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RELIGION WITHOUT BIGOTRY; ZEAL WITHOUT FANATICISM; LIBERTY WITHOUT LICENTIOUSNESS.

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Poetry.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The following beautiful poem is said to have been written by King James First, though by some it is ascribed to Bishop Andrews:

If any be distressed, and faint would gather
Some comfort, let him hasten unto
Our Father,
For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
Unless thou succor us
Who art in heaven,
Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise thee, singing,
Hallowed be thy name,
Of all our mercies cast up the sum,
Show us thy joys, and let
Thy kingdom come;
We mortal are, and alter from our birth,
Thou constant art:
Thy will be done on earth,
Thou mad'st the earth, as well as planets seven,
Thy name is blessed here,
As 'tis in heaven,
Nothing we have to us, or debts to pay,
Except thou give it us,
Give us this day
Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without these we want
Our daily bread.
We want, but want no faults, for the day passes
But we do sin—
Forgive us our trespasses,
No man from sinning ever free did live—
Forgive us, Lord, our sins
As we forgive,
If we repent our faults, thou never disdainest us;
We pardon them
That trespass against us;
Forgive us, that is past, a new path tread us;
Direct us always in thy faith,
And lead us
We thine own people and thy chosen nation,
Into all truth, but
Not into temptation;
Thou that of all good graces art the Giver,
Suffer us not to wander,
But deliver
Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil
And flesh, so shalt thou free us
From all evil.
To these petitions, let both church and laymen
With one consent of heart and voice say,
Amen.

Selections.

THE GOLD UNDER THE STONE.

BY EDWIN B. RAFFENSPERGER.

Many are the interesting and instructive incidents in the life of the good and great Dr. Archibald Alexander of Princeton. Perhaps the greater part of these have appeared in print and are familiar to thousands outside the circle of his pupils, personal friends and admirers. Some have been handed down by oral tradition, and the oldest inhabitants of Princeton can narrate many strange things concerning the Professor and his wonderful family. The atmosphere of that classic locality is yet redolent with the precious memory of the Alexanders and it always will be!

That which I am about to narrate has never, to my knowledge, appeared in print. While a freshman in Princeton, I spent the winter vacation with a family living several miles from the town. Among the members of the household was an aged patriarch who was a devoted follower of Christ. The old man frequently entertained me with his Revolutionary reminiscences. He had on several occasions seen the Father of his Country, and in the war of 1812 had taken an active part. That region being so full of the mementos of the early days of the Republic only increased my interest in the narratives of a survivor of those scenes.

The day for listening to such narratives has now passed.

But nothing in the military history of my venerable friend interested me so much as his anecdote of Dr. Alexander and the schoolhouse, that stood not far from his dwelling. The building has a strange history.

When Dr. Alexander assumed his duties as Professor in the Theological Seminary, he seemed to make it a part of his business to have preaching stations all over the country. "He came out," said the old man, "to our house and preached several times and the people were always glad to hear him. After a while he felt anxious to have better accommodations for the congregation, and finally asked me to visit the neighbors and induce them if possible to put up a building that could be used both for a school house and a preaching place.

"It was hard to persuade me to fall in with his plans, because I felt un-

ble to contribute much, and my neighbors were even poorer than I. Besides, I did not see the necessity of putting up such a building. We were all willing to give up our dwelling houses for preaching services.

"Dr. Alexander, however, would take no excuse. He said education and religion, always go hand in hand, and we needed the building for both purposes. He also assured me that if I would undertake the work, in faith, and go forward, the Lord would certainly help me through!

"At last I determined to make a beginning. We selected a site for the house and I got out the team and several of the neighbors went with me to gather a lot of stones for the foundation. I was alone in a distant part of the field, and my attention was drawn to a large stone that I supposed would answer for a corner. I worked hard to move it and at last succeeded, when, to my surprise, I saw on the spot that had been covered by the stone a pile of gold coin! These I hastily gathered up and put them into my pockets.

"On reaching home that evening, and counting the money, I found that I had just one hundred dollars. How it came there I knew not. To whom it belonged I knew not.

