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The Charleston Advocate.

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Heroism.

In an age of fops and toys, Waiting wisdom, cold or light, Who shall nerve heroic boys To hazard all in Freedom's fight-- Break sharply off their jolly games, Forsake their comrades gay, And quit proud homes and you hifi dames For famine, toll, and fray?

Yet on the nimble air benign Sped hisher messages, That wait the breath of grace divine To hearts in strife and ease, So high is grandeur to our dust, So high is good to man, When Duty whispers low "Thou must," The youth replies, "Iers."

ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP CLARK. (Reported by Rev. S. M. Silles to the Society.) Tip: Third Anniversary of the Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in the Green street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, Nov. 19th, Bishop Simpson presiding.

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY. Dr. Rymer, Corresponding Secretary of the Society, then read his report, which was as follows: "During the past year we have been fully relieved from the embarrassments under which we had been laboring, and out of old claims against the Society, our only liability is now fully and permanently liquidated into the regular economy of the Church."

INTERESTING ADVERTISEMENTS were delivered by Bishop Clark, Dr. Newman, and Bishop Kinsley, but for want of space we can give only the remarks of Bishop Clark, referring more especially to our Southern work.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP CLARK. "Your Secretary expressed a special desire that I should present some of the facts connected with our Southern work. In doing so I must speak somewhat of my own experience; but I believe experience is always in order in Methodist meetings--in order as a part of the sermon--and even the most effective part of the sermon. If the minister has a right from of experience to present, I, therefore, need no apology for running out the line of thought suggested to my mind by this request of the Secretary."

among the colored people in Memphis with no organization at all, and thirteen or fourteen laboring in East Tennessee. Most of them were local preachers, and one or two, nearly superannuated, were identified with us, and about seven or eight hundred members and fourteen or fifteen preachers. I visited the field, as soon as it was possible, and prepared for the enlargement of the work. The work advanced till, in June, 1865, the Holston Conference, embracing the Eastern part of Tennessee--the part that had been known as the loyal portion of the State--was organized--comprising then some thirty odd preachers, and perhaps about six thousand members. In the January following, or early in December rather, the work was organized into what was called Mission Districts, extemporized for the efficiency of our work. We soon found it necessary to advance further South, and following the line marked out by our triumphant host in their preceding march, I went on to Atlanta and organized, in the January of 1866, the Georgia and Alabama Mission District, that comprised about the same number of ministers we had commenced with in the beginning--about thirteen or fourteen. The next Fall the Tennessee Conference was regularly organized at Murfreesboro, and last Fall, in October, 1867, the Georgia Annual Conference, and immediately after it the Alabama Annual Conference, was organized, making four Annual Conferences occupying this territory.

We entered upon the Conference year that is just now closing, with many obligations--on account of the turbulence of the times, the fearful hostility that had sprung up against us, and our work, the spirit of rebellion that seemed broken loose in all the land, and was just aforesaid only by the strong hand of national power and authority, I said not only to the missionary secretaries at the beginning of this year, but to others, and especially to my colleagues, "If we can hold our own in the South we shall be doing well." But I have reason to thank God that we have not only held our own, but largely advanced.

At McMinnville it was my privilege to dedicate a church which was started by the benevolence of this Society. The Church Extension Society, some two and a half years ago, made an appropriation of two thousand dollars for the erection of a church in that place. The brethren met with serious and great difficulties; but, as they pushed their way forward, strength came to them. Persons moving into the place joined them. Many from the North that had moved into the vicinity, came in among them, among whom were some excellent Presbyterians. One, a most excellent ruling elder of the Old School Presbyterian Church, finding that to be the only genuinely loyal church in the place, identified himself with it, and I take pleasure in bearing testimony to the fact that he makes not only a most efficient trustee, but also a most excellent Methodist class-leader. The church cost about ten thousand dollars, and is a beautiful structure, with class rooms and Sunday-school room below, and a beautiful audience room above. On the day of its dedication they called for fifteen hundred dollars to complete the collection necessary to cover the entire indebtedness, and in a very brief time they took up over seventeen hundred dollars. The next morning, learning what had been done, several gentlemen came round saying they meant to have been there and help, and one gave fifty dollars. Other contributions were made afterward.

