

Raleigh Christian Advocate.

RALEIGH, N. C., SEPT. 25, 1887.

REV. F. L. REID, Editor.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS:

REV. W. S. BLACK, D. D. REV. H. T. HUDSON, D. D.

Subscription Rates:

One year, in advance, \$2.00 Six months, in advance, 1.00 Three months, in advance, .50

To ministers and the widows of ministers at half rates. Advertising rates furnished on application. All the traveling and local ministers in the Conference are our authorized agents.

REV. F. L. REID,

Raleigh, N. C.

THE N. C. Conference Woman's Missionary Society meets in Greensboro, N. C., Oct. 16th, 17th and 18th, commencing the 3rd Sunday in October.—See notice elsewhere.

THEY RAISED seven hundred and thirty-five dollars for Trinity College at Salem Church on the Oxford rd. last Saturday. Well done! Let other churches follow this splendid example.

SENATOR RIDDLEBERGER bought all the "liquor privileges" at the Shenandoah county fair and then refused to let a drop of liquor be sold on the grounds. Prohibition is progressing.

THOSE WHO are in a position to do so estimate that there will be raised in the South this year five hundred and thirty-five millions of bushels of corn, fifty-four millions bushels more than last year. Indications are that there is a good crop of everything. What a thanksgiving day we ought to have!—And, if we contribute as God has prospered us, our assessments for salaries and conference collections will all be paid in full. If they are not paid in full, somebody will rob God.

MASS MEETINGS in the interest of the endowment of Trinity College are now in order. There ought to be one in every charge in our Conference within the next six months. If one should be held in every charge the endowment would be increased to \$100,000. What a wonderful opportunity we now have as a church to do a work that will send blessings down upon our people for years to come. The people are ripe for this work. If these mass meetings are not held in every charge whose fault will it be? If the opportunity now before us is not used, who will be to blame? Reader, see to it that you do your duty in this matter.

PERSON ST. church building and parsonage have been sold to the Northern Presbyterians for a colored congregation in this city. The Person St. congregation has bought a nice lot higher up in the city and will build a handsome new church on it. Until the new church is built they will worship in Briggs' Hall on Fayetteville St. They have sold the old property well, have bought the new lot wisely, and Raleigh will soon have another elegant new Methodist Church. On last Sunday the last services were held in the old church. By special invitation from the pastor and some of the official members, we conducted the communion service at 11 a. m. and a Love Feast at 4 p. m. At 11 a. m., Bro. John preached a fine sermon. We had a profitable day of it.—The congregation leaves the old church with many tender memories clustering about it, but they go with heart and hope into a better and larger field of usefulness.

DR. N. H. D. WILSON, the P. E., not being well enough for the trip, the editor of this paper went to Harnett Chapel, on the Buckhorn circuit, to attend the Quarterly Meeting for that charge on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17th and 18th. Rev. J. E. Thompson is the preacher in charge and was promptly at his post with a good attendance of official members. We had a pleasant and profitable time. Bro. Thompson is doing a fine work on the circuit, which is in excellent condition. One of his worthy local preachers, in speaking of him, said: "Bro. Thompson is a man the longer you know him the better you like him." This is about the best compliment he could have paid him. It is a right big undertaking to fill Dr. Wilson's place anywhere, and especially where they think as much of him as they do in Harnett. About the only thing we succeeded in better than

he would have done was in getting new subscribers for the ADVOCATE, a nice club of which we secured. And then we are getting our hand in acting as P. E. If there should be a vacancy, it may be that somebody will recommend us. We couldn't presume, however, to suggest to the Bishop to make a vacancy, even to open the place for us.

Shall Prohibition Succeed?

Everybody condemns drunkenness today. Even the anti-prohibitionists claim to be opposed to drunkenness. And the politicians who take the stump against prohibition declare most emphatically and vociferously against intemperance. Some of their lectures on the evils resulting from the excessive use of intoxicants are beautiful and touching, but they are unalterably opposed to prohibition. That robs men of their liberty. They are conscientiously opposed to all "sumptuary laws." This would be amusing if it were not such a serious matter. They claim that prohibition is the work of a few fanatics and that it will soon come to naught.

