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A Trip Around The World.

(From our Special Correspondent.) THE SANTA ROSA, NAPPY AND YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Here we are in the midst of the fabulous fruits of California. The Sacramento Valley unrolling before us—a panorama of vast wheat fields, orchards, vineyards, clumps of oaks and long lines of eucalyptus. With a large pear in one hand and the other filled with grapes we exclaim in the language of Shema: "The half had never been told." If the dream of Joaquin Miller can ever be realized in the irrigation of this valley its fame will eclipse the records of the Nile.

Our next astonishment is the magnitude and great pulse throbbing of the Solano at Veneta—said to be—the largest ferry-boat in the world, over the San Pablo bay. With four engines, burning coal oil, carrying numbers of loaded trains and locomotives at a time, with a capacity seemingly unlimited.

The bewildering din of the hotel runners and hack drivers at San Francisco renewed memories of a painful predicament during our first voyage from a humble country home in boyhood. With the sun total of earthly possessions packed in an old Cumberland mountain trunk, which had floated down through several generations, we landed in St. Louis. The "Old City of Philadelphia" had scarcely touched port when a dozen porters were pulling at that trunk, and as many more seizing hold of the owner.

For many days it was an unexplained mystery how so many passengers walked off that steamer unmolested when a boy was the central object of a score of hotel pirates. Now the problem is a very simple one. We only remain dumb and press straight forward, we run the gamut with all ease. At the foot of Mark T Street we step into a cable car which soon halts at the door of the Palace Hotel, our home, headquarters during our stay on the Golden Shore.

Our first detour is up the Santa Rosa and Russian river valley. Like most of the valleys of this state it holds a surprise of beauty and fecundity: After visiting almost every nook and corner of these United States none has afforded so many agreeable disappointments as California. It is one of the few countries which, as Emerson would say, "comes up to the brag." In this valley we find many Missourians, designated here by the name of "Pikers." During the immigration of 1846 so many came from Pike county as to give this name to the State.

At Santa Rosa the Southern Methodists have a prosperous college, the autumn term of which opens propitiously. Passing the little city of Pataluma we were charmed with its musical name; thinking it must have some such beautiful significance as Minnehaha or Shenandoah. We turned to a serious looking man and asked the origin and etymology of the name. He answered gravely that "the first settler and owner of the land was Pat Looney and Pataluma is only an abbreviation or corruption of his name." Thus, with one stroke of an Irish shalah, all the poetry was gone.

At Cloverdale we take stage for the Geysers. Here we meet a friend and admirer of the author a "California Sketcher." He thinks the natural history of the advocate and the sketch sound much less apocryphal than one who reads West of the Sierras. We passed the old home of the genial author in San Francisco, where time is weaving a beautiful veil over the red brick front. Probabilities are often much enhanced by a slight change of angle in the stand-point of hearing or seeing. Yesterday an English preacher puzzled me in describing Mr. Spurgeon on Palm Sunday—going into his pulpit with palm leaves in his hands and a crown on his head. Then after preaching came down head over heels. This seemed a very improbable utterance, yet every church-going Christian witnesses a similar feat almost every Sunday in the year.

One hundred miles north of San Francisco at an elevation of 2,000 feet in the coast range we reach the geysers, smoking like a mountain of slacking lime. Here nature prodigally puffs her mediated steam from a hundred vents or safety valves, iron, copersas, salts and soda boil, spout and sputter—a great natural laboratory of mineral munificence. The nomenclature of this region is very suggestive. The approach is up Pluton river, through Sulphur canon. After scalding a hand in the Devil's Tea Kettle, and a slippery passage through the Devil's Machine shop, we pass his ink stand, pulpit, arm chair, and postoffice. Then following the river Styx through the Devil's canyon; concluding our investigations with a steam bath, amid the thick clouds of sulphurous vapor arising from the boiling pools, vividly impressed with the possible proximity of hades.

