

The Christian Sun.

BY EMMETT L. MOFFITT.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY; IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY; IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, and the exclusion of all party and 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.

REFLECTIONS.

In an article on "William Ewart Gladstone" in *The Chautauquan* for July, Pres. Charles J. Little, LL. D., says: First of all, Mr. Gladstone has reformed the finances of his native country and lifted burdens from every industrious English shoulder. To say nothing of his service in the free trade legislation, his budgets have determined the principles of taxation, from which no future chancellor dare depart. There shall be no taxes upon knowledge, there shall be no taxes upon industry, there shall be no taxes upon thrift, so read the splendid clauses of this financial Magna Charta. In 1852 he crushed Disraeli as a financier. In that tremendous effort he avenged his buried master, Peel, and established himself as the greatest business brain in England or the world. There was something awful in the burst of fury with which he broke up on his victim's head; something majestic in the quick recovery of his self-control and the destructive progress of his logic; something superbly ludicrous in his demonstration that Disraeli's surplus of millions was really a deficit. And his defeated rival, returning to the vacated place in after years, was wise enough to learn from this incomparable master. Gladstone's budget speeches would be impossible in any other country, and were possible in England to no other man. The skill with which he marshalled and adorned the driest facts, the play of philosophic and historic intelligence that lightened up his propositions, were wonderful indeed, but the fascination of these earlier budgets, the magic of them, was the relief they gave to thousands and the simple means by which it was obtained. These budgets had in them the divine thoughtfulness that counts the drops of sweat upon the taxpayer's brow, that sees where taxes hurt and why they hurt; they had, too, the divine boldness that seizes the right remedy and applies it without fear or favor. * * * Gladstone was the kind of man the Romans called 'felix'; one who enjoyed the uninterrupted favor of the gods and brought to others blessing and prosperity. He was happy in his early and in his later home, in his parents and his children, in his wife and in his friends. Happy, too, in his wealth and in his learning, in his vast endowments and his wonderful opportunities. But he was more than 'felix'; he was also 'victor'. He fought and he conquered himself and then the world. "The king is dead, long live the king!" Gladstone of Hawarden Castle no longer feels the trees marked for destruction by decay. Gladstone, of Hawarden Castle no longer gathers wife and children and servants about the family altar to keep himself and them in touch with God. Gladstone, the great commoner, no longer holds entranced excited friends and jeering foes with the flashing splendor of his brain and the music of his voice. But the Gladstone of English history sits regnant at the mighty council board from which the future of the three kingdoms shall be determined by the immortal patriots whose aims have been God's and their country's and whose traditions constitute the ever-flowing silver

streak that protects the British nation from her chief, if not her only, foe, unrighteousness.

Writing of "The Philippine Islands" in the July Chautauquan, John A. Osborne says: Of the seven million inhabitants of the Philippines, very few of whom are Spaniards, less than one-tenth of them live in Manila, and about one-seventh of the entire population are believed to be unconquered natives. Among the natives are found representatives of several distinct races. The aborigines were probably the Negritos, a diminutive, dark-skinned race, with features resembling the American negro. They are still found in limited numbers, a harmless, nomadic people very fond of the dog and of a cigar, which they frequently smoke with the lighted end in the mouth. The aboriginal people were gradually conquered and driven into the interior by invading Malays, whose descendants now form a large proportion of the population. The Tagals and the Igotles are the most important of the Malay tribes, the latter being law-biding and devoted to agricultural pursuits. The Tagals with more war-like propensities, occupy the lowlands, living near the water in picturesque, elevated huts. They are in full possession of the interior of Mindanao, where under the sovereignty of their own sultans they are free to enjoy the cock-fight, dancing, and music, for which they seem to have a great aptitude. They have strongly stockaded villages on the mountain sides, and while they acknowledge the suzerainty of Spain, they do not pay taxes nor permit Spanish officials to reside among them. Besides these two races there are in the Philippines Malay-Indians and native Caucasians, with a large number of Chinese and Mestizoes. The laziness of the natives in times of peace is proverbial, but this is not to be wondered at when we know that nature has furnished the islands with a wealth of vegetation which may be used for food. Their indolence is probably increased by the climate, which is hot and enervating. The heat is, however, greatly moderated by alternating land and sea breezes, and a more healthy climate is unknown in tropical countries.