In the midst of the threatenedings of the Ku Klux Klan and their visitations, God has blessed our work. Some of you may remember that one of our preachers was shot in that region. He was a colored preacher, and one of the most excellent men of color that we ever had among us--of wide influence, great purity of character, known and honored, not only by the colored people far and wide, but also by the white people who would come out in throngs to hear him preach. Shortly after his appointment, when he was returning home, he was met by a one-armed ex-soldier, who took deliberate aim, without saying a word, and shot him. He held on to his horse a little while, turned toward his home, and arrived so near that his wife met him, helped him to his horse, and in a short time he died. This vile murder in open day, without disguise of any kind--shoot- ing down a minister of Jesus Christ! Why, you say, the perpetrator was arrested, do you? brought to trial; executed? No, like the one-armed friend lives to-day, and is applauded for that deed of murder!

With regard to our work there we were alarmed at that time. We supposed the work among the colored people must end with the death of this noble man. But God looks out for his own work. One of the most glorious revivals in West Tennessee broke out in that very charge and spread until nearly five hundred souls were converted to God. This is to my mind an indication that God is in this work.

From the Tennessee, I passed to the Holston Conference, which met at Chattanooga. There I found the Conference had organized in 1865 grown up to a membership of twenty-five thousand nine hundred and fourteen, including probationers, and local preachers, as in the other case; and there was an increase there also of two thousand one hundred and ninety-four. I am happy to say that, in the change of public feeling that was evidently coming about in the region, all the churches in Chattanooga were opened to the members of the Conference, except the Episcopal, and that was not open at all; and our preachers occupied these churches much to the acceptance of the people, as far as I know, and greatly to the furtherance of our cause.

In that region, also, we number four hundred and thirty-eight churches, with a value of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. We have also five hundred and sixty-seven Sunday Schools organized, and three thousand five hundred and twenty-three officers and teachers. What an army of workers cooperating with the ministry there! And we have three hundred and forty appointments made, this last October, in these four Annual Conferences.

Now, with regard to these ministers, some have asked, "Are they not all transferred from the North?" Not a bit of it. In the Alabama Conference, with some seventy-five appointments, there is only one man who was transferred, so far as I know, or who even went from the North. All others were raised in the South, and who entered into the ministry there.

Now, one word with regard to our churches. You will notice from the data I give you, we have a large number of churches. The estimated value is small in comparison to the number of churches in many cases. These churches are shanty rude log houses erected by the members of the church, with scarcely a nail, and many of them without even a pane of glass, estimated at fifty, seventy-five, or one hundred dollars. A small contribution from the Church Extension Society has started scores of churches all through the South. Men can give the work, get the lumber, but the nails, hinges and glass, and paint, and some other things require money, and up to this time there has been absolutely no money among our people here. Just think of going into a dedication where many of these were incomplete because the nails, though they had been forwarded to them by the railroad, could not be had because a charge for freight of fifteen cents was resting upon them; and there was not fifteen cents in the whole company! This is perhaps an extreme case. Let me refer to another started by an appropriation from this Society. Last winter I was called to take up a collection for this Society in Asbury Church, Indianapolis. I had several pressing applications. There was one from Fayette County, Tenn. Our colored people there had been worshipping out of doors, but there was a church that had been sold at Sheriff's sale, that could be bought for seventy-five dollars, and they said they could raise twenty-five dollars, though no man among them could give more than a dime; yet they thought that in dimes and half-dimes they could raise twenty-five dollars if they could get fifty. And there were two churches in Lower Alabama, one could be bought for a hundred dollars, and another for a hundred and fifty. I stated the matter to that audience, and asked them by a collection of three hundred dollars that morning to buy three churches in the South. A lady, the widow of one of our fallen soldiers, who was a Colonel in the army, said at

once, "In behalf of my deceased husband I give fifty dollars to purchase the first named church;" and the three hundred was raised immediately; and that church purchased by this lady is now called the O'Neil chapel, after her husband. One of those other churches was near Evergreen, Alabama. The Society contributed a hundred and fifty dollars for its purchase. It is a fine camp-ground, which I think is also included in the purchase, for land is not valued very highly there. A society has been formed there, and when at Conference we came to the question--"Where shall the Alabama Conference hold its next session?" the presiding elder of that district--a noble, earnest, glorious man--nominated this very church. There was considerable competition, for although new in that country we have societies that are able to entertain a Conference, and there were several societies that desired the next session of the Conference to be held with them; but this church, purchased by your beneficence, carried the palm, and the next session of the Alabama Conference will be held in the church called Mount Hermon, Lower Alabama.

