

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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OUR PRINCIPLES: 1. The Lord Jesus Christ is the only Head of the Church. 2. The name Christian, or the exclusive of all party or sectarian names. 3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, a sufficient rule of faith and practice. 4. Christian character, or vital piety, the only test of fellowship or membership. 5. The right of private judgment and the liberty of conscience, the privilege and duty of all.

OUR LIGHT HOUSE.



"Let the lower lights be burning." When the World is a Wilderness.

To be without friends is to find the world a wilderness.

LORD BACON.

The Bible in the School.

Wherever the Bible is not made the foundation stone of education, of society, and of every form of life, there is no literature for children or for the people. Look at Spain, Italy, and even France—in a word, at every country in which the Bible is not read; nowhere is there any reading for the child or the laborer. In Germany and England, on the contrary, there exists a Christian children's and popular literature, in which, as in a mirror, the national spirit is clearly reflected.

ST. HILAIRE.

When not Appreciated.

We were conversing some weeks ago with a philanthropic gentleman who for twenty-five years has been engaged in a hard and unremunerative field of labor, and whose efforts have not met the appreciation they so richly deserve. When we asked him if he were seriously disappointed at this result, he quietly said: "When I do a good thing and it is not appreciated, my only remedy is to do some other good thing." To our mind, this is a most Christian utterance. Are the disciples of the Lord Jesus to faint and falter in their toils because the world does not applaud them?

H. CLAY TRUMBULL.

The Value of the Converts.

The value of the converts in any given revival of religion will depend largely upon the quality of the preaching under which they are converted. That is to say, if the preaching be shallow, void of thought, or heterodox the converts are likely to show this fact in the weakness, instability, and general imperfection of their Christian experience. It is, therefore, a matter of the gravest importance that those who occupy the pulpit during a revival season should be specially careful to deliver the message of the gospel with all the clearness, force, and unction that they can possibly command.

H. C. TRUMBULL.

Shams.

We need, nowadays, upright men in downright earnest, who say what they mean, and mean what they say. Cheating in trade, cheating in religion, cheating in talk, must not be put up with any longer. Old Father Honesty is the man for our money. None of your painting and gilding; give us the real thing. There would be a great fall in sheepskins if all the wolves were stripped, but stripped they ought to be, the rascals! Let each one of us begin to mend the world by putting off every bit of sham that we may have had about us. Off with the trumpery finery of pretence. Show the smock-frock, or the fustian jacket, and the clump boots, and don't be ashamed!

CHAS. H. SPURGEON.

Do Sing.

Dear brother, dear sister, sing! Don't sit in church with your mouth closed like a steel-trap, but open it wide and sing. And sing all the way through. Don't think that the organist and the minister are to give you a sacred concert, but remember that you, your very self, are to take an active part in the worship of God, and open your mouth and sing! It may be you are not a fine singer—few of us are. You need not attempt to lead the congregation in singing, unless you know that you can do it. But you can sing well enough to take part. Above all, do not sit and look into futurity while your pastor strains soul and body to have the hymn sung. Get a hymn-book and look up the hymns and sing. And if you will not sing, please do not criticize those that do the best they can. Better a tone that is incorrect than none at all. This word is to all the silent worshippers

in our churches.

MORAVIAN.

The Conversion of An Infidel.

Dr. Eremete Pierotti, a French scientist, architect, and engineer, many years ago, when an infidel, journeyed through Palestine with the avowed intention of disproving the truth of the Bible. Visiting the heap of stones over Absalom's grave, he sat down to meditate with a heart full of unbelief, and while he tarried there an Arab woman came by with her little child which she held by the hand. In passing she threw a stone upon the heap marking the tomb of Absalom, and bade her child do the same. "What do you do that for?" "Because it is the grave of a wicked son who disobeyed his father." "And who was he?" "The son of David," she replied. He started as if a blow had struck him. Here was an Arab woman, a Mohammedan who probably had never seen a copy of the Scriptures, and could not read a word of them, yet she held these ancient facts and was teaching her child to fling a stone at a monument called by the name of the son who rebelled against his father. Dr. Pierotti, Bible in hand, turned to the story of Absalom, and as he read it a new light shone on him. This was the first of many convictions which so wrought upon him, that at length he embraced the faith he once attempted to destroy, and devoted his life to the proof and illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures.

