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My Mother's Songs.

Of all the songs from sweetest voices,
In young days, or of old,
That's made my inmost soul rejoice,
However oft they're told,
Are those sweet songs my mother sung
While at the home fireside,
When all the world seem'd blithe and young,
And joy was at our side.

O, I have wandered far away
In sunny lands of song,
And I have heard the minstrelsy play
That thrill'd the listening throng;
Tho' sweet the charm when beauty sings,
And sweet the minstrel's tale,
There is no charm, that memory brings
Like those old songs to me.

Oft in the clear, calm starry night,
Among the leafy trees,
Or on the weird lone mountain height,
And in the gentle breeze,
Or on the rough, wild stormy sea,
When all all is dark and drear,
The dear old songs will come to me—

Sweet is the strange enchanting spell
That lures all thought away,
To warm fireside or woody dell,
Where we were wont to play,
About my boyhood's happy home
Glad memories fondly cling;
And oft the sweet old songs will come,
My mother used to sing.

Through many years of joyous life
I reach the serene and old,
Now all the battle and the strife,
The fierce sun and the cold,
Are o'er for me, and calm I wait
To hear the "joy bells" ring;
For I shall hear Heaven's gate
My angel mother sing.

For the Advocate.

Our Letter From Gilderoy.

Rev. C. G. Rankin of Chattanooga, Tenn., sent me his pamphlet "Two Nights in a Bar Room," with a request that I read it and commend it if I could. I have read it very carefully and with great pleasure and profit, and I now commend it most heartily. It is a terrific handling of the whiskey traffic from nearly every standpoint. I do not know of any small book that is calculated to do more good than this one. The facts are crowded into small space, and they come red hot from the brain and heart of the writer. They have all the warmth and glow of spoken words—indeed they were spoken. This gives a freshness and power to this book that, otherwise, it would not have. Those who are engaged in temperance work will find this little pamphlet a great help. It can be read in two hours, or by snatches of time, at odd moments, such only as working people have. It will do good. Send for it. Circulate it. Sow it down kneedeep. It is exactly suited to these times.

By the way, the temperance and prohibition agitation, so prevalent all over the country now, has done much towards toning up the moral sentiment of our people on this question. Many moderate drinkers have ceased entirely and many drunkards have reformed. If this good work goes on for some years, the inducement to manufacture and sell spirits will not be as great as it now is, or has been in the past. As long as there is a demand for strong drink there will be a supply, unless the strong arm of the law interferes with the making and selling of this poison. The people are rapidly getting ripe for prohibition and they will see that the law is enforced. It will come to this sooner or later. The two great political parties in this country will have to do one of two things:—come up on this question, or go under. There is no other alternative. The people make the parties—they have no existence whatever apart from the people. A political party is good or bad just as the people who compose it are good or bad. It is never worse or better than the controlling majority—in the party. Some people talk about the dear old Democratic party as if it were an entity, a thing separate and distinct from the people who compose it. This is a silly myth—a notion without foundation. Whenever a majority of the people will to have prohibition the thing will be done, party or no party. If one or both political parties in this country were to come up dead some morning, why, the people would still be here and things would move right straight along like nothing had happened. I have no particle of dread myself about the death of this, that, or the other party. A thing that is not a thing can't die and that's an end on it.

But to change the subject again. I see that the papers are discussing transfers pretty freely of late. It is generally agreed that the Bishops have the power to transfer preachers from one Conference to another just as they change them from one circuit, or station to another. In some instances there is correspondence between some preacher and some city charge in which a contract is made, or fairly understood, that the preacher is to ask for a transfer and the stewards pledge him so much money. The Bishop is asked to ratify this contract with his official seal. I have known some cases of this kind. The Bishop may not know of

