself.

Making poetry is hard work, Mr. Editor—too hard for any but a "best" poet. I didn't happen to be born a poet. All the time I worked at poetry I was working against nature. Plain prose is hard enough for me. I love to read poetry—I mean poetry. I don't know what it is, nor how it is made, nor what there is in it that is so charming, but there is a subtle something in real poetry that runs all through me. I know whether the writer is a poet or not, by the time I have read four lines. If he is not, I stop. I don't know how I know this. Poetry seems to me to be instinct with life, or spirit. I suppose, Mr. Editor, you get regular tomes of "so-called poetry,"—real doggerel—stuff that makes you "heave." If they send you such stuff as they often submit to me, I know you are often disgusted. Now and then one of these poetry grinders grinds out a grist of poetical "grits" in memory of some man, who has just died. From immortality in such verse, Good Lord deliver me. I would rather be forgotten, and go to my long home unsung, than to be immortalized, or rather demoralized, in pure, unadulterated doggerel, such as some of the professional grinders of poetical "grits" get off in memory of the dead. Mr. Editor, when I go hence, do, if you please, don't fling any so-called poetry after me. Write me up in plain, simple prose—just a few lines, without any rhetorical flourishes.

If they ask you to print doggerel for poetry, I wouldn't do it if I were you. I wouldn't defile my paper with it. I know some of them will get mad with you and order the paper stopped, but you have no right to afflict a thousand readers, just to save the feelings of one man, and to retain one subscriber to your paper. Editors would be more highly appreciated if the people could see what the editor keeps them from seeing. Suppose you send a batch of refuse doggerel to the would-be poet who grumbles at you. Shoot him with his own shot. If he has any sense he can see the nonsense of some other poet of his own line. I taste nearly all the poetry I see in my papers. Occasionally I find a gem of the first water. Frequently three or four lines are enough, and I pass by on the other side. You don't print much doggerel Mr. Editor. You must have a time of it with these fellows who are always writing such stuff. How do you manage?—Gilderoy in South-western Methodist.

God's love was so great that it could not wait until we should come into actual existence; the very thought of us was the delight of his heart.—Charles F. Deems.

Wesley on Dress.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON.

If you could be as humble when you choose rich apparel, which I flatly deny; yet you could not be as beneficent, as plenteous in good works. Therefore every shilling which you needlessly spend on your apparel is in effect stolen from the poor! For what end do you want these ornaments? To please God? No! but to please your own fancy or to gain the admiration and applause of those who are no wiser than yourself. If so, what you wear you are in effect taking from the back of the neck; and the costly and delicate food you are snatching from the mouth of the hungry. For mercy, for pity, for Christ's sake, for the honor of his gospel, stay your hand! Do not throw this money away. Do not lay out on nothing, ye, worse than nothing, what may clothe your poor, naked, shivering fellow creatures. Many years ago, when I was at Oxford on a cold winter day, a young maid (one of those kept at school) called upon me. I said, "You seem half starved. Have you nothing to cover you but that thin gown?"

She said, "Sir, this is all I have." I put my hand in my pocket, but I found no money left, having just paid away what I had. It struck me, will thy master say, "Well done, good and faithful steward?"

Thou hast adorned thy walls with the money which might have screened this poor creature from the cold. O justice! O mercy! Are not these pictures the blood of this poor maid? See thy expensive apparel in the same light thy gown, hat, head-dress! Everything about thee which cost more than thy Christian duty required thee to lay out in the blood of the poor! O be wise for the time to come. Be more merciful, more faithful to God and man; more abundantly clad (like men and women professing godliness) with good works. I conjure you all who have any regard for me, before I go hence, that I have not labored, even in this respect, in vain, for nearly half a century. Let me see, before I die, a Methodist congregation fully as plainly as a Quaker congregation, only be more consistent with yourselves. Let your dress be cheap as well as plain. Otherwise you do but trifle with God and men, and your own souls. I pray let there be no costly silks among you, how brave soever they may be. Let not any of you who are rich in this world endeavor to excuse yourself by talking nonsense. It is stark, staring nonsense to say, "Oh, I can afford this or that!" If you have regard to common sense, let that silly word never come into your mouth. No man living can afford to throw away any part of that food into the sea which was lodged with him on purpose to feed the hungry or clothe the naked. And it is far worse than simple waste to spend any part of it in gay or costly apparel. For this is no less than to turn wholesome food into deadly poison. It is giving so much money to poison both yourself and others, as far as your example goes, with pride, vanity, anger, lust, love of the world, and a thousand "foolish and hurtful desires" which tend to "pierce them through with many sorrows." O God! arise and maintain thy own cause! Let not men and devils any longer put out our eyes and lead us blindfolded into the pit of destruction.

How to Die in Faith.

Would you be so happy as to die in faith, take these advices:

1. Be careful to get faith beforehand; for death is a time to use faith, not to get it. There were foolish virgins who had their oil to buy when the bridegroom was close at hand.
2. Study to live every day in the exercise of faith, and be still improving and making use of Christ in all his offices, and for all those ends and uses for which God hath given him to believers.
3. Frequently clear up your evidences of heaven, and beware of letting sin blot them to you.
4. Record and lay up the experiences of God's kind dealings with you, and be often reflecting upon them, that you may have them ready at hand in the hour of death.
5. Meditate much on those promises which have been sweet and comfortable to you in the time of trial, and beg that the Lord may bring them to your remembrance when you come to die.—Willison.

A woman in society with no intellectual or moral aims is a woman standing in flowing robes amid flying wheels and shafts.—Interior.

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