The men and woman interested in organized temperance work in this country, are, on the whole, very worthy people," writes Edward W. Bok in the *May Ladies' Home Journal*. "They are sincere, energetic and well-meaning. But sometimes they lack that nicety and wisdom of judgment which is absolutely necessary to organized effort in order that the surest success may be won. They sometimes, unfortunately, allow their zeal to run away with them. This tendency was recently shown in one of their official statements which bewailed the startling growth of intemperance in America during the year 1897. Many good people to whom the circular containing this statement is sent, will be prone to believe this assertion. They have not the means at hand by which to verify such a statement, and will be made uncomfortable by it, whereas, in reality, exactly the opposite is the truth. There has never been a time in America when every indication pointed so strongly to a decrease of intemperance as the present. There has never been so little drinking as at present, and never such a strong tendency toward moderation in quarters where alcoholic indulgence is general. This is a fact impossible to controvert, because the most careful figures bear out this very hopeful statement."

Admiral Cervera and the other officers and men of the Spanish fleet destroyed at Santiago who were taken prisoners are being sent to the United States. The non-commissioned officers and men will be kept on Seavoy's Island, in the harbor of Portsmouth, N. H., while the admiral and the commissioned officers will be sent to Annapolis for safe-keeping.—Exchange.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

LEAH, THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF LABAN.

BY HERBERT SCHOLZ, A. M.

There are some characters in the Bible that receive very little notice by Bible readers. Leah is one of them. Sarah, Rebekah, and Rachel are well known. Circumstances brought them to prominence. Nature endowed them with beauty and grace and winsome manners. They attracted the attention of men, and were the recipients of many favors. But Leah was not blessed with a pretty face. Her eyes were weak, and this physical defect made her unattractive to the society of men. The outward appearance is often the only thing by which people judge of another. Leah was by no means prepossessing in appearance; hence she was doomed to be a stranger to the true, sincere love of men. It is true that she succeeded in becoming the wife of Jacob, but this was brought about through the treachery of her father. Jacob had no desire to have her to wife, and when she was forced on him by Laban, he hated her. There is an abundance of love for the beautiful Rachel, but nothing short of hatred for Leah. Rachel could have the offer of social position, of kind words, of bright smiles, of wealth, of all that Jacob could offer, but Leah must remain away back in the suburbs of Jacob's affection, and be haunted with the horrible idea that her life was to be overcast forever with frowns and disappointments and grief and hatred.

There has always been a premium on beauty. The reason is because it is so rare. There are very few handsome men and women in the world in proportion to the number of the race. The great majority of people are not pretty, and Leah was one of the majority. She had grown up in the household of her father, and had been trained in the same way as her younger sister Rachel. She was probably well versed in the art of house-keeping so far as knowledge on that subject went in those primitive times. She knew how to look after her father's flocks and did her share in all the daily duties of the shepherd's life. She could not help being ugly in appearance, and we have no record that she was ugly in habits of character, or in manners. We believe that she realized the principle expressed in the proverb that "Handsome is that handsome does," and we have no evidence that her life was not a handsome one. Leah never stole her father's household gods; it was pretty Rachel who did that. Leah did not murmur and complain to Jacob that he was not treating her right; Rachel did the complaining. But Leah, poor unfortunate Leah, did do all she could to win her husband's affection, and her failure was not her fault.

