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## EDITORIAL.

### THE STATE FAIR.

The State Fair, which occupied the greater part of last week, was in some respects the most successful in the history of this very popular institution. Judicious advertising, low railroad rates, fair weather, and, above all, wise and business-like management, made the attendance on Wednesday and Thursday eclipse that of any previous year. It is thought that at least twenty thousand people passed within the gates on Thursday.

The exhibits were greater in number and more excellent in character than ever before. Of course, it would be impossible for us in the limited space we have to write in detail, of the many excellent displays. The agricultural exhibits, especially, were fine. No one who went carefully through the buildings, so tastefully decorated, can doubt that North Carolina is keeping up with the procession of growing commonwealths. Messrs. Battle, Pogue, Denson, and other officers are to be commended.

We were glad to note the decreasing number of fakir establishments. Some were removed on Wednesday. We trust that every objectionable element will be removed from our State Fair, and that it will be what it can and will be, one of the most effective agencies in the promotion of the material interests of the Old North State.

We regret that the idea still exists that no public event is complete without a series of dances. We feel that the State is to be congratulated that the advertised "germans" had no direct connection with the fair, and took place away from the grounds. We are proud to belong to that large class of citizens who believe that these "functions," aside from the moral aspects, are decidedly undignified, and always detract from the usefulness and reputation of any honorable occasion.

### THE SACRED DOMAIN OF THE HEART.

The richest domain of humanity is that which is embraced within the limit of the heart. The heart is the test of manhood and womanhood. It is the keystone in the arch of real greatness, the ingredient which precipitates good or evil, success or failure, and the artistic hand that colors the panorama of experience.

The heart may be good or bad. It may be a beautiful interior, with prismatic rays of heaven falling through sky-light and window; or it may be a cold dark charnel house. It may be an exquisite gem with radiance flashing from every facet, or it may be an object devoid of grace and charm. It is the kind of heart that makes the man or woman. In order to find the essential kind, it is not necessary to go to the book of experience, but to the Book which is our inspiration through the

fleeting years. Hear the "sweet singer of Israel," as he essays to mount nearer the throne, saying, "Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Clean hearts are what humanity needs, and God demands— hearts purged through Christ by the agency of the Holy Spirit, and made something like that of the first man in Eden.

A pure heart, a heart renewed in the image of God, is the bright fountain of the true manhood of which Christ is the model. A heart full of love to God and man is a possession whose wealth cannot be equalled by that of olden kings and princes. The beauty of form fades away, the brightness of the loveliest minds pales into a dull phosphorescence, before the overwhelming splendor of a heart aglow with the "divine brightness." The laureate Tennyson has said:

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

And America's brightest son has said: "And when a strong brain is weighed with a strong heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of pure gold." God himself has said that the cleansed heart is His own habitation.

We should spend much time in the solemn and stately temple of the heart. Here we find our sweetest inspirations and behold our brightest visions. Here we come in contact with God, and hear the secrets which enlighten and ennoble humanity. We should see to it that, as the angels with outstretched wings overshadowed the mercy seat, the Holy Spirit may overarch the purified precincts of the heart.

### NOTHING NEW.

The hero of Manila had passed through the white arch and taken his place on the flower-fringed platform which was used as a reviewing stand. Cheer after cheer rent the air as the carriages of the different magnates passed. Hero worship was in the very air.

But here comes a division whose rolling tread betokens the sailor. It is the crew of the Olympia. They are the men who were "behind the guns" on that eventful Spring morning of last year when the naval pride of Spain went down in Asiatic waters under the guns of the American fleet. Amid the awful concussions and the appalling shriek of shells, they, silent and unnoticed, stood by the guns which did their awful yet effective work.

And now, in the month of mild October, the thousands gather in the metropolis to honor the men who, far away from home, added new lustre to the prestige of the American sailor. There are cheers, salvos of artillery and bursts of music for the man of the epaulettes, but only silence for the man of the lanyard.

Why is it? you say. There is no use of asking the question. It has been thus from the time when man began looking at the rising and setting of suns and the rolling of seasons. It will be ever thus until the eye of humanity shall be able to realize that all worth is not clad in tinsel, that all kings do not sit on thrones, and that all heroes do not hear the plaudits of the multitude. Then the millennium will have come, and then the men "behind the guns" in the great contests of right with wrong, not on ocean wave, but on the silent plains of the soul or the stern fields of human endeavor will receive their meed of praise.

### HE THAT TREADETH OUT THE CORN.

The Methodist household is beginning to realize that the Conference year is drawing to a close. To some of the household the realization brings pain; to others, a chastened joy.

