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For the Advocate. A Cabinet of Anecdotes and Illustrations.

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

THE ROTTEN WALNUT.

Some years ago a Roman Catholic priest in Germany carried a walnut with him in the pulpit to prove the orthodoxy of the Protestant and the orthodoxy of the Catholic Church. Holding up the walnut in full view of the audience, he said: "My hearers, the shell of this nut is tasteless and valueless; that part represents the Church of John Calvin. The skin of the nut is nauseous, disagreeable and worthless, which represents the Lutheran Church. And now I will show you the Roman Apostolic Church." And saying his action to his words, he cracked the nut, and lo and behold to his utter mortification, the inside contents were perfectly rotten.—Crafts.

LISTENING TO HIS OWN SERMON.

Rev. Dr. South was a famous preacher in London. On one occasion he went out in the country to recreate. On the Sabbath he attended service in a small Chapel. "The country parson" arose and preached a splendid sermon. The congregation being dismissed, Dr. South lingered about the door till the preacher came out. Then the Doctor went up to the parson and said: "You preached us a fine sermon to-day—how long did it take you to make that sermon?" "Well, I began on Saturday morning and got ready by night." "Well, you are quick at the business. It took me two weeks to make the sermon you preached to-day." You can imagine how the young man blushed in shame when his sermon stealing was so suddenly flashed upon him. There are a great many rogues of this sort in the world.

KINDNESS CONQUERS AN ENEMY.

"If thine enemy be hungry, feed him" is the Bible prescription for disarming our enemies. Once, so runs an old fable, the Lord commanded an angel to destroy an ice berg, giving him a thousand years for his task. He called to gether an army of men with picks and shovels, and let them pick at the ice berg for many long years, but they made only a hole in it. He then called for storms to beat upon it. For many years the rain fell upon it, and the winds whistled around it, but it only grew larger. The angel went back to heaven, and said: "Lord, I cannot destroy this great mountain." The Lord said: "I will show you how to conquer it." So he called upon the sun to shine with warm rays upon it; and the South soft winds to breathe upon it. And soon the great mountain of ice melted away, and only showed where it had been by the green meadows, all greener because of its moisture. The lesson is easy. Let the warm beams of love shine upon your enemy. Do him a kindness. Pray for him. Melt him down by your sweet spirit. Christ wins us by loving us. Be ye Christ-like and you will win and save even your foes.

WHY THE CHILD WAS TAKEN.

Some years ago, lived certain parents, unacquainted with the way of life, who had an only child, the centre of all their joys, but who was early taken from them. This bereavement at once put them in great displeasure against God's dispensation; and they demanded of their minister, how God, "if he were love, could deprive them of their only child." The good man promised them an answer at the funeral discourse, and accordingly addressed them at its close in the following words: "You ask me why God has taken away your child. Listen to a parable: There was once a shepherd who prepared choice food in a fold for his sheep; he opened the door wide, but the sheep would not enter. Long did he weary himself to induce them to enter, but farther they turned from the open door. At length he takes a little lamb from the flock, and carries it in; and lo! the parents follow after. That good shepherd is Christ: the open fold, heaven; your child, the lamb. If you have the heart of parents run after it, The Lord bears away the little lamb, that ye parents may be drawn into heaven."

HOW THE PREACHER DISARMED HIS MAD HEARERS.

There was a zealous preacher in the South, who went to preach at a certain place, where the people were bitterly opposed to the Gospel. The preacher was told that if he attempted to hold a meeting there, they would "rotten" him. But nothing daunted, he went right on to the place. Everything was in readiness to carry out the threat. Before the preacher began, he said he wanted to tell them a story. So they let him tell it. He said: A man in Texas went to a certain town and sold a drove of cattle. Putting the money in his pocket, he started home. Night coming on, instead of stopping at a hotel, he spent the night in the woods under a tree, his faithful dog sleeping by his side. Starting off next morning, he found his dog refused to follow him after a short distance, but kept running back and barking. The man got mad and shot his dog, and then rode off. But becoming very sorry about it, he rode back, and the dog had dragged himself up to the place where he had spent the

night. And there beside his master's bundle of money, he was lying. The man had dropped his money and gone off without it, and the reason the dog refused to follow was to get his master back to get his money. So the faithful dog lost his life in trying to save it. "Now," said the preacher, "I am here like that dog, to tell you of the treasure you are losing. Rotten-egg me if you want to."

