

The Christian Sun.

BY EMMETT L. MOFFITT.

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

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The Christian Sun

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CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, to 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.

The lower House of the Virginia Legislature has unanimously pass the "Jim Crow" car bill, the bill similar to the one passed by the last North Carolina Assembly.

General Joe Wheeler is coming home from the Philippine Islands. The reason for this action on his part has not yet been made public. Some think it is because of his health; while others think he has resigned his commission. He is now nearly 64 years old.

The fact that the Surgeon General of the army has recommended the appointment of a board of medical officers to make an exhaustive investigation of tropical diseases, "in order to determine their causes and best methods of treatment," is pretty generally conceded to be "information" to the effect that our soldiers are expected to be in the Philippine Islands and in Puerto Rico for some time yet—in fact, so far as the Philippines are concerned, we think it would be a good idea for this government to make every preparation for taking care of a large standing army just as long as they expect to hold the islands in subjection; for even after they have been whipped into formal submission, we expect to hear of constant outbreaks.

The committee appointed by the House of Representatives to investigate the charges against Brigham H. Roberts is unanimous in finding him guilty of polygamy. All except two of the committee are in favor of excluding him from a seat in Congress without even allowing him to be sworn in. The two are in favor of admitting him and then expelling him. It is now a foregone conclusion that he will not have a voice in making our laws—thanks to the agitation of the Christian people throughout the United States. This is one of the most effective blows that has ever been aimed at the monster, Mormonism—and we trust that it is but one of the many that are to follow thick and fast until the last breath of life shall be stamped out of the hydra-headed thing.

A strong effort, at the head of which is Representative Dooliver of Iowa, is on foot in Congress for the repeal of the bankruptcy law passed at the last session of Congress. Many members believe that the present law puts a premium on dishonesty and reckless speculation. They say that it has done all the good that it possibly could in giving old bankrupts a chance to clear away their indebtedness and enabling them to engage in business again without the dread of having their earnings swept away by their old creditors as soon as they got a little ahead. But this has all been done now, in Representative Dooliver's opinion, and it is time the law was repealed. The law, however, has warm friends and the chances are against its repeal.—Washington Cor.

The tobacco growers of North Carolina have had quite a number of meetings recently looking

to their future protection from the low and constantly decreasing prices of tobacco. They find that they have been getting less and less for their tobacco for several years, owing to the manipulations mainly of the American Tobacco Company; and now they are uniting in a determined effort to maintain prices at a living figure. A number of delegates from the various tobacco counties of the State assembled at Raleigh last week and after discussing a number of plans of procedure they agreed upon the following which was recommended by a committee on plans: "We agree to enter into a contract with F. E. Jordan, and his associates to sell to him our tobacco raised during the next five years at an advance of not less than 15% over the prices of the same grade of tobacco during the last five years, the said price to be fixed by a commission a majority of whom shall represent the seller. We further agree to take stock with said Jordan and his associates, a corporation which shall be formed for the purpose of manipulating and disposing of said tobacco, sold to said J. F. Jordan and his associates to the extent of not less than 15% of the value of our said tobacco. The details of this agreement shall be hereafter arranged so as to carry out the true intent and meaning of this agreement. If we make default in this agreement in any particular we agree to forfeit to said corporation the said stock so taken. And we further recommend for our mutual benefit that the farmers of North Carolina reduce their crop at least 25% below the past year's production. We invite the co-operation of Virginia, South Carolina and other sections which grow bright tobacco."

Our readers are familiar with the shameful dodge by which the law against selling or allowing intoxicating drinks to be sold at army posts or at the canteens, was evaded; and which left our soldier boys as much exposed to this damning temptation as ever. The action of the officials aroused the indignation of every Christian in the land; and, as a result, the present Congress will no doubt give us a law they can neither twist nor evade. Our Washington correspondent says: "The Attorney General having decided that Congress did not really mean what practically every member of that body supposed that it did, when it amended the army reorganization act last year so as to prohibit the sale of liquor at army posts, it has become necessary for the advocates of that provision to secure the adoption of fresh legislation in order to obtain their end, and Mr. Spalding of North Dakota, has introduced a bill which it is believed can not be explained away. The army bill, as passed, provided that no officer or enlisted man should be permitted to sell liquor at any army canteen, and that no civilian should be permitted to sell it at any army post. This seemed clear enough, but Mr. Griggs deduced from it the extraordinary opinion that it was the intention of Congress to forbid civilians to sell liquor at any other part of a post except the army canteens. Secretary Alger adopted the Attorney General's contention, and there has been no cessation of sales at the canteens. Mr. Spalding's bill is as follows: "That no officer or private soldier in either the volunteer or regular service of the United States, shall be detailed, required, permitted or allowed to sell spirituous vinous, or malt liquors of any kind, as a bartender or otherwise, in any post exchange or canteen in any encampment or fort, or anywhere upon any premises used for military purposes by the United States or elsewhere. That no person shall sell, give away, or in any manner dispose of spirituous, vinous, or malt liquors of any kind in any post or canteen in any encampment or fort or anywhere upon any premises used for military purposes by the United States."