When a person does the best he can in this life, that is all he can be expected to do; and we believe that Leah did the best she could. She has not received the applause of the human race. Her name is not embalmed in those hallowed memories that cluster around others whose biography is better known. But in the great record book of heaven, we shouldn't wonder if the statements recorded concerning her are equally as proud as those of her sister Rachel. We are told that the pride of a Syrian mother was her children. They were her jewels. This being so, Leah had greater cause to be thankful than Rachel. Six sons and one daughter were the solace of her life, while her sister could claim only two sons. Nature is always kind. She does not give the same blessings to all, but all receive equally, even though different in variety. The bird can fly, but cannot swim. The fish can swim, but cannot fly. The peacock has pretty plumage, but a deplorably harsh voice. The prettiest things and persons in life are not always the most useful. The stag admired his horns, but hated his

feet, and yet, when danger threatened, his feet would have taken him beyond harm's way if his horns had not caught in the thicket. Seldom do we find the true, the beautiful, and the good, all blended proportionately in any one human being. Leah possessed the true, the good, and the useful, but not the beautiful.

It was through Leah that the Jewish race was brought into existence. Her son Judah gave the name to the race. Jacob on his dying bed pronounced blessings upon every one of his sons, and when he came to Judah, he said, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah until Shiloh come." When the ten tribes of Israel revolted from Rehoboam and set up a kingdom of their own, it was the tribe of Judah, the tribe that gave birth to a David and a Solomon, that remained true to the rightful heir to the throne. And from this tribe sprang up the great Redeemer who came to save his people from their sins. Could Leah have had a fore-knowledge of the future, could she have known that through her veins flowed the blood that was to bring into existence the great being who was the one to whom coming all the true followers of God were looking forward, her physical defects would have been entirely forgotten in the recognition of being so remarkable an ancestor.

From this one fact we who have not been blessed in creation with fine forms and handsome features can gain a practical lesson. In the economy of nature nothing is created in vain and nothing created is squandered. We all have our part to play in the great drama of life which is now being enacted. Let us play that part well. Some may think that their talents are too few to make their part at all significant, but believe me, that part is very important. The cup of cold water in no wise loses its reward. The bread cast upon the waters will return in the form of blessings after many days. The opportunities for self-development, self-culture, and the doing good to others are more numerous than there is time given to appropriate them. Innumerable voices from the tongues of nature invite us to be up and doing, for our three-score years and ten are rapidly passing away. Time is the warp of life, but unless we keep the shuttle flying, the cloth will hardly be finished ere the "curfew tolls the knell of parting day". Like Leah, we may have physical infirmities to combat, but without despairing we may like her live on in generations to come, when neither beauty nor ugliness can have any effect upon the influence that continues to flow as a river.

PATIENCE IN SUFFERING.

FROM THE SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN.

"In your patience possess ye your souls." Luke 21: 19. The soul loses itself by impatience; whereas, when it submits without repining, it possesses itself in peace, and it also possesses God. To be impatient is to will what one has not; or not to will what one has. An impatient soul is a slave to passion, having cast off the restraints of reason and faith. What weakness, what error is this! As long as we will the evil we endure, it is not evil; why, then, should we make it a real evil, by refusing to bear it willingly? The inward peace resides, not in the senses, or in ferocious appetites, but in the will. It may be preserved amidst the bitterest sorrows, as long as the will continues in a firm resignation. Peace here below consists not in an exemption from suffering, but in a voluntary acceptance of it.

To hear you murmuring and repining, it would seem that you are the most innocent soul living; and that it is great injustice that you are not admitted into the celestial paradise. Remember how you have offended God, and you must acknowledge his righteous dealing with you. Confess to him with the humility of the Prodigal Son, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and Thee"; I

know how I am indebted to Thy justice, but I have not myself the courage to discharge the debt. If it were left to me, I should deceive, I should spare, I should betray myself. But Thy merciful hand executes what I should never have had the courage to do; it corrects me in love. Grant also that I may endure with patience its salutary corrections.

AMONG THE MORMONS.

BY REV. H. V. RUSH.

BRO. EDITOR.—Your editorial, "The Mormons Again", prompts me to pen this article. I am pleased with your forcible exposure of this monster iniquity. All that you say is true, as every traveller in Utah and student of Mormonism will testify. That any professed Christian should harbor or in any way favor Mormon missionaries, is a thing inconsistent and unaccountable. Christ tells us that we should command Satan to get behind us and not harbor him in our houses nor help to spread his delusions among the people. If any of our people in the South should board, or harbor a Mormon missionary, they would thereby strike a blow at the family relation, the home, the sheet-anchor of civilization. To do that is to defy God and become a friend of Satan.