"This I knew, however: that no man in the country needed it more than I—but under the circumstances, I could regard its discovery only as a fulfillment of the prediction made by Dr. Alexander—and so I reasoned, if the Lord had provided this money I must use it all on the schoolhouse.

"The rapidity with which that building went up surprised even Dr. Alexander, who was ignorant of the fact that means had come into my hands so mysteriously.

"The house was soon completed, and the doctor preached the first sermon in it. He went home with me to dinner that day. I told him then for the first time about the gold under the stone.

"The good man simply replied: "God sometimes employs strange methods for carrying out his plans. Remember, I told you, that if you commenced the work, and went on, in faith, he would help you through!"

Christian Weekly.

LARGE SALARIES.

An opinion prevails that ministers, in selecting fields of labor, commonly seek large salaries more than the good of souls. Some ministers doubtless are influenced chiefly by the amount of salary to be paid. But these are the exceptions, and should not bring reproach upon the whole ministry. They are the warts on the body.

Because ministers are commonly supposed to discover that their duty lies in the field offering the best support, many have supposed that the money alone influences them, or points the indications of Providence. But there are other things connected with a competent support, which are calculated to attract a real disinterested Christian. When a church offers a "big salary" it is proof that the members appreciate the gospel for themselves and the community, and in going among such people a minister feels that his labors will be valued above those of a mere hireling. He does not expect to take the place of a manial who is paid simply for the service performed, but he feels that he has access to their hearts, and is honored for his work's sake, and that the cause of truth, which he represents and to which he has given his life and energies, is dear to his people. He has prospects of usefulness, because he has their confidence and affection—he is appreciated. This is very grateful to the Christian's heart—many have died for the want of it.

Then, there is evidence of a liberality that is in harmony with the spirit of the gospel. A church seldom prospers when the worship of God is always the cheapest possible; when there are no comforts and conveniences provided, but only the bare necessities, and they the meanest. This shows a sordid spirit in the church, and diminishes all prospects of usefulness. But when the church shows a liberal spirit in the support of a pastor, he can hope to find the same liberality in every good work. Many churches are always behind in the pay of their pastors, and plead this as an excuse for withdrawing aid from enterprises of benevolence. This is very painful to a pastor's heart. A competent support proves a heartfelt interest in the prosperity of the church. Men contribute for the support of that which is dear to them, and a poor support generally indicates very little interest. So, when

a man settles among a liberal people he feels sure that he shall have a hearty co-operation of the members. This greatly encourages and strengthens the heart of a minister. Many pastors have been forced to change fields for the want of it.

Again, a liberal support saves the pastor from the cares and anxieties of a suffering family. In order that he may prepare for the pulpit and be ready to discharge every duty of his calling, he should be free from the oppression of fears of hunger and of want. A minister of the gospel is human. He loves his family, and desires to see his wife happy, tidy and comfortable, and his children fed and educated. But these he cannot have, if his flock should withhold the necessary means. And can he sit down quietly and prepare sermons, when he knows that those who are as dear to him as life, and dependent on him, are exposed to want, and that each day his children are growing up in ignorance? He would be inhuman—a monster—if he could do it. Let those who are constantly seeking to cast reproach upon preachers for their love of "big salaries," take it to themselves and judge calmly, and they will see the necessity for a support. The work of a minister is largely of the head, but the head cannot work when the heart is crushed with anxiety and trouble.

A pastor well sustained can go among his people with pleasure and with the prospect of usefulness. What pleasure can it be to a pastor to visit his flock and to see their comforts, and sometimes abundance, and at the same time to know that these very people are making him poor and his family uncomfortable? His heart would grow sick. He could not appreciate any acts of kindness when the chief duty (to him) was neglected. There is no duty more pleasant to a pastor than associating with his people, and when he is not supported this pleasure is impossible. A man, in accepting a church that sustains him, feels that he can enjoy this privilege; but with no prospect of a comfortable life before him, he knows that he must forego it.