CONTRIBUTIONS.

MAKING THE MOST OF LIFE.

BY REV. G. W. TICKLE.

[Continued from last week.]

The authors and statesmen who will help the next generation are today engaged in helping themselves and making the most of their talents. Not until they have compacted within themselves a thousand knowledges and virtues and religious sentiments will they be able to love others.

"And it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

The time has fully come for us to begin to care for ourselves wisely. All perceive that no one has the right to be generous today and have nothing to bestow tomorrow. Wisdom guards today's expenditures lest tomorrow's capital be impaired. He is a poor husbandman who so overtaxes his fields as to exhaust the soil or destroy the vines. Yet many events seem to prove that our nation has injured itself by over-kindness. It has forgotten that only God can love everybody. In trying to help the many it has been like the man on a January day who opens his windows and tries to warm all out of doors, only to find that he has frozen his family within the house, and warmed no one without. If we journey into the factory towns in New England, where the youthful Whittier and Longfellow were trained, we find the school houses with windows boarded over. The little churches also are deserted and the doors nailed up. Listening to the "reformers" in our parks on Sunday afternoon, we are amazed by the virulent attacks upon our institutions. Conversing with the foreman of a large group of men laying water-pipes, we were astonished at his statement that he has not a single man who can write well enough to keep the time and hours of these toilers. Standing upon the wharf, where the emigrant ship unloads its multitudes, we hear the physician exclaim, "It will take this nation a hundred years to expel this vice and disease from its blood."

"And it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

As some railways water their stock, and for each dollar issue bonds for five, in the hope that only one of the five will ever know enough to ask for their dollar, so the intelligence, the morality and spirituality of the nation has, in a measure, been diluted. Sometimes a whole ballotbox full of voters' tickets does not contain the common sense of a single vote.

Our nation often seems like a householder who has given his night key to an enemy who has threatened his home with firebrands. Our nation has loved and loved well, but not wisely. The time has come when it must choose between becoming bankrupt in intelligence, morality and Christianity, and allowing itself to drift on with the tide.

"And it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

What the world needs is examples and ideals. We need to become such a people that all our citizens will be patriots and heroes, scholars and Christians, where vulgarity and crime are unknown, where the jail is empty and the church is full, and where all are making the very most of life. For "it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Our citizens ask artists to paint their pictures—no bootblacks. We ask architects to erect our public buildings—not chimney sweeps. Loving their city, our citizens have lined the avenues with beautiful homes and streets with stores and factories. But here they stop. When great men have created the city, they ask saloon-keepers to govern it. Strange—passing strange—that our nation and city should forget that all love for others begins with a wise love for self.

We return from our survey with the conviction that Jesus Christ did well to make individual

worth the genius of Christianity. Having moved backward along the pathway of history, we have found the streams of civilization and of enlightenment and Christianity taking rise in some one's enriched mind and heart, even as mighty rivers issue from isolated springs.

Looking backward we see Moses building the Hebrew temple; we see Pericles and Plato fashioning many shapes of truth and beauty for Athens. We see Dante laying the foundations of Florence; we see Carlo Zeno causing Venice to rise out of the sands of the sea; we see Bacon and Luther rearing cathedrals of thought and worship, under which the millions find their shelter. Oppressed by a sense of human-ignorance and human sin, a thousand questions arise. "And it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Can one poorly born journey towards greatness of stature? The Cremona violin of the sixteenth century is one mass of condensed melody. Each atom was soaked in a thousand songs, until the instrument reeks with sweetness.

But can a human instrument, long out of tune and sadly injured ever be brought back to harmony of being?

In the studio of the sculptor lie blocks of deserted marble. Out of one emerges a hand, another exhibits the outlines of a face. But for some reason the artist has forsaken them. It seems that as the chisel worked inward, it uncovered some crack or revealed a dark stain. Therefore the sculptor passed it by, preferring the flawless block of snowy marble. Is the soul stained with sin to be cast off by the divine Sculptor?

"And it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Journeying across the plains, travelers, looking through the car windows, behold the California trail. The wagon ruts have become ditches, and the old route is marked by human graves. But long ago men exchanged the ox cart, the deep wagon ruts, and the wearisome journey for palace cars. Thus there are many paths of sin worn deep by the pressure of human feet. Many would fain forsake them. But is there any divine power to cast up some divine highway? Is there a happiness?

