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For the Advocate.  
**Some Plain Thoughts on Great Subjects.**

## THE TRINITY.

This is an age of spiritual pride. Men of small calibre are arrogating to themselves the responsible position of leaders of thought, and are immodest enough to give their peevish productions the high sounding title of "Progressive Thoughts on Great Subjects." Such is the title of a pamphlet that came to the editor through the mails recently. The author claims to be the pastor of the First Baptist Church at San Jose, California. I think the Rev. A. D. Betts had never read this pamphlet, when he wrote that short notice of the meanest kind that he ever read. I was not possessed by the title "Progressive Thoughts on Great Subjects," for I had learned that heretics generally arrogate to themselves the honor of being the great thinkers of the age, and that those who adhere to the faith once delivered to the Saints, are intellectually a feeble folk. Were it not for the fact that a certain publishing company of Philadelphia is sending out to all the ministers of every denomination, both young and old, these heretical publications, and that there is danger of many persons being hurt by this poison, and much harm coming to those who are not so careful with the arguments by which these errors have been refuted a thousand times, I would not notice these productions. But there seems to be a sort of a mania in some quarters, among preachers, to be considered great thinkers, and to be abreast of the age. Hence a few plain words on this subject, from a plain man, who loves God, and His truth, may not be amiss.

The first thing attacked by these advanced thinkers is the doctrine of the Trinity. Their statement of the doctrine is a slander upon the faith of orthodox Christians. We will state this doctrine, and then give the proof upon which this statement is made. There are three *distinct*, but not *separate* persons in the Godhead, of one substance, power and Eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. God the Father is the fountain of the Deity, and the whole Divine nature is communicated from the Father to the Son, and from both to the Spirit, yet so that the Father and the Son are not separate, nor separable from the Divinity, but do still exist in it, and are most intimately united to it. So that, in the unity of these three distinct, but inseparable persons, we have one God. The second person in the Trinity is the Eternal Son of God, who took upon Himself our nature, and became man, and made an atonement for our race. That the above statement is true, we must depend entirely upon revelation to prove; and it is the honest opinion of the writer, who flatters himself enough to say that he has read the various opinions of those who claim to be advanced thinkers, without prejudice, that there is sufficient proof to establish this fact, the Trinity of Godhead, beyond all, in all honest minds, who are not inflated with intellectual pride, and are more ready to make to themselves an intellectual God, than they are to worship the God of the Bible.

The proof from Scripture that there are three persons in the Godhead, is, 1. That, while God is declared to be one, yet He reveals Himself to us as a plural unity, so to speak. The first name of God revealed in the Bible, is a plural name, *ALM*; and to connect in the same singular manner as in His name, *plurality* with unity, it is the nominative case to a singular verb. We are told by Hebrew critics, that the literal reading is, "In the beginning *God* created the heaven and the earth." At the mighty one, another name of God, is *ALM*; plural *ALM*, the mighty ones. In the Greek, *AL* is rendered *THEOS*, and *Alm* is rendered *THEOS*. *Alm*, the potent one, has the plural, *ALM*, the potent ones. *ADON*, is the plural form of *ADON*, a governor. "I will be *ADON*," (Mal. 1: 6.) Other plural forms of speech occur when only the true God is spoken of.

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." (Gen. 1: 26.) "So God created man in His own image." "And the Lord God said the man is become like one of us." A large number of texts might be quoted in which there are two or three persons spoken of, never more than three. (2) In the New Testament, we have the Trinity revealed as clearly as words can express any idea. "Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost;" with others in which the sacred *Three*, and three only, are thus collected of equal trust and honor, and equally the fountain and source of grace and benediction.