But they didn't, they heard him gladly.—Moody.

BEATING RELIGION INTO A MAN.

Away back in Alabama there was a blacksmith, who used to whip every Methodist preacher sent on the circuit. So at last it became difficult to find a preacher willing to travel it. The Conference, however, sent there a large, double-fisted man, who did not take stock in the terror inspired at the name of the blacksmith. It was not long till the preacher was on the circuit. As he approached the shop of the pugnacious Smith, he was singing in a loud voice:

"I'm on my way to Canaan."

Out came the blacksmith, saying: "I suppose you are the new preacher on this circuit." "Yes, the Conference has sent me here to preach this year." "Well I have been in the habit of whipping every preacher sent on this circuit, and I must whip you too—" "Why, my friend, fighting is a bad business. Come, let me go along." "No, Sir, I must whip you." "Well, if you insist upon it, I suppose I shall have to submit to it." The preacher dismounted, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and at it they went. The preacher knocked him down, and mounting upon him began to sing:

"I'm on my way to Canaan."

After beating him effectually, the preacher said: "Now, my friend, I am going to preach to-morrow four miles from here, and you must promise to come to meeting." The Smith refused. At last by dint of hard knocks, he agreed to go to meeting. "Now," said the preacher, when you have said the Lord's prayer you can get up. The blacksmith said he wouldn't do it for he did not know a word of it. "Well," said the preacher, "I will teach it to you, repeat it after me." "Our Father which art in heaven" (thump) followed by the name (thump) "Thy kingdom come," (thump) Finally the prayer was repeated, and the Smith allowed to rise; and from that time the Methodist preachers travelled the circuit in peace.—Wm. D. Johnson, D.D.

For the Advocate.

The Support of the Ministry.

BRO. REID: A communication in regard to giving "tithes," which you published two or three numbers back breathed the right spirit, and ought to be read by everybody and everybody ought to take heed. My voice is ever for the support of our preachers. The sin of omission is far greater than that of commission, for many strive to avoid the latter whilst the former is of general practice. The failure of doing duty is very grievous, and in the matter of giving for the support of the gospel, the failure brings oft time sadness around the fireside of a faithful minister. In some sections, we will say, perhaps a board of stewards meet to fix the salary of their preacher for the coming year. Some brother suggests that \$500 ought to be sufficient pay—that this is more money than he handles during the year, seeming to forget that all of his meat, corn, potatoes and bread he raises himself, and that the preacher has to purchase everything from a needle to a barrel of flour. Farther than this, besides having a wife and four children, perhaps he is subject to having to entertain not a few preachers and passers through, during the year. Now, take himself, wife and four children, six in all—the five hundred dollars only gives a little over eighty dollars a year to support each one, which is less than seven dollars a month for food, raiment, etc., to say nothing of his horse feed. Now people want good strong preaching and in order to have that a preacher, must study, and in order to study he must have books, which is no little expense to him. Besides this he has to go to District and Annual Conferences which takes money for travel, etc. Especially the etc., for what Methodist preacher ever left a Conference with any money left in his pocket? He is drained from the first day till the benediction is pronounced. Perhaps this brother that proposed the \$500 salary, goes up to Conference himself one time. A call is made to raise money for some very worthy object. One preacher says I'll give \$10, another \$5, and so on, and finally this man's preacher responds 50 cents. The aforesaid brother drops his head and says: "I'm ashamed of my preacher—just think, only 50 cents." Ashamed of your preacher? You ought, my brother, to be ashamed of yourself. The reason he gave no more, was, you did not allow him a salary sufficient to even give this. He thought that the last nickel he had, though at last when he did take a collection for the sexton he found stuck down in one corner of his vest pocket a five cent piece and in it went. It was the last metallic substance left, save a button which he burst off his vest the day before, after eating turkey at Brother Fairwell's. Then, my brother, you went home and told your wife that you saw some preachers there nicely dressed, but your

preacher's clothes looked shabby. Do you know why this was, my brother? The truth of the matter is your preacher had not been paid enough to be able to buy a new suit, and he would not go in debt.