the contract previously made. The Bishop is made to "play second fiddle" in some of these games. He becomes a mere figurehead to confirm agreements between charges and preachers. If I am not mistaken in my diagnosis of the case, this is the main trouble in this transfer question. Now and then a transfer arises to explain that his transfer was not by a previous agreement, but took him wholly by surprise. I don't believe, for one, that our Bishops would knowingly give official sanction to this mongrel growth in the body of our Methodism. One class of preachers take their appointments from the Bishop as from the Lord, while another class take theirs from the Bishop as per an agreement with official Boards. Some charges take whoever is sent while others contract for the man they want. If this obtains in our church, why, then, our Methodism will be a wheel within a wheel, sure enough. In many instances, perhaps, in the large majority, in the case of transfers, there has been no agreement or contract made. It is, doubtless, unjust alike to both preacher and charge to think or say this. A case where this does occur excites fear in our people lest the itinerancy, in its simplicity, be destroyed. The mass of our people are shy of a preacher who has made a contract before hand; and the great body of our preachers are equally shy of a charge that employs a preacher by contract. Some men think more highly of themselves than they ought to think and this is just as true of some places as of some men. Indeed, some places want a man from some larger place. This looks large, like we were on an upward trend. There is not much of this. In some instances, as soon as a preacher gets to what is regarded the top of the pot in his Conference he must transfer to another Conference where the top of the pot is higher, or supposed to be higher. It must be remembered that there has always been more or less jealousy between town folks and country folks, and between larger and smaller towns, and this may, in part, account for this transfer question. I have noticed that the controversy has looked in the direction of transfers to fill city charges. There may be a tinge of jealousy in some of these complaints. One thing has impressed me. It is this: Whether transfers have been made by previous contract, as some assert, or as the needs of the work require, as they ought to be, they have, as a general rule, turned out wonderfully well. I am more and more convinced that our Bishops understand the men and the work pretty well. I will not, therefore, volunteer any advice to our chief pastors in this communication.

Yours,
GILDEROY.

Stockville, Miss., Feb. 21st, 1887.

For the Advocate.

A Trip Around The World.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LIFE IN JAPAN.

The most constantly recurring theme to a tourist in Japan is the marvel of muscle and speed constantly before him, drawing his kuruma or jinrikisha. He is one of the best natured creatures in the world, and moves into your affections much more rapidly than a horse; though he walks or runs only on his hind legs. Occasionally he smiles back at you and semi-occasionally laughs outright at your mistakes in trying to speak his language. With some baggage my traveling weight was 200 pounds from Nikko back to Utsunomya. Two men of small stature picked up the twenty-five miles and "threw them away" in three hours and forty minutes, averaging about 7 miles an hour.

Another feature of this people, as prominent as it is repugnant, is the custom of blacking the teeth and shaving the eyebrows of married women. This monstrosity in style we account for only on the supposition that the Japanese benedict, like Abraham in Egypt, is afraid everybody will fall in love with his wife. When the teeth are black and the eyebrows are shaved the husband certainly has no grounds for jealousy or fear, except it be of blind men.

When a daughter marries who is an only child the husband generally takes her name. An only daughter and an only son, or one only child, is never allowed to marry another only child—one of the family names would thus cease. Aside from transmitting the family names, this custom impressed me very favorably. It is a master stroke of social economy. Only children are generally the worst spoiled creatures on earth, and if two of them should collide in matrimony there would be no living in the same neighborhood with them.

Captain Miller, of our navy, and Rev. Henry Loomis, of the American Bible Society, were our chaperons on a picnic excursion to the old city of Kamakura, twenty miles from Yokohama. The old temple containing shields, helmets and swords of Orotomo and the great outdoor bronze image of Buddha, are the only remnants of this city of 600,000 who lived and labored in this valley fronting the sea.

In front of the old temple the tree is still standing under the shadow of which Sanatomo was assassinated in the olden days. It is called Icho by the natives and is sacred both in Japan and China. I cut a cane from it as a lingering specimen of the carboniferous age. From the double appearance of the leaf its botanical name is Yuku-Biloba, and

is both exogenous and endogenous. The English scientists call it Salisburia adantha folia, in honor of Lord Salisbury.