With the facts that have already gone on record and those that are developing every day it is astonishing what a weird and wonderful spell has seemed to paralyze the judgments of men and hold them in thralldom, in spite of evidence and reason. State after State, either by constitutional enactment or local option, has thrown off its allegiance to liquor and espoused the cause of prohibition. In other States, county after county, city after city, and town after town have done the same thing. The good news comes from chivalrous Missouri that six out of seven counties that have voted on local option have been carried by the prohibitionists. And p'ucky, noble little Florida has carried six out of nine counties for prohibition. And Rome, Georgia, with the entire county, has declared against liquor by a good majority. Louisiana bearing the shield of "Justice, Union and Confidence," sounds a note of glorious victory from Bienville parish. Out of six wards in the parish four have gone dry. Prohibition is evidently on the tide moving rapidly towards the flood.

It is true that Texas was defeated, but still she made a noble struggle for freedom from her most oppressive foe. Never did any State make a more brilliant campaign against the "whiskey devil" than did the Lone Star State.—They rolled up the long list of one hundred and thirty thousand votes for prohibition. This is supposed to be a majority of the Americans and democrats of the State; and still the Star of Washington says this was accomplished by a few fanatics with Senators Reagan and Moxey to lead them. The day is close at hand when Texas will be numbered among the prohibition states. Such men as Briggs, Heidt, Bishop, Amos, Brinkley and others of the heroic band, will keep the fires burning until another opportunity is presented for a renewal of the contest, or by local option they accomplish the same end. Here is what the Texas Christian Advocate says: "We recommend that the war on the saloon be incessantly maintained. Let not the agitation die. Local option yet remains. Disseminate literature. Educate the popular mind. Where there is reasonable hope of victory inaugurate local option contests in precinct and county." These Texans have come to the front with this question to stay until a glorious victory is achieved. Success to them at an early day.

The intense and wide spread interest manifested in the canvass now being conducted in behalf of prohibition in Tennessee clearly indicates the fact that the question is a live one. The politicians and papers are about equally divided. The good men and noble women are working almost day and night for the success of prohibition. The preachers, as they always are in every moral question, are in the thickest of the fight. Our esteemed friend and brother, Rev. T. J. Duncan, seems to be almost ubiquitous. He cannot be bought by the liquor men's money or driven by their threats from the post of duty. Dynamite shells do not disturb him. All eyes will be turned towards the grand old State of Tennessee next Thursday. Let the prayer of faith go up to God from all hearts for complete victory. Dr. Fitzgerald and Bro. Candler, of the Nashville Advocate, have been sounding bugle blasts, rallying the prohibition forces. They have given no uncertain sound. Their heads are level and their hearts are profoundly concerned on this vital question. What a shout of joy will go up from all along the lines if Tennessee does go for "God and home and native land" next Thursday.

This writer enlisted in the war against liquor when quite a boy, and as his locks are whitening under the sorrows of fifty winters, he is more anxious for victory than when he first enlisted. The evil grows in magnitude more and more each day we live. Humanity has long tried a costly ex-

periment with alcoholic liquors. The whole world has been the laboratory, and men of every age and rank the experimenters. History contains the terrible record of observations made and conclusions reached. Over all has hung a mocking spirit of deceit, which has too often veiled the truth.

Is it not amazing that alcohol should have retained its power over mankind so long in spite of the historical record against it? "One is half inclined," says J. T. Edwards, LL.D., "to connect it with supernatural agencies, and exclaims with the noble, though fallen Cassio, 'Let us call thee devil.'" Dr. Fitzgerald must have felt the same spirit when he named his temperance column. How the list of victims to this monster multiplies as we begin to call up the history of the wisest and strongest of mankind! Conquerors conquered, like Phillip, Alexander, Cambyses and Cyrus; poets, with harps broken, like Edgar Poe; orators, whose fine genius was eclipsed, like Sheridan and Prentiss. But the spell is broken and the chains are being removed from Nations, States, communities and individuals. We expect nothing else but glorious success. To accomplish this prohibition expects every true man and woman to do his and her duty.