In the early morning, seated with the driver on a four-horse stage, we go dashing across the mountain to the head of Nappa valley. With the horses in a sweeping gallop on many of the sharp curves, high on the mountain side, it was much like traveling in a balloon. Arriving at Calistoga for late dinner, we find ourselves in an ideal Swiss town, ite-roofed houses, villas and nurseries nestling against the mountain sides. The rushing streams, the fauna and flora. A few glaciers sliding down the canyons would make the picture complete.

the number was the veteran old knight, Dr. O. C. Wheeler, a walking and talking encyclopedia of this anomalous country. This convention, like the Baptists of Missouri, took advanced position on the question of temperance and prohibition. In full view of that spot where these resolutions were passed, are too many vast vineyards and vineyards, for the people generally, to soon come up on the same high ground. However, the day will, doubtless, come when these grapes will be turned into raisins, and feed the world instead of drowning it. There is too much money in making and selling for the greed of gain to relinquish it without a great struggle.

Our next excursion was via the Southern Pacific, down through the extended wheat fields and windmills of the San Joaquin Valley to Berkeley, thence by branch road to its terminus, Raymond, where the inevitable six-hour stage confronts us, with sixty miles of fatigue and dust between us and the Yosemite Valley. It is difficult for an eastern person to realize or imagine the depths of the dust, when rains are six months apart. The low massive bunch oaks, the open spaces, the absence of undergrowth, the meadow like appearance of those foot-hills and mountains, and the dry, wild flowers, all seem familiar at first sight to those conversant with the pen pictures of Joaquin Miller.

The first settlers of this country must have been a pretty wild set, judging from the wild oats now growing over mountains, dale and plain. Doctor Milburn used to say sententiously that "he who sows wild oats must reap wild oats." But many here are reaping without sowing. This is the principal hay baled and shipped as a valuable commodity.

Our first impression of the Yosemite was somewhat disappointing, for we were weary and surrounded by the chatter of thirteen human tongues. To appreciate a wonder like this, you must get away from human chatter without and hush the world within you. Then, with the inner ear of the soul wide open, God may be heard to speak. Like Niagara Falls and the Mammoth Cave, it requires a little time to grow up to a capacity to appreciate. These three are the trinity of American wonders. The one a roaring emphasis of God's omnipotence softened by his perpetual bow of peace which glorifies its cliffs. The cave is as silent as the grave, but eloquent as the Psalmist, every crystal proclaiming: "The hand that made me is divine!" In this valley we walk in a temple ten miles long and a mile wide with perpendicular granite cliffs many thousand feet, upholding a canopy of blue, studded with waterfalls and festooned with fragments of rainbows. The pine cones, the crags, the winds, the waterfalls pouring an eolian chant through all the hours of night in such a temple sleeping! After midnight we arose, dressed and walked alone amid the awful grandeur. The first thought was that the granite ledges of all the mountains had come to resurrection and were pale and dumb before the Lord. The towers, the domes, the spires, the battlements, the arches, the white clouds of solid granite surging up into the air and come to everlasting anchor fill the mountains shall be moved. You hear the winds intoning in choral galleries a mile above your head, and the crash of water as of cataracts in the sky. You trample upon broad shadows that have fallen thousands of feet down like the cast-off garments of descending light. Just after the dawn we reached a little church built by the State Sunday-school Association of California. Resting on the front steps we sat and gazed up to the moon resting like a great Solitaire on Sentinel Dome. The Pleiades were hanging like a coronet of diamonds upon the brow of El Capitan. The great Dipper swinging down as if reaching for the waters of Mirror lake. The wind was blowing loops in the Bridal Veil Falls forming, as it were, a sort of ladder for Angelic feet, ascending and descending from earth beneath to their home on high.