Silence now broods like a "gentle spirit" where a half million struggled five centuries ago. The last vestige of the temple that once stood in splendor over the great image is gone. But Dia Butsa, the prince of idols, still stands in perfect preservation, a splendid monument to the genius of the unknown builder. It is Buddha in perfect repose, sitting like tailors and like the Japanese generally do, with their feet and lower limbs folded up under them. The work is so perfect as to conceal all outward signs of its having been built in sections. Its height is 46 feet, circumference 97 feet 2 inches, length of face 8 feet 5 inches, from ear to ear 17 feet 9 inches, length of eye 3 feet 11 inches, of eyebrow 5 feet, of ear 6 feet 6 inches, of nose 3 feet 9 inches, from knee to knee 35 feet, circumference of thumb 3 feet. When this religion was in its glory this great bronze idol was only a part of the furniture of a great temple, now the interior of the image itself answers all the needs of a temple, accommodating all the worshippers in the neighborhood. I wish some Vanderbilt would buy it and place it in Central park beside that other granite monument of a religion that is dead.

In our passage from Yokohama to Kobe our ship was suddenly halted on a rough sea to secure the people from a sinking vessel, whose cargo had all been thrown overboard. Another hour and they would have all been drowned. When our lifeboat reached their vessel was almost filled with water. Only one woman on board, and for the time she was evidently in command, the men having lost their wits and self-possession. When this brave woman, with a heroic smile of triumph and gratitude, climbed the rope ladder on to the deck of our ship, we felt like cheering her as another Joan of Arc. Without woman's influence for good in the home and church there would be but little saved from the wreck of this old world. May the day soon come when all nations shall recognize her place and power, when her means of preparation and education shall be commensurate with her brother.

OUR MISSIONARIES.

When comfortably quartered at the Hiogo hotel, in Kobe, we started out to find our friends of the Southern Methodist Mission recently opened in Japan. Very soon we met on the street our whilom friend, Doctor Walter Lambuth. He had no knowledge of our presence or intended visit to the East, but recognized us at once, the footprints and ravages of ten years to the contrary notwithstanding. Time, eye-glasses and whiskers, add a studious and classical expression to his genial face. We were all soon seated around the supper table of his father, Rev. J. W. Lambuth, one of the veteran missionaries of the East.

At first we were unfavorably impressed with the economy of opening the Japanese mission with this father and son, who are so fluent and forceful in the Chinese language. But there is much greater sympathy and similarity in the Japanese, Korean and Chinese literature than we had supposed. The ordinary Korean or Japanese cannot speak the Chinese mandarins or the classical Chinese, neither can the provincial Chinaman speak it. The ordinary man of one province in China cannot speak the colloquial dialect of another province. But all of them can read the Chinese character. A ship-wrecked Chinaman from each province, a Korean and a Japanese might drift ashore on a single island, not one could understand the speech of a single one of the others, but they could every one communicate with all the rest in the Chinese written character. The Chinese character and literature were introduced in Japan 800 years ago, and is now more or less familiar to every educated man.

Doctor Walter Lambuth had only been ten days in Japan and we were surprised at his rapidity in acquiring the use of their tongue. The Japanese, too, are so very eager to learn the English language that a missionary can do good work who only speaks the English. They have no alphabet, only a syllabary. We think it possible that in the distant future English will be the language of the empire. Their eagerness to acquire it affords a golden opportunity to give them the truths of Christianity. If the church will do her whole duty the empire can be Christianized in 25 years. Then with a Christian nation of thirty-eight millions on the eastern threshold of China, the combined armies of the Lord can meet in the final campaign of the church in the conquest of the "Middle Kingdom" with its hundreds of millions.

From Kobe we had an interesting excursion to the city of Otsee, on the shore of lake Biwa, like Geneva on lake Lemans. With a similar civilization around it this lake, environed with gardens and snow covered mountains in the background, will be a worthy rival of the far famed Geneva. Outside the city near the lake shore they took great pride in showing the Dai Matsu great pine, a low tree measuring six feet through the body while the top is 180 feet in diameter. One limb was measured 100 feet long and only six inches in diameter throughout. The limbs are supported by artificial props. Native engineers are opening a canal tunnel through the mountains for steam navigation between this lake and the cities of Kioto, Osaka and Kobe.

