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For the Advocate.
**Modern Evangelism Versus
Methodism.**

BY REV. L. L. NASH.

The unregenerate heart of man is now, and always has been, opposed to God; and while the subject of religion is entirely too important to be discarded, yet every expedient is resorted to in order to satisfy the conscience, without truly repenting of sin, and implicitly trusting in Christ for pardon until there is a divinely attested experience of forgiveness. It is this opposition of the human heart to the mortification of self in the work of repentance, and the absolute surrender of the soul to be consciously saved by the grace of God that leads men to use methods in revival work that cannot be any thing but objectionable to those who are deeply experienced in the things of God. A man cannot of himself produce the feelings of deep contrition for sin, and have without divine help, godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation, they are disposed to make light of feeling, and insist upon an intellectual acceptance of Christ, and to adopt methods in revival work that leave in place for the Holy Ghost, either in repentance or conversion. I have in several years seen that harm would come to true evangelism from the teaching of a repentance without sorrow, and a faith without trust; and intellectual acceptance of Christ, without any assurance from God that the soul was accepted in Christ, and done for his sake. Really, it is a matter of more importance to me, to have a divine assurance that Christ accepts me, than it is to be satisfied in my mind that I accept Christ. I may be the assent of my mind to every truth the Bible, and yet have no conscience that God for Christ's sake has pardoned and accepted me; and have this assurance I must be for in doubt as to whether I am forgiven or not. This is the point of difference between modern evangelism, and teaching and experience of Methodism.

I have been deeply impressed with this difference in hearing the experience of those who, as they express it, have accepted Christ; if experience it is called. They say much about what they have resolved to do, and not about what God has done for them. It cannot be denied that the Christian experience of our day is becoming fused, and lamentably one-sided. Where men can be induced to speak Christ at all, there is hardly any talk about victory over sin, and realization of a clean heart. While atonement as the ground of pardon is insisted on, it is divorced from serious pardon, and sanctification by Spirit. While we do not hold that men are in any sense saved by feelings, do contend that feeling is a concomitant of salvation. The man who feels the guilt of sin, and know what heinous thing it is to be a sinner, would not feel joy at a consciousness having his soul saved. If such a thing were possible, has a soul that is worth saving.

I have written on this subject before, and I am more fully satisfied than ever that a truly penitent believer is more worthy of a place in the church of God, than large numbers who received as converts, who have no repentance. A great deal of modern evangelism is nothing more than a harp on believe, belief, neglected repentance, until much of our so-called evangelism is entirely without the element of divine power. The baneful breath of Antinomianism and imputed righteousness is also visible in the religious experience of many who claim to be Methodists. The evil is no doubt increased by the heterogeneous middle of doctrines proclaimed by the so-called unsectarian evangelists, who visit the commercial centers, and hold meetings in our city churches, where they are sure to create a sensation, and receive a liberal reward from those who really love God, and are anxious to do what they can to help save their perishing fellow men. The miscellaneous and popular religious songs put forth by irresponsible persons, and which are caught up and used, without discrimination by our people, have contributed largely to our delinquency as a church. It has come to me that very little is said about justification as we understand it, and the subject of sanctification is rarely alluded to at all. Instead of clear cut doctrinal teaching, we have a sort of rambling study of the word of God, frequently conducted by one of these evangelists, who himself is entirely unacquainted with a systematic arrangement of the Scriptures, and whose teachings tend to discount certain important doctrines that are taught in some parts of the Scriptures, and not alluded to in other places. Of all the Christian denominations, the Methodist Church will suffer most by these things. Our liberality makes us an easy prey to designing men; a good religious actor will be apt to devote his good earnest people, who love God, and stand ready to give a helping hand to every one who claims to be a worker for the Master. What I have written on this subject is written without any feeling of unkindness for any man, but to call the attention of our ministers and leading laymen to a growing evil, in which I fear much harm to the church lies. Let us be true to our doctrines and methods, God has given us His approbation, and our success and sufficiency is of Him. Let us look to Him for help in our

revival work, and not to irresponsible, moving evangelists. I do not mean by this to place myself in opposition to all evangelists, but let us be sure what doctrines will be taught in our pulpits, before we turn any man into them. As leaders in the church of God, we must drive away all strange and erroneous doctrines.

