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Our Georgia Correspondence.

BY REV. G. G. SMITH.
A happy new year to my many readers, and my many friends in the Old North State! I give to all a real Georgia greeting. Once the Widow Bedott had an interview with Jim Crane, the Deacon. The good Deacon was necessarily silent, and the Widow as they parted said, very warmly: "I have been mightily pleased to hear you, talk Mr. Crane." So, I who have done all the talking to your readers for these few years past, have been delighted with these interviews. The Editor says I must begin again, and gently hints that he would be glad for me to be more regular in my letters. Well, I hope I will be, and as the new year is the time for making good resolves, and promises, I will begin by promising to do better.

On the South Carolina Coast there is a dish called "Hopping John." It is made of peas, rice, bacon, and in season of tomatoes. It is highly sometimes seasoned with red pepper, and is a savory dish. My letters are somewhat of this kind, a little of this, and a little of that, with now and then a little of the peppery. I am afraid my few Northern readers will say that in my life of Bishop Pierce, I put in too much Cayenne. They are decidedly of the opinion that their bye-gones should abide, but our bye-gones should be buried; let the dead past bury its dead, unless it should be a Northern past, then let the dead past live forever. Bishop Pierce was a Southerner of the Southerners. He never was reconstructed. He believed the war was an iniquity, while it was going on, and he believed it to the end. He said some very hard things about our Northern foes, and he never took them back. He forgave, but he never justified. He was reconciled to the North, but he was never satisfied it was right. In writing his life this thing appeared on the surface; could I as an honest man refuse to bring it out? I could have refused to have written the book if I had not written it. I was obliged to tell the story just as it was. The California Advocate (M. E. C.) says, and others this side of the line, sometimes say also: "I ought to have suppressed." A suppression of the truth is a falsehood—and a biographer who flatters is no worse than a biographer who conceals an essential fact. If Dr. Crooks, who is writing the life of Bishop Simpson, should make it appear that this great diplomat was not Mr. Lincoln's close counsellor, and not the most powerful ecclesiastic of the Civil war, he will not tell the truth, and when his book appears, you will find that he brings it out clear as day. But there is pepper in that war sermon as sure as you live. More splendid diction, more magnificent declamation, more fearless utterance, was not in all these stirring days, but in the fire of the most burning day, he turned not aside, nor did he allow the Conferences to turn aside when they were in session from their main and only duty to work for souls. Speaking of the book I ought to say here that T. J. Gattis and Son of Durham are General Agents of the book and will send it to any of your readers who wish a copy, or appoint agents in any part of North Carolina.

My visit to Newbern was very short, but very interesting. I had heard so much of this Old City on the Sound, and was not loath to take the long journey to this home of my Ancestors. In the early part of the 18th century, Louis XIV ravaged the Patinats and drove 20,000 Germans to other lands. Queen Anne found herself with more Tentons than she could very well provide for, and she was anxious to get them off her hands, and so she sent some to Pennsylvania, and some to North Carolina, with the Swiss Baron Grafenreid, and among these came my Ancestors, and here they lived, and in Onslow below my grandfather Howard was born and my great grandfather Hall, ran his farm, and in these very cypress swamps his negroes made shingles for the Newbern market. I much enjoyed the quaint old city. I had but little time to see anybody, but the brethren of the Conference room, but the warm hospitality of the people and preachers made my stay delightful. How few of your readers have ever seen the North Carolina Conference and how few of them realize what it is. It is the largest Methodist Conference in the United States. It covers more ground, has more members, demands greater sacrifices, presents a grater variety of features than any other in the old States of the connection. Take a preacher born in Hyde and send him to Burke, or a preacher brought up on the Yadkin, and put him on the lower Cape Fear. Let the man who has drunk from the bubbling springs about Mt. Airy, drink from the cypress tanks of Eastern shore. Let the boy who spent his youth, under the shadows of the Blue Ridge, be sent his first year to the Islands, on the sound,

and I can conceive no greater surprise. It is remarkable that so large a body can hold however with such harmony. I was very much impressed with certain characteristics, or what appeared to me to be such among your preachers, and in your work. The large number of good circuits, the sturdiness and manliness of the preachers, the democracy of the body. When I see some men of small circuits, with small salaries, who in other Conferences I find in the chief places, and when I see some of your leading places, taking without question or complaint, the old and faithful veterans, who in some other Conference I have seen forced to give place to the smart boys, just from College, I think the North Carolina Conference has kept herself to the true idea of the itinerancy. But it is a dangerous matter to talk of living men. If you rebuke they will grow angry, and if you please you are likely to flatter. I saw but one door which I felt ought to be watched. It was laying too much stress on the building of fine churches, and giving a handsome support to the preacher. Whenever a good place is the one in which they "praise the preacher's sermons, and give him things," and do no more, then I fear danger.