Then again, it happens preachers are sometimes asked to go off and deliver a lecture, and just such men as the aforesaid brother, allow him to come and go, and pay his own expenses—presumably concluding that the honor was sufficient for him. That sort of honor cramps the pocket. I have heard it related of a preacher once stationed here, who was called upon to marry a couple in an adjoining county, and as the preacher was nearer the groom's county seat than he was, or it was more convenient for him to get there, would not he be kind enough to get the license. The preacher took steamer, went to the county seat, got the license, paid for it, and his fare both ways, then the train, got off at the proper station, married the couple, and the fellow did not even pay for the license, to say nothing of his other expenses. This was another case where the honor of the thing must have been considered sufficient, and it was about as bad as a case I once heard of when a committee of a masonic order wrote to a brother, (who lived at least 125 miles away) inviting him to deliver a lecture before them at a certain time. The invitation was accepted, and in due time he went. At the depot no committee was found to meet him, no place was assigned for him to stay. He finally found a place where he was allowed to sleep by sleeping with another man. Night came on and he wandered over to the lodge, a procession was formed to march to the hall—no place assigned him, he fell in at the tail end. He delivered his lecture, paid all of his own bills and came home. After being at home some days a gentleman, not of the committee, wrote to him asking what his expenses were. This was presumed to be the generous impulse of an individual. Therefore he replied, saying he had no bills. "The honor was sufficient for him."

What I want to impress upon the minds of our people is the duty we owe God's cause, and His servants. If all would come up to the full measure of their means our preachers would receive that support which is justly due them. They wear themselves out on meager salaries; then are set aside on a few crumbs which fall from the Conference collection table.

Truly yours,
W. M. PARKER.

For the Advocate.

Judging Our Fellows.

BY "MARY WILSON."

The real life of a man, or woman is what is felt and thought, what we really are, not what we may do, say, or appear to be. Of course if the fountain is pure, so will be the stream, but the trouble is, we are not always wise enough to know if a thing is pure. We each have our own idea of what is right and good, and if we are Christians we try to judge by what our Bible teaches us, still we mistake very often, and we may think a stream pure because it is beautiful and clear, when really the waters may be as bitter as the waters of Marah. So we may believe a fountain to be impure if we find the stream stirred up and muddy, when if we would only wait awhile we could soon see that the water was sweet and clear. It is well enough, we are told again and again, not to judge others, for we cannot do it with any degree of justice. One may be surrounded in such a way by peculiar circumstances as to make it impossible to see or imagine what the real life of the person is, besides as we are none of us alike, and as each of us can understand only a small part of God's great whole, so we cannot always know whether our friends are right or wrong. Their fruit is so foreign to ours, so unlike any we know about, that we don't know whether it is good or bad. We can always tell our own condition I am sure, but we can seldom tell the state of another. What they do and say. What they think, as far as we understand it, may seem wrong to us, and yet, God must have need of just that, for has He not made in our world things we dislike, that we dread and find hurtful to us? If we had been asked about it we would have advised the leaving of such things out. We don't know such I'm afraid, and there is great danger of condemning things and peoples, actions and words, when we know nothing about them at all. Some one said of a lady, "Oh, she is not good at all, why she writes novels!" The "same one" did not know that the lady used her novels only as a pretty frame work to hold up her lovely thoughts; only as a setting for her jewels. It is so easy to mis-judge, so hard to give each his due. So few can put himself in another's place. If you had been one of the twelve, don't you think you would have found fault with some of the rest? We do often find fault now because our fellow disciples act in a way we happen not to fancy. They cast out devils without being along with us. Two of the best women I know have never joined any church. One other I know was never baptized, and never takes communion. Yet they do the Master's work, they feel His presence, they love Him above all else. Shall I say they are not His servants? Shall I say that He who loves them, He who guides their lives would have them different? Ah! God's love is