Several years ago I went to Utah to study the institution of Mormonism. I was kindly received; stopped at a Mormon hotel, visited Mormon families, went with Mormon excursions, witnessed their dancing, games and feasting on their fine Salt Lake vessels, conversed with their leaders and laity privately, attended their Sunday schools, their preaching services and musical concerts; visited Brigham Young in his office, his home, and his cottage-harem. All this was summed up in the conclusion that their whole system is of Satan, their leaders lechers, their followers dupes, their practices licentious, and their religion not a whit short of a legalized system of prostitution, social indecency, and damnable licentiousness. I heard Orson Pratt, their greatest preacher and expositor, deliver a sermon smutted with allusions that no decent man would allow at his fireside. I do not dare to quote more of his statements than one. All else played as promises and "Elysian" possibilities around that one thought. Said he: "No person can go to heaven who has not been the parent of children in this world, and joy there will be measured by this parental duty here. When I reach heaven—if I have complied on earth with this Bible condition of entrance—I expect to become the father of millions and millions of children." That sermon was preached to a mixed tabernacle audience of four thousand people. It had already been announced that day preach a sermon in proof of Mormonism as doctrine of the Old and New Testaments, corroborated by the yet later revelation of God to the "Latter Day Saints". Repellants were many things in that sermon, no one could know the spirit and genius of Mormonism without hearing it—without studying the speaker, and the facial and visual approval of the Mormon portion of that vast assembly.

I talked with many Mormons privately. From one only did I receive what seemed a frank admission of what ten thousand others knew to be the misery of their domestic life. He and I were riding alone in his carriage. After a long discussion upon the doctrines and practices of the church, in which he was as obstinate as flint, I said: "You say you had a good wife and a happy family near Cleveland, Ohio. Now let me frankly ask you whether you were not happier then with your one wife, trying with her to train that one set of children for life and for usefulness, than you now are with your three wives and twenty-three children, with less opportunity to be with them in their homes, to be with your children at their firesides, to look person-

ally and carefully alter their education—in other words, my friend, don't you think that in view of all these advantages of having but one wife, one home, and looking personally after the interests of one and only one set of children, a man is happier than with three wives, three houses for them, and three sets of children?"

Turning to me, and looking me squarely in the face, he answered: "Now, friend, I'm going to be honest with you, and I'll just tell you what's so. I've tried married life both ways, and if a man wants to be contented, prosperous, and happy, and don't want all the hair pulled out of his head, he had better never have but one wife!"

Brother Editor, I could fill a page of THE SUN with my observations among the Mormons; but it is not a profitable theme further to pursue. Mormonism is a religion of social, domestic, and political rottenness. That it should be tolerated in our republic, be a factor in national politics, and a power in the halls of our American Congress, is a menace and a calamity. That any church member should harbor Mormon missionaries seems incredible. Should any one read this article who has been guilty of such inconsistency, let him repent and sin no more.

THE PARABLE OF THE LOST SHEEP; OR, GOD'S UNDYING LOVE FOR THE SINNER.

BY W. F. PRICE.

LUKE 15: 3-7.

This is one of the most beautiful of all of Christ's many parables, and has for its great central truth God's supreme and undying love for the lost sinner. We gather three lessons from it: First, All men are lost. Second, Christ came to seek and to save the lost. And, Third, There is joy in heaven over a sinner's repentance.

In the garden of Eden man was created in the likeness of his Maker—pure and holy. Under the smiling presence of his Lord he must have been supremely happy. But through some mysterious providence of God, sin entered there, and death became the consequence of sin. Man was driven forth out of the lovely fold of Eden, and soon became a pilgrim and a wanderer in the wilderness of earth, and since that day, sin and sorrow has ever been his portion.