There can be no permanent good to the church from anything but the truth, faithfully preached, and fully believed. Errors in doctrine are connected with false conceptions of experience. Methodism has achieved too much, to let those who have no sympathy with her doctrines and experience, come to her altars and stab her in her vitals.

For the Advocate.

Our Letter From Gilderoy.

MURDER—EVANGELISTS.

In less than one month six men have been murdered in Miss. This is a terrific record for one State in a time of profound peace. There seems to be a craving for human blood. What is the matter? Has the Devil been loosed for a little season? One case, that of R. D. Gambrell, Editor of *Sword and Shield*, a temperance paper, will attract attention from one end of the land to the other. Mr. Gambrell was a young man, bold and outspoken, and he was doing a great work in the cause of temperance in this State. His slayer, J. S. Hamilton, was and is the leader of the opposition to prohibition in Miss. He had become notorious, if not infamous, as the lessee of the Penitentiary. His official record was not clean. Mr. Gambrell had commented sharply, but justly on the official character of Mr. Hamilton. This was the pretext for the assassination of young Gambrell. It seems to be a great pity to lose this young man at this juncture of temperance work in Miss., but I doubt not his death will be worth ten fold more to the cause than his life could have been—valuable as that was. This whiskey element and power is not going to step down and out only after much prayer, fasting, hard work and perhaps blood shed on the part of the friends of temperance, God and humanity. But we have gone in for the whole war and the victory must be won at any and every cost. May God graciously speed the day of freedom from this greatest curse of the age.

I have been much pleased with Dr. Edwards' utterances on evangelists and evangelistic work. There are evangelists and evangelistic tramps. I have known at least two in this country who were so ill, rough and abusive as to be almost unendurable. They demand the most abject submission both of preachers and people before they will consent to go to any place. They rule with a rod of iron while there. They browbeat, abuse and ridicule the regular pastors while they stay. They forget that, but for the work of the pastors, their work would be impossible. Some of the baser sort clap their hands every time the pastor is whacked over the head with one of these evangelistic shlahlahs. For my own part I am growing restive under this kind of treatment in my own church by the unauthorized evangelist of another church. I intend to say so, plainly and pointedly. If they use my church they must at least be gentlemen, and treat the pastor as a gentleman. Severe and often unnecessary rebukes for any and every little disorder in a densely packed audience room is the stock in trade of some of these men. How or why the people endure it is a mystery to me. I know one evangelist, quite prominent just now, who seems to regard every little stir in the congregation as a personal offense to him. This gives him the appearance of being one of the first of egotists. These things would not be endured a month if done by a pastor. Of late we have had in one of our towns, and in a Methodist Church too, an evangelist who is out with all the churches and in a row by himself. He is not a Universalist, or says he is not, nor a Hell Redemptionist, or says he is not, but a Restorationist and thus teaches the final salvation of all men. This theory is honey to hard old sinners who have spent their lives in the service of the Devil. They will get into heaven anyhow, somehow. So they get in they don't care how. They are particularly opposed to repentance and lives of purity and holiness. Now, Mr. Editor, solemnly, no man who teaches this theory shall publish it from a Methodist pulpit while I am pastor of the church. Do you understand me? I mean what I say. In some things our Methodist people and preachers have gone a step too far in the direction of liberality. Methodist preachers are ordained and sent out to preach Methodist doctrines and they ought to do that, or quit. Methodist Churches were built for the use and benefit of Methodist people and preaching, and not for Dick, Tom and Harry, or whoever might come along. The pastor who opens his church to preachers who ridicule our doctrines makes a great mistake. For one I'm not going to do this. If men want to attack Methodist doctrines they must do it outside of Methodist houses of worship. If the Trustees open the house to preachers and preaching of this kind in my charge I will arraign them before the Quarterly Conference for a violation of the trust committed to them. In this matter, in some places, we are too slack twisted. Why, sir, some Methodists think a rich, ungodly sinner has a right to use the church for an infidel lecture

