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RALEIGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

EDITORIAL.

IN OLD WARREN.

A two hours' dash up the S. A. L., a few minutes' stop at Warren Plains, a "crackling" rocking ride over a little railroad, three miles long, and we are in Warrenton, a town wearing the afterglow of a richly historic Past, and flushed with the lusty strength of a livelier Present. A gentleman introduces himself as "Brother Massenburg," and we are carried at once to his hospitable home, where we are introduced to his cultured wife. Here we spend a pleasant hour with these "high church" Methodists, as they call themselves. Of course they mean that they are strong, loyal Methodists.

A knock at the door and we are introduced to a Bro. Ed Williams, who tells us that he is to convey us to the neighborhood of Shady Grove Church, Rev. J. M. Rice, P. C. Bro. Williams, in the course of two hours, proves himself an agreeable companion, a gracious host, a modern Jehu, and a rich mine of agricultural and other information. He is one of the "stand-bys" of Shady Grove—a lean yeoman in the Master's service. May his shadow never grow less.

The ashen skies were weeping, and the twilight shadows were beginning to enfold the dreary landscapes, when we drove up to the door of Bro. Jonas Williams, who with "Elder" Underwood and "Preacher" Rice, welcomed us to the blazing fireside of a family, every member of which wore a face bright with love's sunshine. A devoted husband, a brave, consecrated wife, and fourteen bright children, some of whom have gone to the upper courts. This is the household at which my heart took some successful snap-shots, and of which memory carries some charming views. We were glad to meet under this roof a real Methodist patriarch and his interesting companion. I refer to Bro. J. S. Jones and wife. Bro. Jones is eighty-five years old, but he is as spry and chipper as a boy. Bros. Underwood and Rice gave him a birth-day present in the shape of a year's subscription to the "Old Raleigh." A good example for all who have friends or relatives with birth-days.

The congregation at Shady Grove the next day was small, on account of the rain, but the service was a very enjoyable one to the preacher in the pulpit. It was the occasion of the fourth Q. M. on the Warrenton circuit. The music deserves special mention. Prof. J. A. Dameron is an Asaph. His son, and little Miss Anna Williams only twelve years old, alternately evoked the sweetest music from the sweet-toned organ, and the little congregation, led by Prof. Dameron, gave us such hymnic melody as is not often heard in country churches. Shady Grove is one of the oldest Methodist churches in the State. It could tell interesting tales of the earliest decades of Methodist history. The glory of the former years is

gone, the worshippers are few, but in the hearts of these few is a persevering and enduring loyalty which gives no sign of decadence. We secured some new subscribers to the ADVOCATE.

Bro. Jonas Williams was kind enough to convey us in his buggy to Warrenton. He is a man in whose presence it is impossible to suffer from that ennui with which all travellers are acquainted. He is well informed, and impresses every one with the strength of his convictions, and the sincerity of his motives. home?"

The journey of twelve miles was a short one. The purple stars of autumn hung in the roadside shrubbery, and the graceful golden-rod trembled over dainty carpets of black and gold. The smell of the newly-washed earth, mingled with the odors that came from the gaily decorated forests, made quicker heart-throbs and brighter eyes for at least one on that blessed Sabbath afternoon. When we feel the touch of nature we feel the touch of God himself.

To say that nightfall found us before a blazing grate in the home of that large-hearted layman and successful business man, Walter E. Boyd, of Warrenton, is to say much. To say that the same blessing included the hospitable attentions and ministrations of his accomplished and matronly wife, is to say much more. Then there were Underwood and Guthrie. There was charm in the coterie and the occasion. But the church-bell warned us that the congregation were ready to hear the nomadic editor preach. We found a congregation of good size. The attention was all that could be expected. There was present a large contingent of young people to whom we were glad to preach. The church is a gem. The Warrenton Methodists should feel proud of it. The pastor, Bro. Guthrie, is closing his second year on the Warrenton Circuit. He has done work which abides. His meetings this year have been profitable. It was quite a pleasure to canvass his congregation the next day for the ADVOCATE. Bro. Guthrie on Sunday night suggested that we appoint a place where the good people who wished to subscribe might meet us Monday. Such a thing had never been heard of in Israel. So we had to smile incredulously while we accepted his suggestion. But he knew his people better than we did. They did hunt the editor the next morning to subscribe. What a glorious people! We very much lengthened our list of subscribers. Those Warrenton Methodists believe in reading and their own church paper at that. From forefathers, who guided the ark in troublous times, those Warrenton saints have inherited a zeal which flags not, and a spirit which is ready in every good word and work.

Bro. Underwood convened his Quarterly Conference for Warrenton Circuit about 11 o'clock on Monday morning. The attendance of the official brethren was large. It was our privilege to talk a few minutes to them. It is saying much for them when we say that when we bade them adieu there was only one who was not a subscriber to the "Old Raleigh." We would say, *en passant*, that Bro. Underwood, as far as we have been able to learn, is popular in every part of his District.

