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For the Advocate.

Our Gilderoy Letters.

HE HEARS SAM JONES.

The two Sams Jones, and Small, had a great meeting in Columbus. Such a meeting was never known before in this State, except, perhaps, the meeting Brother Jones held in Corinth last year. The whole community was stirred as by a mighty cyclone. All classes of citizens, young and old, white and black, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, saints and sinners, were stirred by the mighty power of God. People from all parts of the State flocked to the meeting single, in pairs, by tens, hundreds and thousands. The preachers of our own and other Churches poured into the city to hear these evangelists. The Churches were filled, packed, crammed and strained at every service. Sam Small preached at our Church and Jones at another.

Neither of them was in good preaching trim. Both needed rest. The long heat at Chicago had, evidently, been a great tax upon them. Brother Jones is very deliberate in his delivery. He stands flat-footed, firmly, and talks to the people. He is not given to vociferation or violent gesticulation. His moderation in these particulars enables him to preach twice and thrice daily for weeks at a time. He depends more on the power of truth to win men to Christ than on vehemence of speech. I believe he did not scream once during the meeting. He is a man of remarkable self-possession, and he is utterly indifferent to attitudes. Brother Jones' style is remarkably simple and clear. Children, negroes and common people understand him. They know exactly what he is driving at. Even the slang words and phrases used by him seem to be strong in the setting he gives them. One preacher, a D. D., a cultivated man, the President of one of our Colleges, went to hear brother Jones declaring "the Holy Ghost did not inspire slang and God will not bless slang." He left saying, "I run up the white flag, I surrender." When brother Jones wants to speak as correctly, as accurately and far more forcibly than any man I ever heard. His power of condensation

of compacting a paragraph into a proverb, I never saw equaled by any one. Some of his sayings are full of light and yet they pierce like an arrow and grip the heart and conscience like a vice. One of the first men in this State, a lawyer, a Christian, a self-poised man, himself an orator, went to hear Brother Jones, determined not to be taken in the toils of enthusiasm which had half crazed other people, as he thought. But Brother Jones had not been speaking ten minutes when he turned baby like the rest and gave vent to a torrent of tears. I don't know how it is, why it is, but some how Brother Jones gets inside of a man at once. There seems to be no effort at word painting, nothing like beautifully rounded periods, nothing artistic, and, yet, some of his pictures are absolutely perfect. This is especially true of his illustrations. Brother Jones is hardly ever spoken of as a great preacher, and yet he is a great preacher. His style is so simple, apparently so careless, so clear, so natural, and what he says seems so perfectly true, just what you always thought, but never heard said before—that the average hearer fails to note the profound truths uttered by the preacher. He disclaims theology, but he is a theologian all the same. If he were not well read in theology he could not preach as he does. He knows his business. His lance is leveled against error in every form and he knows where the joints of the harness are. His bullets go straight to the mark. They hit, hurt and kill too. Brother Jones is a Methodist and an Arminian of the "most strict sect" as is evident from his preaching. He deals with the human side of Christ and religion—says he does not know much about the Divine side of these things. His picture of great D. D.'s sitting on the bank of a creek fishing, year in and year out, with a fine limerick hook, and a line and silver tipped rod, was mirth provoking. He asked, "Doctor, how do you catch any fish? No, but I've got some of the finest bites you ever saw. Poor fellow," said Brother Jones, "he has mistaken a nibble for a bite or possibly the waves have been bobbing his cork up and down." He urged these Doctors and all others to throw down their hooks and lines and quit fishing on the Divine side and help to cast in the net on the other side of the ship where the fishes are. "Grab the net and let's pull for the shore," he said with an emphasis and unction that moved every heart. It is clear water that appears to be shallow and muddy water that appears to be deep. Many people, and some preachers, mistake mud for depth. A muddy preacher often gets credit for being very profound when in fact he is only very profoundly muddy—that's all. There is not an inch of mud or slush along the line of one of Brother Jones' sermons.