This however is not the danger in North Carolina alone, nor greater there than elsewhere. The grand devotion of some of your preachers to duty, and the cheerfulness with which they take the hardest work, and the poorest pay, is a beautiful illustration of the fact that the danger of which I have spoken, although it may exist, has but little power. There were more clerical coats at Newbern, than anywhere I have been, (Jurney did not wear one.) The clerical coat is attended sometimes by the clerical tone, and clerical air, and the clerical pretension, and we become too professional. I don't want everybody to wear a business suit like I do, nor do I object to the clergyman's coat, but the old shad belly was at last Methodist; and nobody could accuse one of seeking to imitate the Apostolically ordained Church Priest, but "de-gustibus non disputandum est."

I enjoyed my visit very much and was sorry I could not prolong it. I have been much on the wing. After leaving you I spent a few days at Winstboro, with my South Carolina brethren. Like yourselves they are greatly exercised about a College, about Wofford, as you are about Trinity. Whether as denominations we can hold our own against State Colleges, which not only receive support from the State, but charge no tuition, is a question. Sometimes I will show mine opinion as to the course to be taken. My South Carolina brethren were, as always, kind, and I had a pleasant visit to them. Then home for a night, and then my own Conference to the Gulf shores at Mobile and New Orleans, and my Conference campaign ended.

Conferences are much alike everywhere, but each one has its individual feature, and its strong points. We do not see the best of the preachers at these sessions. The semi-secular character of our work, the new adjustments necessary, and the conflict of opinions resulting perhaps in the too great abandonment of social life, the abhorrence of cant, and the heroic disposition to conceal our conflicts and trials, make us appear a more worldly, jolly set, than we really are, and make us seem more ambitious and self-seeking than the facts justify. Perhaps my intercourse with our preachers has been more extensive than that of any man now in the connection except a Bishop, or one who like, Dr. Kelley and Dr. Young, had been long a connectional officer, and I avow my faith, that a truer, nobler, more consecrated set of men than the Methodist preachers, are not in the wide world, Editors included.

deed, when I was younger I made that mistake myself. The Master said, "Search the Scriptures," and I only meant to reiterate his words. Anyway I shall still insist that a profound acquaintance with God's holy word is the very best furnishing a preacher can have. I would put the Bible first, and all the other books second. They are only side-lights to shine on the holy book. I will say further, that in matters of repartee, Irish wit and sharp sayings I yield the palm to no man, but I reserve these things for social life, where the tone and manner will make them a matter of humor and pleasantry. Tone and manner can not be transferred to the written or printed page. I desire to add that I am not well enough up in Latin to translate Dr. Yates' quotations in this article. If they had been quotations from the Bible I could have verified them in a moment or two, but as it is, they are all Latin to me. I am sure that I can establish the importance of studying the Bible, by Scripture more strongly and more easily than Dr. Yates can prove in the same way, the importance of Watson, Wesley and Tigert's Logic, with his "conceptualisms" thrown in. I consider the Bible the best and most important book for a preacher; and now if Dr. Yates thinks Wesley, Watson and Tigert better or more important books, we will at once join issue and discuss the question. What say you, Doctor?

Yours, GILDEROY

Our Letter From Baltimore.