As we sat there upon the steps of the little chapel, wondering how an impenitent soul could ever thoughtfully meet its God in such a place, the clarion voice of fowls for miles began to herald the dawn of day. What a sermon they were preaching on the denial of Peter, and when memory and conscience suddenly reverted to our own denials, in sins of omission and half hearted service, we suddenly burst into a flood of tears. Lifting our eyes to the spire of the little church—pointing so calmly into the blue heavens—we offered a prayer of thanksgiving for His church, for His long suffering, His loving kindness, and tender mercies to the sons of men. In the light of the early gloaming the following lines we read on the church door:

"The hills of God support the skies; To God let adoration rise, Let hills and Heavenly Host Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

With this befitting doxology we concluded our morning walk and worship. Arriving at the hotel we found the Scotch landlady, Mrs. Leilig, busy cooking the deer and trout which were sporting the day before in the mountains and Mercer river. This is the most unpretentious hotel in the valley, and we were somewhat surprised to find the names of General Grant and his party on the register. But when we sat down to the table the mystery was all explained. This energetic woman, whose nine children were born and reared in this valley, is probably the

best cook on the western slope. Better coffee or a better meal we have rarely enjoyed outside of the old McCarty House in Jefferson City, Mo. W. B. PALMORE, *Lilip's Hotel, Yosemite Valley.*

Our Georgia Correspondence.

BY REV. G. G. SMITH.

So you have me down for another year. In my last I said: "whether I write for your next year depends on you," and without further consultation, but with perfect assurance you say I will continue to write; and so I will. My Georgia Correspondence is a misnomer, if it is to be about Georgia, for much of it never touches Georgia at all.

TWO NEW GEORGIA BOOKS however, and one by a Georgian, though not hailing from Georgia, have engaged me.

CALIFORNIA GOLD FIELD SCENES.

by Rev. R. W. Bigham is a unique book, by a unique man. Forty-two years ago he began to travel in the Georgia Conference, and 36 years ago he went to California, and there he spent years among scenes which will appear no more. He was a young fellow then of warm feelings, and bright fancy and he was among the mines and mountains. The Californian now is as common place as a Georgian. He rides on railroads, and stays at Hotels, and reads damp morning papers, and goes to churches, and meets elegant ladies, and sees bright children; but in those days, he met rough bearded men and saw picks and shovels, and revolvers and gleaming bowie-knives and grizzly bears, and if Bigham had told what he saw and felt, and let himself be the hero of his own story, he would have given us a charming book. He has chosen to tell a series of weird stories belonging to these weird days. They are his, told as he tells things, and few will read the book without absorbing interest. I glanced through it first in manuscript, I have looked through it in print. It is not one story, but a series of stories. The scenes of California life are real, and as such make the book a real study. It is published by the Nashville House at one dollar.

ELIJAH VINDICATED.

by Dr. J. A. Clark is a new book highly commended by the book Editor, and by those who have carefully read it. Dr. Clark is one of "Niladmirari" order of scholars, and is rather loath himself to commend what comes from other pens, and we might expect when a man like this turns his attention to authorship, that he would be exceedingly careful as to how he does his work, and so he has been. He could scarcely do more in going over the field, which so many have reaped, than to present in a different way what they have presented, but he has, he has opened up a new mine. He has found out that the intrepid Elijah did not flee from Ahab. I have not had time to examine this vindication, but I have found time to see that there is some very charming writing in the pages, and knowing the Doctor's erudition, I have no hesitancy in saying it is a knowing book, and those who are interested in one of the most remarkable periods in the world's history, and in one of the most remarkable men who ever lived, will find very pleasant and profitable reading in Dr. Clark's Vindication of Elijah.

The Publishing House used to send me, ever and anon, a book to notice. It does not do that now and the copy of the

HIGH CHURCHMAN DISARMED

I bought, but soon after I sold it, so I merely glanced into it. Dr. Harrison is a born book lover and is as fond of controversy as a child is of a red ribbon. After he settled with the Baptists he turned his attention to the High Churchmen. He bought all the books on that subject from Jeremy Taylor to Richard ABBEY that he could find in America; then he went to England and he has given the subject a thorough investigation. He writes with a ready pen, and has given in short space the results of very long and careful study. He thinks he has disarmed the High Churchman. The High Churchman never had anything, but a Quaker cannon, a make believe gun, and he has got that yet, but the Doctor has shown how he would have spiked a real gun, if it had been around. I was much pleased with the book, and advise your readers to get it; not to argue out of it, with men who know how to argue, but to show silly school girls; and young sprigs from Swance, how little they know about their own churches. As to ours I would be ashamed to acknowledge that I knew as little of Chinese Taoism, as the average High Churchman knows of Methodism. To think that a man claiming to be informed enough to write a review article called Frances Asbury, Ashton, and hides from his own pitiful ignorance under the Carol of an Anglo Catholic priest of New England.

