

The Christian Sun.

A Religious and Miscellaneous Newspaper, devoted to Religion, Morality, Literature, General Intelligence, and the support of the Principles of the Christian Church.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

"THE LORD GOD IS A SUN AND SHIELD."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Olive Branch.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

"Oh, I am so happy!" exclaimed a little bright-eyed girl, one pleasant afternoon in early summer, as she came bounding towards me with all the frankness of childhood.

For sometime I had been a frequent visitor at her house, and had always considered her a remarkably light-hearted, happy child. But her little face was so radiant with joy at this time, I concluded the acquisition of some new toy must have been the cause. So playfully stroking the golden tresses that floated like so many sunbeams about her dimpled shoulders, I inquired, "And pray, my child, what is it that makes you so happy?"

Her laughing eyes danced with joy, as she answered, "I have tried to be good to-day, and practice self-denial, and mamma says, doing that will always make me happy."

"But," said I, almost doubting that one so young could understand the meaning of the word, "what is self-denial? do you know its meaning?"

"Oh yes, mamma tells me it is giving up something which we want to do, or have, because it is for the best, or will please others."

"And have you been doing some act of kindness or self-denial, that makes you so happy now?" I inquired.

"Yes, I think I have," she said; "but you must not think I am a vain little girl for telling you; for I have heard mamma say good people never go about telling every pleasant act they do."

"Oh no," I said, "I have asked you to tell me, and I hope my little friend is too sensible to feel vain at all, because she has performed only her duty, perhaps."

"Well, the other day, when mamma took little Willie out to ride with her, to see our little cousins, she promised me when she went again she would take me. And this afternoon was so bright and pleasant, she said she would give me my promised ride; but as a friend of hers was going too, little brother must stay at home. I was all ready to go, and dressed so nice in my hat you trimmed so prettily; but going down the garden walk, I met Willie crying bitterly because he was to be left. I ran to mamma, and begged her to let him go in my stead. She said I might if I wished it, and kissed me so sweetly, and looked at me so kindly, I knew she was pleased with me."

"And do you think you have enjoyed yourself as well as though you had taken the ride with your friends?" I asked.

"Oh yes, I have had a nice play in the garden, thinking how delighted little Willie will be when he gets home, telling what he has seen, and how much better he will love me for letting him go."

Just then the sound of wheels announced the approach of the carriage, and the happy child bounded away to meet those she loved.

I could not help thinking to myself, if this little one, just upon the threshold of life, could gain so much real enjoyment from the performance of one good act, how great a store of happiness we might garner for ourselves, who are mingling in life's busy scenes, and have so many opportunities for practising self-denial and doing good to others. Oh, ye whose plastic hearts are receiving impressions for life, beware how ye allow the demon of selfishness to rule over your young spirits. For in after life you will learn by bitter experience, that he who lives only for self, lives in vain. But rather imitate the examples of this little girl, and learn from her how to be happy.

S. E. D.

THE SOUL WEIGHED AGAINST A FEATHER.

During a session of religious interest in one of our large cities a few days ago, a young lady belonging to a gay and fashionable circle was induced to attend the preaching of a clergyman, whose labors had been eminently blessed to the seasons of anxiety. She had previously had attractions of a gay and seductive soul, but the congenial to her natural disposition to be formally and finally relinquished.

On this occasion, the faithful monitor within seconded and gave additional force to the warning voice of the man of God, as he held up to her view, her voluntary rejection of God, and the danger of her full and fatal renunciation of his authority and love.

"No, this shall never be!" she said within herself.

"I will return unto the Lord. I will begin his service now."

"But think," whispered the tempter: "you have a beautiful feather in your hat."

True, (she replied) and it has been very much admired. My beautiful feather has been my pride during all the season; and many a time has it engrossed my thoughts in the house of God, and kept me from heeding the solemn truths of the Gospel. But it shall be so no longer. This time I am in earnest.