Nature is kind to her grains and sweeps them forward toward harvests; is kind toward her apple-seeds and bids them journey into orchards; is kind into the March days, and bids them journey into perpetual summer.

"And it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Man would fain find some divine power, some divine friend who will lead him unto great personal worth. As if to fulfill man's deepest needs, Jesus Christ enters the earthly scene. He comes to hasten man's step along the pathway that leads from littleness unto largeness. Before our admiring vision, the Divine Teacher seems like some sacred husbandman, His garden our earth, good men great earth's richest fruit. He asks each youth to love and make the most of himself, that later on he may bid bread to the hungry, medicine to the wounded, shelter to the weak. He bids each love his own reason, getting wisdom with that eager passion that Hugh Miller had for knowledge. He bids each make the most of friendship, emulating Plato in his love for his noble teacher. He asks each to love industry, emulating Peabody, whose generosity gushed like rivers. He asks each to make the most of courage and self-reliance, emulating Livingstone in self-denying service. He bids each emulate and look up to Jesus Christ, as Dante, midst the pitchy night, looked up toward the star. He bids each move heaven and earth to achieve for himself a worthy manhood. For thus only can the world ever be brought to know Him whom to know is life eternal.

"And it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we do know that when he shall appear

we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

CHRISTIAN LIVING.

BY T. J. HAYES.

There seems to be a want, or a necessity, of a more consecrated life among church members mainly, or of those who are professors of religion. There is a large space for improvement in all of our lives; as we look at the past, we see but little which we have done comparatively to that which we should have done. We are all guilty of sins of omission and commission. So our future life demands of us improvement. Paul tells us to forget the things that are past and look forward to the future. True Christian living in this world is very much like a ship upon the ocean. There is a time when the waves and the tempest is calm and peaceful. And there is a time when the tempest is raging. But if we can keep the water out of our ship, we may not fear of sinking. So, in like manner, Christians are not ruined by living in this sinful world, which they must needs do, until death shall summons them from time to boundless eternity. But by the world living in them. We are impressed to believe as Christians that in inconsistent living and worldliness in the heart has ruined hundreds of mortal souls. Oh, that Christians could awake to this reality. Temptations are numerous, yet they are for our good—they make us flee to Christ and cling closer to his hands. Satan is ever watching his opportunity. "Lead us not into temptation" should ever remind us of our utter weakness and absolute dependence upon Almighty support. We may never expect to be free from the fiery darts of the enemy until we reach that land into which shall enter nothing that deceiveth or maketh a lie. How careful we should be, and ought not Christians to watch and pray, lest Satan and the world should find some unguarded inlet to our hearts.

A Christian life of devotion, of consecration, hid with Christ in God, willing to be laid unreservedly upon the altar and the sacrifice will be pleasing to God, which will make the world better by our having lived in it.

THE PULPIT.

SERMON.

BY REV. T. A. POUNDS.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Ps. 90:12.

You are at school. I hope you have got the length of arithmetic. Well, I want to try you with an account. You know how old you are—how long you have lived. I think I hear some one of you say, I am eighteen years old; another, I am nineteen; another, I am twenty. These are the number of years you have lived. Now I want you to tell me the number of days or years you will have to live. You have numbered your years that are past, now number those that are to come. You think it is a long, long time; but let us see. Try this account. You will be able to do it with-out a slate. If you have to live till you are seventy years old and are twenty now, how many years will you have to live? You answer, fifty. If you have to live till you are forty years old, how many years will you have to live? You answer, twenty years. But suppose you are to die when twenty-one, how long will you have to live? You answer, one year. All this is very easy. Well, number your days, and tell me how long you have to live. Ah, you say, we cannot; because we do not know when we shall die. This is the very thing I want you to think of. You sometimes think the accounts your master sets you at school are hard. When I was

boy and learning, I used often to be sorely puzzled, and thought there was nothing in the world so annoying as a difficult account. Ah, the hardest account you or I could get to do would be to tell the number of days to come. That we cannot do. God alone can. However, I will tell you one or two things about them we do know. Our days may be very few. No one knows that he will live to be very old. Many of our old companions are in their graves. One died with a disease years ago, another was drowned, another went to a foreign land and he is dead. Many more are gone. Some of your young companions are dead also. But you think you will be sure to live a long time yet. They thought so too. But death came, and took them away. You may never live to be old men and women.