ANONYMOUS.

An Excellent Lesson.

Once when traveling in a stage-coach I met a young lady who seemed to be on the constant lookout for something laughable; not being contented with laughing herself, took great pains to make others do the same. After a while an old woman came running across the fields, swinging her bag at the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good natured coachman drew up his horses, and the lady, coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through two bars which were not only in a horizontal position, but very near to each other. The young lady made some ludicrous remarks, and the passengers laughed. It seemed excusable, or in getting through the fence the poor woman had made sad work with her old black bonnet. This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card; pretended, when she was not looking, to take patterns of her bonnet, and in various other ways tried to raise a laugh. At length the poor woman turned a pale face toward her. "My dear," said she, "you are young and happy; I have been so, too, but am now decrepit and forlorn. This coach is taking me to the death-bed of my child. And then, my dear I shall be alone in the world." The coach stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps. "How is she?" was the first inquiry of the poor mother. "Just alive," said a man who was leading her into the house. Putting up the steps, the driver mounted his box, and we were on the road again. Our merry young friend had placed her card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson.

EXCHANGE.

Faith.

"We have not quoted these passages as though boasting that Stanley had become an advocate of orthodox views. We do not conclude that he has reached that point. We rejoice to see faith in God, resort to prayer, and gratitude acknowledging the Lord's gracious answer. Faith has grown scarce on the earth, and yet nothing great and good is ever done without it. God has decreed that the dark continent shall not be explored without a measure of faith in the breast of the bravest of its pioneers. If divines become doubters, the Lord will find believers among explorers; and these shall go into the darkness of Africa, that they may see the light of his presence. Mungo Park was comforted by the Lord by a tiny morsel of moss, and Livingstone was preserved by him when most people gave him up for lost; and now, from the awful gloom of endless forests, Stan-

ley cries unto the living God, and lives to bear witness to the faithfulness of the prayer-hearing Jehovah. Our courage fails not for the cause of faith—we mean the cause of God. He is the Creator of faith, and he will not cease to raise up believers who shall bear witness to his name. These may have many imperfections, as had Gideon and Jephthah and Samson; but the possession of faith in God ennobled them, and made them of another race than godless men of the world. Their follies were to be deplored, for they were but men; but their faith was all the more remarkable, since it made such faulty ones to be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Faith is the evidence of a life which sees the invisible and grasps the spiritual. It may be found in connection with much that is erroneous in thought and wrong in act; but it is of a purifying and elevating character, and is man's wing by which he rises to higher and better things. Given faith, and you have the beginning of all the graces, the germ of perfection. In itself it is a virtue, and it becomes the mother of virtues. Because it came from God, it knows its Creator, and all its breathings are after him. Love cannot be far behind where faith leads the way; and after love comes gratitude, then obedience and consecration and holiness are sure to follow. In bearing his testimony to God and prayer, Stanley has done more good to the world than could have been wrought by a thousand down grade discourses, and we even venture to say that God has received more true worship from the utterances we have quoted than from all the organs that ever pealed forth their windmade music beneath the vaulted roofs of cathedrals and temples. The sigh of a weary heart is a grander thing than the choicest product of mechanical skill; but the song of the believing soul is most sweet to the ear of God. May the Lord who has brought an intrepid spirit humbly to bow before him lead him trustfully to rejoice in salvation through the Son of God!"

CHAS. H. SPURGEON.

A Knot in the Skein.

They made a pretty picture, did grandmother and little Dot. Grandmother sat in her low rocking-chair, with her glasses pushed back above her forehead, and before her stood Dot holding outstretched a brilliant skein of wool upon her chubby little hands.