I have thus given you an outline of our work. I have been impressed, from various circumstances, that our work in the South is not understood as it ought to be, even by many Methodists, and I want to assure this audience, as I have hitherto others, that I never returned from that work with a stronger conviction that it was of God. I never returned with a stronger conviction in my own mind that it was now firmly established and destined to abide through all time than I did this very Fall. It is compact and organized; and what is more valuable than all, the feeling is begotten in the minds of our preachers that we are there to occupy and triumph over all that land. And then still further, the conviction exists not only in the minds of the preachers, but in the minds of the community generally. Even rebels are coming to feel that the old Methodist Church is there to stay.

At the same Conference met in a county place in Murfreesboro Valley--a rich, fertile valley. The church was a common one, and the society could not buy glass, nails, etc. On Friday morning a large number of persons came in from the country round about, in their large wagons, and camped as Methodists were accustomed to do forty or fifty years ago at camp meetings. On Saturday a larger number came, and on Sunday the whole country for twenty miles about came in. The camp there was said to be the largest assembly of any kind that ever came together in that valley, and I am sure that many carried away the impression that the old church had really returned in her life and power.

Who Ate Roger Williams?

THE truth that matter passes from the animal back to the vegetable, and from the vegetable back to the animal kingdom again, received a curious illustration not long since. Evergreen, Ala. A large tract of land, donated to the memory of Roger Williams, at Rhode Island, his private burying-ground was searched for the graves of himself and wife. It was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shape of the coffin could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter. The rusted hinges and nails, and a round wooden knot, alone remained in one grave; while a single lock of braided hair was found in the other. Near the grave stood an apple tree. This had sent down two main roots into the very presence of the collapsed dead. The larger root, pushing its way to the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, had made a turn, as if passing around it, and flowed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sliding one along each leg to the heels, and both extended upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which made the whole form a striking resemblance of the human form. The roots were the graves, but the occupants had disappeared; the bones even had vanished. There stood the thief--the guilty apple tree--sprung in the very act of robbery. The spoliation was complete. The organic nature--the flesh, the bones of Roger Williams, had passed into an apple tree. The plant had been absorbed by the roots, transmuted into woody fibre, which it could be dried as fuel, or carved into ornaments; it blossomed into fragrant blossoms, which lighted the eye of the passer-by, and scattered the sweetest perfume of spices; more than that--it has been converted into delicious nut, which from year to year, has been gathered and eaten. Now pertinent, then, the question, who ate Roger Williams?--Steele's Fourteen Weeks in Chemistry.

Purity of Character.

BE the beauty of the plum and apricot it grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the first itself--a soft, delicate flush that overpowers the cheek. Now, if it strike your hand once, that it is at the same power, for it never grows but dies. The flower that hangs in the morning, imperiled with dew, arrayed as a newly-woman never was arrayed with jewels--once she is so, that the beads roll off. If you may sprinkle water over it as you pass, yet it can never be made again what it was when he dew fell silently upon it, for heaven! On a frosty morning, you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, and trees, leaping in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass, and, by a scratch of a finger or by the warmth of a palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored--a fuger more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be embrothered. A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house with the blessing of his mother's kiss still wet upon his forehead, if one loses that purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated--it can only be forgiven.

A STREET PRAYER.--At the opening of an important meeting, Tingy was called upon to offer prayer. He bowed before God and in the presence of his brethren, and prayed as follows: "O Lord, I have seen the need of thy grace, and seek it to know thy will, and do it; to find our place, and keep it. Amen." The language and sentiment of this short prayer were decidedly appropriate, and no one could have grown weary while listening to it. But this could not in truth be said of long prayers which we sometimes hear.--Advent Review.

Not Too Easy.--The road to eminence and power from obscure condition ought not to be made too easy, nor a thing too much of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all rare things, it ought to pass through some sort of probation. The temple of honor ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be open through virtue, let it be remembered, too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle.--Edmund Burke.

Among the obituary notices of an Ohio paper, we find the following: "Mr. William James, of Malta township, aged eighty-three, passed peacefully away, on Tuesday last, from single blessedness to matrimonial bliss, after a short but sudden attack by Alice Blossom, a blooming widow of thirty-five."

In general, those who do not annoy you with positive faults, bore you with implicit