because he gave money to build the house. Fie on such Methodism as this. It is a sickly, worldly sentimentality, unbefitting the church of God. We are not in concord with Universalists, Hell Redemptionists nor Restorationists, because they oppose the plain sense of God's word and they have no claims on our houses of worship to fluninate their views. This is not illiberal. It is not illiberal in God to put an impassable gulf between heaven and hell. I am going to banish and drive away and keep out and hedge off all strange doctrine as far as in me lies, I'll stick to God and the Methodist Church and doctrine so long as I live. If others have important doctrines to teach, let them build houses or rent halls. I'm not bound to furnish the stick to break my own head.

Yours,
GILDEROY.

For the Advocate.

Some Things 60 Years Ago.

THIS IS PERSONAL.

I was then in my teens; had not been long in the church; lacked something of being a man; I had, however, manly notions and aspirations. I desired and aimed to be a good man; and availed myself of all opportunities of Gospel instruction and spiritual improvement. So, I attended preaching, class and prayer meetings, and Sunday-school. Thus I maintained consistency, and made spiritual progress. My care was to be a useful Christian, I now see better facilities for spiritual improvement and extended usefulness than were enjoyed 60 years ago. Greater will be our loss and condemnation if we fail to use them.

OUR CHURCHES.

I mean our houses of worship. They were of the plainest style. That was the Methodist idea—plain, inexpensive houses to worship God in. Many of these were a dishonor to God and a disgrace to the people; nor have the last of them even yet disappeared in some country neighborhoods. There was no such science known among us as church architecture. Even our city churches were very plain. In fact, plainness was the chief feature. Very few of them were furnished with a belfry and bell. Where a bell was used it was perched not very high above the roof. A Methodist Church with a spire would have been regarded as evidence of a degree of pride that would have placed the congregation beyond the sympathies of common Methodism. In all the bounds of the old Virginia Conference, as I now recollect, the only churches with belfry and bells were in Lynchburg, Norfolk, Petersburg, Raleigh and Newbern. Not even Richmond had a belfry and bell in either of the two Methodist Churches; which by the way, were very plain unpretentious houses. There may perchance have been bells in some of the churches in smaller towns. As for the churches, they were plain, inexpensive buildings. In not a few cases they were necessarily so, because of lack of means. But in other cases they were so because of defective ideas of what the church as God's house ought to be. It was thought that not more than \$200 to \$400 should be spent in building a church in the country; of course more would be necessary in a city. I remember in those days you could find St. Matthew's, St. Mark's, St. Luke's and St. John's, but when you entered them they were mere shells of frame work and weatherboards, without the means of warmth or comfortable seats. Many of the churches were badly located and not of easy access. I have seen Mount Zion in a valley between high hills, almost lost in dense forest; and Mount Gerazim not very conspicuous. But better ideas now prevail; consequently the majority of our country churches are tasteful and comfortable. In our cities and towns I fear the extremes of rivalry are leading to extravagance in putting up one or more very expensive churches; concentrating too much church capital in one or two, to the neglect of sections and people who greatly need the Gospel; sections and people who will hardly be reached by Gospel influences unless the word is preached to them by the Methodists.

THE PREACHERS.

Generally the preachers were not much of scholars; but the people were not much learned. So the supply of learning and theology were about equal to the demand. The preaching sixty years ago, as I now recollect it, was a clear exhibition of the Gospel; delivered in an earnest and impassioned manner. Repentance toward God and faith in Christ was the burden. This was following the Pauline pattern. The expectation of immediate results seemed always entertained. There was particular care to have the sermons strictly and mechanically systematic. This custom, has to a large extent, been abandoned in these years, but it had its advantages in the better enabling one whose mind was not disciplined by education to preserve in memory the leading points of sermons. The preaching was educational, impressing as well as setting forth the leading doctrines of true evangelism. There was little of speculation and scarcely any show of science—none at all in the modern sense. I said the preaching was educational. It was molding. The preachers then, as they should always be, were able to say: Follow me as I follow Christ. Paul said this: The wrongly quoted and misapplied text of the prophet "Like people, like priest"