wider than we know. His purposes are too mighty for us and His ways past finding out. His will is being done in places we know not of. He is in hearts where we least expect to find him. His work is going on where we do not recognize it.

For the Advocate.

Trinity College Again.

The subject that is of most importance to North Carolina Methodism today, is Trinity College, an institution that has a curious interesting history, and a career mavelously grand. Notwithstanding this, its claims have been at the door of every Methodist in this Conference, seeking their patronage, their prayers, and their money for at least fifteen years. Through all these years there has been much talk, writing, promising, and subscribing, but very little money and not enough patronage. It seems to me that the time is here when resolutions, reports, speeches, and promissory promises are of no avail. We have given these measures a fair trial, and our debt grows larger and continues to embarrass our College. Now, Mr. Editor, allow me to say that if we are to continue the same course we will again realize the inglorious failure that we have already too frequently met.

I know there are difficulties in the way, many of them, and troublesome ones, but the great difficulty, and upon which all the others hang, is the debt. Some say endow the College and then pay the debt. The last Conference considered plans for the endowment of Trinity when it seems they could not pay a \$7,000 debt. Endowment with the debt is impossible, and a very unwise step if it were not impossible. If some of those good liberal men of our church who want to give from \$1,000 to \$2,000 to endow the College will pay off the indebtedness of the College, it will be a better deed still, and open the way to a large and handsome endowment immediately. Because people have not, I am led to believe they will not give to the endowment, while the College for debt trembles under the sheriff's hammer.

I do not propose to call in question the action of the Conference, or of the Trustees in handling the debt, for that might be unkind as well as unnecessary. I do not intend to examine methods used to pay this debt, for they have failed. But I am pretentious enough to state a plan I believe, if properly operated, will pay the debt, and I may add it can be so operated. Let the Board of Trustees put an energetic, and prudent man in the field, and close all newspapers against him, and he to them with their endowment, to collect money on the debt. The collector, thus appointed, to approach proper men for money to be put on deposit in bank, or if not convenient to put in safe hands, payable to the order of the Trustees when they, over the signatures of their officers, state that full enough has been deposited to pay the entire indebtedness of the College; and in the event they (the Trustees) fail to get the whole amount on deposit, then the depositaries shall return the amount to the depositors.

This plan, unlike all the other plans that have been used, gets the money out of the hands of the people, and in reach of the Trustees, but not in their hands, unless the whole amount is raised. The Trustees have not failed, heretofore, to get "subscriptions," "notes" and "pledges," but failed to get the money. This plan makes all pay who promise.

There are many who have subscribed and paid, and will pay more if they can see clearly that when they pay it the debt is paid, and they will not have to pay unless all the others who promise do. I know men in the circuit in which I live, who on a plan like this will pay from \$1. to \$50, and they are all over the State.

Now, Mr. Editor, this is no pet theory of mine, but are my honest views. If others have better plans and more willing efforts, let them use them. I believe a poor plan faithfully worked is superior to a fine plan well concealed. We are tired of so much talk and no action, so many promises and no fulfillment. Let the Trustees act, and act in a way to restore and hold the confidence of the people in the College. Let them not say in the spring that the "old debt is provided for," and then at Conference say the debt is large because the interest has not been paid. Let those who most loudly proclaim their "devotion," "fidelity," and "unswerving loyalty" to Trinity College pay their "notes" and "pledges" before they make their professions. The stomach of Methodism has revolted at such sickening professions of fealty as we make, and then do nothing for its relief. Every member of the Methodist church ought to say, and must say, if they are faithful to their vows; "I will show thee my faith by works." The love we have for our families causes us to support them. The love we have for the church supports the church; and if the love for Trinity College exists, which we are so willing to claim, if it is as broad, deep, and sweeping as we would have others believe, then it will call forth an individual, as well as a collective, energy and start an endowment that will be highly gratifying to all the lovers of Trinity College, and the friends of education generally. There are men and women all over this broad land of ours who are willing to pay, yes, pay their dollars—few or many—to this good cause, and then