Bro. J. M. Rice, P. C. of the Warren Circuit, lives at Warrenton. He married a daughter of Bro. Matlock, of Alamance, and she makes a model preacher's wife. Bro. Rice is one of our truest men. He preaches a plain, searching gospel. He tells the truth, no matter how it hurts. His work has borne fruit. He has held some very gracious meetings. It was our fortune to dine at the parsonage, where our stay was only too short for us.

We started out in this correspondence to tell something of Warrenton and Warren County. But our space is not sufficient. Warrenton is a live town, if it is ancient. There is a great deal of business done in this interesting old town. The

houses wear that air of thrift and respectability which is a true index to prosperity. The people are cultured and intelligent. One of the best schools in the State is here, taught by Prof. J. B. Graham. We looked in on the boys and girls, of whom there was a large number. They seemed contented and ambitious. Prof. Graham is one of the State's foremost teachers. Such men as he are the truest conservators of the best interests of the commonwealth. We are sorry that we did not have time to visit that genial ink-slinger and worthy occupant of the tripod, Bro. Rodwell, of the Warrenton Record, a valuable paper on which we levy for points every week.

By one o'clock, through the kindness of Bro. Rice and the unusual exertions of his horse, "Lucy", who seems to be an almost standing rebuke to this fast age (she is a splendid horse, though), we were at Warren Plains, where a few minutes afterward we took the southbound train for Raleigh. In less than three hours we were in this office listening to the printers' demand for copy.

A WRONG TENDENCY IN LITERATURE.

The Christian who carefully studies the history of mankind, past and present, must evidently come to the conclusion that the world is growing better. Religion and civil government go hand in hand to make better men and better citizens. But in some particular lines the night seems to grow blacker and the dawn to delay her coming.

We refer to the increasing use of profanity, as shown by the unfailing guide—current literature. To-day the Press is all-powerful. It speaks, and a fair island is freed from tyranny. It thunders, and a powerful but corrupt government pardons a Dreyfus.

Be it remembered, however, that evil may and does have the same champion. Our firesides are invaded by books and magazines that insidiously weaken the moral tone of our children, and bear fruitage in stunted Christians and often ruined homes.

A few years ago, books and magazines of the better class dared not use profanity except by printers' dashes, and but seldom that way. To-day the oaths are brazenly spelled out, and used in profusion. Not only this, but sacred things are sneered at and impurity apotheosized. Remember, that this is not "Wild-West" literature, to be read in dingy garrets, but the product of our famous writers of fiction, which fashion and learning decree shall be read by all intelligent persons with no thought of concealment.

To-day "David Harum" is eagerly read in thousands of our American homes; but the old country banker must needs sauce his homely wit and logic with questionable slang and open profanity. A gifted English writer, who is very dear to Americans, makes his well-bred English school boys use billingsgate and invective that would tax the ingenuity of hardened criminals.

Nor is this state of affairs confined to literature. Popular lecturers regale us with anecdotes of drunken men, imitating their movements, and making their condition a joke. We regret to say that even ministers sometimes listen with a smile to stories of questionable propriety, whose sole pithoften lies in a well-turned in semi-oath or in obscenity.

The remedy for all this is a rigid supervision of literature that comes into our homes, and a severe let-alone policy toward those lecturers who do not send from the lecture hall better men and women.

We should be as careful in these affairs as we are in lesser ones, and far more so. A government closes its mails to the treasonable writings of any of her citizens. A public assembly in a Western State drives from its hall a famous ex-Congressman because of his plea for Aguinaldo. Then should we hesitate to boldly

attack and destroy anything, however strongly championed by fashion and influence, that detracts in any degree whatever from the purity and security of the

Unto the Ends of the Earth.

[Review of Missions.]

The secret forces which dominate the actions of men—what are they? The agnostic refers them to chance; the rationalist, to nature (whatever that means), and the philosopher who is honest with himself recognizes an impulse more than human, but is at a loss to account for it. The reverent student of the Word of God sees the presence of an unseen hand and the influence of an overruling power which shape the aims and ends of man. There has been no century in the recent history of mankind which has given such marked proof of the immanence of God in movements which are both of a national and of a world-wide significance.

In a recent number of the *Review of Reviews*, the editor calls attention to the fact that "the Conference at The Hague, which was assembled primarily to discuss disarmament, found itself gradually transformed into a congress for the establishment of an international tribunal for the settlement of disputes between nations by the orderly processes of law." It was far from the intention of the great powers represented to enter upon the discussion of arbitration, nor was it in the mind of any member of the Conference to propose the establishment of an international tribunal; but, as by a common impulse, the delegates have agreed to recommend "the creation of a world's high court of judicature." The recommendation "marks one of the great epochs in the progress of civilization."