—wrongly quoted "Like priest like people," finds its fulfillment in the godly example and holy teaching of the gospel minister. The prophet, by the way, thought the people fashioned the priest. I object in toto to applying that text to a Christian minister. There are no priests among Gospel preachers. There be those in some branches of the church who are so styled. But as it appertains to the priest to offer sacrifice it is a *misnomer* to call a preacher of the Gospel a priest, seeing there remaineth, after the death of Christ, "no more sacrifice for sin."

AN AWAKENING.

About sixty years ago the world seemed to awake to new life. The discovery of the mighty force of steam impetus to many industries; but the invention of the locomotive engine, with the railway, seemed a new birth. Till then, as we might say, the world had been asleep for ages. The work was indeed slow. The generations succeeding each other seemed content if the following could but equal the going of the past. To an extent, there was apathy in the church. But a mighty impulse was started, especially in the Methodist Church, favorable to the better education of the children. The idea of a college education grew and spread. The Virginia Conference started the enterprise of building a College. It enlisted South Carolina and Georgia. Randolph Macon College was the outcome. Soon Georgia determined to establish Emory at Oxford. I believe the Methodist Church is more indebted to Bishop Emory and Dr. Wilbur Fisk for its advanced position in the cause of higher Christian education than any others. Foremost among the leaders of the old Va. Conference was H. G. Leigh. His name as the founder of Randolph Macon College is perpetuated in a tablet erected to his memory in the College. Great progress has marked the history of Methodism in Va. and N. C. since 1827. In the fifty years of our life as a Conference we have adjusted and readjusted our Conference territory and boundary and compacted our operations, until we now are found in almost every neighborhood, embracing all classes of society. The number of 15,000 members and fifty-five preachers has increased to 82,000 members and over 200 preachers. Besides this ninety-six members of Conference have died and gone to their heavenly home. If members have died in the same proportion, then a great company has joined the "General Assembly and Church of the First Born in Heaven." It is not extravagant to estimate that at least 30,000 have finished their course and entered into joy. Who can conjecture what will be the state of our country and church by the year 1947? Where will this writer be, and where will be the reader of these lines?

THOS. S. CAMPBELL,
Lexington, N. C., May 20th, 1887.

For the Advocate.

Our Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Nothing could be more significant of the fact that the war is over than some of the sights that may be seen in Washington to-day. Soldiers from Mississippi and Minnesota, from Massachusetts and Texas, are walking around arm in arm, in a peaceful capture of the city. Twenty-five or even twenty years ago, no one would have dared to predict such a scene at the National Capital in 1887.

Nothing more eloquently and impressively marks the change which has been wrought in the relations of the sections or the progress which the country has made towards a permanent restoration of the Union, than the presence here of thousands of the sons of veterans of both armies, from North and South, encamped under the same flag and engaged in fraternal competitions for military honors.

To most of the militia in camp under the Washington Monument now the civil war is only an unhappy tradition, and they emulate each other in their patriotic devotion to the Nation's flag. Their presence on the Potomac is truly auspicious and all of them share the title of guardians of the Nation.

The ceremony of opening the camp Monday last was brief, but it was performed reverently and with all due pomp. About noon the Washington Light Infantry, headed by a band, marched up and formed a hollow square around the flag staff. At the foot of it lay rolled up the big flag ready to the breeze. Gen. Auger, the commandant of the camp, accompanied by certain Generals, Colonels, Captains, and Chaplain Pyne then appeared. The Chaplain stepped into the open space and offered an appropriate prayer, at the conclusion of which the flag was hauled into position while the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" and the troops saluted the colors. The Commandant then issued orders governing the camp and movements of the troops during the Drill.