"But if you become a Christian now, you must lay aside your feather," argued the tempter. This was a new thought, and she tried to believe it an erroneous one; but the more she struggled with the suggestion, the more strength did it ac-

quire, until she was forced to yield to its truth.

"Yes, I must give it up if I become Christian, but how can I? This beautiful feather in which I have so long gloried, and which has made me an object of admiration, and envy to many! O, I cannot let it go."

"Wait a little," artfully whispered the enemy of her soul; "the season is nearly past; then you must of necessity lay it aside."

"That is a good suggestion," she said, not recognizing the malicious instigation; "I will wear it as long as I can, and then attend to my salvation. In this way I can save both my feather and my soul."

Having thus settled the matter, she went home in a more comfortable state of mind. As she was really anxious to retain her serious impressions, she spent a session in prayer and meditation before retiring for the night. The more she reflected, the more uneasy she became; but she succeeded in recovering a certain degree of calmness, by renewing the resolution she had previously made of becoming a Christian when her feather could no longer minister to her love of display. She then tried to compose herself to sleep, but during the darkness and stillness of that hour, her thoughts assumed more distinctness, and the voice which was speaking within became too loud to be stifled. At length it is said in earnest and solemn tones, "Will you barter your soul for a feather?"

She lay for a moment pondering the momentous question, and estimating the "profit of losing her soul, and gaining" such a bauble.

"It shall never be said that I gave my soul in exchange for a feather," she responded; and rising from her bed she re-lighted her candle. She then deliberately and firmly took the feather from her hat, exclaiming, "Thou art lighter than vanity! Thou art but as the small dust in the balance, when weighed against my precious, undying soul!"

The contest was over: all that stood between her soul and salvation was now taken away; and with an humble, believing spirit, she went to the feet of the Savior, and yielded herself to his control forever.

Probably the cases are rare, in which the struggle between the claims of God and the objects of its idolatry, is so strongly marked as in this instance; yet it is always true, that there is some darling object, some idol of the affections, which opposes the soul that is seeking in earnest to work out its own salvation; and if a correct analysis of the case were made, how often would this obstacle be found no more substantial or weighty than a feather.

Christian Observer.

A Murderer's Legacy.

"I have nothing more to say, but to warn all others to fly from temptation. The first thought of crime, if not resisted, may lead to the destruction of body and soul. I can scarcely realize how that I have committed anything so awful as to stain my hand in my brother's blood! Satan seems, when I first yielded to the thought, to have bound me with chains, and blunted my feelings, and blinded my eyes; so that although I tried again and again to get loose, I was dragged to the commission of my foul offence. Oh! my God, have mercy on me—as I hope he has—and save my soul from Hell!" NATHAN CRIST, Sept. 2d, 1852.

When he first yielded to the thought, Satan bound him with chains. Not when he first admitted the thought, but yielded. In that was the crime. Had he gone no farther, still in heart would he have been a murderer before God. The moment his soul consented to blood-guiltiness, he had no longer command over it. "Purity fled, agitated; every moral attribute sank in the scale of unlawful cupidities. Then was the brand of Cain on his brow, the light of the first murderer in his eye, the frenzy in his brain. He could no more fly from himself than that guilty one could escape the searching, 'Cain, where is thy brother Abel?'"

Why did he yield? if he had thrust away that unhappy thought never would he have hung between heaven and earth, the blue sky and the bright sun smiling on his agony.

His victim had been to-day rejoicing in life; and he, instead of sleeping under the heaped up his humble murderer's grave, would have sat by his side.

His wife might be twining her arms about his neck, the babes climbing his knees clamorous for kisses. The bright flames dancing from the embers, the singing kettle, the happy little etceteras of the evening meal, would have been for one hour, ten thousand times worth the gold that tempted him to crime.

And then innocence! oh, that white word! Innocence would have guarded the portals of his heart. Now, however it is with him, while the soul and memory live, he can never forget his guilt.

