

# RALEIGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

THE ORGAN OF THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

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REV. FRANK L. REID,  
Editor and Publisher.

## Per the Advocate. Our Letter From Gilderoy.

THE HOLINESS QUESTION.  
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Yours,  
GILDEROY.

## For the Advocate. Bro. Jarrell and Bro. Smith.

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things, I have a very dear friend, near me now, who, I firmly believe, has been made "perfect in love," who likes that term and uses it, but he can not endure the words "Christian perfection" as applied to this estate, the birth-right of every child of God. When talking with him on this subject I use his terms because I know where his trouble is. I have some other friends, just as pure and good as they know how to be, who call the question my soundness on the doctrine of holiness because I do not invariably use their terms, which they call, "the King's speech." So you see how one is beset on this question. I want to be holy, to be sanctified—to be made perfect in love, so perfect in love that I will allow margin enough for the peculiarities, prejudices and doctrinal training of my brother in the Lord.

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whether he swallowed it; and he is suffering a sort of gnawing pain, at least of anxiety.

About halfway from Gilgal to the Jordan, we pass the valley of Achor, where Achan and his family were stoned with stones and burned with fire. "Wherefore the name of that place was called the valley of Achor," which means trouble. In this man, and afterwards with Ananias, the Lord gives us startling object lessons of the horrors of cupidity and covetousness. We have been a little skeptical formerly in regard to the three sets of banks to the Jordan; thinking they existed possibly, more in the imaginations of biased polemics than in this valley of reality. Hence we are surprised when we ride down such marked and decided embankments at least a half mile outside of the third or inner bank through which the waters of the Jordan are now flowing. A stream not only sacred to the Jew with his "Moses and the Prophets," and the Christian with the memories of his Master's baptism, and the out-cast Ishmaelite, bathing his wandering bloody feet in it since the days of Hagar, but also to the Mohammedan far away on the plains of India. He, like the Christian in the far away gorges of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and the Jew in every part of the globe, often wanders either in fancy or memory along these triple banks of the Jordan.

W. B. PALMORE.

## Points for Preachers.

(New York Christian Advocate.)

We have seen a young minister who, within three months, went to the session of his Conference expecting to be appointed to a certain place. He was disappointed, and sent elsewhere. He had no prejudice against the place to which he was sent, but he thought it was less suitable to his personal needs and his work than the other. However, being a conscientious, God-fearing man, whose primary object is to do good, he went without murmuring. From the first until now one of the most gracious awakenings which has occurred in his ministry has followed his labors. The Church has been greatly quickened. No extra meetings—technically so called—have been held, but the regular services have been continually deepening channels of spiritual life, while nearly fifty have already been brought to a knowledge of the truth.

It is often, as in the foregoing case, that the providence of God manifests itself through arrangements made by men no less than through the apparently blind forces of nature. The late Heman Bangs was once appointed to a church where two-thirds of the members wished another man and did not wish him. His text on the occasion of his first sermon was, "I seek not yours, but you," and the spirit of God descended upon the people, and a career of success unsurpassed in his long life followed. We had the narrative from his own lips, and it has frequently been paralleled. When the church and the minister have but one object, and that the glory of God, "the gates of hell cannot prevail against" them.

A minister bought a piece of property. The real estate agent he employed brought a suit for his commission \$40. When the case came to trial the minister testified that he asked the agent what he would charge for his service, and he replied, "Nothing. All I ask is that you pray for me." The minister then swore that from that time till the trial he had daily prayed for the agent. The Court decided that this was an equivalent. In point of fact, if the agent said he would make no charge, he had no right to do so subsequently. We knew a physician who refused to take the compensation pressed upon him by a Methodist minister, who afterward spoke well of the physician on the ground of his courtesy to a minister of another denomination. After the physician had derived all the benefit he could from that, when the minister came to leave the place he called on him and presented a bill.

Ministers will do well to refuse to allow any business to be transacted for them without insisting upon paying for it in the currency of the country, unless the persons who transact the business are members of their own church, or are personal friends, and unless the transaction is understood by others besides themselves. To accept gifts from friends is one thing, and is right. Also in some churches the people have not money enough to support the pastor, and it is understood that they give food, clothing, wood, etc., to supplement confessedly insufficient cash payments. But to allow persons to transact business for them a regular charge is made without insisting upon their receiving the compensation until it is obvious that they want take it, is beneath the dignity of true manhood unless the person is in a condition to receive charity without loss of dignity. The prayers mentioned above as an equivalent for business are probably as useless as they certainly appear to have been in this case.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it, if God, you must toil for it, and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.—Ruskin.