How can a preacher furnish himself with books, papers, periodicals, &c., with which to replenish his mind and keep up with the times; how can he cultivate the spirit of liberality in his own heart, or in the hearts of others; and how can he refresh his soul by holding sweet counsel with his brethren, either under his own roof or at our Associations and Conventions, when his wife and little ones, as well as himself, are poorly fed and not decently clad? And these are necessary to the happiness and life of a minister. Under such circumstances as these, who can blame a preacher for desiring a competent support?

I write only to vindicate ministers from a false charge, calculated to injure their influence for good. I have no complaints. My people amply support me, and I know its advantages by sweet experience.—*Religious Herald.*

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

No true work since the world began was ever wasted; no true life since the world began has ever failed. Oh understand those two perverted words, failure and success, and measure them by the eternal, not by the earthly standard. What the world has regarded as the brightest failure has often been in the sight of heaven the most magnificent success. When the cap, painted with devils, was placed on the brows of John Huss, and he sank dying amid the embers of the flame—was that a failure? When St. Francis Xavier died, cold and lonely on the bleak and desolate shore of a heathen land—was that a failure? When the frail, worn body of the apostle of the Gentiles was dragged by a hook from the arena, and the white sand scattered over the crimson life-blood of the victim whom the dense amphitheatre despised as some obscure and nameless Jew—was that a failure? And when, after thirty obscure, toilsome, unrecorded years in the shop of the village carpenter, one came forth to be pre-eminently the Man of sorrows, to wander from city to city in homeless labors, and to expire in lonely agony upon the shameful cross—was that a failure? Nay, my brethren, it was the life, it was the death of Him who lived that we might follow in His steps—it was the life, it was the death of the Son of God.—*F. W. Farrar.*

ALWAYS eat leisurely and masticate the food well. Aerated or stale (two-day-old) bread is better than new.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG OF STRIKES.

The disturbances which for the past two weeks have been witnessed in various parts of the United States, have been unequalled, we suppose, in all the history of conflict between capital and labor. There have been, perhaps, riots which raged for a short period more widely and furiously—as to instance, those of the Commune in Paris,—but never was there one so widespread, so general and engaged in by so many, nor one which will be followed by such disastrous consequences to both the rioters themselves and the country at large. Trade has been greatly paralyzed in the large cities, and all the means of transporting freight having been destroyed or crippled, immense amounts of perishable freight have been totally ruined involving the loss of millions of dollars.

The poorly paid laboring men of the North have the sympathy of the people of the country in the sufferings which they and their families have undergone by the reduction of their wages. As between the employees and the rich corporations for whom they work for small wages, the sympathies of the country are all on the side of the former. But while the increase of pay is desirable and would be hailed with approval by the people of the country, still the methods which the "strikers" have adopted to attain it, are radically wrong and condemned by all sensible and well disposed outsiders.

The right of a man to refuse to work for a certain price is undoubted. So is the right of men to combine together and resolve that they will not work for less wages than they agree upon. They may strike—withdraw themselves from the industries they have been employed in—and let them languish if that result follows. They have a right to do that;—its expediency for themselves and the country at large is another question.—We consider that trade unions, etc., inexpedient, and think they result in more harm than they accomplish good; but in a free country, as ours is, the form they is conceded and undisputed.

But there the right stops. The strikers have no right to say that the employer shall not supply their places with other men who will work for less wages, nor to prevent other men from working at whatever price they are willing to accept. If the employer feels that to make his business self-sustaining and remunerative he must economize and reduce wages of his workmen, he has a right to say: "Hereafter, wages will be reduced ten per cent, or fifty per cent." There is no law to compel him to pay more than he agrees to pay, and the strikers have not the right in law or any other kind of ethics, to compel him to pay more, except in so far as with drawing their labor may compel him to reconsider and offer better terms. So, also, any laborer whose time and services are his own has a right to put as small value upon his labor and work for as little as his sense of duty to himself and family may approve; and the strikers have no right to interpose and drag him from an engine or a shop and forbid his working at the price he has agreed upon with his employer. If such interference with rights of employer and non-union laborers is made, the striker loses the sympathy which the public may otherwise have for him, puts himself out of the pale of the law's protection and ought to be swiftly and severely punished. And when combinations so extensive as those the country has witnessed for two week past, commit outrages, interrupt business and destroy property as wantonly as they have done, they should be regarded in the light of enemies to the piece, good order and prosperity of society and should receive no sympathy or toleration from good citizens. They are more dangerous than foreign enemies and their power for evil should be destroyed at once by most vigorous and decided measures.