BY DR. STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

Mr. Editor: I have been reading recently a book just issued by Funk and Wagnalls, entitled: "The Presidential Campaign of 1896: a Scrap Book Chronicle, by an Editor of that Period." This book has a strange fascination about it to say the least. It is addressed to a student of Yale and is dated 1925. The author says in his letter of dedication that chief and foremost among the averted dangers, which have threatened the Republic, he places that one in 1896, with the combined forces of socialism, anarchy and atheism. This is the triple alliance against which the best people of the land are called to fight. From our point of view the book is necessarily of a prophetic nature, and is made up of clippings from newspapers of the day. The parties are national and labor. The national party represents the best elements of all now existing parties. There is no longer democrat, republican, or prohibitionist. There is no North, no South, no East, no West. There is one people, and that people in its grandeur is united against the combined forces of labor, and when the term labor is used, it is not in the sense of honest, industrious, law-abiding, Sabbath-loving, liquor-hating, God-fearing labor, but under this name are united the foreign elements in our State. The Irish and Germans lead on the hosts of non-Americans against the bulwarks of the liberty, union, peace and prosperity of our people. The book opens with a quotation from the *New York Times*, of May 20th, 1896, which in giving a resume of the political outlook, says: "The ebullience of anti-American arrogance, ignorance, and fanaticism has already set in, promising ere long to sweep away with it all the flimsy imported fabric of anarchy and atheism, and to make way for a return to those pure principles and honored traditions bequeathed us by our forefathers, the founders of the Republic." In the campaign of 1892 the nationalist candidates had been chosen only by the votes of four labor electors, who had in the meantime experienced a change of opinion. In 1896 the nationalist ticket is led by Charles Francis Adams, of Mass., and Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, their supporters are all the name implies. The contest is long and bitter, but the struggle is ended by the success of the nationalist cause, and the volume closes with a final warning to the American people to remember that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

The author is unknown, a previous volume of his, "The Battle of Bietigheim," is creating much interest in Europe, and has been confiscated on the Austrian frontier. It is written in the battle of Dr. King Style, and will call attention to the defenseless condition of our coasts. Sunset Cox says, it is a marvel of rational ratiocination. Both volumes are published by Funk and Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York, and may be had for 50 cents each. The "Campaign of 1896," has a pleasing style, has all the circumstantial minuteness and accuracy of Dean Swift, or DePoe, and at times makes us believe that the period represented has already passed. The predictions in this book, may not be fulfilled in 1896. The country may not then be entirely ripe for the struggle. Some political economists say that the time is "not yet," but come it will, and there are not a few who will welcome its coming, for the forces of the enemy are forming, and must be overcome, or what mean those schools in Chicago, where children are taught to hate law and order, and to defy, and defame

the government that has succeeded and sheltered their homeless parents, and where they are taught to canonize as saints and martyrs murderers, who have perished by the hangman's halter. There is another side too, and this is of more interest to us of the South. It is the era of good feeling predicted, no North, no South, a time of honesty and justice—a return to the earlier days. Bribery and whiskey, the bloody shirt, and the negro are the ruling elements in politics of to-day. Decent and upright men are too often driven from the field in disgust and the government given up to a kakistocracy. This should not be. It is the duty of every man to take part in politics, by word, by deed and pen. He must frown down all that smacks of dishonesty. He must work for the good of the whole people. He must be national. When the better class of men, persons who now consider themselves above the political arena, will come down a little, and do their duty, then we need not fear to meet all the forces of the offscourings of Europe for the right will prevail.

ENGLISH AT THE JOHNS HOPKINS.

It is somewhat remarkable that every new student entering the Johns Hopkins University the past year and making English his major study, six in number, is a Southern man, and furthermore every man in the University putting his principal work on English is from the South. This is an exceedingly good sign. It is time we were waking up to the fact that there are modern languages besides French and German, and ancient ones besides Latin and Greek. We need more English in our public and graded schools. We should find more of our practical grammar in literature and not confine ourselves even in the lower classes to the dry grind of excerpts in the shape of "sentences for parsing." Our University has made rapid strides in the line of English since 1885, and I am glad to know that the Colleges are all following suit. The J. H. U. is especially adapted to the needs of our men in literary training, here the philological side is emphasized, the two then supplement each other. All of your readers may not know that it was a Methodist preacher, and a graduate of the University of North Carolina who was one of the first to urge the importance of and the first to teach Gothic and Anglo-Saxon in the South. Edward Somgoolo Sims has this honor. He was born in Virginia in 1805, graduated at our University in 1824 and was for several years thereafter a professor in LaGrange College, Ala. In 1831 he joined the Tennessee Conference and after traveling two years was elected to the chair of ancient languages in Randolph Macon. In 1836 he went to Europe and studied for two years in the University of Halle devoting himself mainly to Gothic and Anglo-Saxon. On his return in 1839 he was transferred to the chair of English and began his work, but having no suitable text books in Anglo-Saxon for his classes, he taught them by lessons on the blackboard, at the same time using the English classics for texts and delivering lectures on Anglo-Saxon as the basis of the English language. He was called to the University of Alabama in 1842 and was engaged in the preparation of a series of text books in Anglo-Saxon when cut off by an untimely death in 1846.

THE GRAVE OF POE.