His texts are simple, plain, those easily understood—those that concern soul and salvation from sin. His expositions of the word are simple, plain and forceful. Brother Jones is an uncommon man who has the good sense to adapt his preaching to common men, common people, and these hear him gladly. Without trying to imitate Brother Jones—for imitation could be contemptible—we all might try to be more simple, more earnest, more personal, more direct in our preaching. We too often shoot above the heads and clear over the heads of our people. We waste our ammunition

on the empty air. We should aim low even when our aims are high—as high as the human soul and God and heaven. Man in his natural state is on a very low plane and we must not shoot above him.

Brother Jones says some things and preaches against some sins in a plain way that gives offense to some people. I noticed, however, that those who were indulging in these forms of sin whined the most and were most concerned for absolute purity of speech in the pulpit—those most given to vulgarity were the readiest to call Brother Jones vulgar. Well, that is natural. As long as the preacher don't hit me I don't care how hard he hits A. and B. Brother Jones says: "It is the dog that's hit that howls."

Well, I've thought this presentation of Brother Jones and his preaching might not be without profit to younger men in the ministry. I do not aim to puff or blow Brother Jones, but I want to do good to men. I went to hear Brother Jones to study him, his methods, to see if I could make any improvement in my preaching. I think I can. I'll try—try hard.

Yours,

GILDEROY.

For the Advocate.

Letter From Ex-Gov. Holden.

DEAR BROTHER REID: You are kind enough to send me a copy of your paper every week, free of charge, which I peruse with much interest. This is no doubt because I am a veteran Editor. I am one of your most faithful readers. Your correspondence is especially instructive and interesting. I first read your editorials, next the deaths, and then your communications. For a comparatively young Editor, you have acquired the fortunate habit of saying much in little. You do not waste your words. You are direct, candid, always clear, and not infrequently you utter eloquent thoughts and sentiments mingled with genuine, harmless humor. Two of your correspondents are my old and much loved friends. I refer to Rev. Dr. John E. Edwards and to Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems.

I have known both these excellent and gifted men a long, long time; Dr. Edwards when he was first on the Wake Circuit in 1837, and Dr. Deems, at the Conference in Raleigh, in 1840. I believe Dr. Edwards' first Circuit was the Iredell Circuit. He went on horseback, as did Christopher Thomas, to Newbern, and Mr. Doggett, afterwards Bishop, to Mattamuskeet from Richmond, Va., and Leroy M. Lee to Plymouth, previously to this time, which was in 1835; and on his way, at Salisbury, he stopped with the then youthful, but now venerable John C. Palmer, of Raleigh. There was then but a handful of Methodists in Salisbury; now, their name is almost legion. Mr. Palmer came to Raleigh in 1840. I have heard Dr. Edwards refer to his great embarrassment on being required to preach for the first time before his Presiding Elder, Rev. Moses Brock. As the speaker of the House of Delegates of Virginia said on a memorable occasion to George Washington, "his modesty alone was equal to his merit." Mr. Brock was stern in look and manner, but had a kind heart, and of course he encouraged the timid young man. Who that now has the good fortune to hear Dr. Edwards, with his thorough command of language, his self-possession, and his rich, rapid and rippling style, imagines that he was ever timid or embarrassed before an audience?

Dr. Deems appeared first in Raleigh, at a Conference in 1840. The Rev. John Todd Brame was the stationed minister. On Sunday night he was called upon to lead in prayer. The Church was crowded. The young man was almost totally unknown. But such a prayer! For simplicity, beauty of diction, and Divine unction and power the people present had never heard it equalled. The venerable Dr. Simmons J. Baker, who resided in the Western Ward, in the house now occupied by Mr. James D. Royster, came forward and asked that the young man stay with him. At the close of the prayer, there was a buzz of inquiry all through the house as to who the stranger was.

Your last paper, under the head of "Virginia Conference," contains most interesting letter from Dr. Edwards. I am especially delighted with his beautiful tribute to Spring. It has the ring of the old, old time, when he spoke and wrote with so fine a descriptive power. I remember well the character of his sermons more than forty years ago. His style was full of figures. His delivery was very rapid, even more so than that of Col. Duncan K. McKee, who is still the most accomplished orator in North Carolina. I do know whether he wrote out his sermons or not, but it is probable he did, as he never wanted or waited for a word. I remember once he had to preach a sermon to the colored people. The custom was to give them the Church every Sunday evening, and some one led the exercises and preached to them. Dr. Edwards was troubled as to what his manner and style should be on the occasion, and he asked my opinion about it. I told him his language should be as simple as possible, as plain and as simple as the language of the New Testament. He adopted the suggestion, and talked to his congregation about forty minutes with great beauty and power. This showed his genius. It proved his readiness as a speaker, for I know he had neither time nor opportunity to write

and commit to memory what he said. The colored people were deeply attached to him. They were then led by such men as Handy Lockett, Roger Foster, Harry Smith, Sam Gales and Henry Hunter, now all dead, and their spirits in Paradise, with that of "old George Smith," who was then the humblest and most consecrated Christian in Raleigh.

