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For the Advocate.

## Two Sundays in the Mission Conference.

BY BISHOP J. C. GRANBERY.

Friday, Jan. 22nd, was bitter-cold in St. Louis, and the streets were dangerous to those who took no heed to their steps. I left that morning for Shelby in the Northern part of the State. Our only excitement was caused by the attempt of the brakeman to revive the fire in a stove by throwing in coal-oil. The sudden flame which shot out alarmed the passengers; no harm was done, nor any good. J. M. O'Brien met me at the depot in the evening, and seemed as much concerned for my comfort as a nurse for her child. Where are your rubbers? "I have none." "Where are your gloves?" "I never wear them." We had only a few blocks to walk to the cheerful home of Bro. Reid, and the cold and snow were soon forgotten by the blazing fire, in the conversation of a large and genial circle, and at the generous table. We were rather too comfortable there, tarrying to the annoyance of the hungry children who knew that a sumptuous feast had been provided. A four-year old thrust in his head, and called out, "Be in a hurry, and get through!" The Church was filled, and I tried to sow good seed. My host had heard me more than thirty years ago, when Dr. Bennett and I travelled the London circuit in Va.

The next day O'Brien brought me a pair of Arctics for my feet, and gloves for my hands—the first I have had in a score of years; and a friend lent me a fur overcoat, wolf-skin, in which I looked like an explorer of the Northern sea. "A sheep in wolf's clothing," they called me. The preacher was resolved not to freeze his visitor. I was never before so muffled from head to foot, for even my hat was substituted by a fur cap which, came down over the ears. The mercury was several degrees below zero, but the cold could touch only a square inch or two of my face, as we sleighed across over the fourteen miles to our resting place for the night. O'Brien is over six feet tall, I judge, large, strong, in perfect health, of high spirits and big heart, a North Carolinian, a Trinity boy who loves to talk of Dr. Craven, and one of the most acceptable and efficient preachers of the Mo. Conference. He knows more of Virginia than of his native State, having carried a musket four years through a large part of the Old Dominion. This is his third year on Shelbyville circuit; and I was invited to dedicate a new Church, the third which has been built during his pastorate there. Sunday was bright and more temperate, and the sleigh-loads filled the neat frame house. The debt of \$200 was pleasantly cancelled by subscription, and O'Brien Church dedicated to God. A sermon at Shelbyville that night, and one at Monroe City, the next night, completed the work of this trip, and Tuesday evening found me safe at home.

The next Saturday evening I preached at Wentzville, a town of six hundred inhabitants; and Sunday, Jan. 31st, dedicated the beautiful brick Church which replaces one consumed by fire a few years ago. The cost was \$5,000; \$750 remained to be raised. Bro. Pritchett, one of the able men of this Conference, stated the need in few words. We had successfully opposed, asking aid from the Church Extension Board. Times were hard, but they could pay for their own Church. We asked for six fifties, and they were given; then for eight twenties, and there was silence. Taking out his watch, he said, "If this proposition be not carried out in ten minutes, the benediction will be pronounced, those who have subscribed will be released from the obligation to pay, and Bishop Granbery will return home without dedicating the Church." They came to time, and in thirty-five minutes the whole amount was raised. Everybody felt happy, and the doxology was sung with spirit. The large room was again filled at night, and after I had preached we partook of the Lord's Supper with grateful hearts.

There is great need of Churches everywhere this side the big river. Much is done yearly toward supplying the lack. But the work should be hastened. Our Eastern people must be taught the importance of the Church Extension cause. They need the movement at home, but its special value is stimulating and helping the erection of neat and commodious houses of worship for the use of the M. E. Church, South, in this vast West.

The Mo. Conference reported a large increase of members last September. Since that time revivals have been numerous and extensive. They

are due in part to the labors of Bro. Sam Jones, though he has been at only one point, St. Joseph, since the session of the Conference, and to a young evangelist from Ky., Bro. My sonbeimer, who has devoted several months to this field. In many instances, however, they have sprung up and yielded their precious fruit without the aid of evangelists. We can not question that great benefit has come from this class of preachers in stirring up professors and awakening the unconverted. But caution is demanded lest an evil should arise. Our ministers may seek refuge from the rigid requirements of the itinerancy in the freedom and excitement of evangelism, or give over to there revivalists the pointed, impassioned, urgent style of preaching, and all direct and pressing methods of bringing sinners to commit themselves to a life of piety; and our people may depend on the occasional visits of evangelists for revivals, and crave sensational modes of preaching and worship, to the slighting of the regular pastors. Let us purve all things, and hold fast that which is good.