The High Churchman is pleasant reading, and suits your latitude.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

I am distressed about your College. It is possible that 80,000 Methodists in North Carolina cannot endow a Col-

lege? That the Baptists, the Catholics, the Presbyterians can, and they can not. Is it possible for you to do without it? What is the answer? The present plan may do, will do, must do, a while, but it will only do for a while.

Dr. Jones cannot come. The South Carolina brethren rebelled, and he stays on a District. So you have no President. I know a young Georgian who can take Trinity College and make it a success, and he is no D.D., nor S.S. Agent either, but he would do it by helping you to fill its halls, and endow it. First you must have students. There is some bosh, about the want of manhood in taking free tuition, and being helped to to an education. Was not John Wesley educated on a scholarship, and supported for years on a fellowship? Are not all our preachers' sons educated without charge, and where is there a matter of race? We must give free tuition, sometimes free board, or the young man must go uneducated. The halls must be filled, and they cannot be filled with paying students. Then the professors must be paid, and they cannot be paid from fees, nor can they long be paid by collections. The free lists must be enlarged and as soon as possible all fees abolished and an income must be provided from some other source, but how? For the time being until the endowment is secured a general assessment should be made upon the church of such amount as the defects in fees amounts to; but an effort should be made to abolish all fees, the following proposition should be made to the church:

That if it will raise \$100,000 in ten years, all fees except for matriculation, etc., all tuition fees shall be abolished. If it shall raise \$5000 this year they shall be reduced 5 per cent, if \$10,000, 10 per cent, and so on. Say the North Carolina Conference moved by the incentive of free tuition to all should offer to each congregation a chance to contribute, with the assurance that every dollar paid should be invested for endowment and credited to the free tuition fund. It would take about as much as we raise for our Conference collection, to bring in \$10,000. With the assurance that every time one gives he gets nearer the goal, can we not through the Conference preachers raise the sum for \$10,000. 125 cents each for ten years, when they know that at the end of this time, all will have access to College halls for free instruction. We have to come to it. The State is not going back. We cannot stay where we are. There may be those not connected in any way with the church who may be required to pay tuition fees, but let the church raise enough to free the church from the burden.

This is the true secret of the success of Emory and Mercer. Emory gives free tuition to every preacher's son. 2. To every one preparing for the ministry. 3. To 80 boys from N. Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida sent by the Quarterly Conferences. 4. To every one who is unable to pay. Trinity must do the same. To charge, as some Colleges do, half rates is to charge more than the student can pay. The fees must go.

This letter is long enough, but I have other thoughts on Conference Colleges which I will give you next time.

For the Advocate.

A Cabinet of Anecdotes and Illustrations.

BY REV. H. T. HUDSON, D. D.

PRACTICING RELIGION.

Rev. Dr. Deems is accustomed to relate some feeling incident before the first hymn in his church on Sunday morning. On one occasion, he related the following: A Christian man one day said to a friend, "Under whose preaching were you converted?" "Nobody's" was the answer, "it was under my Aunt's preaching." He then made an earnest appeal to his audience to have such religion as has converting power in it.

ZEAL WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

Paul speaks of certain persons having a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. There is a kind of zeal, that converts the truth of the Bible into denominational doctrine. Rev. E. P. Thwing gives the following instance: There was a certain preacher, who in the habit of preaching impromptu on the first verse that met his eye, opening the Bible on one Sunday his eye fell on the verse:

"The voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land."

