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ORGAN OF THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

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EDITORIAL.

AWAY.

I cannot say, and I will not say,
 That he is dead—he is just away!

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
 He has wandered into an unknown land.

And left us dreaming how very fair
 It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—O you, who the wildest yearn
 For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear
 In the love of There as the love of Here:

Mild and gentle, as he was brave—
 When the sweetest love of his life he gave.

To simple things: where the violets grew
 Blue as the eyes they were likened to.

The touches of his hands have strayed
 As reverently as his lips have prayed;

When the little brown thrush that harshly
 Chirred

Was dear to him as the mocking-bird:

And he pitied as much as a man in pain
 A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.

Think of him still as the same, I say:
 He is not dead—he is just away!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

POLYGAMY is by no means practically abolished in Utah. It is said that a rich man can have two wives provided he pay a fine of one hundred dollars. It is said that the poor man is fined three hundred dollars.

NOTHING is so utterly, hopelessly lost as "lost time." It makes me unhappy when I look back and see how much time I have wasted, how much I might have learned and done if I had but understood how short is the longest hour.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

ZANGWILL, the Jewish author, is one of the best writers of English we know of. He has lately contributed to a leading periodical an article on Zionism, a movement which is attracting great attention. He says that there are only five possibilities for the Jews: (1) National regeneration; (2) religious regeneration; (3) disappearance; (4) extermination. He makes prominent the fact that it is not the purpose of the Jews to make Palestine the great central home for the scattered nations.

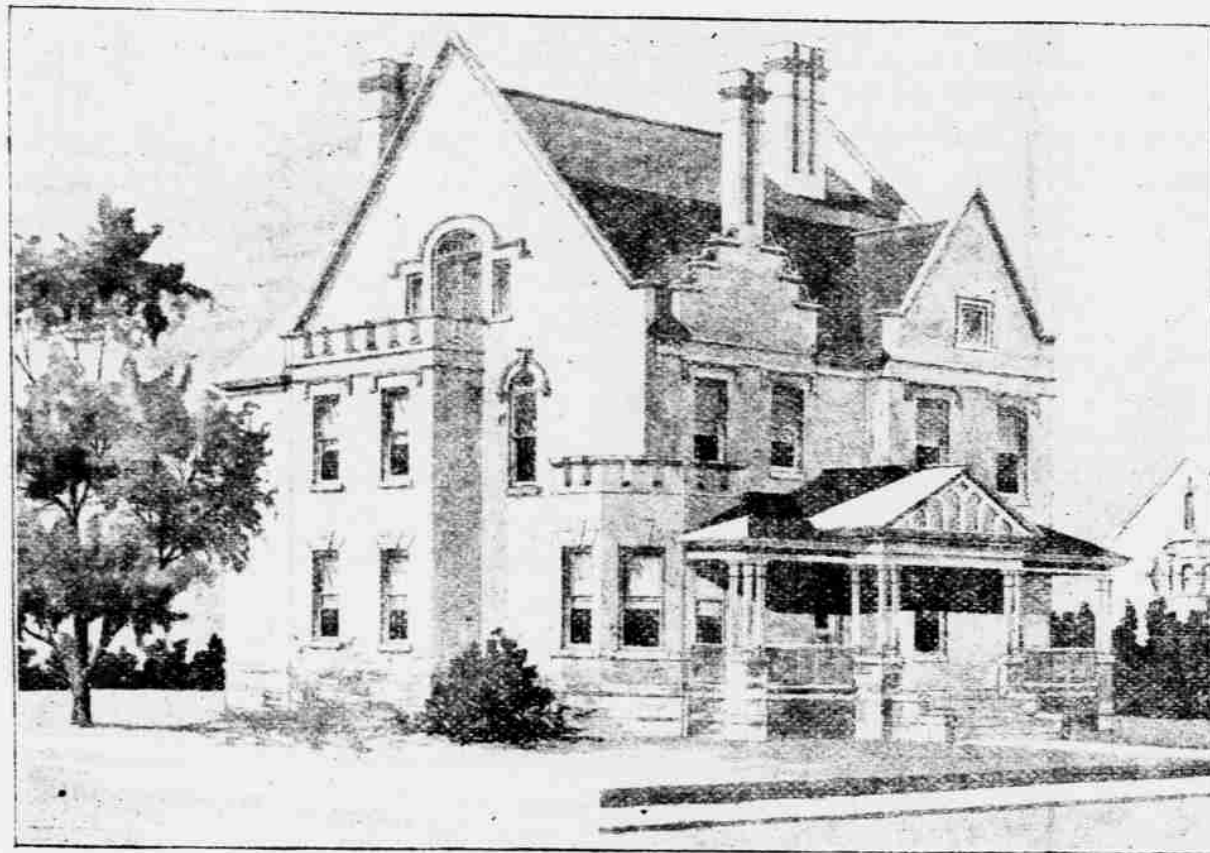
Why laymen and preachers continue to report in an apologetic way the conversion of children, we cannot understand. The habit is a sad commentary on our ability to apprehend not only spiritual but ordinary truth. A little thought will convince any fair, intelligent mind that the conversion of a child means more for the church and for the world than does the conversion of an adult. Then why, in a weary, deprecatory spirit say, "Only a few children converted." The fact makes the angels shout for joy. Then why should we sigh? May the Holy Spirit enlighten us!