The grave of a great man is always an interesting spot. We stand there in awe and reverence, respect for his genius covers up what faults he may have had. Then, if ever, we allow the good that he has done to live after him. There, or never, the evil is interred with his bones. Edgar Allan Poe lies buried in the yard of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, corner Fayette and Green streets. He was at first buried in the rear of the church, near the grave of his grandfather, Gen. David Poe, but some eight years since he was put in this more conspicuous place. The remains of his wife, Miss Virginia Clem, who was also his cousin, were brought from New York, and with those of her mother now rest under the same sod. The monument was erected by subscription at the time of the reinterment, is some eight feet high and quadrangular in shape. The plinth is of granite, the shaft has on one side the poet's head carved in low relief, and his name. On the opposite is the simple inscription: "Edgar Allan Poe, born January 20th, 1809, died October 7th, 1849." His works are his own best monument. The Raven speaks more eloquently than the words of a panegyric, and places him in the fore-front of American poets. He has been more grossly slandered, perhaps, than any poet of the century. These charges can generally be traced to Griswold, the author of "Poets and Poetry of America." Most of his allegations have been disproved by men like N. P. Willis, the poet, and George R. Graham, the proprietor of Graham's Magazine, with both of whom Poe worked, and other charges resting solely on the testimony of an implacable enemy and proved liar may be

considered as perverted facts and baseless assumptions." The physician who attended him in his last fatal illness died only about a month ago. He always stoutly denied that Poe died in a fit of delirium tremens, and always admired and defended the character of a man to whom time will perhaps do justice at last. Johns Hopkins University, Md.

Letter From Rev. P. L. Groome.

Having placed my family at Pleasant Garden with friends of other years to board, where the children can go to school, to one of the best teachers in N. C., Prof. Fentress, who graduated at Trinity College in 1887, went over to Trinity to see Professors Armstrong and Price, who had spent some years abroad, for such kindly suggestions and advice as they might make, and much to my delight and profit. President Crowell placed a very valuable book in my hands that will serve me in making observations on the conditions of things in Europe.

I spent the night with Rev. C. M. Pepper's family, who gave me my start in the ministry, but who, now superannated, is keeping a boarding house, and by the way a first-class one and near the College.

I had the good fortune to meet Rev. Rufus King, who had been to Palestine, and gave me several valuable hints. Bishop Granbery also very kindly gave me a letter commending me to the confidence of church people wherever I may go, with the assurance that I should have his prayers in my behalf, all of which I most cordially appreciate, with the desire that all my brethren in the N. C. Conference will also remember me at a throne of grace. Dr. Young wrote me a few days ago to go first to Egypt and Palestine as the "mercury would soon be too high for comfort there." I never did like mercury and am purposing to follow his advice. Farewells said at home, with a small valise as our only traveling companion, I turned my face toward the North. I noticed in passing through Greensboro a great deal of work going on putting in sewerage pipes, they have just put in waterworks, and built a new Railroad to Madison, and will soon have one of the finest bank buildings in the State. Her good people are worthy, and we rejoice in her prosperity.

The last familiar faces I saw were those of the gifted Byrd and his young wife, who got off the train as I got on.

By way of Richmond you reach Washington at 11 a. m., leaving Greensboro at 8 40 p. m. Our engine killed a very fine cow just before reaching the city of Washington—we stopped and all went back to look at her except the ladies and children.

In Washington I called first at the State Department for my passport, which now costs only \$1.00; after which, it being Wednesday, and Mr. Cleveland's day for receiving visitors, I called at the White House with about one hundred others to be introduced to the President. It is an informal affair, the President stands in a doorway leading out of the East room, and visitors come up to him, say "howdy do Mr. President" and pass out. It is simple and does a little good and no harm. I then went down to the Capitol hoping to get letters of introduction to representative Americans and gentlemen abroad from our Senators, but calling of ayes and nays prevented my seeing Senator Vance, while very important business in N. C. craved the presence of Senator Ransom. I admire the public buildings of Washington enough to write a whole letter about them, but many of the readers of the Advocate have already seen them, and others have written them up in better style than I am able to do.