Your request, Bro. Editor, for a communication came as I was preparing for a trip to Brazil, and you must accept these few lines.

(Thank you, Bishop, thank you. Let us hear from you again and often. Virginia is very near to North Carolina, and our people love to read after the pens of Virginians. Ed.)

For the Advocate.

## Uncle Moses Smiler's Philosophy of Giving.

BY REV. EDWARD L. FELL.

He was only an unlettered backwoodsman, a volunteer from nature's roughest soil, but he was one of the Lord's giants—Uncle Moses Smiler was. He was the head and shoulders of a little chapel situated in the shady corner of Hardtack Mission, and had been serving in this double capacity a marvellously long period when I knew him; but his head had not grown be-fogged nor did his shoulders exhibit any signs of weakness. Uncle Moses did the work of a steward as a man who had a divine call, but as one whose call extended only to the begging not to the getting; for a diamond himself he lived among flints, and his only satisfaction was in hammering with all his might what he knew he could never break. But it was to give a specimen of his hammering, and only a specimen, that I have introduced him.

"I told 'em"—said he to me one day while explaining the deficiency in the quarterage, (a duty he had performed with wonderful regularity for forty years),—"I told 'em, when they was sayin as how the craps had turned out sorry-like and they couldn't pay nothin to the preacher, sez I, Fellers, if you air goin' into the swindlin' bizness arter that style I wouldn't begin on a poor innocent preacher what's never done you any harm. I tell you what, sez I, that's the same as swindlin the Lord—*point blank!*"

A skeptical smile passed around among the listeners who were, however, too busy whittling to look up. "You see"—explained Uncle Moses—"suppose we and Tom Jones over that goes into partnership. I throws in so much and Tom throws in so much. I holds the bag and 'tends to the bizness. By-and-by me and Tom, we git together for a settlement. I has the bag, you recollect, I say, Look here, Tom, we've had a sorry year of it and bizness has been dull and we ain't made much or nothin and—and I'm mighty sorry, Tom, but I don't believe I can spare you anything on't'n this leetle pile. And I goes off with the bag. What sort of a feller would you think I was?"

The opinions expressed were very damaging to such a character as Uncle Moses was supposing himself to be.

"Now,"—continued the old man, warming up,—"*last Spring you entered into a partnership with the Lord to make a crap. You knew you couldn't make a crap without him, and you says to him, I'll furnish the hands to work with and the land, you must give me the rain and the sunshine and take care of my crap at night when I'm asleep, and make the leetle buds bust open and grow, and keep me from gittin sick so I can 'tend to things. And then by-and-by when you've got the corn all housed and sent off your cotton and sold it and put the money in your bag, and the Lord sends to you for his part of the proceeds, you say—you holds the bag you know and therefore you say—'Its been such a hard year and craps is so short I really don't see how I can spare any.'"*

"I tell you what, fellers,"—added Uncle Moses earnestly,—"*that's what*

I call downright swindlin; its gittin goods under false pretenses."

For the Advocate.  
Suggestive Facts.

BY REV. W. H. ANDERSON, D. D.

These often are more impressive than direct oral instruction, and indirectly more permanently influence opinion and actions. A discovered coin, or an exhumed fragment of column, or a mutilated inscription, often determine important points in otherwise doubtful history, and they are mute, but mighty witnesses of the truth of revelation itself. Look at the grandest of facts that human history ever trembled with joy to record—the life, labors, and death of the Son of God. These are the holy materials of Church history, of gospel message, and of Christian joy and triumph. This was too valuable a fact, or group of facts to be left even with inspiration itself to record and preserve. God has imprinted this indelibly in human history. The time of earth is regulated by the great clock in the cathedral of heaven. Whither "of constraints," or gracefully yielding to the plan of providences, history, now takes "the year of our Lord," as "the corrected time" of locating events whether prospective, present, or retrospective. In vain does the Jew endeavor to dot from his hoary calendar, or the Mohammedan from the Hegira. The Old Julian calendar of Rome, and the Olympiads of Greece, are almanacs gone out of use. While infidelity is sneering and blindly attempting to have Christ an imposter, and Christianity a falsehood, the united world of science, letters, and even of religions of every grade, are accepting the grandest of facts, Christ's visit to earth—as the new era from which not only new morals and blessings may begin to elevate man individually and in nations, but the record of human action shall itself commence at. "The year of our Lord" is like the rainbow in the sky, a perpetual memorial of human folly, and yet of divine goodness and love.