Ah, before another year closes you may be in your graves. The snow of next winter may be your covering, and the moon look down upon you where you lie cold. Yea, before this season has passed away you may die, and the green grass and the little flowers of summer grow over you. Your place by the fireside at home may soon be vacant, and your old companions may go and point to the little hillock in the graveyard and say, Ah, he lies there. Our days will be very few, even at the most. You would think one hundred and thirty a very great age. Scarcely do we ever hear of one living that length of time now. You remember that was Jacob's age when he appeared before Pharaoh. He was much struck with Jacob's venerable appearance, and asked his age (Gen. 47:8), and Jacob said unto Pharaoh, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years, few and evil have been the days of the years of my life." Looking forward to it you would think one hundred and thirty years would be long in passing away. But Jacob, looking back, did not think so. His days seemed few. Job felt the same. "My ways," said he, "are swifter than a weaver's shuttle." (Job 7:6.) "Yet you cannot follow the shuttle with your eye, it darts from the one side of the web to the other so rapidly. And he says again: "My days are swifter than a post." (Job 9:25.) Yet mounted on a fleet horse how swiftly he hurries on. They are passed away as the swift ships with every sail spread, flying before the wind. How it scuds along! A little time ago you saw the sailors quite distinctly, but now you cannot discern them. You stand and look. The ship gets fainter and fainter. Now it is just like a speck on the ocean. You strain your eyes—it is gone. You see nothing now but the mighty waste of waters. Such said Job was his life. David felt the same. "Behold thou hast made my days as an handbreadth." (Ps. 39:5.) How few and short they must have appeared to him. Moses felt the same. He compares men to grass: "In the morning it flourishes and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth." (Ps. 90:5.) It was green and beautiful in the morning, but it fell before the mower's scythe in the evening. So is man soon taken away. You think a year is a very long time. When one New Year's day has passed it seems long till the next one. You cannot understand why men should call a whole life time short. You think if you must take a long time to come to the end of it. But if you are spared to grow older you will think differently. If you live till you are old, you will say, Ah, life has passed soon away; days have been few. You have seen how a stone rolls down a hill. At first it goes so slowly that you can scarcely see it move. It appears as if it would stop at every little mound. But on it goes, faster and faster, overleaping every obstacle until you are afraid almost to look upon it as it dashes so furiously along, until you will think it a very short time indeed from one year's end to another. Try this.

Go to a heap of stones and take one stone from it each day and lay them by themselves; the two heaps will show you how time flies. The one will show you time to come the other that which is past. How large the future heap seems. But wait a little. Be sure you do not fail to take a stone from it every day. How this small heap which represents past time now increases. Every day adds a stone to it. Every day takes a stone from the other. Soon the lesser gets to be the larger. Ere long there is only one heap left. And that tells you how time will also come to an end, and quickly, too. Or, try another experiment: take a long rod and cut an inch from the end of it each day and you will see how daily it gets shorter and shorter until at length you have cut it all away.

Ah, dear friends, your days are very few and short at the longest. They will soon come to an end, even though should allow you to live as long as Methuselah, you do not know how many years you may die. Whether in many here, our days will have to end hereafter. We are not certain as to the length of our life in this world. We are quite certain as to the length of it in the next. We do not know when our days here may come to an end, but we know they will have to end hereafter. Death may come this year or it may not come for several years; but when it comes we shall die no more. Adam, Abraham, Moses, David, Isaiah, Paul, all died and entered into the next world, but they live there and will live forever. Every moment as it passes now brings us nearer to the end of life, but it is not so afterwards. One thousand years, when they are past, bring us no nearer to the end than one day. If some one were to add a stone daily to the heap from which you take away one daily, it would never get any less. So is it with eternity. And there is another difference between time and eternity. Here people are in different circumstances. Some are kings and some are beggars; some are learned, and some are ignorant; some are well, and some are ill. But in the next world there are only two states. There they are either happy or miserable; singing or crying; with God or banished from his presence; in the glory of God or in the flames of hell. In whatsoever state men die in, in that they continue forevermore. There are great changes in this world. The rich often become poor and the poor become rich; but there is no change there. Man cannot fall from heaven to hell, nor rise from hell to heaven. You remember what Abraham said to the rich man in torment, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they who would pass from hence to you cannot. Neither can they pass to us that would pass from thence." (Luke 16:26.) How important it must be then, dear friends, that you number your days. Hear what the Psalmist says to God, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." The reason why men are not wise is because they do not number their days. They do not think how few they are, how soon they will all be gone. They do not think of the eternity which they will soon enter upon.

[To be continued.]

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the steel-plate millionaire, who has given so many thousands of dollars for the establishment of public libraries all over our country, is as great an "enemy" to war as he is to ignorance. He has taken a very decided stand against the government's imperialistic policy, and never loses an opportunity to put in a word or strike a blow for the liberty of the Filipinos. It is now said that it was he who furnished the \$4,000 necessary to cable Senator Hoar's speech to Aguinaldo, very soon after its delivery in the Senate. Mr. Hoar is another ardent anti-expansionist whose sympathy for the Filipinos finds vigorous expression.