THE OLD CAPITAL.

Kioto, the old capital, we found a very interesting city. Surrounded by mountains it is not only more picturesque but much more susceptible of defense or fortifications than the present capital of Tokio. Here is the old palace where the emperor for so many years was virtually a prisoner like the pope at Rome in the vatican. The relative potency of the emperor and shogun is indicated by the very broad moats and massive walls around the palace at Tokio and the narrow moats and insignificant walls here.

Here we spent Sunday. In the morning we listened to a sermon in English. When the preacher read his text, "There shall be no more sea," he had the undivided attention of that part of the audience whose recent experience on the Pacific had so enhanced their appreciation of this feature of heaven. In the afternoon we listened to a very graceful and earnest preacher as he addressed a large audience of students in their native tongue. He was the Rev. Joseph Neeshimer, whose eventual life deserves a much more extended notice than I can here give. Possibly we may give it hereafter.

The American Board of Congregational church is laying broad foundations here for future conquests. Their superstructure is already rising in strength and beauty. Their church and college buildings are of the most approved patterns of modern architecture, crystallizing in red brick and granite. Like the Canadian Methodists they are sending their very best men to this empire.

The most unique and unaccountable institution we have ever seen is a modern and magnificent Buddhist college here in Kioto. The president, whose name is Akamatsu, went to England and studied three years under Max Muller. The bible with many English and American text books is used. The college building indicates much wealth and is a model of convenience, comfort and elegance. With the dynamite contained in the text books they are using, it is only a question of time when their Buddhism shall be blown into nonentity, for some of the most intelligent native christians were formerly priests of this order. Their religion in Japan is doomed, and the time is not distant when their temples will only be mausoleums for the ossils and antiques of a day that is gone.

W. B. PALMORE.

Kioto, Japan.

For the Advocate.

Our Letter From Nashville.

MR. EDITOR: The cause of the people against the liquor traffic continues to make steady and satisfactory progress in Tennessee. Both Houses of the Legislature, now in session in this city, have agreed to the prohibition amendment to the State Constitution in order that it may go to the people for ratification or rejection. The election will most probably be set for next fall, and your correspondent does not think he is over sanguine when he predicts an overwhelming victory for the prohibitionists, if they will but turn out and vote their convictions. The proceedings of the State Temperance Alliance, which met in Nashville last week, give promise of an organized, active campaign. This meeting was by far the most notable ever held in connection with the cause of temperance in this State. The attendance was large, the character of the delegates representative, and the enthusiasm unbounded. The Southern Methodist was more strongly represented than any other denomination. This was owing to two facts: first that our church is decidedly the strongest numerically in the State, and second that none is more zealous.

The second session of the Hymn Book Committee provided for by the last General Conference, consisting of Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald, Dr. W. F. Tillet, and Dr. C. W. Carter, held a meeting here last week. They spent several days in laborious session. The Committee worked with great harmony. When the several sections shall have reported their work and the Committee of the whole reviewed their work, the result will doubtless be a hymn book meeting the wants and expectations of the Church.

The meeting of the Board of Bishops this Spring, and the announcement of the plan of Episcopal Visitation are looked forward to with interest. Of course, the plan is yet to be determined upon. If Bishop Duncan should go to the Pacific Coast, I will claim only to be a good guesser.

It is now almost a certainty that Bishop Hargrove will make his residence at Chattanooga. The rapid growth of that important Southern city, the development of Southern Methodism there, its advantages as a railroad center for an itinerant Bishop, and the fact that the Northern Methodist Church is making it the base of its operations for the whole South, furnish grounds for the conclusion that the location of this active Bishop and man of affairs at this point would be judicious.

The new missionaries admitted at the recent called meeting of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Board of Missions, Misses Roberts, Gordon and Hughes, and Mrs. Campbell are women of unusual piety, culture and force of character. They made a most favorable impression upon those Nashville Methodists who met them during their short stay in this city. The pray-

ers of the church that the Lord of the harvest might send forth more laborers has been signally answered. Let the church sustain the Missionaries that God has called.