Another grand fact is the almost worldwide recognition of the Christian Sabbath. Here is a reminder to the world of the risen Christ, his demonstrated divinity, the glorious truth of His holy religion, the rock on which we build for heaven, is the God man Jesus, dying on the Cross, yet in keeping his own immutable word, the risen Jesus despoiling the grave, and almost concealing the gloom of the tomb by making it heaven's earth gate, through which celestial promise and hope pour their golden light. Everywhere as Christian commerce carries the manufactures, ideas of government and pure morals of Christian lands, rapidly men adjust themselves and their business to the observance of the Christian Sabbath. Thus by two grand facts as most valuable object lessons our holy Christianity is teaching and preparing the race to accept the Christ who came from heaven to save as well as to redeem man, whose flesh he sanctified and wears as the mantle of his divinity.

These suggestive facts are everywhere visible to the eye that will search for and observe properly these traces of our Father's wisdom and love. Look at the teaching of history in our own land. Its settlement by Puritans at Plymouth, or several years earlier at Jamestown by haters of tyranny and lovers of liberty, then by the Huguenots in more Southern locality, was not a matter of chance, but of divine direction. The seed sown all along the Atlantic Coast has germinated and produced abundant harvests, in correct principles of civil liberty, sacred regard for human right, and the inalienable privileges of religious belief and worship. When great men are needed for great deeds God has them ready, and only as they are needed. But ere the Declaration of Independence was ever written, our God easily furnished the names to sign that immortal document, and then, without successors, they become illustrious history.

What a magnificently suggestive fact is our beloved Methodism among different races and continents and files of the sea. How readily does it adapt itself to climate and soil, habits and customs, language and government. It interweaves itself with forming thought and opinion, conduct and character, and gives Jesus as the common precious Savior. Her hymns as well as her doctrines and usages and experience are as easily translated into the language and hearts and lives of those who live in the cold rugged North, as of those who reside in sunny, vine clad climes, or at the flowery tropics, or the fervid Equator. No century since the days of Jesus on our earth, ever had crowded into it so much to startle with joy and wonder

either earth or heaven, as this century of Methodism, Truly baptized "Christianity in earnest," her devoted zeal, self-sacrificing labors, patient, toil, and persistent trust in God, Methodism has not only her Wesley's recorded on tablets at West Minister, but round the world.

Suggestions, thick as falling leaves in Autumn, come to rebuke pride and human boasting; to impress the true secret of unparalleled success, the pure religion of Jesus Christ fully and clearly and forcibly preached and illustrated in the plain, consistent, every-day holy living of the sons and daughters of Methodism. Take from our Methodism the consecrated living which marked so intensely its early and medieval history, if not the present, and you have removed the Crown of her glory, the source of her activity and success.

While the grand facts of Christ's presence in the world and the sublime and sad history connected with his life and death; and the still grander revelation of his divine power and glory are seen in his resurrection from the dead, should teach us to prize the Christian religion above all price, and to observe most carefully the Christian Sabbath, the lessons of providence and the teachings of the Holy Spirit should influence the legislation, the ruler, the patriot, and the Christian. The chased and tired ostrich foolishly hides his head in the sand, and thinks himself safe, while his destroyer is getting ready to capture and kill. We should never forget "God reigns." Neither noon-tide light, nor midnight darkness can hide us from his eye. Real and lasting prosperity, peace and happiness, whether for individuals or people, are secured only by intelligent, entire consecration of all our soul, body and spirit to God.

Carlsruhe, Ky.

Sensible Sermon by Sam Jones.

Extracts from a Sermon at Trinity Church, Cincinnati.

The text selected from the evening's discourse was from the second verse of the second chapter of Second Corinthians: "Receive us; we have wronged no man with our tongue; we have corrupted no man by our example; we have defrauded no man in any business transaction."