The people of Raleigh would like to see Dr. Edwards once more, and hear him in the pulpit and on the platform. Will he come? We understand he has been written to and asked to come some time during this month.

W. W. HOLDEN.
Raleigh, N. C., May 3rd, 1886.

For the Advocate.

Our Virginia Correspondence.

BY REV. JOHN E. EDWARDS, D. D.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The General Conference will have convened and made a week's progress in its deliberations before this letter meets the eye of the reader in the columns of the ADVOCATE. Along with the letter will probably appear an account of the organization on the 5th of May—the appointment of the standing committees—the presentation of the Bishop's quadrennial address, and other matters preliminary to the work of the Conference.

In looking over the list of the families extending private hospitality to the delegates, clerical and lay, the somewhat singular feature is revealed, to one acquainted with Richmond, that not more than three or four families, in the city, outside of the Methodist Church, have opened their doors for the entertainment of the delegates during the Conference. This is, perhaps, to be accounted for on the ground that the custom has prevailed in Richmond for many years, for each denomination to entertain its delegates and visitors on the occasion of their great Assemblies, Associations, Councils, etc., without applying to other denominations for aid in the way of private entertainment. This too will account for the fact that so many of the delegates to the General Conference are assigned to hotels and private boarding houses. Happily, all are provided for; and, it is hoped general satisfaction will be given to the delegates and visitors.

LOCAL OPTION.

The "no license" party met with an overwhelming defeat at the elections held in Richmond, and in Lynchburg, on the 26th of April. Of course the liquor men, and those opposed to local option are jubilant over this triumph. But the "no license" party are not discouraged. They say, "might is not right;" but that "right is might," in the long run. The vote was precipitated in Richmond, and Lynchburg, by the liquor party. The friends of local option did not have time to organize and bring their full force to the polls. Withal, the negroes, to a very great extent, voted with the license party. The danger, just now, in Virginia is, that the question of local option will run into politics. This has been deprecated by the temperance party, and a strong protest was entered against it by the local option convention held in Lynchburg; but, despite all these efforts, the trend is in that direction. The secular press, in the State; especially in Richmond, Lynchburg, and Danville, with some honorable exceptions—is very pronounced, not to say bitter, in the denunciation of the preachers for taking an active part in favor of the local option movement. This form of opposition will do much to drive the question into politics. There is no help for it. Bar-room candidates will not be supported by the "no license" party. Independent candidates as temperance men, will be put in the field. That is the talk, at present.

WAITING.

Just at this point in my letter I am somewhat at a loss for something to write about. But, it is the day on which I usually receive several Church papers, and I have but to wait an hour or two and I will be full to overflowing with the subjects of the hour. It is useless to write essays, for the weekly papers on moral questions, and on vexed questions in theology. Living issues—the questions of to-day, form the topics that most interest the readers of a weekly religious paper. And just here let me return my thanks to the large number of the readers of the RALEIGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, who have written to me expressing their pleasure in the perusal of my rambling letters. Here and there, an old friend, almost forgotten—the acquaintance of other years, revives pleasant recollections of events connected with my early ministry, by a friendly letter. These little reminders sweeten the task of writing, and in some sort enable me to conjure up an imaginary personage to whom my letter is addressed: Indeed, it is a habit with me, in writing for the press, to have an imaginary personage, in my mind's eye, to whom my correspondence is addressed. This personage helps me by interrogations, and sometimes by challenging the correctness of what I write.

PROMISCUOUS NOTES.