The strikers at some points protest that it is and has been no part of their purpose to destroy property and deprade upon their former employers or the public; and that the gross outrages that have been committed were the acts of tramps, thieves and disreputable persons who took advantage of the strike of the laboring men to accomplish their designs. In some instances the strikers have combined with the owners of property to prevent thieving and burning, and in others, have driven away tramps and thieves who wished to join them. In this they are right and show that their sole purpose is to get better wages—to benefit themselves without hurting their

EMPLOYERS—TO LET OTHERS LIVE AND KEEP THEIR PROPERTY, WHILE THEY THEMSELVES ATTEMPT TO GET BETTER MEANS OF LIVING. IF THEY WILL SIMPLY QUIT WORK, THE PUBLIC WILL HOPE THAT THE RAILROADS AND THE OTHER EMPLOYERS WILL YIELD TO THEIR DEMANDS; BUT IF, BESIDES QUITTING WORK, THEY NEITHER ALLOW LABORERS TO TAKE THEIR PLACE, NOR THEIR EMPLOYERS TO CARRY ON THEIR BUSINESS, NOR FREIGHT TO PASS TO MARKET, NOR PASSENGERS TO GO THEIR WAY UNMOLESTED AND UNDELAYED, THEN THEY ARRAY SOCIETY AND GOVERNMENT AGAINST THEM AND MUST SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES. AND THE SOONER THE CONSEQUENCES COME, THE BETTER IT WILL BE FOR THE STRIKERS AND THE COUNTRY.—*Raleigh Christian Advocate.*

employers—to let others live and keep their property, while they themselves attempt to get better means of living. If they will simply quit work, the public will hope that the Railroads and the other employers will yield to their demands; but if, besides quitting work, they neither allow laborers to take their place, nor their employers to carry on their business, nor freight to pass to market, nor passengers to go their way unmolested and undelayed, then they array society and government against them and must suffer the consequences. And the sooner the consequences come, the better it will be for the strikers and the country.—*Raleigh Christian Advocate.*

HOW LONG WILL IT DO TO WAIT?

Dr. Nettleton had come home from the evening service in a country town. The good lady of the house, after bustling about to provide her guest with supper, said, before her daughter, who was in the room: "Dr. Nettleton, I wish you to talk to Caroline; she don't care nothing about going to meeting, nor about the salvation of her soul. I've talked and talked, and got our minister to talk, but it don't seem to do her any good. I wish you would talk to her, Dr. Nettleton."

Saying which, she soon went out the room.

Dr. Nettleton continued quietly taking his repast, when he turned to the young girl and said—

"Now just tell me, Miss Caroline, do they not bother you amazingly about this thing?"

She, taken by surprise by an address, so very unexpected, answered at once—

"Yes, sir, they do; they keep talking to me all the time till I am sick of it."

"So I thought," said Dr. N. "Let's see, how old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Good health?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is," said Dr. N., "religion is a good thing in itself, but the idea of troubling a young creature like you with it, and you are in good health, you say. Religion is a good thing. It will hardly do to die without it. I wonder how long it would do for you to wait."

"That's just what I have been thinking myself," said Caroline.

"Well," said Dr. N., "suppose you say till you are fifty—no, that won't do, I attended the funeral of a lady fifteen years younger than that; thirty—how would that do?"

"I am not sure it would do to wait quite so long," said Caroline.

