

THE CHRISTIAN SUN



"LOOKING UNTO JESUS THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH."

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The Christian Sun.

The Organ of the General Convention of the Christian Church.

CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, 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.

New England Matters.

Some of the Christian churches, are having good success. The city of Haverhill, Mass., is reported to be in a prosperous and growing condition. Very good reports come from the four Christian churches in the city of New Bedford. I hear of no sickness among our ministers, and no church troubles of any kind. What we need more than anything else, in New England, is a sweeping revival of religion all over these Eastern States. Every church needs it. The spirit of "unity" seems to be on the increase in New England. The frequent exchange of pulpits among the different denominations clearly indicate it. I have preached for four different denominations in the last four months, and am invited to preach for another in a few weeks. I worship with any church, whose teaching leads to Christ. And will preach for those whose theology leaves Christ out of their teaching, when they will permit me to do so.

The Christian Camp-meeting at Craigville, Mass., will commence the last Monday in this month - I believe.

The "Summer Company" are coming to Maine, now, from all parts of the country by thousands. The summer resorts in Maine, are very numerous and the hotels are well kept generally, and give good satisfaction. We have had some very hot weather of late, and people be-

ing in crowded cities are glad to get some fresh air, in a pleasant village by the seashore.

Yours,

H. M. EATON.

Middleboro, Mass., July 15th, 1893.

From L. H. to Dr. Barrett.

DEAR SIR:—In thinking of your sermon delivered first Sunday in this month (June) in answer to my request in the SUN of May 4th. I wish to say that I cannot let the time pass without offering some words of praise and thankfulness for your words of encouragement on that occasion. Yes Dr. Barrett I will agree with you, in order to have pure thoughts we must have pure hearts. Pure hearts produce pure thoughts, pure deeds and pure religion for I even now realize it. If you have not pure thoughts within, you prove an impure man, for a man's thoughts are his very soul within him, and if corrupt he is all the time thinking of low down cunning tricks, how to defraud and slander his fellow beings. If this be one's case I think he had better cease such and cultivate purer thoughts. I can truthfully say there is not a day passes over my head, nor a night that darkness creeps around me that I do not try to cultivate better thoughts, which I trust makes me a better man. I know I am not a Christian, but I am a better man morally than ever I was before. I do not now love to hear this old slang gossip and many others things which used to please my fancy and which has a tendency to degrade human souls and place them on a level with the lowest of creation and at last be the means of plunging them into perdition. I used to care nothing more of the Bible than I did an animal manac, for I could tell the day of the month and when I thought it would rain, etc., from that but could not get that much satisfaction from the "Book of books." I remember trying to read a chapter one day and I found where it spake of great sheep, cattle, bullocks etc. I threw it down disgusted and full of prejudice, then went back on the devil's books and

part of the time no books at all, but in search of some at the devil's printing offices, and now unbelieving readers that is your case to day, mine is better and I thank God for it. I can truly say that I feel very thankful, Dr. Barrett, for your words of encouragement as given to me and others from the pulpit. I have often felt that I ought to open the door of my soul and let the Visitor, in that visitor which accompanied the two disciples from Jerusalem to Emmaus.

We remember when they drew nigh to Emmaus it was late in the evening and the sun was sinking behind the western horizon. The beautiful evening shades were hiding the earth, the invisible Christ which was to them as their eyes were holden made as though he would go on and they bade him stop with them, he did so and opened their eyes, broke bread with them and revealed to them that he was Christ which was crucified. Why not man when Christ accompanied his soul along through the journey of life, stop at the dawn and bid the invisible Comforter, (Christ) in and make peace with their souls at once. As I write my mind is deeply impressed, but, as I am I find that there is yet something lacking. Therefore in conclusion I ask an interest in your prayers and the prayers of God's people that more light may be revealed until I may find the visitor, the comforter lodging and a biding with me.

Yours truly,

L. H.

Charles H. Spurgeon's Debt.

We trust all our boy readers will remember this bit of experience in this great preacher's childhood, and remember what he says about the miseries that come from getting in debt:

"When I was a very small boy in pinafores," said Mr. Spurgeon, "and went to a woman's school, it so happened that I wanted a stick of slate pencil, and had no money to buy it, I was afraid of being scolded for losing my pencils so often, for I was a real careless little fellow, and so did not dare ask at home; what then, was I to do? There was a little shop in the place, where nuts and tops and cakes and balls were sold by

old Mrs. Dawson, and sometimes I had seen boys and girls get trusted by the old lady. I argued with myself that Christmas was coming, and that somebody or other would be sure to give me a penny then, and perhaps, a whole silver sixpence. I would therefore go into debt for a stick of slate pencil, and be sure to pay for it at Christmas. I did not feel easy about it, but still screwed my courage up and went into the shop. A farthing was the amount, and as I had never owed any thing before, and my credit was good, the pencil was handed over to me by the kind dame, and I was in debt? It did not please me much, and I felt as if I had done wrong, but I little knew how soon I should smart for it.

How my father came to hear of this little piece of business I never knew, but some little bird or other whistled it to him, and he was very soon down upon me in right earnest. God bless him for it! He was a sensible man, and none of your children-spoilers; for he did not intend to bring up his children to speculate and play at what big rogues call financiering, and therefore he knocked my getting into debt in the head at once and no mistake. He gave me a very powerful lecture upon getting into debt, and how like it was to stealing, and upon the way in which people were ruined by it, and how a boy who would owe a farthing might one day owe a hundred pounds and get into prison and bring his family into disgrace. Then I was marched off to the shop, like a deserter marched into barrack, crying bitterly all the way down the street, and feeling dreadfully ashamed, because I thought everybody knew I was in debt. The farthing was paid amid many solemn warnings, and the debtor was free, like a bird let out a cage. How sweet it felt to be out of debt! How did my little heart declare and vow that nothing should ever tempt me into debt again! It was a fine lesson, and I never forgot it. If all boys were inoculated with the same doctrine when they are young, it would be as good as a fortune to them and save them wagon-loads of trouble in after life. Ever since that time I have hated debt. To keep debt, dirt, and the devil out of my cottage has been my greatest wish, and although the last of the three has sometimes gotten in by the door or window, for the old serpent will wriggle in the smallest crack, yet thanks to a good wife, hard work, honesty, and scrubbing brushes, the others have not crossed the threshold."—Exchange.