He said: "On first sight one would think there was not much in this text; but on a little consideration you will see a great deal in it. You have seen the turtles sunning themselves on logs in the millpond. They have got no voice, so it must be the *splashing sound* made when they plunge off of the log into the water. For 'The voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land.' Hence we conclude:

1. That immersion is meant by the voice of the turtle.

2. That immersion will become universal."

These are two sweeping conclusions based upon the tumbling of a *hatchshell* animal from a log into a millpond. A man of such denominational zeal can find immersion anywhere.

HEROIC TREATMENT.

An experience of "Camp-meeting

John Allen" with a penitent rumseller, in the early days of his ministry, illustrates the necessity of heroic treatment in certain cases.

At one of his meetings, among those who came forward for prayers was a man with red face and rum in his breath. This man had a little rumshop and was his own best customer. Not making any profession of religion at the meeting, Mr. Allen followed him home and expostulated with him about selling rum. The man said he could not afford to stop because he would lose what rum he had on hand.

Finally, the preacher agreed to buy him out if he would then and there seek the Lord. The agreement was made. As they knelt down, Allen turned the faucet and set the rum to running. The penitent cried out:

"It is wasting, it's wasting."

"Let it waste," said the preacher.

"It ain't measured," said the man.

"Guess at it and be sure to guess enough," said the preacher.

Then Allen kicked the barrel out of doors, and took a hatchet and split the thing open. The battle was won and the man became temperate and religious. Some of the members said afterward, they thought Bro. Allen came to preach the Gospel, and not to kick out rum-barrels. "You cannot get the Gospel in till you kick the rum out," said Allen. His head was level on that point.

For the Advocate.

An Interesting Letter.

MATTERS HERE AND THERE.

The Conference, and Christmas holidays are over, and the pastors are settled in their homes for the new year. After three weeks of delightful rest with my family, I take up the new year's work with faith in God, and an earnest desire to make this year the most useful of my ministerial life. As a Conference we have much to encourage us. The past year was fruitful in revivals, and the largest net gain was made of any former year in our history. Reports made at Reidsville showed a general revision of church lists, and an unusually severe pruning of the vines, yet we have a clear gain of more than five thousand members. The appearance of the minutes will, probably, show that the Washington District made the best report it has made in twenty years. We toiled hard, and all the year, for that result; but, we forgot the toll in the joy of success, and gird ourselves afresh for grander triumphs. "In the name of our God we have set up our banners," and we will follow his conquering footsteps.

The revivals of last Summer and Fall have left their hallowed influences on the hearts of both preachers and people. Our last Conference seemed to me more spiritual than any for some years. The preachers brought the holy fire from their stations and circuits, and made the intercourse with each other a delight. Glory to God for the unifying influence of the Holy Spirit!

The ADVOCATE is still our Conference Organ, and has pleased its congregation so well with the tunes it has played, that it will continue to hold its place in the affections of preachers and people. Some master hands have been on its key boards of late, and the church has been charmed with the music they have made. Long life and greater prosperity to you, friend of my childhood, and companion of my later years!

The interests of Trinity College were, in some respects, the most important had under consideration at our late session; but providential circumstances seemed to thwart the general desire for enlightened judgment, and deliberate action, by the Conference. It was well, therefore, that the Conference committed the devising of a plan for endowment to the Trustees. Only business men are capable of such work, and the more of business talent they can enlist in the formation of the plan, the more likely will it be to succeed. I must believe there are among the eighty-three thousand members in our Conference jurisdiction, at least one thousand, who can give the College \$100.00 and not miss what they have given. Have we not one hundred who could give \$1,000 and not sacrifice any of their personal interests in so doing? What, then is to prevent the endowment of the College? Nothing, but a crude plan, which will be inoperative because of its crudeness, or charging those with the collection of the monies, whose whole time is pre-occupied with other necessary interests of the church. An endowment is a necessity, if the Institution continue to run, and this necessity is more apparent to some who have been charged with the collection of assessments lately made, than to any others. A large part of our membership are not capable of appreciating the benefits of the College to the general interests of the church, and the collections ordered are, among the masses of our people, the most unpopular of all we have to take. Indeed, if the P. Es.' had not been charged with that collection it would have been a sadder failure than it has proved; and in many cases, it has taken bread out of the mouths of poorly paid pastors, who, if the quarterly collections could have been taken for them, would have received many times more than was given.