For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost." (1. John 5: 7.) This passage has been disputed, and Trinitarians have not contended for its genuineness; yet there is far more reason to accept it, than to reject it from the sacred canon. This is the opinion of a plain man, not, notwithstanding it is eliminated from the revised version. But it is universally agreed among Orthodox divines that the proof of the Trinity is overwhelming without this text being genuine, and I believe the objection to it was raised by those who opposed the doctrine. Furthermore, I believe our late translators of the Scriptures were far more biased by the

opinions of these advanced (?) thinkers than the church is aware of. I believe that this unitarian, or Beecherism heresy, is far more general than most people think. I can only glance at the arguments in a newspaper article, but by doing this I hope to stir up the minds of our young ministers, and others, to a review of these fundamental doctrines of our holy religion. I am especially anxious to divert the attention of those who have been so wonderfully helped by reading Beecher's works, from these vagaries to the solemn, substantial thoughts, of such minds as Richard Watson, and that class of thinkers.

In my next I will state some arguments on the Atonement, and notice some advanced thought on that subject.

## PIEDMONT.

### For the Advocate. Our Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington is dull, terribly dull just now, all the newspaper correspondents think. Second-Term gossip has about died out, and the complicating situations to which it gave rise have been worked for all they were worth. Spring is here with such accessories as sunshades, buttonhole bouquets, strawberry vendors, street harpists and the woman with the hand organ and the baby, but society is comparatively quiet. Weddings are still in vogue, but the gay world was pretty well exhausted with the winter's rout and does not revert to its occupation with its ante-lenten zest.

But April's torpor in Washington will be more than compensated for by activity in May. Everybody is talking about the National Drill, and preparations are being carried forward as rapidly as possible. General Augur, who has been appointed commandant of the camp, is in appearance commanding, and the embodiment of soldierly qualities. He wears side whiskers and eye-glasses and is altogether a very fine looking officer. He lives with his family in an old fashioned brick house in Georgetown, and is on the retired list of the Army, for which he remarked that he was glad, because he would have leisure to attend to his new duties, while if he were in active service he could not have accepted the position.

But the Drill is not the only event billed for May. Society always flocks to the Jockey Club races, and they will come off next week. Then Forepaugh's circus is coming. Patti is coming, the National Association of Hotel-Keepers is coming, there are to be reunions of one kind and another, and the unveiling of the Garfield statue and the meeting of the Army of the Cumberland will also take early in the month of flowers.

It looked last week, before President Cleveland's views and wishes concerning a second term had been reported, as if nothing on earth could prevent his renomination. Now that the manifestation of alleged coyness and indifference concerning that possibility is alleged of him, it looks as if his renomination could not be prevented by anything on the earth beneath or in the heavens above. Above all things else the human heart desires the inaccessible, and if Mr. Cleveland should see fit to say definitely that he did not wish to be President for a second term, there would be a general clamor for him, coming even from those who are now his political enemies.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has been wrestling with the long and short haul across the continent. All the transcontinental railways have applied for the suspension of the short-haul clause, and have put forth as good if not better reasons why it should be done than those that were given and proved sufficient in the case of the Southern railways. It looks as if the Commission will have to serve all alike, although it is a court authorized to decide different ways for each railroad. It can suspend in one case and refuse to do so in a precisely similar one.

While our law-makers are away, conveniences and improvements at the Capitol which they voted money for are gradually being made. Two new elevators are to be put in place—one at the Senate end and one at the House end of the building. There will then be four elevators in the Capitol—one at each of the four corners, which will add greatly to the convenience of visitors as well as legislators. The contract for constructing the two new ones was yesterday awarded to a Chicago Company, at \$6,345. The amount appropriated by Congress for the whole work was \$27,000.

The landscape architect of the National Capitol recently made the grave mistake of setting out evergreen trees on the new marble terrace around the north and west fronts of the Capitol building. The Dome has long been criticised as looking too large, or out of proportion to the rest of the structure, and the terrace was planned and built for the purpose of increasing the apparent height of the building.

Of course these trees break the architectural continuity and destroy absurdly the very illusion of height which the terrace is intended to create. Instead of seeming the base of the Capitol facade the terrace now looks like a wall around the Capitol, with trees planted on the lawn inside. The trees can be seen from a distance over the parapet of the terrace and the effect is that of an enclosed garden, from every standpoint. It is also argued by art critics that the vertical lines of the trees (they are

Irish yews) are incongruous with the horizontal line in the classical architecture of the Capitol, and the architect has decided to remove them.