Beware then of yielding to the first thought of crime. Mothers, so counsel your sons, your daughters. With you it rests to guide their feet in that beautiful path under the holy sunshine of purity. Fathers, instead of jesting with your children and shouting with delight at their precocious arts of cunning and duplicity, warn them of their consequences. Encourage not the bravo who shakes the uplifted arm, and makes it fall heavily upon an offending brother; take these last words of poor Crist; teach your children from this text every morning: Let it be the

alphabet by which they may spell their way from dishonor.

"The first thought of crime, if not resisted, may lead to the destruction of body and soul."

M. V. D.

From the Christian Observer.

Trials of Ministers.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

The ministers of the gospel have their trials; and sometimes they are felt in the deepest recesses of the heart. But all who engage in the Christian warfare, and become candidates through grace for the kingdom and the crown, that endure forever, may expect trials—yea, "tribulation." The divine Master has said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." This does not mean that a minister's trials arise from the world exclusively; for some of his sorest trials arise from himself—and some from the people of his charge, for whom he daily labors and prays. There is a wide difference, no doubt, in the character of ministers as well as in that of churches. None are perfect; but the imperfections of some are less than those of others. But let these trials be as various and multiplied and grievous as they may, the words of the Master are encouraging and refreshing—"Be of good cheer."

Is the minister disappointed by a failure on the part of the church, to furnish the temporal support that was promised? Is it a bare support that is promised, merely enough to procure the necessities of life, even were it promptly and punctually paid? Often it is much less than this. But is a part of this stunted support withheld? and does the minister under the pressure of his embarrassments met from day to day with members of his church, who are living at ease, and possessed of means in abundance, and yet are withholding what they have solemnly promised? This is certainly a trial. Sometimes payment is delayed till the delinquent believes or professes to believe, that payment has actually been made, and that the claim is not correct. This is adding insult to injury. Perhaps the collecting agent from prudential considerations, agrees to compromise the matter by relinquishing a part of the claim; and this, it may be, is the last that is heard of it.

The compromise is forgotten as well as the original promise. This certainly does not make the matter any better. But sometimes it happens that a delinquent member pleads a "non est factum!" He had not subscribed it—no, not he! This, to be sure is not very pleasant; and the disappointed and defrauded minister has some just cause for complaint. It is unquestionably a trial.

It becomes necessary for the minister to labor with his own hands to diminish the expense of supporting his family. It is then alleged, perhaps by some of his members; that he is becoming very worldly-minded; while in the estimation of others he is degrading his sacred office, and for feigning his standing in respectable society; and perhaps these very brethren are in arrears, while they are making these complaints!

Sometimes it may happen, that a garment is worn, till its original texture and appearance have undergone an unsightly change; and it becomes a subject of remark and of grave criticism. "O! it is a scandal that a minister of the gospel should appear with so shabby a garment!" And at the same time, it may be, some of these good brethren are withholding the means that are necessary for his appearing more genteelly. Under such circumstances, the minister must be either more or less than a man, or he cannot feel comfortable.

But, perhaps, a door is open in some other gospel field, and the minister is invited and inclined to enter it. But his dear people love him so well, that they cannot consent to give him up. Consequently they arouse to action, increase his subscription, promise greater punctuality in payment, and block up his way, and he declines moving. What next? The other field is occupied, these new promises are forgotten, and the failure to meet the new engagement is perhaps more palpable than before.

It tries a minister's heart to be deceived in this way. But it is done, not once or twice, it may be oftener. And yet the dear people love their minister so well that they cannot give him up, especially when there is a door in another field, and invitation for him to enter it.

In the above mentioned matter of surprise and of complaint, that family visits are so frequent as they formerly were; and it is thought strange, that the minister should go with his head bowed down, and with a sorrowful countenance. "What has come over our minister? Why does he appear so sad? It is a long time since he paid us a visit. What can be the matter?" And yet these complaining members, it may be, are doing nothing, absolutely nothing for their minister's support and comfort!