The experience of the last two years manifests clearly enough, I take it that, if an endowment is secured, it must come from the *few* rather than the *many*, and we might as well look that fact in the face.

Our Foreign and Domestic Missionary collections are in plain words a

show to us. Only thirteen cents per member for missions, puts us down close to the foot of the list, among the churches of Christ that are doing anything to evangelize the heathen world. We have been flattering ourselves, as a church, that we were doing more than any other; but, the fact is, we are doing less than almost any other. I, for one, am glad the Centennial is gone, and its boasts with it. May be we shall in calm survey unlearn some of the foolish conceits then formed. Fifty cents per member will quadruple our contributions for this cause, and nothing but a want of interest in the salvation of men by the church, or a lamentable disregard of ministerial obligation by the preachers can long keep the figures below that sum. Our trouble is that, probably, three fourths of our membership never give anything to this cause so near the heart of our blessed Lord. With the Divine blessing we must do better for our mission fields. If the pastors do not allow the resolutions passed at the late Conference to die at the birth—as they so often do—we shall make a better showing this year than we have yet done.

W. H. MOORE.

For the Advocate.

Boys at College.

A REQUEST TO THEIR PARENTS.

At the boarding schools in North Carolina there are many boys and young men whose names are on the roll of church members at their homes. From the strange neglect of parents, pastors, and teachers, no token of their connection with the people of God is sent with them when they leave for school, or mailed to them or the new pastor afterwards. The natural consequence of this is easily imagined. As they are not known by their new acquaintances to be professors of religion, they are apt to feel less careful about their conduct. They are to a deplorable extent without the sustaining and protecting influence that is involved in recognized union with Christians. They are in special danger of holding themselves aloof from all active religious exercises, and of being overlooked by those who might otherwise give them spiritual counsel and encouragement.

They are not likely to take interest and join in religious work of any kind, and consequently lose the benefit of Christian activity, and fail to do the good to others that they ought to do. That they often forfeit their religious character is by no means astonishing. As their divinely appointed guides and instructors virtually inculcate the idea that religion is a matter of such little importance that no particular attention need be paid to it, it is reasonable that they should follow the example of comparative indifference or neglect. Now, I most earnestly exhort the parents of such students to give prompt and faithful care to this duty. If there be a church of the student's denomination at or near the school he attends, urge him to a formal uniting with that church at once, even if it be probable that he will remain there but one session. If there be no such church convenient, then communicate the fact of his church relations to the officers of the school. Let his pastor make inquiry and urge the observance of the plain duty in the case. If the preparatory teacher is worthy of his place and occupation, he, too, will be concerned about his old pupil's spiritual as well as intellectual culture and make emphatic mention of highest interests and obligations, in the letter of introduction and recommendation.

Another important consideration is the obligation on parents to show some generous regard for those churches and pastors that devote their time and means to efforts to train and save the souls of their children that are away from home. They ought to teach those children to do their part in supporting the ministry and all things of necessary to the usefulness and success of the church. Such teaching, if obeyed will do the children good, at once and on through life; and it will be an enlargement of the parents' service to the cause of Christ. It will be a direct aid to the churches so befriended. It will encourage and otherwise help the minister in his work for those children and for others. Most anxiously do we appeal to those who patronize the University to respond faithfully and promptly to the suggestion of these duties. It is simply a shame that so many parents and guardians have so carelessly overlooked such momentous obligations.

Hereafter let them send the certificates of the church-membership of their boys to the pastor at Chapel Hill; and let them impress upon those boys to identify themselves loyally with their church here and to help to support it.

Though I have not mentioned the case of girls at boarding-schools, I beg that all that I have written shall be applied to them, also, as far as they bear like relation to the duties and privileges considered.

A. W. MANGUM.

Dec. 29th, 1886.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your children, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

RENEW your subscription.