St. Paul knocked at the inner door of the Church of Corinth. He was met by that Church, and he was asked, "Upon what ground do you demand us great a privilege?" And he replied, "On the grounds, first, I have wronged no man with my tongue; I have corrupted no man by my example; I have defrauded no man in any business transaction." Jesus Christ watched the doors of His kingdom when He stood among men with the most uncompromising and most untiring scrutiny. And that young man approached Christ, and would have entered the kingdom, and Jesus looked upon him as he asked the question: "What must I do that I can get into the kingdom?" Jesus looked at him and said, "Keep the Commandments." The young man said exultingly, "Why, Master, all these have I kept from my youth up." And Jesus looked him in the face and said, "One thing thou lackest yet," and the young man walked off. I expect his disciples, if they had been as worldly as we are, would have said, "Master, that's a magnificent young man; he's a very rich young man; he stands well in the community; and if he only lacks one thing let's take him in. He will give tone to the church, and he will pay largely. We have few members of that sort, and he's got money to pay our expenses. Why, Master, if he doesn't lack but one thing let's take him in." "One thing thou lackest yet," said Christ, and the young man turned and went away, and that's the last he heard of him. The disciples caught at the same spirit and taught men this: That you must deny yourself and take up your cross and follow Christ. They taught us if any man love the world the love of God is not in him; if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His.

I'm a natural, innate, constitutional, inborn hater of shams and humbugs, and above all humbugs that ever cursed this world the religious humbug is the biggest. That's so. I will give you a little illustration. At Harvard, I believe it was, there was in the college an old professor—one of those thick-glassed old fellows, near-sighted—who was a wonderful bugologist. He knew bugology better than he did manology, and he was acquainted with all the bugs from Adam down and he had all kinds of 'em in frame hung up around his office. In this, mischief, and as a joke, the students got the body of one bug and took the legs of another and the head of another and the wings of another and put

them together just like as if nature had formed it that way, and they all trooped down stairs together into the old professor's room, and one of the boys says, "Professor, what kind of a bug is this?" and the Professor stood up and took the card on which the bug was pinned, and he cast his eyes on it, and after looking at it awhile he said, "Gentleman, this is a hum bug." Now you have my idea of a humbug. It's a fellow that has a heart that belongs to the Church, and a head that is run by the world and his hands by the devil, and he's just nothing but a sort of a compound. God deliver us from humbugs in the Church. Let's be only one of a kind, and let that be a good Christian. If I was asked now what was the trouble in Cincinnati, the greatest trouble—a trouble you can't overcome as easily as other troubles—I believe I would answer that the greatest trouble in Cincinnati is that you have too many Churches here!

I think the finest tombstone I ever saw, and the prettiest epitaph I ever saw, was when I was visiting an old friend of mine. After dinner he took me into the garden, and in the most prominent place there was erected a beautiful tombstone of white marble, in memory of his wife, and on it I read her name and the date of her death, and her simple epitaph was this line: "She made home pleasant."

I remember the old Irishman who said, "I hope I'll never live to see my wife married again." Brethren, let us be kind to wife, for she has left her father and her home and her mother and given up all things for us, and she gives her life to us, and we ought to be kind to her. Never let a word slip from your tongue that will bring a drop of blood from her heart. We should be kind and loving to our children, too. I remember once, at a camp-meeting, two or three years ago, I was talking to two or three of the brothers after dinner, and to one of them a little girl, a rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed fairy, ran up and asked him some question, and he snapped a word out to her that almost made her faint, so frightened was she.

"I cried, 'You brute, you!' Brethren, you can almost crucify one of your children with one stroke of your tongue. How cruel it is! I know it is myself. Sometimes I was busy at work and my little boy would bother me, and I would snap at him and drive him away, but I afterwards hunted him up and begged his forgiveness. But some of you would sooner die than do that. Control your tongue and be kind to your children.

Brethren, what we need now is a few good examples. Examples—You go home to-night and awake your little Willie. Wake him up wide awake and get him on your knees and ask him, 'Willie, who is the best man in Cincinnati?' and he will say, 'You, papa.' Ask him, 'Who would you rather be like than any other man, Willie?' and the dear child will say, 'You, papa.' 'Well, who is the biggest man in the State, Willie?' and he will still say, 'You are, papa.' Poor little fellow, he hasn't got much sense. [Laughter.] Now just try it on him when you go home. [Laughter.] You go home, mother, and sit you little lovely daughter Mary on your lap, wake her up good and ask her, 'Daughter, who is the best woman in the world?' and she will say, 'Why, you, mamma.' 'Daughter, who would you rather be like than anybody else?' and the sweet little child will say, 'You, mamma.' Ask the child such questions as that and she will answer always, 'You, mamma.' Ah, sister, that child is mistaken; yet she is that way—there's no doubt about that. The saddest thing a father ever said to me in all my experience was this: (I was pastor of a Church then, and I have been pastor for eight years and know all about the relations of pastors and people. I tell you, brethren, you can't love your pastor too much or pray for him too much. He needs your examples and prayers.) This brother said to me about four weeks after I had preached a sermon in his town: 'I heard your sermon on 'Home Religion,' and it waked me up.' He was a man of intelligence. I said, 'What about it?' 'I went home,' said he, 'and studied my children four weeks in all of their varied characteristics and all of the phases of their character and life, and I reached a verdict.'