The Commencement exercises of the Medical Department of Vanderbilt University take place to-night. Another large class will be graduated. This prosperous department of our University is fortunate in having in its faculty such men as Drs. Menees and Maddui, who are not only distinguished for medical science, but zealous Christians, who give tone to the institution with which they are connected.

An interesting occasion a few evenings since was the commencement of the Meharry Medical College, the first colored school of medicine ever established. This Nashville Institution has for the past few years been turning out full-fledged negro doctors. The "rabbit's foot," voodooing, and "conjuring" have had their day.

Mr. Barnard, from the Observatory at Vanderbilt University, continues to discover new comets, having quite recently added two more to his list. He is winning not prizes alone, but a national and a European reputation.

I am happy to report Nashville local Methodism in a flourishing condition. Dr. Barbee, at McKendree, is holding special services. The recent meeting at Carroll Street resulted in quite a number of accessions and conversions. Dr. Leitch at West End is vigorously pushing the church enterprise. A lively aggressive spirit characterizes the work of the church in all parts of the city.

The "boom" which has been general throughout the South during the past few months is here. Its latest manifestation is an unusual, and, as I believe, an unhealthy, activity in the real estate market. While it is perhaps not so obviously demoralizing as the mania of stock speculation which immediately preceded it, the wholesale purchase of land for purely speculative purposes cannot fail to injure business and will almost certainly be followed by a hurtful reaction. Men engaged in this speculation show the same signs of feverish excitement which mark the stock gambler, and from what I am told the methods of the real estate shark, are not much better ethically considered than those of his brother of the stock pit. Some men are borrowing money to speculate in suburban lots, generally with the expectation of being able to sell quickly at a good profit, while others are probably drawing money from their business, or withholding it from their creditors for the same purpose. The danger in such a state of things is evident.

We are having remarkably mild weather, indicating an early, not to say, premature spring. The trees are budding, and this fertile blue grass country is already beginning to put on its vernal robes.

The Supreme Court of Tennessee has just confirmed the death sentence against Ben Brown, who was convicted of the murder of another negro about a year ago. The possibilities of crime in the midst of an enlightened community are wonderfully exemplified in this case. The dismembered body was found buried in a tanyard in this city. The head, which was missing, was finally found in a bee-hive on the premises of one of the gang concerned in the murder. Verily, fact is stranger than fiction.

NASHVILLE.

Nashville, Feb. 23rd, 1887.

For the Advocate.

Some Personal Reminiscences.

BY REV. THOS. S. CAMPBELL.

OVER HALF A CENTURY.

Fifty-two years ago I attended the Virginia Conference which met at Lynchburg, Feb. 11th, 1835. It was the time for me to be admitted to the order of Elders, I must needs pass an examination on my Theological and Ecclesiastical studies that my fitness might be ascertained. I had made diligent preparation, as far as my circuit duties would allow. At home I spent two or three weeks in special review. The day before Conference met I was with the committee. My examination being satisfactory, I was elected to the order of Elders and ordained by Bishop Emory, who presided at the Conference.

OF BISHOP EMORY.

I remark; his home was at or near Baltimore. He came on horseback, using two horses; one to carry him, the other, his baggage. He was on his way during the two intensely cold days—the coldest ever known in the annals of our country, during the century. He came very near freezing. He was a man of small stature and light avoirdupoise—not over 120 pounds. He had a large and well developed head; a most benignant and intelligent countenance. He possessed the courtly manners of a cultivated gentleman. Presiding in the Conference, he was as gentle as a woman; as firm as solid granite. He manifested executive ability I have seldom seen equaled; and I may say of unsurpassed pulpit ability. He preached on Sunday from Isa. 60: 22. The theme was the development and extension of Messiah's kingdom, with the agencies employed and success assured. It made a profound impression—especially on the preachers. It was a real benediction to the Conference and the church. How sad was his death! After a short service in the Episcopacy, he came to his death by a casualty; be-

ing thrown from his carriage and fatally injured. Going to Conference.