If there is joy in heaven over a sinner's repentance, there must have been sorrow over his fall. When the announcement went forth that man had sinned, there was sorrow and weeping among the angels (if, indeed, the angels can weep), and for the second time in the bright history of heaven, selfish ambition cast over it a sorrowful gloom. From lip to lip, in a hush and a whisper like that which forebodes the coming of some great disaster, the news went forth throughout all the realm of God that man was lost! The angels and arch-angels and all the shining hosts of heaven, to show their great sorrow over the fall of man, folded their glittering wings; and the great orchestras of the skies whose business it was to make happy the home of God ceased their music, "and there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour." Rev. 8: 1.

The poor sheep had indeed deserted the fold, and Eden mourned her loss, but the watchful eye of the great Shepherd was ever on the wanderer's track. The ninety and nine are truly safe, but, angels, what of the wanderer? I see the great loving heart of the tender Shepherd as he makes ready to leave the shining portals of eternal glory. He says, "Father, my sheep know my voice and are known of me. I must go and bring the wanderer back." And as he bids good-bye to Michael and Gabriel and all the mighty hosts of heaven, there arises a shout of triumphal glory that almost rends the skies, saying, "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might be unto our God for ever, and ever, Amen." Rev. 7: 12.

When we next behold the blessed Christ we see him wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. He takes life in its very poorest beginning that he may sympathize with humanity in its very poorest conditions and circumstances. Then we behold him "going about doing good." His purpose on earth was to teach men the way of life, and there is no better way for us to do the same thing than by "going about", as he did, "doing good." The most convincing argument we can possibly give in favor of our religion is by living a Christian life. Men will believe and accept our works when they would spurn our words. "Ye are my disciples", the Master says, "if ye do whatsoever I command you." A man's religion consists in the life he lives rather than the words he utters.

We next hear the Master say, "I am the way." Men have sought out and tried many other ways, but none other way except Christ's way satisfies the soul. The infidel has a way, but it is dark and lonely—dark because it has not the light of God's Word nor the Holy Spirit to lighten it, and lonely because Christ does not accompany there. The atheist, agnostic, and skeptic all have a way, but it is the way of the fool, "For the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Ps. 14: 1. The heathen has a way, but it is the way of sorrow and misery. And the Mohammedans and Buddhists have a way, but it is a way strewn with blood! O friends, there is no way except the way of the blessed Christ, and he hath marked this out with his own precious blood that the poor wandering sinner may see and return.

Man sometimes becomes despondent and thinks because he is but a drop in the great ocean of life, life is not worth living. Ah, friend, it is the little single individual drops of life here that make up the great sea of the world's living existence. Each little drop contributes its own portion, and thus God is honored by the making of a world. Man's life is like the great ocean steamer that plows its way through the mighty deep. It makes a great show for the time being, but the waters soon close over its pathway, and there is left no trace of the race it has run. Thus we soon pass off the great stage of action and are forgotten, while others take our places. But, friends, if we have played well our part in the great drama of life, and have performed the task God hath appointed unto us, we shall not have lived in vain.

No man liveth to himself. However destitute, and miserable and wretched man may feel here below; even though friends may forsake and money and possessions take wings and fly away, yet there is One whose tender, loving, compassionate heart ever beats with sympathy and love for the sinner, and whose watchful, pitying eye is ever on the wanderer's wayward track. Come home, come home, poor wandering sinner! A feast is spread in thy Father's house for thee! "Come, for all things are now ready." Luke 14: 17.

And the parable winds up with the beautiful statement that "There is joy in heaven over a sinner's repentance." I believe that with all my heart. And why should there not be? Man strayed out of the lovely fold of God and became lost in the wilderness of sin. Christ the Good Shepherd followed him and rescued him from the death that never dies, and should there not be rejoicing in the home of God? Verily, I believe that not only do the Father and Son and all the happy holy angels rejoice over a sinner's repentance, but that the saints and all the redeemed in glory rejoice as well. Ring out, ye bells of heaven, a wanderer hath been brought back to the fold of God! Let music make melodious the realms of the skies till angel and archangel and all the redeemed of God shall hear the glad news, Man once lost hath now been found, and Eden hath been redeemed.