watch that grand old educational ship, all weather-beaten by the storm of years, enter the harbor of financial repose. God save our gallant old ship!

JOHN SMITH.

For the Advocate.

Our Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

There was a time, not many years ago, when the adjournment of Congress was a signal for Washington to fall into a comatose state until the dawn of the next session. It is not so now. The growth of the city and the fact that it has become a great Mecca of travel, visited by thousands every week in the summer and winter, have made the presence of Congress quite unnecessary to the maintenance of activity.

You may come here now at any season of the year you prefer and there will be something for you to see or hear or attend, something to interest you, either of a political, scientific, religious, artistic, educational or social character, and perhaps all at the same time, for Washington, as the capital of a great nation, is the centre of many national interests. But all this does not reconcile its citizens to the departure of the lawmakers. Their absence is always regretted, and their return joyfully welcomed.

The beauty and desirability of Washington as a place of residence is rung on many changes, both by citizens and visitors. Hon. Arthur MacArthur, justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, who had just laid aside the ermine, expressed himself enthusiastically on the subject. "Washington will continue to be my home," said he. "It is the prettiest and pleasantest place I know. In fact a residence of a few years here disqualifies a man for residence anywhere else." Judge MacArthur has served on the District bench seventeen years, and retires under the statute which allows a federal judge to resign on full pay for life at the age of seventy after he has served ten years. He said he would retire while he knew how. He did not want to stay until he got so old that people would say "why don't he retire?"

Washington has been called the most polite of American cities, the most intelligent, well bred, hospitable and gracious, but it is also understood to be the most immoral. So much has been said to its discredit in this last particular that many people of the country are of the belief that no good can come out of the National Capital. The character of petitions and memorials relative to the District that are laid before Congress also show the existence of erroneous impressions on this subject. Again, Washington does not consist of Congress as in times past, and there is probably no American city now where church life is so intensely active as here. Agencies for reaching and improving the condition of the working classes, mentally, morally and spiritually, are busy at work in every quarter of the city. Churches for special purposes are springing up, meetings are held for workers of different kinds, homes are being made for friendless children, and fallen women who want to lead better lives, and careful work is done in hospitals and asylums.

These are only some of the forms that the church work takes, and all is done systematically and thoroughly and with an earnest zeal that is making itself felt for great good. It is creating an influence that will exert untold power on the thoughts and lives of the people of the future Capital.

One peculiarity of Washington life is the fact that so many of the society people find time to interest themselves actively in church work, not merely by becoming patronesses of this and that thing, but by giving personal attention and labor to them. It is usual to find those whose names are daily reported as being socially distinguished, working with the clergy among the poor, in relief associations, and in the many forms of charitable work, making their influence felt, and doing good in a most self-denying way. Congress, the Cabinet, Army and Navy, Bench and Bar, can each show a list of the names of noble men and women, who are zealous in good works of which the outside world knows nothing.

Washington, D. C.

There is nothing will make you a Christian indeed, but a taste of the sweetness of Christ. "Come and see" will speak best to your soul.—Samuel Rutherford.

The true Christian is like the sun, which pursues his noiseless track, and everywhere leaves the effect of his beams in a blessing upon the world around him.

He that has feasted upon God's goodness is desirous that many more shall sit down at the same table. "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good." Let this be life's test.

Character in a preacher is the very force in the bow that launches the arrow. It is latent heat behind the words that gives them direction and the projectile force.