THE PREACHERS

were exposed in the black hill country to very great suffering, and risk, in such weather. The month of February, 1835, did not afford one pleasant day. It began severely cold and closed with snow ten or twelve inches deep. All travelled on horseback; and they were not accustomed to stop when duty called them to move. Our Conference was interesting, harmonious, and strengthening to the bonds of brotherly-kindness. Then, as now, our Conferences were occasions of renewed consecration, perhaps in a greater degree. It was hard work everywhere, and stinted support always. No easy places, nor fat salaries.

CONFERENCE CLOSED.

On a dismal day; the rain was pouring, so that our departure was delayed. I was read out for Person circuit; was much pleased. A healthful, pleasant country; a four weeks circuit with about sixteen preaching places. But there was a Brother B. the same I rode with from Raleigh to Germantown, who was assigned to Pittsylvania. He was a married man. I was single. It was understood that Pittsylvania was not so likely to make a married preacher comfortable and support him, as was Person. He sought me and earnestly besought me to change with him, to which I assented. The Bishop would make the change, waiting on the Bishop, after hearing the case he made the change. I was getting, as I knew, the worst of the bargain. Person was light work, as compared with the other; a three weeks appointment with nineteen preaching places. Besides

PITTSYLVANIA.

had only been formed two years before, out of Bannister, Franklin and Smith's River circuits. It was served in 1833 by Peter Doub; in 1834 by D. B. Nicholson and H. Alspaugh. Owing to sickness and other circumstances that operated the previous year to depress the work the circuit needed special promptness and care. I therefore resolved on bringing up the work. I left my father's Feb. 26th to reach my first appointment 70 miles distant the ensuing Sunday, March 1.; I was overtaken by the storm which brought the 10 or 12 inch snow before mentioned, but after riding ten miles that bright March day I reached the church; found no person, rode round the house, and went away to find the preacher's home; a comfortable place and warm reception. It was necessary to travel round and publish my arrival and appointments.

MY PRESIDING ELDER

was Rev. J. McAden, a sweet spirited, kind and considerate officer; a very popular preacher; a pure hearted Christian. He yet lives; in possession of mental and physical vigor; perhaps the oldest preacher in the church. He joined the Conference 1814. He is a native of Caswell, N. C., where he was born August 15th, 1795. He was convinced on his first visit that the work as planned was too heavy for me. He adopted measures to obtain a helper and change the circuit to four weeks.

WHAT I WAS DOING.

Without regard to weather, I was meeting all my appointments, riding long distances and preaching nearly every day. On the 10th of May overtaxed powers succumbed. I was prostrated by severe illness; from which I slowly recovered; for nearly two months I was unable to preach. Meanwhile

DR. WILLIAM CARTER,

who had been a local preacher several years, came to my help; he having been employed by my P. E. He took my place and filled my appointments 'til I was able to work. The circuit was arranged for both of us as soon as I was able to work; but I undertook it before I ought. I remember having once fainted in the pulpit after a ride of ten miles on a hot day just as I was opening the services. It was more than a year before I fully recovered; while I wear the marks of that sickness to this day. I felt that I was

VERY FORTUNATE

in my assistant. He was intelligent, pious, and zealous. His father, Col. Jeduthan Carter, lived near the center of the circuit; was Recording Steward; and, indeed, the principal layman of the circuit, competent and faithful. Dr. C. and family lived at his father's; there he and I met once in two weeks. He was indeed a holy, good man. He left a lucrative practice, for he was a successful physician, and served Pittsylvania as helper on a single man's pay. At the end of the year he was taken on trial in the Conference and continued till death. He died at Durham, the home of his daughter, May 4th, 1885.

Our work was to some extent successful. We closed the year with the circuit in good condition. The reports at Conference showed increase in membership and improvement in finances. This was to me a year of peculiar trials and hardships in several regards, as well as abundant labors. The discipline I passed through, by the grace of God, developed in me some of the Christian graces more fully than ever before. As from my present standpoint I review my labor on Pittsylvania circuit, I feel that the Providence which gave me that field was both wise and kind. Lexington, Feb. 26th, 1887.