McClure's Magazine for August contains an article on "The Cape to Cairo Railway," by W. T. Stead. He opens with a conversation between himself and Herr Rothstein, a German Jew, who is adviser to the Russian Imperial Minister of Finance, and one of the few men who influence the policy of the empire. He greatly surprised Mr. Stead by making the following observation upon the secret forces which appear to control the actions of men:

"The Siberian Railway," said Herr Rothstein, like many others of the same nature, is being built under the compulsion of an impulse or an instinct which it is impossible to justify on financial, political or military grounds. The sacrifices which the construction entails will never be repaid, at least to the men who make them. From a financial point of view I could name a score of other methods of investing money within the empire that would pay handsomely, pay far better than this transcontinental railway can ever hope to do. But nations appear to be sometimes possessed by an uncontrollable passion to bring together the uttermost ends of a continent, quite irrespective of rational motives. It is a kind of demon which drives them, and I can only suppose that the impulsion is intended to promote the general good of mankind. Certainly, in our case, the sacrifices are much more obvious than the gain to Russia."

Mr. Stead thinks the gigantic undertaking of Cecil Rhodes in constructing a railroad of sixty-six hundred miles in length, from one end of Africa to another, at a cost of \$50,000,000, is a still more striking illustration of the doctrine of the Russian financier. We think we can explain the happy though unlooked-for results of the Peace Conference and the projection of these world lines of travel and communication by one word: Providence. They are due to the movements of that supernatural Presence who works to the removal of national barriers and to the extension of his kingdom in all the earth. The forces of God are shaping the ends and purposes of man, "For he should have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

GOOD LUCK OR GOD'S GOODNESS.

[Sunday School Times.]

There are persons who are counted very lucky. Their friends have this idea of them, and they themselves think there is something on which to base the idea. Other persons are similarly looked at by themselves and by others as remarkably unlucky. What basis is there for thinking thus? What basis can there be?

What do we mean by luck? Luck is understood in a general sense, to mean

fortune, or chance, or happening. There are few who have any well-defined idea in connection with the word. Most use it because of a lack of a well-defined idea. They employ it as a substitute for a thought—in the absence of the thought; as it has been said that those who do not believe in God often believe in ghosts. Many connect the term "luck" with certain persons, as indicating their characteristics or course of life, as favorable or unfavorable, or, rather, as favoring or unfavorably. Those who are not satisfied with using the term without any supposed meaning in their own minds, sometimes talk vaguely and imposingly of an undiscovered law of nature, as conveniently covering their admission of ignorance of any specific meaning. Thus a well-known philosopher without philosophy declares that "luck is untraced and untraceable law." But, as even John Stuart Mill points out, there can be no such thing as a law apart from the idea of a lawgiver, therefore an undiscovered law is, at the best, or at the worst, the uniform way of working a Power or Personality.

Either there is a God or there is not a God. Either God is supreme, or God is not supreme. To those who say in their heart there is no God, there is nothing to be said. They are beyond the realm of argument or reason. Those who recognize the existence of God, either count God supreme, or recognize a power or personality of evil combatting God. Both of these two classes believe that all good is from God; those who think that there is an evil personality working against God can, it is true, consistently believe that evil comes from that source, for instance, Paul, writing to the Thessalonians, says of himself and companions that they would fain have visited them once and again, but "Satan hindered" them. In other words there is a certain reasonableness in thinking that what is called by many "good luck" is God's favoring goodness, and that bad luck is the result of the adversary's working; but there is no reason for thinking that good luck or good fortune, or anything else good, is the result of any other cause than God's favoring goodness.

If all good is from God, the little good and the great good are alike from him. We must not make the mistake of measuring his standards by ours, and of supposing that he deems great what we thus deem, and that he counts small what is small in our sight. With him, the small is great and the great is small, and all is small and all is great, and, again, nothing is either great or small.

A Lost Mother.

(BY ELLA BEECHER GITTINGS.)

It is no uncommon thing for policemen to find lost children upon the streets, and to restore them to their homes, but here is an interesting story of a Colorado Springs officer who had the pleasure of restoring a lost mother to her family.

One morning, as the policeman was sitting on a box in front of a drug store, he was startled by seeing a strange looking animal crawling up his trousers' leg. With a quick motion of the hand, he caught it by the tail. At first he thought it was a rat, but it was unlike any rat or mouse he had ever seen. Plainly it was neither squirrel nor gopher, nor could he think of any animal known to him to which he could liken it. He took it to police headquarters, where it was kept on exhibition for a time, but no one—not even a learned college professor who chanced that way—could give it a name.

At length, as one of the officers was passing a fruit-store, he saw in a small glass show-case a nest of seven baby animals exactly like the one at the police station. The fruiterer told him that they had been found in a bunch of bananas just received from South America. Returning at once to headquarters, he fetched the animal imprisoned there, and placed it in the show-case with the babies. They at once ran up to it, and showed by unmistakable signs of joy that they had found a lost mother.

Finally there appeared a "wise man," who said that they were South American mice, otherwise known as kangaroo rats. In shape and general appearance they resemble a kangaroo, but have feet like the hands of a monkey, having thumbs distinct from the fingers or toes, and, like the monkeys, they hang by their long tails. Having satisfied their hunger, the little ones went to sleep with their tails coiled around the tail of their mother, which she had turned over her back.