Sowing Seeds by the Wayside.

It is related that when Thorwaldsen returned to his native land with those beautiful marble statues, which have made his name so famous, chiseled with patient skill during his studies in Italy, the servant opening them scattered upon the ground the straw in which they were packed. The next summer flowers from the city of Rome were blooming in the streets of Copenhagen from seeds accidentally planted. The hand that had put artistic beauty upon marble had unconsciously sown lovely flowers by the wayside. And so christians, teachers, and preachers, are unconsciously scattering the seeds of gospel truths along the road of life. Sometimes one word leads a soul to Jesus.—Sometimes the silent example of piety will influence persons to become religious. Sometimes the remembrance of a godly person's prayers and songs will do the work. We cite the following case, which we recently read, but which occurred long since. A poor slave named Moses was so happy when he professed religion that he must needs pray and preach and sing in spite of all his master's commands to the contrary. The sound of the negro's frequent devotions at night disturbed the planter and his family; so to get rid of the annoyance caused by the fervent exercises of Moses, the master decided to sell him, and soon Moses was gone, and his cabin was silent at night. The memory, however, of the songs, prayers and exhortations of the pious servant lingered in the ears of the family, and became the means of their conversion.—The father, mother and children were all led to embrace religion and join the church by the silent influence of the devoted servant.

There was a certain man who, having resisted all the appeals of the gospel for a long time, was afterwards led to Jesus by standing over the grave of a godly mother, and remembering her piety and the many fervent prayers she had offered up in his behalf. The mother had sown the seeds which did not spring up in the conversion of her son till after her death.

A child, half a century ago, dropped into a missionary box one cent. That cent bought and sent out a tract to a mission field, and it became instrumental in the conversion of a son of a Burman chief. He was a man of wide influence. Crowds came to hear him talk and explain the gospel as he had experienced it. In one year 1,500 natives were baptized as the results of his labors. Here was a seed "less than all seeds." But there was great power in this little mustard seed. It had vast hidden capability in it. It had the power of becoming a tree. And a tree has the power of producing other trees; so the good work goes on till the heathen land becomes a country of christianity and civilization.

While on his way to Charleston (1798) Bishop Asbury saw a slave sitting on the bank of a stream in South Carolina fishing. His name was "Punch." He was notorious for a vicious character. The zealous Bishop dismounted, fastened his horse to a tree, and seated himself beside the slave. The Bishop entered into a personal conversation with the negro about the salvation of his soul. It had a telling effect. "Punch" began to weep and feel alarmed about the salvation of his soul. After a pointed talk the Bishop sang:

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, Without one cheering beam of hope Or spark of glimmering day."

The appropriate hymn was sung heartily and pathetically. The Bishop then prayed fervently for the salvation of "Punch," and passed on. The slave immediately took up his fishing tackle, hastened home, under pungent convic-

tion. He was soon happily converted, and became an active worker in saving others. "Punch" was instrumental in the salvation of many negroes and the overseer, who afterwards became a preacher. "Punch" had now full liberty to do good among his associates. He exhorted, prayed, and led them on as a shepherd his flock. Scores, even hundreds, were converted through his instrumentality.

Bishop Asbury, as many other of the pioneers, obeyed the injunction of Paul: "Preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine." This is a case of doing good "out of season," or going out of one's way to do good. It is likely that no sermon ever preached by the tireless Bishop was so fruitful of results as this talk, song, and prayer with "Punch." It was as an acorn producing an oak, which oak yielded bushels of acorns, which being scattered resulted in the growth of a wide-spread forest. It was opening a fountain, which flowed on deepening and widening in its course, watering fields and turning the wheels of a thousand mills. "Despise not the day of small things," and sow the good seeds beside all waters.