In all the travel I hope to make, I do not expect to see any one building more magnificent than the Capitol of the United States, nor any city more beautiful than Washington with its fine buildings and parks. Being detained in the White House until 2 p. m., I missed the train and had to wait till four, but the loss of time was more than compensated by the acquaintance of a Mr. Miller, of New York, son of a Presbyterian clergyman. He says in their church they have the Y. P. E. U. e. the Young People's Christian Endeavor, and that it works admirably. It is the same thing about which I wrote an article in Nov. I formed one of the same at C. Tabor on the Granville circuit, with 24 members. It gives each something to do. We are all very fast leaning the fact that, to take stock in anything or expend labor, prayer or thought to further a cause, identifies us with that enterprise as we cannot otherwise be. May be I shall try to inaugurate such a work in our Conference when I return. I reached Jersey City at 11:35 p. m. Wednesday and New York next morning at 9 o'clock. I have now been here two days. I stopped at the International Hotel, park row, opposite Post Office first, but as our Steamer leaves tomorrow morning at 6, I came down to the Palace Hotel only one square from the pier.

My first care was to put my cash in the hands of Messrs. Brown Bros., whose letters of credit are honored all over the world where there is a Bank. But they required that I be identified, but Dr. Beems was the only man who knew me in the city. I purposed calling on him for letters of introduction, advice, etc., etc. I found him not. But sometimes when things can't be done one way they can another, so I succeeded by the other.

The next thing was to determine on which Steamer to go as I wished to make the Mediterranean as early as possible. The Cunard and Inman both send vessels tomorrow to Liverpool, also the Red Star Line to Antwerp. But I chose the Gascoyne of the French Line to Havre and bought through ticket to Genoa, with privilege to stop over in Paris, etc. This is the largest and finest boat in the harbor. Capacity 7,000 tons. I chose this also because I thought I might pick up a little French on the way. I presume I need not dwell on this city much, everything is done on a magnificent scale.

Many of the buildings are from 7 to 10 stories high, and high pitched rooms at that. A. T. Stewart's old property occupies a whole square, and is built of stone, as are hundreds of others. The Brooklyn Bridge is 1-1/4 miles between gates, about 80 feet wide and 90 feet high, and would hold altogether 50,000 people. They have four lines of elevated steam railways capable of carrying 200 passengers at a trip; they go about every 60 or 70 seconds during the morning and sometimes during the afternoon. They stop every 6 or 8 blocks, to take passengers on and off.

I visited the Cooper Institute. This is a magnificent brown stone building opposite the Bible House, 8th Street and Bowery. Here is a free reading-room 100 feet wide, 200 long, (I am guessing) with a dozen copies each of two or three hundred newspapers, and thousands of volumes of books, tables with chairs and desks for standing are plentifully provided for the comfort of the thousands who come here yearly and read and obtain the knowledge they are too poor to buy elsewhere. About 150 were in when I called. Free lectures are given also. Paintings and statuary are on free exhibition. I felt a thrill of admiration for the beneficent founder when I departed. I saw the statue of the Father of his country in Wall Street at the treasury building where he took the oath of office as the 1st President of the United States. I visited the Stock Exchange where men are made paupers and millionaires by telegraph, and although I have attended many scores of revivals of religion, I have never witnessed such afflictions as I saw out there, men yell and scream much. I imagine, as Indians celebrate a victory won, but others have written up all this.

I noticed a very few colored people in New York, not over a dozen or twenty perhaps, too good or too something for Sambo up here.

Another thing, I have seen less smoking on Broadway than one would in a town of a thousand inhabitants, perhaps in N. C. I have seen less than a dozen boys with cigarettes—this I thought remarkable and very creditable. The habit may be to smoke at home, I don't know, only I have not seen it to any extent hardly.

I am now aboard and will start in a few minutes.

"The sails are spread and fair the North wind blows, As glad to wait him from his native home."

Yours truly, P. L. GROOME.
Jan. 19th, 1889.

Raise It.

After a whole day of earnest conference with others equally anxious with myself, followed by an almost sleepless night, I said at our breakfast table a few mornings since: "How can we pay \$20,000 of appropriations when we have but \$10,000 in money?"

Our fifteen-year-old boy promptly answered: "Raise the other \$10,000."

And this must be done if the appropriations of last April are all paid soon. We gave warning last Summer, and have been pressing our plea in every way we could ever since, and yet we lack near ten thousand dollars of enough to meet these cases, not one of which ought to be deferred.

And it can be raised if with one heart and purpose our preachers will everywhere go at once to work and send to their Conference Treasurers, not to me, every possible dollar on the present year's assessment.

A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, will bring us through. In the name of the Master and for His cause let it be done.

DAVID MORRIS, Sec.
Louisville, Ky., Jan. 19th, '89.

Do not be afraid to be exceedingly ambitious, but see to it that your ambition is consecrated to its very roots.—Congregationalist.