What is the matter of the minister? Why he has a broken heart, and therefore his head is bowed down, and therefore his countenance is sad and alas! he cannot visit such families without being reminded of the cause of his sadness. Many a minister has gone down to the grave with a broken heart. There are other martyrs besides those who have perished at the stake and on the scaffold and in the dungeon! A death is not the less painful and gloomy, because the death-pangs are of long duration!

But why despond, thou soldier of the cross servant of the living God? Is thy heart sad,

and thy head bowed down from day to day? Yet look around thee and consider; thy comforts are not all gone; thou hast some tried friends, who sympathize with thee, and whose prayers are offered up, that thy soul may be sustained in the evil hour. God will raise up other friends, if he sees it to be best for thee and for his cause. Soldier of the cross! is thy heart still burdened? Look upward, and hear the animating voice of the divine Master—"In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world." Remember that tribulation is a part of the inheritance of God's people and especially of his humble ministers. But the conflict will not last forever. While they are in the world, they may expect trials. Their lamentation also may often be, "Who hath believed?"

It may be that the inattentions of the church to the comfort of their minister, and the withholding of what is promised and what is necessary to his support, may be in part at least, the reason why the saving blessing of the Lord is withheld from the flock. But let the minister be faithful and leave the result with the Lord. Thank God! the conflict will not last always. The trials of our Lord were unspeakably greater. But he sustained them, passed through them and triumphed over them. Leaning on his arm, trusting in his word, and walking in his footsteps, his humble ministers and all his true followers may anticipate certain victory. The crown and the song of deliverance are before them. Soldier of the cross be no longer sad and broken hearted. Look upward; fasten the hand of faith and hope upon the sky; and "be of good cheer."

EXPERIENCE.

HYMENEAL AUCTION.—Herodotus informs us that among the ancient Assyrians it was customary to bring together every year all the girls who were marriageable; when the public auctioneer put them up to sale one after another. The most beautiful and amiable were first set up, and were bought as wives by wealthy bachelors at high prices. The money that accrued from the sales was divided among the girls, whose persons were less agreeable, or actually ugly; and men in humble circumstances were thus induced to take them to wife out of consideration for their portions.

The temper of the times has so changed since then, and fortune-hunting has become so general a practice, that we fear a revival of the old Assyrian custom would hardly answer just now.—We imagine that the bidding would be altogether confined to the ugly ones, or rather their dowries.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.—The New York Express states that a few nights ago, a gentleman residing in Barclay street, near College Place, during his sleep at home, was dreaming that he was on the railroad track, and the locomotive was about to run over him, jumped out of the bed and broke his leg; and was otherwise injured.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered at the laying of the Corner Stone of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, June 23d, 1852, by JUDGE PROBASCO.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: As I look upon this "sea of upturned faces," I cannot but enquire what great occasion is this? How has the deep spirit of the people been moved thus to congregate around these rude stones? Why have you left your peaceful hearth-stones? Why have you abandoned your fields and busy marts, and why does the hammer lie still upon the anvil? Are you here to see that stone planted upon its firm foundation, that upon it may rise an edifice gigantic in size, and graceful in its proportions? Is it that the eye may be ravished with the beauty of this rich landscape, and all the senses enjoy the charms of nature, now with her vernal glories scarce departed? No! Not these alone have brought you hither. For this temple dedicated to learning may exhibit the grandeur and chasteness of Grecian art—it may command the attention, and challenge the admiration of every beholder—its towers may gleam in every morning's sun-light upon these surrounding summits—yet its chief glory lies not here. What the Greek slave is to statuary, it may be to architecture. She is even more lonely than nature in its form, but more lovely in her beauty—the soft eye of love and the countenance which beams with intelligence. Nay, the spirit of the scene is other than form. The mind rises from these stones to nobler contemplation. The thoughts dwell upon the objects of this institution. We are here with pomp and ceremony to do homage, not to the insensate stone, but to our spiritual nature. This pageant is but the mode in which we exhibit our appreciation of the immortal mind. These forms are but the expressions of our ideas of its greatness, its majesty, its glory.