Rev. L. L. Nash, from the Leasburg Circuit, N. C. Conference, has spent the greater part of the last two weeks in preaching for Dr. Starr, at Main St. Church, in Danville, in the exercises of a protracted meeting. Some considera-

ble measure of success has attended the meeting thus far, and Brother Nash has won for himself the high esteem of the congregation by his zeal and earnestness in the proclamation of the gospel, and carries with him the thanks of the pastor for the valuable assistance rendered in the labors of the meeting. The "Danville College for young ladies" is getting ready for the final examinations, and beginning the preparations for the Commencement exercises, now only four weeks distant. There will be but two full graduates—the first to receive the honors of this young institution. The year has been successful. The catalogue will show an increase over any previous year. Professors Blackwell and Sharp, the joint Principals of the College, are giving proof of their high qualifications for the successful management of a College for young ladies. The Commencement promises to be an occasion of unusual interest. The *Pierian Society* is getting up a programme of exercises for their annual celebration that gives promise of rare entertainment. It so happens that the two Female Colleges in Danville will hold their Commencement exercises at the same time, beginning with the Annual Sermon on Sunday, 30th of May, and closing on Wednesday night, June 2nd. The indications are that nearly all the preachers in the Va. Conference, first and last, will pay a visit to Richmond during the session of the General Conference. It seems that a general revival influence followed the visit of Moody and Sankey at Norfolk. All the Churches in the city, with a few exceptions, have shared in the refreshing and converting visitations of the Holy Spirit, following the religious services conducted by those world-renowned evangelists. Large additions have been made especially to the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian Churches. At the present time, Danville seems to be the focal point to which, a half dozen—more or less—of new railroad enterprises are converging; or, from which, they are diverging. The excitement is, all the time, at fever heat. The tobacco business, which is the great leading interest of this thriving little city on the *Dan*, is just now very dull. Tobacco is low. This, as a matter of course—more than the agitation of the local option question, is having a depressing effect upon the general business of the place. Our Churches are all in a healthful religious condition. The several prayer meetings in the city, conducted by the laity, are better attended than any meetings of the kind I have ever known. In addition to the regular weekly prayer meetings, of the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian Churches, there is held, every two weeks, a young men's union prayer meeting, which is largely attended.

Danville, Va., May 1st, 1886.

For the Advocate.

Reminiscences of Chapel Hill.

More Than Fifty Years Ago.

BY REV. SOLOMON LEA.

I hope it will not be regarded as improper to give a brief sketch of the Faculty with incidents and anecdotes connected with them. First, then, Dr. Caldwell, the President of the College, claims our attention. During the time the writer was there, the Dr. was old and quite feeble, yet he was able to attend to his duties and was always punctual. In physique, he was of medium size, perfectly erect, clear complexion, bald head with a sprinkling of gray and white hairs, piercing eyes, large nose, prominent eye-brows, lips firm and compressed, indicating decision of character. In his palmy days he was doubtless a very handsome man, as he was fine looking in his old age. Mentally he was unquestionably a strong man, and worthy of the position he occupied. As a teacher, he stuck close to the text books, seldom making remarks outside of the author. I never heard him deliver an extemporaneous or a written lecture, in the recitation room. In his government of the College, he was firm, absolute—and I might say severe. The boys were afraid of him, and gave him a very ugly nick name "Bolus," contracted as I suppose, from Diabolus, the devil. How, when and where he received this epithet I do not know; but this I do know, the boys never called him by any other name among themselves. As a preacher he was clear, concise, logical, but wanting in pathos. He always used his manuscript.

Many anecdotes were told about the Dr. We will sketch one or two. Some of the boys had formed a plot to pull his carriage some distance and hide it. The Dr. got wind of it some how and as soon as it was dark he secreted himself inside—and there waited for developments. Here they came by the dozen, some pulling, others shoving and all for fun. Not a word was said by him who was secreted inside. He too enjoyed the fun of having a good ride. And now after tugging very hard for some half an hour or more, they agreed to stop and disperse when, to their surprise and astonishment, the Dr. rose up and exclaimed aloud, "Gentlemen, you will please pull me back again." And at it they went with a vim. I never heard that the Dr. took any further notice of it. Once a cousin of the writer who was noted for his fun and wit was parading one of the long passages in the College building making a good deal of noise, perhaps having taken a little too much of the "overjoyful." The Dr. by chance, or it may have been by design was walking along the same passage.