'What was that?' said I. 'Well, I found out that my children haven't got a single fault that me or their mother hasn't got, or a direct copy of my wife and myself our children are.'

Our example—Brethren, hear me. I shall never do, or suffer myself to do, or suffer any one else to do, in my house, in the radius of my influence, anything that would or could curse anybody's child. [Loud exclamations of Amen.] You can have cards at

your house if you want to, but until this world burns down I never will, so help me God. They shall never be brought in or remain in my house. Do you ask me why? Nine tenths of the gamblers of Cincinnati were raised in Christians homes. They are the most polite and refined gentlemen in town, and if cards in any Christian home ever made a gambler out of a Christian boy, then so long as life shall last, I will never have cards in my house. [Amen.] If demijohns, and glasses, and bottles ever damned a member of the Church's son, then, so long as I have given my home to God, demijohns, glasses, and bottles shall have place there. [Amen.] And I will tell you another thing. Old Brother Demijohn and old Sister Demijohn, you are just raising up drunkards by the hundreds, and I reckon if God Almighty lets your sort of folks into rievain, the very angels would halloo out, 'Brother Demijohn and Sister Demijohn, have you got in at last?' [Laughter.] And some women have no reached the degraded strata where they are nothing more or less than bar-keepers for their husbands—stirring their toddies and mixing their drinks. Next to the biggest fool that God's eyes ever looked upon is a woman who stirred toddies for her husband, but the biggest fool God's eyes ever beheld is a woman that will marry a man with whisky on his breath. [Amen.] I know what I am talking about. I believe if I had a wife that some drinking men in Cincinnati have to-day, I would be in a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell this moment; but, thank God, she never would touch, taste, nor handle, nor suffer it in her house. I have had a woman to come to me, who in her young married life had toadied to her husband and seen that his wines and liquors were carefully prepared for him—I have had her come to me with haggard face, and cry out, 'O, Mr. Jones, in God's name, help me to save my husband from death and hell!' and she gave her husband the first years of her married life in the encouragement of drinking. I have been preaching prohibition experimentally, practically, collectively, and personally, for about thirteen years, and it's never hurt me yet, but whisky liked to have knocked me in about thirteen months.

I am not going to run the grand old ship of Zion about ten miles from shore. I am going to bring her to the land. Ten million sinners might look at the old ship away off and say, 'There she is, but I can't get to her, for if I tried to swim to her I would drown.' Brother, brother! Let's run the old ship in until her keel strikes the shore. Tell the world, 'All aboard! This grand old ship is going by!' You can't get the old ship of Zion too close to sinners—hear that?

Talk about Ingersoll, I never met an intelligent man yet that had been damned by Bob Ingersoll. The only difference between Bob Ingersoll and any other fellow running after him is this: Bob Ingersoll plays the fool for \$1,500 a night, and this little fellow runs after him and plays the fool for nothing and boards himself. [Great laughter.] And I tell you Bob Ingersoll is going to continue to play that kind of a fool as long as this country gives him \$1,500 a night to insult God and ridicule His precious Word; and yet you go to hear him. If I had a dog to go and hear him I would kill him. [Laughter.] He couldn't come to my house any more.

"I have defrauded no man in any business transaction." Brothers, let us look into this and do what it says; do what you say you'll do, and quit defrauding men. Brother, hear me; a man who has \$50,000, \$100,000, riding in a \$1,200 carriage and living in a \$25,000 house, driving down the streets, meets a poor old widow from whom he has stolen. I tell you if there is any hell, it is for that kind of a man. There's no use talking. I'll tell you another thing. There are too many men in this country boarding with their wives. [Laughter.] No doubt about that. Let me tell you another thing—when the fellow does a clean thing, God Almighty will stand by him. He will give you three square meals every day if He has to put the angels on one-third rations. Let's do right and defraud no man, and we will have righteousness, peace and joy.

Well, I have talked considerably over an hour. I did not intend to. But hear me; let's think about these things. I tell you I never—I tell you I never want to see a revival in Cincinnati any more, or anywhere else, that isn't bottomed on bed-rock. Let's go down until you hear your boot-heels grating and grinding against the Rock of Ages.

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