"No, I don't think so either; some thing might happen; say now twenty-five, or even twenty, if we could be sure that you would live so long. A year from now—how would that do?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, and how many young people, as well apparently as you are, do die suddenly, I am afraid to have you put it off a moment longer. What shall we do? Had we not better kneel down here and ask God for mercy through his son Jesus Christ?"

The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, knelt on the spot.—In a day or two she came out in hope, finding she had far from lost all enjoyment in this life.

JESUS ALWAYS.—A little girl went with her mother, a woman in lowly circumstances, as she had occasion to call on a wealthy lady in a neighboring city. The lady felt quite an interest in the child, and took her all over her house and showed her all the beauties and wonders of her comfortable home. Much surprised at all she saw, the little thing exclaimed: "Why, how beautiful! I am sure Jesus must love to come here, it is so pleasant. Doesn't he come here? The hostess made no reply, and her visitor added again: "Doesn't Jesus come here very often?" Then with much emotion the lady replied: "I am afraid not." That was too much for the child; she hastened to her mother and begged to be taken home, for she was afraid to stay in a house where Jesus did not come. That night the lady related to her husband the whole circumstance, and the question of the child went to the hearts of both husband and wife, and it was not long before Jesus was made a guest in their home.

It is God himself who proclaimed peace, who justly might have proclaimed war; he lets the world of mankind know that he is willing to be at peace with them, through Jesus Christ.—*Henry.*

A WOMAN WHO WANTED NOTHING.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked a richly-dressed lady of a neat young woman who was waiting to see in the hall.

"I'm in the city alone, and my work has failed, and"—

"Now, my good woman," said the lady, "I'm going out this morning, and have no time to waste. Do you want clothing for winter?"

"No, madame," replied the stranger, with flushed cheeks; "but"—

"You want a little money to pay your board till work begins, do you?"

"No, madame; I have ten dollars in my purse yet. I want to tell you how I am situated, because I have heard that you were very kind to the poor and the strangers, and thought you could help me."

"But you do not want anything," replied the lady, just a little impatiently. She could give money very easy, but she grudged her time when she had engagements that promised pleasure.

"I want work, madame," continued the girl. "I can sew well, and I am willing to do it at half the usual price till my work begins."

"What can you do?"

"Plain sewing of all kinds, and boy's clothes," was the modest reply.

"I have nothing of that kind. Can you embroider?"

"No, madam."

"I thought perhaps among your friends you might"—

A shadow of displeasure passed over the lovely face as the lady replied, "But you surely cannot expect me to run about looking for work for you? If you have nothing else to do, why not do that yourself?"

"I have tried ten days in vain."

"If I was in your place I would go from door to door, and *were give up* till I had found some honest work. If you can't get just what you want, you must take what you can get? There is work enough in the world, we all know! If you need a little money, I will give it to you; but that is all I can do."

"Thank you, I have what money I need just now," said the woman sadly.

The door closed on her, and she said to herself, "She would not hear me, or I would have told her that I had rung at more than a thousand doors, and that nine hundred and fifty of them were shut in my face by servants. I would have told her that I had an aged mother who can also work, but who cannot eat the bread of charity."

The lady went back to her friends, and said, "So provoking! It was a decent-looking young woman out of work, who wanted nothing but work! I offered her clothing or money, but she declined both—as if I kept a ready-made clothing store, or had an intelligence office, and had nothing to do but run about among shops for her accommodation! And she owned that she had ten dollars in her purse that moment. I declare the assurance of such folks is unbounded." And the lady went off with an easy mind, because, as she said, "this applicant wanted nothing."

Now, one great lesson the benevolent should learn, is that the most pressing want is often among the high-minded working people, who will not, till forced to do so, eat the bread of independence.

The easiest thing in the world for a man or woman with plenty of money, is to give a little of it away. Sacrifice consists in giving that which is not so easy, but which may be far more useful—a little kind interest and personal effort for others. In no possible way can we help the poor so well as by aiding them in getting work.

A gentleman or lady can often influence work where the applicant would not get a hearing, and in this way save the money which would otherwise have been given the merely unemployed, for the old, the sick and disabled.