Paragraphs have been going the rounds of the papers relative to Mr. Cleveland's impaired health. I have seen the President often during the past two years, but have never known him to look as well as he does now. His face has neither the haggard weariness of his earlier days in the White House, nor the redness of later period, when its color was frequently compared to President Arthur's face. President Cleveland's complexion is clear, his eyes are bright, and his ensemble that of a man in good health and heart.

Some Washington newspaper reporters are in bad repute at the White House just now. At the President's reception in the East Room recently, while he was shaking hands with about three hundred people, mostly visitors in the city, who had come to the White House to see the President among the other sights, a group of these gentlemen took a position behind the Chief Executive and laughed and commented upon the persons as they filed by in line. The criticisms were audible, and the President was so much annoyed by the discourtesy shown the strangers that he turned more than once and looked reprovingly at the offenders.

These tri-weekly receptions to the public are for the most part attended by strangers, as above remarked, who could not be expected to be as familiar with White House receptions as are the representatives of the press who make a business of attending them. Sometimes callers are a little awkward and rather comical scenes occur, but this is the first time the President has ever taken occasion to complain to the ushers of downright ill-breeding on the part of the newspaper men.

Washington, D. C.

## For the Advocate.

### A Trip Around The World.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

#### KANDY, ARNOLD AND DEVIL WORSHIP.

Colombo is connected with the inland city of Kandy by 75 miles of railroad. This is the largest city of the Central Province, 1,700 feet higher than Colombo, and is about the center of the island. Ceylon is about the shape of a mango or pear, with an area of 25,400 square miles. Its greatest length is 271 miles, and greatest breadth 137, with a double border of golden sands and low lying tropical jungles, farms and forests. This border of lush luxuriance is a huge tangled tyranny of vegetation. In every nook and corner where water lodges or sunrays fall you see palms, fruits, ferns and flowers struggling furiously to live, blossom and bear; in which man is in danger from the very plants that feed and shade him. Outside of this green flat border is the golden sand beach; and within it the land rises into mountains, elevated plains and plateaux towards the center. Kandy sits like a solitaire on this elevated center within a circle of emerald hills.

An inseparable concomitant of British possession and rule is a good road. Before the capture of Kandy in 1815 it was only approached by narrow jungle paths, like some of the interior places of China. Now we approach this old capital by a well ballasted and well constructed railroad. Wherever they construct such roads they seem to build to stay; some of iron, even to telegraph poles and cross-ties. These ties are small iron bars expanding at the ends into inverted clips or bowls, to prevent them from sinking into the road bed. On the backs of these bowls are square notches in which the rails are wedged very securely. There is now in the island 178 miles of railroad, 2,200 miles of good common road and 167 miles of canal.

The view from the cars as they wind up the terraced sides of the mountains approaching Kandy is one of the most beautiful we have ever seen. The water from the mountain springs is caught and retained in stone tanks to irrigate the rice fields rising in green terraces up the mountain sides from the circular nooks and valleys below, interspersed with the dark groves of Palmyra palms, bananas and cocoanut trees, with here and there wild jagged rocks projecting from the cliffs—under the soft golden light of the setting sun—was a picture which has increased our sympathy and contributions to the blind. Higher up the mountain, as the locomotive puffed around sharp curves, under projecting rocks, the white blooms of the coffee fields burst into view, with the green clumps of tea plantations in the background.

Kandy has a population of 22,000, only about 75 miles from the sea coast on every side, and 1,700 above the humid air which bathes the jungles and forests of the coast, it is one of the most delightful climates in the world. The temperature varies but little through the year, and "December is as pleasant as May." Having within four hours emerged from the steam bath of the coast forests, as our carriage dashed along the streets there was

"That nameless splendor everywhere, That wild exhilaration in the air, Which makes the passers in the city street, Congratulate each other as they meet."

The Victoria Hotel was full, and we found in a private hotel—called the

Family Residence, kept by a Mrs. Whitfield of England—the best entertainment yet received in the Old World, for which we paid only four rupees a day. A Mohammedan and a Buddhist were my waiters, who anticipated and supplied all my wants with such noiseless amiable ease that we very cheerfully added another rupee to the daily expense, which left a smile on their faces as broad as the difference between our three religions.