Personal Mention.

EX-GOV. HOLDEN, who has been sick sometime, is out again, we are glad to see.

BRO. F. J. TILLEY, an excellent layman of Chatham county, called to see us last Saturday.

IT WAS REV. L. E. STACEY and not Rev. E. L. Stacey that wrote that note from St. John Station in our last issue.

THE Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church has elected Rev. Geo. R. Crooks, D. D., of Madison, N. J., to succeed the late Dr. Daniel Curry as editor of the Methodist Review.

MR. ALBERT ANDERSON, recently principal of Middleburg Academy, N. C., has gone to the University of Va. to take a medical course. We wish this talented young Methodist brother very great success.

REV. M. T. BEST passed through Raleigh last week en route for his home. His health has given way, and rest until Conference is a matter of necessity with him. We hope by that time that he will be ready for work again.

REV. J. F. CROWELL, President of Trinity College, spent a half day in Raleigh last Friday, en route for Oxford, N. C., to attend the mass meeting there last Sunday. It was a pleasure to greet him in our office and around our fireside at home.

MR. THOMAS GUTHRIE, a son of Rev. T. W. Guthrie, and Mr. John Wilson, a son of Rev. Dr. N. H. D. Wilson, are among the young men who were licensed to practice law by the Supreme Court in this city this week.—We wish them both very great success.

DR. N. H. D. WILSON has been right sick since he left Raleigh. On last Friday he was quite sick. Bishop Key spent that day at his bedside. Saturday he was better, and Sunday he was still better. It is hoped that he will now soon recover. For this his friends will earnestly pray.

REV. N. H. D. WILSON, JR., has gone to Vanderbilt University to take a course in that institution, preparatory to entering the regular work of the ministry. He carries with him the best wishes of many friends, who look with interest to his future work in which he has great promise of eminent usefulness.

REV. P. L. GROOM, our Conference Colporteur, passed through Raleigh last Saturday. He is moving about over the State considerably and sells a great many books. We hope all our preachers and people will co-operate with him in his very important work. He is succeeding very well and is doing a fine work. We commend him and his work most cordially to the confidence and patronage of all our people.

BISHOP KEY preached in Winston, N. C., last Sabbath. He is to be in Goldsboro next Sabbath, at Tarboro Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night, and at Bethel at 11 a. m. on Thursday of next week, from there he comes to Raleigh the 2nd Sunday in October, from Raleigh he goes to Pineville the 3rd Sunday, and then to the meeting of the Bishops in Nashville Oct. 19th. He does not eat much idle bread.

BISHOP DUNCAN could not get to Salem Church and Oxford, N. C., last Saturday and Sunday. He has been suffering from hay fever and his condition was such as to render him unable to do the work expected of him at those mass meetings. We all regret this, and so does the Bishop. In several private letters received from him the past week he expresses much regret that he could not be present. We hope he will soon be well again.

REV. GEO. F. ROUND, of our Conference, has been transferred by Bishop Granbery to the Columbia Conference and stationed at Albany and Tangent,

two towns in Western Oregon on the railroad between Portland and San Francisco. We regret very much for Bro. Round to leave us. He is one of our best men, has always done fine work among us, and will do fine work wherever he goes. We commend him and his excellent wife to those among whom they are to go. In a private letter Bro. Round writes us: "I consented to go, as this Conference has great need of men, and we are full to overflowing. The field is the world. Many feel called to cross the ocean to carry the gospel to the heathen. My calling is not so far, but I have prayed the Divine guidance, and feel that the hand of God is in this matter. I leave my loved brethren of the N. C. Conference feeling more keenly than I can express the pain of separation, and hope for a blissful meeting across the river. Let me hear from you."

The Sunday-School.

The International Lessons.

Lesson for Oct. 2nd, 1887.