The most solicitous and anxious ones are found among the preachers. There are some of these members of the itinerant

ranks who are hoping against hope—and a hope that does not bring soundness to slumber—that the charge will pay up. This solicitude and anxiety on their part do not spring altogether from the fear that the interests of Christ's kingdom may not be properly subserved, nor from the desire to carry up a "clean sheet," but from the very practical considerations of "meat and bread" for the wife and children. The preacher and his family must live, and it is no sin for him to think about his living in connection with his preaching the gospel.

This gives us occasion to say a few affectionate words to the laymen. We wish to call your attention to these facts: (1.) The preacher and his family must be supported. (2.) That support must come from the Church. (3.) In case of non-support, he has not the privilege of your hired hand—quitting. He waives the right to select his field of labor. When Providence places him at a post of duty, he must stay there until Providence calls him away. (4.) The preacher is as dependent upon you as is your horse. In winding up the affairs of your church for the year, remember these facts, and remember also, that in sending your preacher "paid up," you give a push to the car of Zion, and bring a smile to the faces of those ministering angels who always watch over the servants of God. In these closing days of the Conference year, remember the preacher. "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

### THE GOSPEL IN PRISON CELLS.

The following letter was written by the prisoners in a certain jail in this State to the county paper:

Mr. Editor:—Some weeks ago there was a Request made by all denominations to visit the county Prison none has adhered to the call Except 3 Baptist ministers, one of that number promised to call again and has failed to do so. Would it not be a good idea for the people of — to Partartine congress a small appropriation for missionary work at the Jail.

Do thy self no harm. We are all here acts 16 chapter 28 veare.

### THE PRISONERS.

P S Mr. Editor if wee have miss spelt Please correct.

There is in this letter a certain element of humor which must irresistibly appeal to the most humorous. Yet it is not our purpose to dwell on the humor in this letter nor to the unique if not correct, spelling. We wish to call attention to the emphasis which the letter places on the obligation resting on ministers and other Christian workers to give the gospel to the "spirits" in earthly prisons. It must be remembered that Christ lavished his love on the thief as well as upon Lazarus. Do you visit the inmates of the jails? Christian worker, this question is for you.

### Course of Events.

#### I.

SINCE our last utterance on the Transvaal question, war has been precipitated between England and the Transvaal Republic by the latter's ultimatum to the effect that all British troops should be removed by 5 o'clock on Wednesday, October 12, and that a refusal would be taken as a declaration of war. Of course the demand was not complied with, and England's reply to the ultimatum was short, amounting practically to the declaration that England could not pay any attention to it.

#### II.

The Transvaal government is considered to have made a very wise move from a strategic point in sending its ultimatum. The Transvaal could not assume the responsibility of being theoretically or practically the aggressor by openly declaring war. Neither could the Transvaal afford to wait until England could gather her fleets and her soldiers in

South Africa. So the best movement possible for steering between these two difficulties was made in the sending of the ultimatum.

#### III.

The Boer is a natural fighter. In the present war he is most powerfully aided by three considerations: (1.) The memory of the victory over the English at Majuba hill in 1881, when the firing of the Boers was so accurate and their bravery was so marked. Naturally the Boers think that what they did then they can do again. As long as this confidence is held within proper bounds, it will be a great advantage to them, since confidence in self is a great force. Carried beyond its legitimate bounds, it is, of course, just as great a disadvantage. (2.) The avowed justness of his cause. The Boer is not skeptical on the question of the legitimacy of his claims in the present contest. It is as plain to him as the day that England is an insolent interloper. (3.) He believes that God is on his side. The religious instinct of the Boer is highly developed. God to him is a God of battles, and is always on his side. He will fight praying, and he will make a dangerous antagonist.

#### IV.

The fighting has begun. Immediately upon the receipt of England's reply to the ultimatum Laing's Neck and Ingago Heights were occupied by the Boers, and about twelve thousand troops passed the borders into Natal. About ten thousand Boers, under the noted Gen. Conje, crossed immediately the western border with the design of attacking Mafeking, in Cape Colony. Various rumors concerning a bloody battle at this place have been published in the newspapers, but nothing certain is known. It is thought that the British forces are in a dangerous situation. By the time these words are read by our readers, the details of a bloody battle may have been published. The first blood of the war was spilled on last Friday at Kraaipan Station, near Mafeking. The Boers attacked an armored train belonging to the English forces, and fifteen English soldiers were killed. Sir Redvers Bullers is to take charge of the British forces. He is to have sole command. He is thought to understand the situation, and great confidence in his ability to meet the demand is felt. He left London last week for South Africa.