The two central objects of interest to pilgrims and tourists are the old palace of the Kings of Kandy with its elaborately carved wood columns, in which the courts are now held and an old temple, unlike anything we have seen in architecture. It is at the corner of two principal streets, with a circular library built in the angle. On the balcony of this library the Kandian Kings once exhibited themselves to the people and gazed out on the spectacular processions of the festival anniversaries.

Within this old library and temple is a wealth of rubies, sapphires, cat's eyes, emeralds and other precious stones, suggestive of the palmy days of Mogul magnificence. The bindings of the old sacred books of Buddhism are richly set with these stones, also much of the furniture of the temple. We attended an evening service amid the glare of torches, ear-splitting and soul-rending music of clanging cymbals, screaming horns and deafening drums. As we passed along the jeweled departments of the barbaric splendor of former days, the rapacious priests and persistent beggars presented a scene both tantalizing and incongruous. But there was a counterbalancing feature of the service which was in delightful contrast to the dirty offerings and horrible odors of burnt incense in the temples of China. The only manifestation of anything like devoutness of spirit was by the women, who silently approached the various idols with waiters filled with the fragrant blooms of the frangipani, champak, iron wood and heliconia. After spreading these before the various deities and offering with clasped hands their silent prayers, they one by one retire to their homes leaving the air at the end of the hour in all the temple and court freighted with a grateful perfume rising far above the heads of all their dead, dumb idols.

In the sanctum sanctorum behind silver doors and under many gold and silver bells, richly jeweled, they keep the robes sacred of their relics: A piece of ivory one and a quarter of an inch long which they claim is a real tooth of the Great Buddha. Edwin Arnold has recently visited India again and Ceylon. These priests showed us with much satisfaction a leaf which he brought them from the sacred Peepul tree at Auddha Gya. He stands almost as high in their estimation as he does in his own. When Lord Clive returned from his brilliant career of conquest in India, Voltaire was very much inclined to write a history of India. Lord Macaulay writing about forty years ago in the Edinburgh Review, said: "Had Voltaire's plan been carried into execution he would have produced a book containing much lively and picturesque narrative, many just and human sentiments poignantly expressed, many grotesque blunders, many sneers at the Mosaic chronology, much scandal about the Catholic missionaries, and much sublime philanthropy stolen from the New Testament and put into the mouths of virtuous and philosophic Brahmins." The latter part of this prophecy has been fulfilled in Edwin Arnold. He has given in his "Light of Asia" the philanthropy stolen from the New Testament and put into the mouths of virtuous and philosophic Buddhists. It is really nauseating at this late day to see a man like Arnold trying to whitewash and resuscitate such a putrefying incubus as Buddhism has been upon Asia. It was originally atheistic; beginning as a moral reform with God left out. A protest against the caste of Brahmanism it has degenerated into the most hideous shade of metempsychosis and idolatry. Their primal doctrine of Nirvana is worse than the philosophic pantheism of Spinoza. When driven to its last logical sequence it is nothing more nor less than annihilation; the soul in a tortuous round of transmigration until a final exit from conscious, personal being.

The drives in the evening around the hills, summits and water falls overlooking the city are infinitely in beauty. Just below his harem one of the kings built a massive wall across the valley and turned the rice fields above into a broad deep lake which mirrored the beauties of his harem and crimson flowers of the leafless cotton silk trees on its shores. It now reflects the flowery terraces and picturesque homes of many Europeans up the sides of surrounding mountains. The Governor's home near the King's palace, is the finest and most imposing on the Island.