THE CENTURION'S FAITH.—Matt. 8, 5-13.

Golden Text.—"I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel"—Matt. 8, 10.

INTRODUCTORY.

From the double heights of Hattin the Saviour descended to the plain, and led his disciples toward Capernaum.—At the gate of the city he was met by a delegation of elders from the synagogue. They presented a plea in behalf of the Roman centurion who was in command of the local garrison, that the mighty Healer would come out and restore to health a household slave, to whom he was strongly attached. The centurion did not come in person, for he was a Gentile, and he supposed that the Saviour shared in the scruples of the Jews, which would forbid them from entering a Gentile's house. But though a Gentile by birth he was a worshiper of God, and so sincere in his regard for the true religion that he had built a synagogue and presented it to the people of Capernaum. Probably he belonged to that large class of thoughtful, God-fearing Gentiles known as "proselytes of the gate;" men who had turned from idols to the true God, but not initiated by circumcision with the Jewish Church, the class out of which came the earliest Gentile Christians when the Gospel was preached by Paul and Barnabas. This centurion united a strong faith with a humble character. He saw divine things with vision clearer than that of the disciples, realizing that Jesus could command as a Master in the spiritual and invisible realms; and he was content that Jesus could speak the word without entering his Gentile home. The Saviour marveled at his faith, wrought the cure, and gave a prediction of the Gentile's entrance into the kingdom of God.—Vincent.

THOUGHTS ON THE LESSON.

BY PRES. J. H. CARLISLE, LL.D.

This miracle is described by Matthew, in our lesson, and by Luke vii, 1-10. The two accounts are too much alike to refer to different miracles, and yet there are some points of difference in the two accounts. To harmonize these accounts and others with like or still more important variations is one of the duties of the Bible teacher. This calls for patient, thorough, reverent study.—There are some instances of variations in the different gospels which still wait their satisfactory solution. There are still unexplained difficulties in the Bible, before which we must pause in humble confidence that there is an explanation. This, in some cases, is as satisfactory as to know what the explanation is. The clear part of Revelation is instructive. So, too, are the wholly dark parts; and the boundary line between the clear and the dark parts.

Matthew says the centurion came, and Luke says he sent. Just as, in another case, Matthew says (xx, 10) the mother of James and John came, desiring a certain thing of Jesus, while Mark (x, 35) says James and John came personally with their request. One writer may say that Pilate scourged Jesus, and another may describe the soldiers scourging at Pilate's command.

There are several centurions, or captains of one hundred men, spoken of in the New Testament, and they are generally alluded to honorably. Even a Roman army, with all its fearful temptations and tendencies to evil, may be a school of kindness and self-control. The human mind, when under right influence, may rise superior to circumstances. No one can throw all the responsibility of his failure to be a Christian upon his surroundings. This Gentile had heard of Jesus. He may have heard Jesus speak, or may have seen him do some miracle of love and power over the Capernaum garrison.—Rome's mighty power was closing in around the doomed people of Galilee and Judea.

Luke's account literally means the centurion was a slave master. It was his "slave" that was sick. Nor is there anything unreasonable in the statement that the slave was dear to the master. There were many instances in our own country where a peculiar tie was form-

ed between master and slave. There were many cases where fidelity on the side was met by kindness on the other. The relation was one of peculiar responsibility, so peculiar, indeed, that we may all be glad that no man should be Christened to-day burdened with such a relation. The relation of servant and employer has taken its place. This, too, has perils and its trials to both parties. All employed persons are not contented or faithful. This relation, considered as a matter of cold, close trading, is now and as slightly broken. It is too often are now, all over our country, employers who do not readily enter into the troubles of their servants. There are many servants who are not "dear" to any employers. Christianity has much to do just here. It has appropriate lessons for both parties. The Gentile slave owner may rise up in indignation against many Christians who would not speak freely on this side or that of the great question of capital and labor.