Gen. Joubert, who established his military reputation in 1881, has charge of the Boer forces. He is not so radical as President Kruger, and it would not surprise us to hear of his deposition at any time.

### THANKSGIVING FOR THE GREATNESS OF LIFE.

Men are prone to thank God for those prosperities of vine and meadow and shop and ship which make life easy and comfortable; but they are rarely grateful for those divine happenings which make life difficult and great. Times and seasons for special thanksgiving are wise and necessary; for men need not be reminded of what they have received, and they need to have provision made for the special expression of their gratitude; but the grateful man does not depend on days and festivals for his thought of God's goodness and care for him; these thoughts are always with him, and the song of thanksgiving is always in his heart. Grace before meat is not an empty repetition of words; it is the phrase that forms on the lips out of the fullness of the heart. There are days so beautiful in their harmony of season, temperature, and light, that when they dawn and we breathe the air of the radiant morning we say instinctively, "It is good to live." To be a part of the moving order of the world on such a day seems to be a sufficient reason for existence; we do not care to go behind the fact of life.

A man is especially and divinely fortunate, not when his conditions are easy, but when they evoke the very best that is in him; when they provoke him to nobleness and sting him into strength; when they clear his vision, kindle his enthusi-

asm, and inspire his will. The best moments in a man's life are often the hardest and the most perilous; but he thinks no more of personal discomfort and exposure than a thousand other brave men have thought of these things when the hour of destiny had struck. When the bugle rings across the field, the deadly line of fire that must be crossed is forgotten in the response to the duty which beckons from the heights above. Happy are they to whom life brings, not ease and physical comfort, but great chances of heroism, sacrifice, and service!

The great ages have never been comfortable ages; they have demanded too much and given too much. The comfortable ages are those which neither urge a man to leave his fireside nor offer great rewards if he does so; the great ages are those which will not let a man rest for the multitude of choices of works and perils they offer him. In easy, comfortable money-making times men grow callous to suffering, dull of insight, sluggish of soul; in stirring, growing, stimulating times they draw in great breaths of mountain air, they are afire with the sun, consumed with eagerness to lavish the gift of life in one great outpouring of energy. One who knows what to be grateful for would thank God for Drake's chances to die, sword in hand, facing his foes half a world from home; for Sidney's opportunity to pass on the cup of water to one whose thirst had less to assuage it; for Livingstone's noble home-coming, borne in silence out of the heart of the dark continent on the shoulders of men who could not measure his greatness, but who revered his spirit.

For all sweet and pleasant passages in the great story of life men may well thank God; for leisure and ease and health and friends may God make us truly and humbly grateful; but our chief song of thanksgiving must be always for our kinship with him, with all that such divinity of greatness brings of peril, hardship, toil and sacrifice.—*The Outlook.*

### DOUBT—ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

BY EDWARD LEIGH PELL, IN BIBLE READER.

A great many attacks of doubt are caused by attempting to think through a great mystery of religion without due preparation or without taking proper precautions. When you were a boy you did not like to feel that there was anything another could do that you could not do. That feeling led you sometimes into water that was over your head because another boy had gone before you; and it caused you to get lost in a swamp because some other boy had successfully explored it. And since you became a man you have had much of the same feeling with regard to your brain. You do not like to admit that what another has done with his brain you may not safely do with yours. Yet it is just as silly for a man to go beyond his depth in his thinking without due preparation or precaution as it is for a boy to go beyond his depth in bathing without due preparation or precaution. Here is a young man who has undertaken to think through some great doctrine of our faith—the doctrine of the resurrection, or the trinity, or the atonement. In a little while he is lost. In his confusion of mind he can believe nothing, he can accept nothing. What is the trouble?

Here is a boy who says: "I am going to explore that swamp. Others have been through it, and I am going to see for myself. And he plunges into the thicket. He has made no preparation, he does not know what to expect. In a moment he is lost. That would not be a serious matter to a veteran swamp explorer, for the reason that a man in a swamp is lost all the while. But this boy has not counted on the certainty of getting lost, or the strange appearance of things, and by and by, when he comes to a place where the sunlight is shut out and everything is strange about him, his brain becomes confused and his heart sinks within him. He begins to grope wildly about. He is terrified lest he should never get out. And on he flounders. By and by he may flounder out, or he may not. A veteran explorer decides to go through the swamp. He makes every preparation. And then he plunges in. The sun is soon out of sight, but that does not disturb him. Everything appears strange, but he is prepared for it, and he is not confused. He simply consults his compass and keeps on his way. By and by he comes out safe and sound and with the knowledge for which he went. So it is in our mental excursions.