DEAR BRO. REID: I am just returning from Mt. Airy, whither I went with Bishop and Mrs. Key last Thursday. We got off the C. F. & Y. V. R. R. at Dalton, but one can go on 8 miles farther by this line, within 12 miles of Mt. Airy. We found brother Hurley the P. C., and Bro. Willis, the P. E., in the midst of a protracted meeting that had been going on since Sunday the 11th; the services increased in interest until last Sunday night when the first penitents came forward, we attended the last service Monday night, three or four had professed conversion and 20 or 25 penitents were at the altar. They expect Bro. Stamey to come when the Bishop leaves next Thursday. The house is packed at every service, I need not say the people are carried away with our Bishop. He includes nothing less than the entire town and community in his prayers and expectations for Christ.

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We have always felt that there was something incongruous in our Savior's triumphal entry to Jerusalem on a donkey; but once in Palestine, there is nothing more natural. Along the greasy stones in the paths and pavements about Jerusalem it is very hazardous to ride any other animal. He takes the place of street cars, bus, herdic and carriage. They seldom ever slip or fall, and move almost as softly as a cat. For long journeys they are too small, hence our dragoon has provided horses for our thirty days tour.

Our party is not remarkable for equestrianism, several are novices in the saddle, and much more at home on a theological hobby than astride of an Arabian steed. The best saddles are on the worst horses, so in making our selections, the law of compensation helped us somewhat. The present writer was late reaching the field and found "Jobson's choice" in the form of a bolt-tailed, high-headed, spectacular iron gray, whose trot suggested the days of the inquisition. We have a very definite idea of the distance of our journeying horizontally, but as to how far we traveled vertically, is beyond the computation of mathematicians. There is a learned Presbyterian D. D. who mounts a horse for the first time, who gazes with a sort of envious anxiety at the Methodist itinerants as they go careering over hill and dale. A New England Congregationalist mounts a ferocious dark bay, whose meanness and unmitigated masculinity gives him the name of Ishmael. His heel is against every other horse. Our movement down the rugged ravine towards Jericho was quiet until Ishmael made a squealing lunge at the horse of a young lady from Boston. The fair rider turned a sort of double somersault backward and piled up by the road like a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

The first ten miles of the way is very dreary and tenantless. The rarity of flocks or tillage suggests the uncertainty and by what frail tenure property is held so near the Bedouins. The rocks are singularly tilted in short scollops or waves, made by side pressure; evidencing iron in the region where "the good Samaritan" found the wounded victim who "fell among thieves." There is an old Khan near this spot called the house of the "Red Earth." Here we took our mid-day lunch. Leaving this we soon reached the wild, deep chasm on our left, 800 feet wide at the top. Far below us, and veiled by its dark shadows, we could hear the murmuring waters of the brook Cherith, whose cessation drove Elijah to Zarephath. A more befitting resort for a refuge could scarcely be found. A narrow path, at a giddy height, winds along its cliffs and curves to a Greek convent, four miles up the gorge. We crossed this clear and rapidly flowing brook at a point where it leaves the abyssal shadows and flows out into the valley of Achan. To the left and north of this valley is Elisha's spring, the bitter waters of which he healed with a crust of salt. This spring doubtless supplied much of the water to ancient Jericho, the site of which is on an elevation just back of it. The water is now kept clear of the descending and rolling debris by a semi-circular wall, built probably out of stones which rolled down from the city wall at the sounding of the rams' horns. Heaps of ruin is now the only vestige. Mount Quarantania lifts its head in the rear to such an enormous height that the Savior in the temptation could have seen a vast sweep around Him.

From old Jericho we look out on a plain of 40,000 acres that once teemed with palms, figs, olives, vineyards and fields of grain; now it is a wilderness of neglect, but just as capable of vast fruitage as in the olden days, it there was only a government to protect it. Far away to the east is modern Jericho, built on the site of ancient Gilgal. This, doubtless, is the Jericho of the New Testament, where the eyes of Herod were closed in death, and the blind eyes of Bartimeus were opened to light and to life eternal. Near this village we see our tents pitched for the first time, over which the flags of England, America and Holland are flying. These indicate the nations represented in our party. To reach the tents we were much impeded by thorn-bushes and trees, supposed by some, to be the same growth cut of which the Savior's crown was made. There is a thorn growing over Judea, on a much lower and more bushy shrub, which is more susceptible of being woven into such a crown. Here also grow the "apples of Sodom," but we failed to see them.

Our camp is about as comfortable as a hotel, and much more inviting than very many in which we have sojourned. To a soldier of the "Lost Cause," accustomed to sleep with "stars for tapers