There is a different program for each day of the Drill, though each day there are competitive drills by the infantry, artillery and zouaves, and each day there is a dress parade at five o'clock in the afternoon. On Wednesday all Washington, apparently, was out of doors to see a brilliant street parade by the soldiery in full uniform, which made a tour of a small portion of the city after it had been reviewed by the President. The scene was a very

brilliant one. The President, surrounded by the Governors of different States and their staffs, with many other prominent men, occupied a grand stand erected for the purpose in front of the White House on Pennsylvania avenue. The day was perfect for pageantry, the discipline and marching of many of the organizations very fine, and the uniforms showy and striking.

There is a large crowd of visitors in the city and the camp affords so interesting a sight to them as well as to the citizens, that the policemen have quite as much to do to control the curious surging mass of people which literally overrun the ground. Military discipline is in force, however, and as far as the soldiers are concerned, everything moves in order. Still some of the lads thought it was more practical than funny, when, on Tuesday night they were required to do guard duty in the pouring rain.

This reminds me that the principal event at the Drill ground on Tuesday was a terrific storm, which unroofed the grand stand, and filled the crowd with consternation, besides drenching it to the skin, and causing some serious accidents in the way of broken limbs. It was in the afternoon while the competitive drills were in progress. Suddenly the sky grew dark and in a moment a cyclone developed which blew a cloud of dust and sand in the direction of the grand stand until the Washington Monument itself was hardly visible. In a moment more there was a downpour of rain which was equally blinding.

For a little while the scene that followed was indescribable. The grand stand swayed like a reed in the terrible gale, and the crash and noise of the flying roof made the already panic-stricken crowd feel sure that the stand was giving way under it. Several of the carriages waiting on the drive outside when the roof was carried off were smashed by flying planks and timbers, and others were saved by the horses taking fright and running away. Telegraph wires were torn from their bearings, umbrellas were hoisted only to be wrecked, people seized chairs and held them over themselves in their efforts to ward off a little of the pelting rain. Women and children shrieked and fainted and fell and got trampled upon and the paraphernalia of the pyrotechnic theatre on the Drill ground was so injured that there could be no battle in fireworks that evening.

Washington, D. C.

Forgetting Sorrow.

BY REV. J. R. MILLER, D. D.

It is never wise to live in the past. There are uses to be made of our past which are helpful and which bring blessings. We should remember our past lost condition, to keep us humble and faithful. We should remember past failures and mistakes, that we may not repeat them. We should remember past mercies, that we may have confidence in new needs or trials in the future. We should remember past comforts, that there may be stars in our sky when night comes again. But while there are these true uses of memory we should guard against living in the past. We should draw our life's inspirations not from memory, but from hope; not from what is gone, but from what is yet to come. Forgetting the things which are behind we should reach forth into those things which are before.

Take a single point at present: We should forget past sorrows. There are many people who live all the while in the shadows of their past griefs and losses. Yet nothing could be more unwholesome. What would we say of the man who should build a house for himself out of black stones and paint all the walls black and hang black curtains over the dark-stained windows, and put black carpets on every floor and festoon the chambers with funeral crape and have sad pictures on the walls and sad books on the shelves and should have no plants growing and no flowers blooming anywhere about his home? Yet that is the way some people live. They build houses for their souls like that. They have memories like sieves, that let all sweet and joyous things through and retain only the sad and bitter things. They forget every pleasant thing, but the painful events and occurrences they always remember. They can tell you troubles by the hour—troubles they had many years ago. They keep their old wounds unhealed in their hearts. They have photographs of all their sorrows and calamities, and of all their lost joys, but none of their glad things do they keep in mind. The result is that living in these perpetual glooms and shadows all the brightness passes out of their lives and they even lose the power of seeing joyous and lovely things.

The lesson is that we ought to let the dead past bury its dead, while we go on to new duties and seek new joys. We cannot get back what we have lost by weeping over the grave where it is buried. Besides, sadness does not give any blessing. It makes no heart softer, it brings out no feature of Christ-likeness; it only embitters our present joys and stunts the growth of all beautiful things in our souls. The graces of the heart are like flower plants; they will not bloom in the darkness, but must have sunshine.

I knew a mother who some years since lost by death a lovely daughter. The mother had been for a long time a consistent Christian; but when her child died she refused to be comforted.