It was dark, the Dr. caught him by the coat and at the same time my cousin seized the Dr. pulling him along to his room, no sooner did he discover that it was Dr. Caldwell, than he made a low bow, remarking at the same time, "Dr. I really thought you were a nigger." It was enough, it completely disarmed him. Nothing was ever done to the naughty boy.

And now I hope I may be excused for telling a little incident connected with myself. It was a custom in College for the students in the Senior class to deliver a speech during the session before graduation. Nullification was all the rage in the political world at that time. The writer too caught the fever. He wrote his speech in favor of nullification, and as he was afraid to show it to one of the Professors to be criticized, which was required, he handed it to one of the Tutors to be corrected. This Tutor was from the same county and a special friend of the youthful nullifier. The Tutor looked over it and permitted it to pass. It was committed to memory. The time had arrived for its delivery. The chapel was full of students and visitors, some from South Carolina, the hot-bed of nullification. The Faculty were all present. The speeches were all delivered and listened to with attention, attended with no applause except the nullification speech, which was greeted with loud applause by the students; upon which Dr. Caldwell immediately sprang to his feet, struck the floor several times with his cane with a vim, shaking his head violently, exclaiming at the same time, "None of that, none of that." Down sat the crest fallen orator, trembling lest he should get a severe reprimand from the highly-offended Dr. Nothing, however, was ever said to him about it. I have now a most vivid recollection of the whole scene, and see how foolish it was to attempt to make a speech contrary to the rules of the College.

The Power of Sacred Song.

The story is told of a Grecian mother who saw her child on the brink of a precipice. To shout to it might only quicken its vagrant feet to wander closer to the edge, or startle it with fear, so as to cause it to tumble over. She lifted her melodious voice to a favorite hymn, and lured the little one back to her side. So many a sinner has been led to Christ. In the Moody meetings at Dublin, a gentleman over seventy years of age fell on his knees weeping like a child, confessing that he came there utterly indifferent the evening before, but that he heard "Jesus of Nazareth is passing by." "I can not sleep. If not saved now I never shall be." In Philadelphia, Dr. Sheppard said that this song was the most eloquent sermon he ever heard. A prominent Chicago politician, who was a victim of drink, going from bad to worse, chanced to hear this hymn. It was the arrow chosen of God. He became a Christian. An aged sinner in Scotland was awakened by the same and said, "It went through me like an electric shock." Another white-haired man of dissipated habits heard Sankey sing, "Too late will be the cry, Jesus of Nazareth hath passed by," and was prostrated with fear and trembling. He, too, came to Jesus.

A missionary going to establish a mission in South Africa stopped in a Zulu hut by the way, and the first thing I heard was "Hold the Fort" sung in the Zulu tongue. The preaching of song had preceded the missionary. In an English theater, during the Moody meetings, a humorist dared to ridicule the evangelists in a song and was hissed off the stage. In a Dublin theater one clown asked the other, "How d'ye feel?" "Rather Moody," said one; "Rather Sankeymonious," said the other. This was met with hisses, and the audience of theater-going people took up "Hold the Fort," and sung it with grand effect as a reproof. Even Satan rebukes sin sometimes. Lord Shaftesbury said that if the evangelists had done no more than to teach his countrymen that hymn, they had done an immeasurable good.

Moody once told the tale of a shipwreck at the mouth of Cleveland harbor. The pilot saw but one light, the lower lights having gone out. The vessel mistook the channel and crashed upon the rocks. Many a life was lost. P. B. Bliss took the hint and wrote the popular hymn and melody both, "Let the lower lights be burning." "Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand!" by the same, is the poetic version of a scene from real life where the rescued sailors said that their only alternative was to "Leave the old stranded wreck and pull for the shore." The burning of Chicago inspired this same song-writer to compose "Billow of Fire." The last melody he wrote was "Hold Fast till I Come," words by his wife, just before both of them were caught up in a billow of fire in the burning of the train at Ashtabula, December 29, 1876. The last words he sung in public before that tragedy were prefaced by, "I don't know that I shall ever sing here again, but I want to sing, as the language of my heart:

"I know not the hour my Lord will come To take me away to his own dear home, But I know that his presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me."