OUR ORPHANAGE AND PREACHERS HOME.

On a plateau northwest of Raleigh, sufficiently remote to lose the roar and rush of the city and to wear the glory of flower and forest, is the site of the "Orphanage and Preachers' Home" of the North Carolina Conference. Forty acres, it is, of cleared and of wooded land, the gift of the City of Raleigh whose delight is to build for humanity and the years. When one stands on this sacred ground and looks at the green hills billowing far to the North and West and then turns eastward and sees the capital city almost under him, he is compelled to feel that surely no lovelier site could be found from the land of Ottalay to Ocracoke. Boylan Street extended far enough would be the eastern boundary of the Orphanage grounds. Devereaux extended West would be the southern boundary. The

will rise in the east, just so surely will the enterprise appeal to human hearts that will have not only the desire but the ability to give. Its promoters have looked to Providence so far, and He has not failed them. He will doubtless speak to some one who reads these lines and move them to give the necessary eight hundred dollars. To this end we pray.

You see another picture. It is the face of him to whom, more than anyone else, we are indebted for the success of the enterprise—Rev. J. W. Jenkins. In his declining years he has built for himself a monument prouder than any in Westminster Abbey or Greenwood. He has had this matter in his heart for years. He felt that at the last Conference the time had come for him to speak. He spoke earnestly, eloquently. His plans



THE FIRST BUILDING.

old country road leading through Brooklyn is the western boundary. The Capt. B. P. Williamson farm is the northern boundary. The forestry is varied, there being the dogwood, hickory, maple, pine, and oak of the red, white, and post variety.

The contemplated buildings are: First, a central building to be large, handsome, and commodious, two or three stories high; the first story for dining room, cook room, laundry, storage room, etc.; the second story for chapel, school rooms, etc. Then, four cottages for dormitories, each to lodge from twenty-five to thirty children, with a teacher. Thirdly, a nice Superintendent's home and Infirmary. Fourthly, two industrial buildings. The central building will be located near the centre of the grove. The Home will be located to the South, just across the street from Brooklyn, with the Superintendent's home and the Infirmary building between it and the Orphanage. Here is wanted a main building two stories high, to cost five thousand dollars. There are wanted also two double cottages to domicile the widows who have children and would like to keep house. These buildings are to have stone foundations, walls of first-class brick, and roof of slate.

The building to be erected at once, and whose cut is presented on this page, is to be two stories high. The first story is for reception room, study room, laboratory, and bath rooms, with wide hall—all well heated with wood or coal. The second story is to have two large rooms, well ventilated, for the children's bed rooms, and a bed room and a reception room for the teacher. There are to be piazzas on all sides. The work is to be first-class.

The building was designed by Messrs. Rose and Barrett, Architects, Raleigh, N. C., and will be a beauty, as the design indicates. The whole thing is artistic, yet homelike. The whole building will cost about three thousand dollars. Twenty-two hundred dollars of this amount are now ready. Eight hundred more are necessary. This amount will come. The Orphanage enterprise appeals to God, and as surely as the sun

commended themselves to the judgment of the Conference. Yet there was not a man in that Conference, unless it were Bro. Jenkins himself, who thought that, before another annual session, practical work would be begun on the buildings. God hath



REV. J. W. JENKINS.

wrought great things through His servant. To his judgment, energy, and enthusiasm we owe much, and we pray that he may live to enjoy the sight of little orphans and the heroic beneficiaries of the Conference in the Home for which he has done so much.

OUR GREAT ADVERSARY.

The thought of God is one around which the greatest thoughts are clustered. We cannot think, speak, and think too much about God. Yet it is to be feared that there is a tendency on the part of the present generation to lose sight of the existence of the great antagonist of God. We think, speak, and write too little of Satan.

Of the real existence of Satan there can be no reasonable doubt in the minds of those who sincerely and intelligently read the Bible. There is no categorical statement of the fact that there is a Devil. Neither is there a cat-

egorical statement of the fact that there is a God. The fact is so patent that it's statement would be superfluous and weakening. However, there is hardly a Bible writer who does not make mention in some way of a personal Devil. With the exception of God, he is more constantly referred to than any other character in the Bible.

There can be urged against his existence no argument that cannot be urged with equal force against the existence of God. You say, "I have never seen him." Neither have you seen God. You have never seen life as a concrete entity. You have seen its visible manifestation. You say that you cannot reconcile the existence of Satan with the love and mercy of God. There are many things which you cannot reconcile, but which you must accept. You cannot reconcile the fact that heat warms with the fact that there is intense heat in the centre of a block of ice. Human nature and the Devil are still great mysteries.