The Roman captain had many friends among the people whom he was sent to hold in subjection. It is possible there were some in Capernaum who were sorry when the garrison was ordered away. Kindness has strength power to soften the harsh ties that bind society together. Jewish elders were to petition for a Roman Centurion. Some of his military pay had gone to build a Jewish synagogue. Perhaps he had become a proselyte, or he may have given the synagogue, with a Roman tolerance of all religions, based on Roman disbelief of all. At any rate, a very peculiar and difficult post, he had showed himself friendly, and, as a result, he had friends in a crisis of his life.

Matthew's account is brief and interesting: "My servant lieth at home sick. 'I will come and heal him.'"

After eighteen centuries of experiment and study in medical science, the wisest physician now living will not dare to answer any call to a patient with these simple, confident words: "I will come and heal him." He cannot say: "I will come and do what I can. Even when a nobleman sent to Jesus for his sick son, he did not so readily answer, 'I will come.'" Nor did he say, as some of his followers say, would have said to the Master: "I will heal him if you will promise me to heal him immediately."

Now comes the most wonderful part of the story. The humble, kind hearted Roman would have closed the door of his house on the loving, powerful Healer; not because his house would have been defiled by the tread of a Jew, because his roof, though protected by the Roman standard waving over it, was not worthy of such honor. The mysterious, liberal Healer must not stoop to enter his humble home! His very words are colored by his military associations. Order, precedence, subordination, obedience, seem to be stamped on everything around him. Pain, disease, to him, are all subject to control, but not to be commanded by turbaned or general. "Even I, a subordinate, have my proper field, within which I am obeyed. You, a commander-in-chief over a far wider field, may only say to the disease, now pressing on my suffering servant, 'DEPART, I command thee.' In a moment he is a well man again. Jesus saw, appreciated and praised the wonderful faith of this alien. The Jewish elders standing around must have been rebuked. All their synagogue services had not given them a faith like his.

Faith admits of degrees. A true faith may be weak. A weak faith may grow. A strong faith may be lost in the midst of very unlikely surroundings.

As usual, Jesus draws from this incident some lessons of mighty import. His words here throw one ray of light and hope on those who live beyond the reach of temple, synagogue, or church. All quarters of our darkened earth send their representatives to make up the uncounted inhabitants of heaven. As in other cases, Jesus seems to give the petitioner the power to claim what he has asked. It is almost as if he had said: "I give this matter over to your hands. Take all the healing power you believe me to have. As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And the servant was healed in the self-same hour. Without touching, seeing the palsied sufferer the Divine Healer cured him in a moment.

Master and slave, conquering Rome, and conquered Galilee, lose their temporary, artificial relations, as the best brings them before us united to another in mutual kindness and good will, and blessed by the common Father of all.

Bishop Marvin thus describes a spot on the Northern shore of the sea of Galilee, a little West of the point where the Jordan enters it: "Our object in visiting Tell Ham was not only to get a good standpoint from which to survey the lake and its shores, but to get a sight of the locality as ruins as well. The rim of the sea here is composed of round stones, some the size of a man's head, some larger, some smaller, worn smooth by waves, but evidently of volcanic origin. A very few steps brought us up to the edge of a level plot of ground, perhaps two or three hundred acres, which rather gentle ascent of the ground around it on all sides, except the point. This was covered with a mass of weeds and shrubs, in which the thistle prevailed. The growth was exceedingly rank. A few tourists who had preceded us had broken a narrow path to the ruins. Some archeologists assigned a portion of these ruins to the beginning of the Christian era. The most interesting are supposed to be the remains of a synagogue, and, if this was correct, it may have been the work of that centurion of whom they said: 'He saved our nation and hath built us a synagogue.' They are very massive, and in a good style of art, but I cannot undertake any description of them.

The synagogue given by the centurion has perished. The spot where it stood is matter only of conjecture. But his great faith is spoken of wherever the Gospel is preached, to the ends of the world. Spartanburg, S. C.