In the darkness of a December night, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, the train plunged through a bridge seventy feet and burned up. When last seen before they reached that dath-trap,

Mr. Bliss sat with his Bible and a pencil in his hand, composing a hymn or music. It was his sacramental hymn. Only God knows the melody of that unsung sonnet.

Maggie Lindsay, a sweet Scotch lassie of seventeen, was converted at the Moody meetings, December, 31, 1873, and January 27, 1874, met her late in a railway wreck, near Linlithgow. She was reading Sankey's hymn, and had the leaf turned down to the lines, "There is a gate that stands ajar. Little did she dream that she was then to enter 'through its portals gleaming,' one of the King's daughters in white, having just received her wedding garment. The last hymns my dear classmate, Dr. Goodell, at St. Louis, gave out in church the night that apoplexy closed his lips forever have below, were on the heavenly land. He seemed full of joy, yet little knowing that in a few hours he would be gladder yet, within the gates. Let us, therefore, make life a rehearsal of the songs of heaven. It will sweeten life's joys and soften its pains and sanctify our lips for the song of Moses and the Lamb.—Prof. E. P. Thwing.

For the Advocate.

"When Shall It Be Done?"

BY PROF. N. B. HENRY.

In the ADVOCATE of April 25th, Rev. D. H. Tuttle writes a very sensible article on the "Ordination of our Minutes," and asks, "When shall it be done?" If I may be permitted to except the reference to the "ecclesiastical dude," I heartily concur in what Bro. Tuttle says, and would like to apply his query, "when shall it be done?" to the doing away with the examination in the case of those of our candidates for the ministry who are graduates. Why should not a diploma from any recognized College in good standing, stand in lieu of the examination on the literary course? Then if he is a graduate of an accepted Theological school, why any examination on the Theological course? And if a graduate of both, why any examination at all? Why not, instead of requiring such candidates to spend nearly all their time in preparing themselves to stand examinations on certain books, take their diplomas for the examination, and allow the young preacher to devote all his time to his pastoral, his sermons and general culture?

We have just such a preacher in charge of the Chapel Hill work. Notwithstanding he is a graduate of the State University, and spent two years studying Theology at Vanderbilt, he must prepare to be examined upon "the books," for no amount of knowledge will do him any good unless he can "pass on the books." I know that when he ought to be studying his sermons; when he ought to be visiting the members of his flock and instructing them; when he ought to be hunting up unsaved souls; when he ought to be wrestling with God in prayer for an outpouring of His holy Spirit, he finds himself tied down with these books. He knows very well that a certain number will be given him from which he will be expected to repeat the text and give the first, the second, the third, etc., of the sermon which the number represents.

I raise no objection to the fact that our preachers are required to complete a good course of study before they are admitted into full connection; but I do contend that he who completes this course in a good College or University can do it at least as well as he who does it without assistance and while he is serving as pastor; and that his work as an itinerant preacher ought not to be interfered with by requiring him to take the second time the same course of study. While our Conferences thus ignore the work of their own schools, how can the Church expect its members to rise to a proper appreciation of these schools? The members certainly cannot be censured for taking the same view of these Colleges the Church herself seems to take; i. e. that the Colleges do not give sufficient culture.

Chapel Hill, N. C., May 4th, 1886.

How Did You Like The Sermon?

Let us, if only for the sake of variety, change this trite commentary on our Sunday engagements. How did you enjoy the prayers? How did the reading of God's Word affect you? How much reality did you feel in confessing your sins? How many of your sick, weary, sorrowful and sinful friends did you remember on your knees? How much did your thoughts go with the hymns you sung? How much did you pray that the servant of God might be blessed in his word, and that your own soul might be humbled and assured in the love of Christ? And how far has the prayer been answered? O, but you say, these are really private questions. Then put them to yourself, dear friend.

In all charity believe that your brother desires to hold only Christ's truth; but do make sure that you hold it yourself, whether he holds it or not. This is the best undenominationalism in the world.—Spurgeon.

The Methodist Times, of London, England, has an appreciative notice of Jones and Small, and of their work in Cincinnati and Chicago. Mr. Jones was not much known a year ago, and Mr. Small was an unconverted man. Now the fame of their evangelistic work is spreading around the world.