Every age has exhibited its estimate of the value of mind. The valor of the barbarian seeks the direction of the more sagacious chief. Civilized man, with his cultivated faculties, admires the orator and statesman, the philosopher and poet. In every period of our lives we struggle between light and darkness. Every acquisition of knowl-

edge is an effort to let the light of truth shine in upon the benighted understanding. That man who has so opened his mind to knowledge that its genial beams dry up the resources of superstition, and to whose feeble intellect truth has imparted strength, is in some measure restored to the image of his Creator. It is because this Institution is founded to dispel man's gross mental darkness—by education to develop the excellence of his spiritual nature, that we are deeply interested in such occasions as these. This broad sun-light which envelops us: does yon sun obey the commands of its Maker when it sends its gladdening beams to the earth? Yes, his light is the obedient minister of His will whose laws are imposed upon all his works. So is the light of intellect to mankind. All knowledge is the discovery of the laws of the Infinite Jehovah. As this sun-light clothes the forest with foliage, and gives to all things their beauty, and life; so does knowledge affect the mind: it vivifies and ennobles it. But it has not pleased the Almighty, to make known the knowledge which we seek. The patient worker alone finds it. In the long tide of time, men of genius and industry have been discovering these laws, and combining and comparing them, until the sciences have attained their present perfection. The Astronomer has swept the heavens, and followed the tracks of the stars. And what is this noble science, but the discovery of the nature and properties of those blazing orbs which fly in endless circles around the sun!

What is Geology, but the knowledge which man has acquired of the elemental principles and laws of this magnificent globe we inhabit!

Imperfect as is all our knowledge, each science has been the work of years, and has required the labors of the gifted of our race. The sciences have been of slow growth. Fact by fact learned men have noted, and ray by ray has been gathered. The student now stands upon a foundation of truth; and as he casts his thoughts to explore the unknown beyond, he feels that his feet are upon no shifting sand, but the solid earth.

Colleges and Universities have become the central points of learning. They are emphatically as a city set upon a hill—as a light which cannot be hid. As scientific truth is God's law manifested in his works, and discovered by man, and religious truth the direct revelation of his will. As both proceed from the same source, there is great wisdom in selecting the teachers of religious truth as the educators of youth. When we reflect how happily science and religion harmonize; how the developments of the one increase our faith in the other, we cannot but admire the force and truthfulness of the expression—"The undevout Astronomer is mad." The necessity of this union of religion and learning, is a felt want of the age, and instead of deploring, I cannot but rejoice, that almost all our institutions of learning are under the guardianship of religious societies.

In this eventful age, which is so surprising in the activity of its means of progress, no one characteristic is more fully exhibited than its educational spirit. We have arrived at a point from which we may survey the past, and onward to explore the future. If we are borne upon the stream of time, its current bears us upward, and not downward. Ours is a progress in knowledge, in virtue, and religion. Our lives are full of active thoughts, and great purposes. It is an age in which we are struggling to throw off the authority of venerated error. It is a contest between radicalism and conservatism, in which the former is mostly victorious. The spirit of the age bids us onward. Let us, from this high wave of the nineteenth century, look backward and mark some educational facts and results, and forward, if we may discover our duty and destiny.

Until within ten centuries, all the people of the earth who were enlightened, were inhabitants of the Mediterranean Sea. It was there that the first rays of knowledge were kindled. The spirit of the scene is other than form. The mind rises from these stones to nobler contemplation. The thoughts dwell upon the objects of this institution. We are here with pomp and ceremony to do homage, not to the insensate stone, but to our spiritual nature. This pageant is but the mode in which we exhibit our appreciation of the immortal mind. These forms are but the expressions of our ideas of its greatness, its majesty, its glory.

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