Don't seek popularity. Let it seek you.

For the Advocate. The Rambler.

Irregular church-going is as dangerous a habit as irregular eating; one can live on it, but it is very apt to produce a bad case of dyspepsia. This accounts in some degree for the proverbial ill health of non-church-goers; they are ill—no doubt of it—but there is soul sickness and body sickness, and some folks get them badly mixed. A good sister whose ill health has kept her from church for two years walked a mile in the rain recently to spend the Sabbath with some friends, and pulled her bonnet over her face when the minister passed her on the road. There is not a word here for the dear patient souls who are kept at home by real affliction and whose hearts long for the courts of the Lord. Somebody who reads this went to church last year every time a prominent preacher came around and did not go to hear the pastor once. I have been wondering what your pastor thinks of that ugly habit of yours. You think he is mad, and possibly he is, for he is only human and you have treated him with the grossest disrespect; but I am confident that he has thought of something else; he has been wondering whether you go to church to meet the big preacher or to meet the Lord. If you go there to meet the Lord you might occasionally find Him when your pastor is there.

The last bell was ringing and the friends who had dropped in at the parsonage had put on their bonnets and stood waiting for the preacher to take the lead. "O," said the preacher as he stretched himself to full length in his easy chair and leaned back languidly upon the soft cushions, "O, I don't believe I will go to-day; I am feeling bad and wife isn't very well and there is nobody to take care of things." When I did anybody ever hear of the like! That was a sensation—of course. Why? Couldn't the preacher stay at home if he wanted to? O, but he is paid to go, you say. Then you mean that if you had the preacher's salary you would be willing to serve the Lord better than you do—eh? You would like to exchange places with the preacher and serve the Lord for pay and let him serve the Lord for nothing? You think that five dollars a Sunday would stimulate you to keep the fourth commandment a great deal better than you do!

My neighbor will not accept the Bible because he cannot understand it. I tell him he can understand as much as he can put into practice now and the future need will be supplied when the future comes. But this does not satisfy him: "I cannot accept anything I do not understand" he repeats with emphasis, and turning impatiently upon his heel, for the thousandth time breaks off the argument with this precious fallacy. Strangely enough my neighbor is something of a scientist, and knows better than the unscientific masses can know that there is nothing without its mystery. When an ignorant man comes upon a thing he cannot understand he says it "the nature of the thing," and with him that settles the difficulty; but my scientific neighbor knows that nature is but another name for mystery itself. He is a chemist; Chemistry has its mysteries and cannot exist as a science unless something is admitted at the start: no one knows this better than my neighbor, but he does not think of rejecting his favorite science. Why should he require of religion what he does not require of any other science?

"But these mysteries are absurdities." Why absurd? Because, says he, they are unlike anything he has ever seen or heard of in any other science. An old man in the Brushy Mountains who was confident that the stars were so many holes in the sky thought it a very absurd story when I told him of the vast systems filling all space with their suns and planets. It was so different from anything the illiterate root-digger had ever seen or heard of! My scientific neighbor thinks he was very foolish to express an opinion of a matter which he knew nothing about, but my neighbor, who has spent his life studying the physical sciences without so much as learning the a, b, c of the science of religion and yet does not hesitate to condemn the gospel of Jesus as a very absurd affair, is only clinging to the old root-digger's coat-tails for salvation.

The infidel will not accept the Bible because he cannot understand it, but there are thousands of Christians who would be tempted to give up the precious book if they could understand it. I should succeed in explaining all of its mysteries I would not feel by any means certain that the mind which produced it is infinitely greater than mine. A book must reflect the mind of its author. God's mind is in The Book, and the mysteries in its pages are so many comforting assurances of the fact. We cannot grasp God's thoughts until we have Christ's mind. As we grow Christ-like the mysteries vanish; if we grow to be equal with Him all darkness will pass away; until then there must be things "hard to be understood." Let us learn to thank God for mysteries.

EDWARD L. PELL.

RENEW your subscription.