"Hurry up, grandma," said Dot, with a slight frown, "you're so slow." Grandma took no heed, apparently, but went on with the utmost precision. Slowly the yarn reeled over the chubby thumbs, slowly went on the winding about grandma's ball.

Dot stood first upon one foot, then the other, like a barn-yard fowl, and gave at intervals a tremendous sigh as evidence of her weariness.

"You're zasperatin'," she at last spoke out, "really and truly, grandma, you're old zasperatin' hisself."

"What?" cried the startled old lady, who had been intent upon her winding, or perhaps lost in reverie of other days; "What is that you are saying, Dot?"

"I said you was a 'zasperatin' old poke," replied Dot, firmly. "I'm most tired to death, and there you go winding 'em, as if you was asleep."

"Well, I never," gasped the old lady. "I pretended to be intent upon the work before me, yet could scarce refrain from laughing aloud."

"Tired, eh?" queried grandma with a twinkle in her eye; "well, we will soon be through, and you can lie down and rest."

"No, I am going out to jump rope," incautiously said Dot, "with Willie and Rose. They're jumping now, don't you hear 'em, grandma?"

"Ah, you are going to rest your weary limbs by jumping rope," replied grandma. "Well, so that you won't be entirely used up, suppose you sit on this chair, pulling one beside Dot."

her spectacles down from her forehead, and peered at the skein of wool. "There's a snarl," she said, "dear, dear, how did that come?"

"It's an awful hard knot," cheerfully said Miss Dot, "after grandma had made several attempts to disentangle the snarl. I guess you had better get it all right, grandma, and we'll wind the ball 'nother time."

"Oh, no, Dot, we'll get it all right now," replied grandma, with a jerk. Snap went the strand. Several minutes were consumed in straightening the skein, and grandma carefully knotted the broken threads together before resuming her winding.

The sounds of laughing and jumping outside the window came borne in upon the stillness of the room. Another petulant movement from Dot. "I'm so nervous, I can't hold still," she next exclaimed, impatiently tugging at the wool.

"Dear, dear, another knot," cried grandma, peering over her spectacles at Dot. "Why, at this rate we will never get through."

But at last it was done, and away scampered Dot, every vestige of ill humor banished from her pretty face. Grandma's glance met mine.

"The wool is for her own stockings," quietly said she, as if in answer to something she read in my eyes, "and I intend those knots shall teach her a lesson which mere words would fail to accomplish. Youthful experiences, if rightly impressed, may serve to guard the future from sterner ones."

"The old lady's favorite expression, 'I know,' played about her firmly closed lips, but she gave no utterance to them as with the ball in hand she sat gazing upon pictures of the past—pictures whose lights and shadows were reflected in her own dim eyes, in the fitting smile upon a brow or lip, in the winding of the ball, it was more than she was in lessening it again. How fast her needles flew! Early in the morning, late at night went on the knitting. Dot's eyes watched the progress of the stockings, and her admiration was unbounded over their hue.

"Red stockings, and a red hood, and red mitts? My, it 'pears Sunday never come over?"

"Crimson," corrected grandma; "not red." But it mattered little to Dot what the color was named when she drew the bright stockings upon her chubby legs and over them again a pair of shining new shoes.

"You will be proud of these stockings," said grandma, on Saturday night, as she rounded the toe with a bit of white wool, "because you helped me to wind the wool, you know, Dot."

"Yes," assented the little one, with a proud air, "wasn't I dood, grandma?" "And you were tired, too," went on grandma, ignoring her question.

"And so nervous," responded Dot. "Yes, and you called me a 'zasperatin' old poke," gravely answered grandma, "and snapped the thread on purpose to make me give over the winding."

Dot opened wide her eyes. "How did you know that?" she queried. "Now, don't say a little bird told you, grandma, 'cause I've tried to deaf hearin' that story."

"Never mind how I knew, Dot. The fact remains that there were knots in my fair ball of wool, and knots, you know, can never be straightened out, never!"