About four miles out is the Botanical garden of Peradeniga, a paradise for botanists, where the tropical fruits and flora of the world can be studied and enjoyed. The Cinchona, Mahogany, Upas, India Rubber, Nutmeg and Ebony may be seen at a single glance. In full view of the city is Mount Bahira on which the Devil worshippers through the ages offered their sacrifices of human lives. Among the last offered were two little girls who were always selected for their beauty. Late in the evening of the anniversary the crowd of Devil worshippers proceeded to the top of this mountain, tied the girls to stakes on the opposite sides of the summit; then after their diabolic dances and ceremonies would leave

them up there for the Devil to get during the night. One morning when they all rushed up the mountain to find the girls dead as they had always been in former years—literally frightened to death—the very foundation of their faith was shaken when they found one of the girls alive. In the midst of their bewilderment the little girl smiled and said: "I knew the Devil could not kill me, I prayed to Jesus, and I knew He was greater than all the Devils." She had been taught by the missionaries of Him who drove a legion of Devils out of the man of God and into the swine and sea. This was about the last of their sacrifice of human beings. The British government prohibits it.

Our Ceylon Consul, William Morey, Esq., contributed much to our enjoyment of the "most beautiful island of all the seas." But even in such a climate as this, the "silver strands among the gold" are marking the years of his long sojourn.

W. B. PALMORE.

## For the Advocate.

### Bro. G. G. Smith and The Rambler.

#### THE DEAD ORATOR.

Mr. Beecher is as dead as Oliver Cromwell, and his being dead does not at all change the character of his life. With him personally, morally, I have nothing to do, my old friend, Chief Justice Blackley, believed him an innocent man, many on the ground believed him a guilty one. I am an Agnostic, I can best hope.

I was not sour, I was not gloomy, I was not revengeful. Mr. Beecher was not an Evangelical, no more than Frederick Maurice—I am, I am no Calvinist; I am an Evangelical, or I would not be a Methodist. I did not say Mr. Beecher had denied the beautiful manhood of Jesus Christ, not so—nor that he had disclaimed a belief in his Divinity, but that he had done more to discredit his *Saviorhood*, as Orthodox teaches, and as I believe the Bible teaches it, than any man, not excepting Ingersol. Ingersol assailed Moses, Ingersol assailed immortality. Mr. Beecher did neither. He simply presented the Unitarian view of salvation, by following the example of Jesus. I said his views of the humanity of Christ were not beyond Chauncy, nor of future retribution below those of Chauncy and I might have added, nor of human depravity below that of Pelagius.

I liked Mr. Beecher, so I did Stuart Mill. So I do Prof. Huxley. So I do Herbert Spencer, but I cannot claim them to be Christian men, nor Christian teachers, nor say they are Charlatans or Scoundrels. My old neighbor, Father Bazin, was a good Catholic and I was fond of him, but it could not affect my verdict after he was gone. I am not cynical, but I cannot always go with the crowd. Mr. Beecher was lauded throughout our land without qualification and the young men of bright minds might have naturally drawn the conclusion that Beecherism was all, if any man knows what that is, save that it repudiates Calvinism, conversion and hell, and substitutes Beecherism development and a life of everlasting beauty after a life of shame for Wesleyanism and what is called Orthodoxy.

The Rambler rambles beautifully and I like him none the less for his sturdy blows. Whatever I am, I am no dogmatist, and let a man but move in that sphere in which an honest man can move, and I have no quarrel with him. Mr. Beecher was a Congregationalist technically at one time and after years of fretting in his toils, I think he withdrew. He did not claim to be an Evangelical and did the cause of vital Godliness, *in my opinion*, more harm than any man in his day. I say *vital godliness* and do not mean the sentimental morality of Rousseau, which he did not assail, nor the regard for the humanity of Jesus, which Chauncy had, and Belloc had, nor the eternal hope which Tennyson had. That somehow good will be the final good of ill. He did not fight vital godliness, it was only needful to ignore it, and set up another system; this he did.

I wrote my article deliberately and without passion. I read what my old friend Dr. Haygood wrote. I read what the Independent wrote. I read what Buckley wrote and I said of Mr. Beecher dead, what I would have said of him alive; that he was a great brained, great hearted, loveable man with fine tastes, warm affections, and tender emotions, but without settled convictions. This I think is true, and this I say without bitterness. He did more to conquer the South than any man, or any hundred men, but I did not remember that. He fearfully mangled us, and falsely in days gone by, but I did not remember that; but he took a pulp given him because he was not a Socinian, Pelagian or a Universalist, and used it to make odious the doctrines he had promised to defend—and I remember that.