Her pastor and other Christian friends sought by tender sympathy to draw her thoughts away from her grief, yet all to no purpose. She refused to see anything but her sorrow. She spent portions of nearly every day beside the grave where her dead was buried. She would listen to no words of consolation. She would not lift an eye towards the heaven into which her child had gone. She went back no more to the sanctuary where, in the days of her joy, she had so loved to worship. She shut out of her heart every conception of God's love and kindness, and thought of Him only as a powerful Being who had torn her sweet child away from her bosom. Thus dwelling in the darkness of her own unconsolable grief, the joy of her religion left her. Hope's bright visions no longer cheered her; and her heart grew cold and sick with despair. She refused to quit her sorrow and to go on to new joys and towards the glory where all earth's lost things wait.

As illustrating the other way of dealing with sorrow, I recall another mother who lost a child, one of the rarest and sweetest children I have ever known. Never was a heart more thoroughly crushed than was the heart of this mother. But she did not sit down in the gloom and dwell there. She did not shut out the sunshine and thrust away the blessing of comfort. She recognized her Father's hand in the grief that had fallen so heavily upon her. She opened her heart to the immortal life, and thought of her precious child as with Christ. She remembered, too, that she had duties to the living, and turned away from the grave where her little one slept in such safety, to minister to those who needed her care and love. The result was that her life grew richer and more beautiful beneath its baptism of sorrow. She came from the deep shadow a lovelier Christian, and a whole community shared the blessing which she had found in her sorrow.

So every Christian should do. We should forget what we have suffered. The joy set before us should shine upon our souls as the sun shines through the dark clouds. We should cherish sacredly and tenderly the memory of our Christian dead, but should think of them as in the home of the blessed, safely folded, waiting for us. Thus the bright hopes of glory should fill us with tranquility and healthy gladness as we move over the waves of trial. We should remember that the blessings which have gone away are not all that God has for us. This summer's flowers will all fade by-and-by, when winter's cold breath smites them. We shall not be able to find one of them in the fields and gardens during the long, dreary months. Yet we shall know all the while that God has other flowers preparing, just as fragrant and beautiful as those which have perished. Spring will come again and under its warm breath the earth will be covered once more with rich floral beauty as lovely as that which perished in the autumn. So joys that have faded from our homes and hearts are not the only joys; God has others in store, just as rich and as fragrant as those we have lost, and in due time he will give us these. Then in heaven he will bestow unspeakable joys, which never shall be taken away. We should, therefore, forget the sorrowful things of the past and reach forth for the joys that wait on the earth, and to the eternal blessings that wait in heaven. In our darkest night we should look up and forget the darkness as we gaze upon the bright stars.

—Charlotte Home-Democrat.

Opinions in Brief.

Gilderoy, in the New Orleans Advocate:

"Most Annual Conferences are all too ready to take anything under their wing that asks for protection. Some of them spread over this, that and the other local interest until they most kill themselves spreading. I have thought it might be well to take the grist mills and saw mills under the patronage of the Conference. They could offer to grind and saw for the preachers at half price or at reduced rates. The patronage of a conference ought to mean something, ought to be worth something, but many of our Conferences have patronized nothing but forgone failures."

A Model Obituary:

John Wesley, it is said, wrote the following as his brother Charles' obituary—it is a model, a study. Strange that its brevity has never been imitated: "Mr. Charles Wesley, who, after spending fourscore years with much sorrow and pain, quietly retired into Abraham's bosom. He had no disease; but, after a gradual decay of some months, 'The weary wheels of life stood still at last.'"

His last praise was his talent for poetry, although Dr. Watts did not scruple to say that single poem, "Westling Jacob," was worth all the verses he himself had written."

Nashville Advocate:

The man who "sours" because he did not get what he expected from his fellows thereby shows that his life was not rightly centered. If you are that man, wrestle with God until you come out of this darkness into the sunshine of the Lord's face.

WILMINGTON has sold 125,000 of her new five per cent. bonds at a fraction above par, to a man in Alexandria, Virginia.