Dot looked at her grandma reflectively. "Didn't you ever make knots in your grandma's wool?" she asked so berly.

"None but what I had to pay for," replied the old lady, suppressing a smile. "Knots are troublesome things, Dot, as you may find out before you are many days older."

Off to Sunday school hied Dot the next morning, resplendent in new attire. Grandma smiled grimly when she returned with a perceptible limp in her gait.

"Somefin' is hurtin' my heel," she informed us at dinner, reluctantly. "Your new shoes, I suppose," suggested her mother; "you had best take them off and put on your old ones."

But Dot demurred, and like her elders, sometimes, for vanity's sake endured the torture the remainder of the day.

Grandma said never a word. Bed time came, and with a sigh of relief Dot drew off her shoe.

Within could be heard the voices of Dot, Willie, and Rose. An altercation was evidently in progress concerning the destruction of a doll. In a rocking chair sat Dot with a pair of grandma's spectacles on her nose. Gravely she peered over them at the flushed face of Willie.

"Who broke Dolly's head?" she questioned.

"Rose!" answered he, promptly. "Dear, dear," exclaimed Dot, bending forward, such a snarl as you are dettin' the skein into, Willie?"

"What skein?" asked he sulkily. "Dot you or didn't you break Dolly's head?" she continued without answering his question.

"No, I didn't!" this very emphatically.

"Nother knot in the skein," said Dot, imitating grandma's tone and manner to perfection, "nother dread big knot, my child, 'cause—'cause I saw you do it."

An impressive silence, broken only by Willie's sniffles.

"Keep on tellin' stories, Willie," gravely went on the little monitor, and you'll det all tangled up like—like a skein of wool when you let your hands drop. Then comes knots, and knots never can be smoooved out, never. They'll get knitted into your hide, my child, and—div' you a heap of torment. I know!" and pushing the spectacles back upon her head, Dot sank into a gentle reverie, so much like her grandma's that the smile died from our lips, and the dear old lady, as we tip-toed back to our room, said in trembling tones: "Heaven bless the child!"—New York Observer.

A Good Test.

In an Eastern town, the board of selectmen, who governed its local affairs, was composed of four Universalists (of men who contended for the final happiness of all mankind, whether Christians or not), and a pious physician. They acted through the year in great harmony as to the business of the town, but, at their last meeting, it was determined to attack the religious doctor. After they had finished their transactions, one of them said:

"Doctor, we have been very happy in being associated with you the year past, and that the business of the town has been conducted in harmony, and to the satisfaction of our constituents. We have found you to be a man of good sense, extensive information, unbending integrity, and of the purest benevolence. It is astonishing to us, that a man of your amiable character should believe in the doctrine of future punishment."

The doctor replied: "Gentlemen, I should regret very much the forfeiture of the good opinion which your partiality has led you to entertain of me. Will you have the goodness to answer candidly a few questions? Do you believe in a future state?"

"They replied, 'We do.' 'You believe that death will introduce all men to a state of perfect happiness?"

"Of this we have no doubt." "Are you now happy?" "We are not; we are far from it."

"How do men act when they are unhappy, and know that happiness is within their reach?"

"They endeavor to attain that happiness."

"Do you believe that I understand the nature and operation of medicine?" "We have no doubt, Doctor, of your skill in your profession; but what has that to do with the subject?"

"In this box," said the Doctor, taking a tin box in his hand, "are pills, which if you swallow each of you one, will, without pain, carry you, within one hour, out of this world of trouble, and, if your doctrine be true, place you in a world of perfect felicity. Will you accept one of them?"

"No, sir." "Will you?" "No, sir." When they had all refused, the Doctor said:

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, from embracing your doctrine, until I have better evidence that you believe it yourselves." This closed the debate.—Episcopal Record.