We cannot look into our hearts without finding traces of the Satanic presence. His imprint is left on every page of life. Riding upon the winds, walking on earth and wave, storming every citadel of life, burrowing into the heart, tainting thought and feeling, dogging our footsteps, he is the one implacable enemy of God and man.

A wider recognition of his existence, a more faithful warning in the pulpit against his wiles, and a more practical treatment of him as a living personality, would be of great advantage to the cause of righteousness.

A CORRECTION.

Some time ago we received the following letter:

EDITOR CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE:—Several weeks ago I published in the RALEIGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE a late editorial paragraph in *The Christian Advocate* containing the statement that General Funston is a native of North Carolina. The statement has made a considerable stir in this State, some claiming that the party in question was born in Ohio; others that he was born in Virginia. I have given you as an authority, stating that you very rarely make a mistake on such questions. I would be very glad if you would give me your authority for your statement. T. N. IVEY, Editor of RALEIGH (N. C.) CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

As we had taken the item on which our note was based from a daily paper, we wrote at once to General Funston himself, and a short time since received this reply:

Headquarters of First Brigade, Second Division, Eighth Army Corps, San Fernando, P. I., July 8, 1899.

EDITOR [New York] CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE:—In reply to your letter of recent date I have the honor to inform you that I was born in New Castle, O. My mother's family is from North Carolina, and the Virginia family is related to my family.

FREDERICK FUNSTON, Brigadier General U. S. Volunteers, Commanding.—(New York) *Christian Advocate*.

As the RALEIGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE has been quoted as authority for the statement that General Funston was born in North Carolina, we publish the above, taken from the (N. Y.) *Christian Advocate*, in the way of explanation and vindication. When we find out that what we have written, whether on our authority or that of others, is not accurate, we seize the first opportunity to correct the mistake. After all, Dr. Buckley was not far wrong, as the family of General Funston's mother was from North Carolina.

PLAYING WITH THE TRUTH.

A writer in the October *McClure's Magazine* writes a thrilling account of the killing of a mammoth, the last of its species, in the wilds of Alaska last year. He creates the impression that the news-

papers had much to say of the event at the time it occurred. He also says that the stuffed mammoth is on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

It transpires that the Smithsonian man is threatening to sue the Magazine for entailing on him a great annoyance in the shape of explanations to the hundreds who come to see the newly killed mammoth by saying that it is not in the Institution.

The truth of the matter is, the whole story was a fake. It was so ingeniously written, and wore such an air of verisimilitude that the writer succeeded in deceiving almost the "very elect" in the reading fraternity.

This illustrates the power of the press. A little story kindles a big fire. The voice of type goes out to the ends of the earth.

It is the manifestation of a tendency which is essentially modern, and should be checked—that of covering fancy so completely with the clothing of truth that the deception is not apparent. When this is done, a vitiating element creeps in. When the braying donkey is clothed with the lion's skin, the eternal fitness of things demand that the ears stick out.

THE BOER AND THE BRITON.

The situation in South Africa is very serious. It is evident that the Boers, under the leadership of stern old Paul Kruger, has no idea of acceding to the demands of Great Britain. What we know of this great government does not lead us to suppose that it will modify its exactions as stated by Chamberlain. The Transvaal will not suffer for lack of aid from Orange Free State. The Boer forces are estimated all the way from 20,000 to 100,000 men. The latest dispatches say that the Boers have crossed into Natal, and that the British forces have been reinforced with troops from India. The situation is not so grave as to preclude any possibility of the peaceable settlement of the matter. It is to be hoped that the Christian sentiment of the nations will solve the trouble without bloodshed.

WHEN the sailors of the Olympia, Admiral Dewey's flag-ship, went on shore at Trieste, they demeaned themselves as gentlemen, showing no signs of that bacchanalian spirit so commonly ascribed to sailors all over the world. This fact helps to explain the wonderful victory in Manila harbor. A set of drunken roughs can never do anything great.

WE dedicate to God many things which we do not use for his glory. When this is the case, the dedication is spurious.

Christ's Example.

It is not only since His divine form has arisen before my soul that I have learned to know the true condition of man. Formerly, by comparing myself with what was small, I appeared great in my own eyes; but since I have compared myself with Him, how insignificant have I become. When we hear a man whom we feel to be truthful and humble speaking great things of himself, it has a humiliating effect upon us. And when the Saviour utters such words as "I do always those things that please Him"—and I believe it to be in very truth that He utters this—I then become conscious of what man, who is created in the image of God, ought to be. When I see how, in all things, He sought not His own glory, but that of His heavenly Father, I am ashamed of my ambition; when I see how He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, I am ashamed of my pride; when I see how He took the cup which His Father gave Him, and drank it, I am ashamed of my disobedience; when I see how He bore the contradiction of sinners against Himself, and when He was reviled, reviled not again, I am ashamed of my impatience and my passion. Nothing has so subduing and humiliating an influence upon me as my Saviour's example.—*Tholuck*.