G. G. SMITH.

The acquisition of learning without study is like the acquisition of wealth without labor. It is as necessary for the mechanic to study out his problem when it comes to him to be studied as it is for him to finish his task by his handiwork. *Scientific American.*

For the Advocate.  
**Drummond on Immortality.**

BY REV. EDWARD L. FELL.

It has been three years and more since our preachers began to read and to praise and to appropriate Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and we are still reading it and praising it and congratulating ourselves that we can get another sermon or two out of it. During all this time I have met but one man who even hinted that he had any fault to find with it. It has done so much for us we do not care to entertain a suspicion about it; it has been such a faithful friend in helping us over hard places, and such a serviceable companion in sermonizing, we feel that it would be ungrateful in us to pick a flaw anywhere. But there are several pages in Drummond which need to be stamped with the skull and cross-bones of the laudanum bottle; and there are many others which might be safely toned down by a sprinkling of interrogation points around the margin.

In the chapter on Eternal Life, Mr. Drummond tells the reader that it will not affect the doctrine of immortality to accept the verdict of science against the future existence of the mind and body, "for the fact of immortality rests for us on a different basis." This basis may be briefly stated thus: He that hath life hath the Son; conversely, he that hath the Son hath life. "The Son forms his spirit within us and this is his life, i. e. it corresponds with *knows* Christ—which is the exact definition of eternal life given by Christ himself. Nothing is to exist in the future but this Christ-spirit. Our immortality is thus made to depend upon Christ being formed in us—that is to say it is conditional, not inherent. The man who is without Christ lacks the condition of immortality and therefore has no future existence. The Christian can never die for he has that within him which will eternally correspond with an eternal Christ; the sinner must cease to exist for there is nothing within him that corresponds with anything in the hereafter. There may be a hell, but nobody will have a chance to go there, except a glorified spirit and he is not going there!"

Science is the handmaid of religion, not the mistress. As long as she keeps in our service and is handy to run errands and throw stones out of the way we will keep her in our employ and give her the praise she deserves; but we are not going to hang on to the end of her skirts and shut both eyes and let her pull us where she will. Here is the trouble with most of these reformers of science and religion; they fall in love with the pretty handmaid and raise her to a position for which she was not intended and in which she only succeeds in disgracing herself.

Our immortality does not depend upon Christ being formed in us. A man cannot become so brutish that he will die a brute. There is something in our make-up besides brain and brawn—something that is to live either in heaven or hell. Our spirit joined to Christ receives wings—rises heavenward; without Christ it sinks like lead to hell.

## Opinions in Brief.

*Bishop J. C. Keener, of New Orleans:*  
"The folly of carrying water on two shoulders at the same time is transparent to every one except to the one who attempts it. To be squarely what we are is good common sense as well as religion."

*Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley of New York:*  
"A sermon, both short and good is perfect, and needs no apology. A short, poor sermon has an apology for its progress in its brevity. A long, good sermon has an apology for its length in its goodness. But a long, poor sermon admits of no apology, and the attempt to make one makes it both longer and poorer. Therefore proceed to business without apology."

*Rev. Dr. W. H. Potter, of Georgia:*  
"On the maxim that if you touch a pot you will get your hands smutty, we have refrained from any notice of Bishop Fowler's extraordinary letter to the New York *Christian Advocate*, in which he gloats over war stories. Most people 'up North,' as well as down South, know Bishop Fowler."

*Rev. Dr. Lafferty, of Virginia:*  
"What shall be done to get our literature to the unfortunate children and wives of stingy Methodist men? We pity the families. Their neighbors ought to loan the *Advocate* to them. Reading a borrowed paper may kindle a desire to subscribe. You must pour water down a dry pump to get it 'cath' and start an upward stream."

*Bishop C. B. Galloway, of Mississippi:*  
"A very few Colleges will amply meet the necessities of the whole connection. And their location should be determined by geographical, commercial and connective interests, and not by Conference boundaries. The ambition of each Annual Conference to have a college has been rebuked by a chapter of history that is little less than tragedy. It is the hapless Niobe of Methodism—a monumental grief and warning."