We have our temperance societies, and I presume they are needed. We have our societies for the suppression of vice, and I suppose they are needed. And we have societies for the better observance of the Sabbath, and I suppose they are needed. We, for the present, distress, divide up the whole of goodness into sections, and fight the battle of evil in 'pieces,' so to speak. But when God comes to deal with us He takes purity and goodness and holiness as a whole, and by putting the inspiration of childhood to God and the hope of eternal life into our lives, He sets us to purify ourselves even as Christ is pure. That includes everything. When you are intent upon being as Christ, as you will be temperate, you will be manly. You will love God and hate evil and suppress it, first of all in yourself. You will be pure in life because pure in heart, and pure in heart because you expect to see God.—Dr. John Hall.

Wanted-Preachers.

A writer in one of our contemporaries has this to say about the lack of preachers in our church:

"Coming over in an ocean steamer last summer there were seven of our clergy, not one of whom could be induced to address the steerage passengers at some informal meetings which were held every day. There can be no doubt as to the reason. They did not know what to say to such people or how to say it. They were readers of sermons. At a church in Philadelphia, two Sundays ago, the wind blew the preacher's notes away, disseminating his views through the congregation much to his consternation. He was obliged to send the choir-boys around to gather them up (which ought to have settled all objection to a boy-choir), but unfortunately the leaves had not been numbered, and the preacher occasionally came to a dead halt like a blind horse against a stone wall, which had the effect on him and his congregation of a sudden stop or start on the cable cars. One would suppose that a man who had been educated to preach the Gospel might address a hundred people once a week on what some of us still regard as a burning question—sin and its consequences—without manuscript. If he can't remember his sermon himself, how can he expect anybody else to remember it?"

"This man had been found after a long search through the Church for some one for an important post, and is fair sample of our clergy. Out of over a hundred of them in this city there are only five or six who will undertake to address the 1,500 non-church-goers who constitute the congregation every Sunday night at the theatre services. Several years ago a distinguished divine attempted to read to them a sermon, and the theatre emptied itself so rapidly that he was obliged to desist and allow the service to be closed in due form. He often spoke there afterward without notes, and not one person left until he finished. The worst of it all is, there is no hope of better things in the future, and Mr. Moody, with his proverbial common sense, has drawn attention to the fact that the trouble lies in the theological school. Our divinity students are being educated away from the people. A short time ago some one was wanted one Sunday afternoon to address a small congregation of colored people in the most squalid neighborhood in the city, and out of about thirty students in our divinity school, there were only three that would have ventured upon such a duty. The rest were reacting little sermons at Mission stations, and never contemplated any other kind of preaching."

Trust and Do Good.

The Psalmist says: "Trust in the Lord, and do good." There are volumes of meaning in these few words. Observe the vital order of the phrase: First trust and then do good. You cannot do any great and permanent good unless you fully and firmly trust in the Lord. You may prattle good words and imitate the actions of a saint without trusting in the Lord. But to do really good, helpful and saving service to your fellow men, you must first get fitted for it by letting your heart so rest on Christ that it shall become magnetized and energized by the power of his heart. It is such ones who thus get enthused and empowered that do the most good in the world. It is not necessary to quote examples which illustrate the truth of this statement. Think of the men and women who have accomplished much good in various lines of Christian and philanthropic service. You may wonder what the secret of their conspicuous success is, but it is no secret. The plain fact is, they have trusted in the Lord with all their hearts; and, as a natural and forcible consequence of such trusting, fruitful good in large measure has followed. If the members of our churches would do more good they must trust more in the Lord—not in organizations, not in the machinery of 'bands and leagues,' but in the Lord. He should be the warm centre of heart-trust, first and firmest; and then, with the fresh filling from the power derived from him you may use all necessary 'societies' as consecrated instruments in carrying on every form of good work. Trust with all your heart, and then work with all your might doing good.

A Test of Courage.