Let us look tenderly on such as "want nothing but work," and encourage, as far in our power, the spirit of noble independence which chooses to toil, and even to suffer rather than to beg.—*Watchman.*

HERE thou art but a stranger traveling to thy country; it is therefore a huge folly to be afflicted because thou hast a less convenient inn to lodge in by the way.

THEY who doubt the truth of religion because they can find no Christian who is perfect, might as well deny the existence of the sun because it is not always noonday.

HAPPINESS comes from within and not from surrounding circumstances.

COURAGE TO LIVE.

Not courage to die, but courage to live, is what poor striving humanity needs. Poets from time immemorial have sung the praises of those braving death in its myriad forms, and over and around the hero facing death 'mid a thousand dangers they breathe in poetic measure the immortal honors of a victory in death.

History too is replete with instances of heroic fortitude and agonies of death endured without a groan; self-denial recognizing the heroism that inspired the disconsolate and gives courage to the down-trodden to live on and on in a world that keeps pushing them down when they have once started.

There are a thousand things (if indeed they can be numbered at all) that serve to vex the soul, weary the body, and make the struggle for life a hard one at the very best.

It takes courage, and that too of the sublimest kind, to turn aside or rise above the slanderous tale vilely traducing us; easier far to die, and end it all, the misery and shame, be the calumny false as the evil one himself.

Courage is needed when the heart is breaking over desertion of those who would have been more than all others, courage to smile and speak pleasant words, to take up the burden of life again with all the joy spent and but bitterness left. In anguish of spirit many a crushed soul fills a suicide's grave because it has not the courage to live and be jeered at and mocked.

Many a poor wayward mortal tried beyond endurance falls, and then, without strength of character to outlive shame and regret, on some dark night drops quietly from off the bridge, and next morning, "one more unfortunate" is lying in the morgue, cold and stiff and still; another soul has braved the mystery of death and gone to its last account. It is true moral courage the just needs, courage that will *even give* to leave his evil ways and *even* men the tempter lures him on to destruction. Much easier it is for him to destroy his unprofitable life, and his misery, and go he knows not, nor cares he whither, "anywhere out of the world."

How many weak erring souls there are in the world to-night whose abode is with sorrow, and whose companion remorse, whose courage is well nigh gone and into whose minds is creeping even now a wild, unrighteous desire to end all this woe and strife of living, to whom kind words and cheerful sympathy might come as an inspiration of renewed hope, and they gain therefrom courage to try again. Hearts weary to-night, overtaken by reverses and failure, the ravages of fire or floods, toil without recompense, or fruitless endeavor to gain a place among men, too tired, too world-weary to dream of the blessings of heaven or dread the abode of the damned they sigh only for rest, blessed rest; life proved a failure, they seek quiet and oblivion in the grave. Aye, the world needs courage, courage not only to live, but to live lives that are worthy the living, noble, upright, and good; lives straight forward and honest before all other men, and above all, lives pure and holy in the sight of the Lord, so that at the end, death may be met as life has been, with firmness and unflinching courage.

NO ESCAPE.—No man will ever prosper who has the curse of a ruined woman upon him. The murderer of the body can be tried and executed by the world's law, but the murderer of the soul is tried by heaven's laws and the execution is sure as divine justice." Aunt Betsey said this as she folded the white hands of a beautiful girl, and put white flowers and green leaves about the marble-cold forehead. There was a tiny babe beside the girl-mother. The house was hushed and there was mourning such as few know. Half glad that the mother and child were dead, the rest of the family must perform the last sad office of burial and bear the family shame. A haunted house! A ruined home! God the architect, and man the spoiler. The curse is there, and the destroyer cannot escape.—*Woman's Journal.*

HOPE is the ruddy morning of joy, recollection is its golden tinge; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight; and the bright blue day which the former promises, breaks indeed, but in another world, and with another sun.—*Richter.*

A HOUSE uninhabited soon comes to ruin and a soul uninhabited by the Holy Spirit of God verges faster and faster to destruction.