One of the severest tests of courage is to carry on one's life quietly and faithfully under the cloud of great uncertainty; something which makes it uncertain in what direction one's activity is hereafter to be put forth. This is not an uncommon experience; but although it happens to many it is never on that account the easier to bear. Living by faith has always involved a struggle even for the most heroic souls, and most of us learn it by the most painful process. Nevertheless, if we are to live with any strength and peace, learn it we must

sooner or later. If one broods over an uncertainty, strength is paralyzed and work half done. The man who worries loses the power which comes from concentration and a calm putting forth of his whole force. There is nothing to be gained by this brooding; there is everything to be lost. A strong life is one which commands itself, and does not give up the rudder to every wind of circumstance. When the time of uncertainty comes to a strong man, he is not deflected from the thing in hand; if possible he puts more strength and skill into it; not defying fortune, but accepting Providence by that calm doing of one's work which goes with consciousness that the honest laborer is worthy of his hire, and that work well done to-day means the opportunity of more work to-morrow. Take your life bravely and strongly. If uncertainties come into it, meet them with quiet courage and good cheer. Above all, keep your heart and hand in your work, and trust the future to that divine Providence which has ordered the falling of every sparrow.—Christian Union.

Told in the Depot.

One Christmas eve two or three years ago, as we stood in a group in the depot waiting room at Elmira there was a scuffle and loud words, and we turned to see the depot policeman shoving a trampish looking man out of the place. It was a sight to make most of the crowd smile, as the officer was a large man and his victim a small one, but before he had him out doors, well-dressed, fine looking man stepped forward and demanded:

"Officer, has this man been guilty of any offense?"

"He's no business in here, sir," was the reply.

"Why hasn't he?"

"Because he's a tramp. My orders are to put 'em out."

"Just wait."

He brought out his wallet, handed the forlorn-looking stranger two crisp \$10 bills, and then turned to the officer with:

"Now, let him alone. A man with \$20 in his pocket is no tramp."

"God bless you, sir!" whispered the recipient of his bounty as he looked at the money in great astonishment.

"I'm only down on my luck. I was waiting to get to Buffalo, where I hope to get a job, and I'm willing to work at anything; and for any price."

Some one ventured to ask the gentleman for an explanation of his liberality, and he replied:

"Just a year ago to night, in one of the towns on the Erie road, a tramp struck me for a quarter and got it. He must have gone off on a freight train right away, and he got a lift of twenty odd miles before he was hounded. Four hours later I took a train, and while passing from one coach to another lost my footing and was flung off. I struck on my head and shoulders, and was rendered unconscious, though not very badly hurt. When I came too there was a quarrel over my body. Two men wanted to rob me, while a third was holding them off, and when they attacked him he gave them such a drubbing that they hauled off. Then he ran to a farm house a quarter of a mile away, routed out the people, and helped them carry me there. While I could not speak, I heard all that was said. I heard him say that he recognized me as the one who had befriended him that evening; and before he went away he insisted on taking an inventory of my personal property. I had a watch, a diamond pin, and a thousand dollars in money; and everything was kept safe for me during the two weeks I was in the house."

"But what became of the tramp?"

"I have never seen him since. After seeing me safe at the house he started off, saying he would send a doctor from the nearest town, and I never had the chance to thank him.—N. Y. Sun.

One of the wettest days of last week a countryman, who might have been taken for a prosperous farmer or a successful miner, was walking along Market street in the rain when he noticed a little girl in front of him, says the San Francisco Examiner. Her clothing was shabby and thin, and her shoes were almost ready to drop from her poor little wet feet. Touched by the sight, the bluff old fellow stepped up to her and asked her to accompany him into a shoe store just at hand, and directed the salesman to fit the child with a good substantial pair of shoes. After trying on several pairs, all of which appeared to fit her test very well, the old gentleman said to her, pointing to the pair she had on, "Ain't they easy?" Hesitating a moment, the child looked up and said: "Oh, yes, sir; they are very comfortable, but, please, sir won't you buy them big enough for mamma?"

Indian intelligence brings us just now a piece of news. At a marriage celebrated in Calcutta the other day the bridegroom was aged thirty-five. His bride is an infant nine months old. Chandra Dey may die before his wife has learned to talk. In that case the horrors of perpetual widowhood will begin for her at once.