

The Christian Sun.

BY ATKINSON & LAWRENCE.

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, 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.

A DAY'S JOURNEY.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

DEAR SUN READERS:—An alarm clock frightened me out of bed at 4 o'clock yesterday morning (Tuesday). Twenty-six minutes later Mrs. Atkinson and I were aboard Capt. Weatherspon's train facing westward from Elon. This morning at 7 o'clock a porter called out at our berth that Memphis, (Tennessee) was near by. Thirty minutes later our train was standing, like a steed panting after a noble race, on the brink of the wide spreading mississippi. The time table showed that we had come in the day and night seven hundred and fifty-seven miles; not a slow day's journey if you take into account the fact that three mountain ranges had been gone through (under or over), hills, rivers and valleys without number, crossed, and one hundred and forty towns and cities passed through and, mostly, stopped at and four states, partly, traversed. You can easily travel, by many routes and roads, more miles in a day than this journey covered; not often will you find in a single day more varied and diversified scenery than that in Western North Carolina, East Tennessee, Southern Alabama and Mississippi. What is it, after all, that the labor of man, backed by skill and capital, cannot accomplish? Are there no limitations to its daring, achievements, possibilities? Labor, skill, capital, the mighty factors of human power and progress! They will show you the glory and grandeur and greatness of the world while you recline at ease and comfort in a palace car: They scale the mountains, or tunnel them, bridge the broadest rivers, blast the biggest barriers, bid defiance to distance and make time of small moment for the pleasure and profit of man, for the honor and glory of God. Here let it be said that labor, skill and capital are, and must ever be partners in a common cause: otherwise they are mutually and equally ineffectual and self destroying. Capital supports, skill directs, labor creates. Unsupported labor will perish. Misdirected capital will vanish. But neither capital nor skill can create ought without labor.

I do not know which attracted me most yesterday the glorious and ever changing natural scenery along the route or the energy and enterprise of man in opening up and traversing that scenery. Both fed my soul and often caused me to wonder at the miraculous achievements of man, the matchless power and majesty of God. Surely there must be, as Lyman Abbott says, some-

thing sublimely human in God, something nobly divine in man. This is indeed God's world and he who does not see and recognize His hand and power everywhere must be poor of soul and small of heart indeed. Had I never heard there was a God, a Creator, a Ruler of the universe, I should be compelled to believe and feel there was one when I beheld the wonder, the majesty and the magnitude of the mountains.

I need not tell here, what reader of THE SUN, has not already heard a hundred times over, of the rugged, grand and glorious scenery of Round Knob, of the composed beauty and inviting scenery around Asheville, of the charm and life and vigor of the rushing, racing, roaring French Broad. Instead of this, which any guide book will give better than I, will the reader bear with me, if his patience is not already exhausted, while I quote a phrase much to my feeling and my liking, from Croly on the beauty and glory of the mountain. You will find the quotation in his "Salathiel" and it runs like this:

"Of all the sights that nature offers to the eye and mind of man, mountains have always stirred my strongest feelings. I have seen the ocean when it was turned up from the bottom by the tempest, and noon was like night with the conflict of the billows and the storm that tore and scattered them in mist and foam across the sky. I have seen the desert rise around me, and calmly, in the midst of thousands uttering cries of horror and paralyzed by fear, have contemplated the sandy pillars coming like the advance of some gigantic city of conflagration flying across the wilderness, every column glowing with intense fire and every blast with death; the sky vaulted with gloom, the earth a furnace. But with me, the mountain—in tempest or in calm, whether the throne of thunder, or with the evening sun painting its dells declivities in colors dipped in heaven—has been the source of most absorbing sensations; there stand magnitude giving instant impression of a power above man—grandeur that defies decay—antiquity that tells of ages unnumbered—beauty that the touch of time makes only more beautiful—use exhaustless for the service of man—strength imperishable as the globe; the monuments of eternity—the truest earthly emblem of that ever-living, unchangeable, irresistible Majesty by whom and for whom all things were made."

I never felt the meaning of those words of Croly more forcibly than I did yesterday when we traversed what has so often, and rightly I think, been called "the land of the sky," "the Switzerland of America."

About the skill and ingenuity of man just one word more. In that day's journey of more than 750 miles across rivers through mountains and over plains via Salisbury, Asheville, Morristown, Knoxville, Chattanooga and Memphis there was not a hitch or a hinder, not a variation of five minutes, most of the way not a variation of half-minute, from the schedule time of either of the four trains on which we traveled. There is a triumph of steady nerved, even gauged labor, of precise and accurate mathematical calculation for you that defies criticism and beggars

deception. I could fill these columns—and then not tell the story—about the brave, fearless, sleepless men who pull the throttle and fire the engines and control these giant steam and steel horses that make us feel safe when in the tunnel or on the bridge. They are indeed a brave, sober and faithful set—heroes every day and every night at their task and toil.

But I write too long. The scenery about me now charms and invites me. We are flying across the fertile plains of the great Mississippi valley. Here boundless acres in native grass, soil into which a plow or a hoe has never been put, feed thousands and tens of thousands of grazing, fat and lazy, herds. The broad, long river is behind us, the rich and teeming fields are about us, God's sunshine fills the day. Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, looks smoky in the distance. We hurry on our journey to the famous Hot Springs from which another, and we hope, a better account of our travels will be sent. But no more now.

April 16, 1902. J. O. A.

Sunday Newspapers.

BY REV. H. Y. RUSH.

The Sunday newspaper is a subject in almost every conference and convention report on moral reform. Well it may be. Its influence is insidious, demoralizing and damning. The appetite for opium and tobacco is no more dominating than is the habit of feeding upon the sensationalism of the Sunday paper. The mind so filled is so far unfitted for any decent thought. It is unfitted for hearing sermons and for doing the highest order of Sunday school work. Its appetite and fitness are lost for all Christly service. Hence the Sunday newspaper reader ceases at last to be a church attendant. He prefers filth to spiritual food, and so fits himself for the companion of castaways. The Sunday newspaper has come to be one of the greatest enemies of the home—of wife, of children, and the church. Its poison blunts all on's finer sensibilities and gradually faces all one's moral being toward the brutal. The Sunday paper is unfit to go into the family. It would be better to put poison in the children's food than to put before them a paper that poisons the mind and lowers the tone of morals and of virtue. The Sunday paper is made popular by its recitals of vice and its summary of sensationalism. Thus feeding all the lower appetites, it destroys a love for the pure, becomes the enemy of decency and the abettor of crime. Brother, you must die by and by. The Sunday newspaper and the coffin hardly seem like suitable companions.

West Milton, O.

If the grocery bills did not have to be settled till the fall, and rents did not have to be paid but once per year and dry goods were not needed till about Christmas, and horse feed did not cost anything and preachers did not need their salaries to live on during the year it would not make so much difference if your pastor's salary was not attended to in the least till just before conference. But, brethren, preachers are mortal and creditors are nervous. Verbum sap.

The Art of Bringing Things to Pass.

BY MISS BETTIE STEPHENSON.

How few of us know this art! How few of our ideals are ever materialized! What a different world this would be if some materializing and less idealizing were done. Yet I heartily agree with the writer who said that no work is ever greater than the person conceiving the plan. We are helped and uplifted by even cherishing high ideals, if by unavoidable circumstances we are not allowed the happiness of their materialization. But the altogether idealistic life is as unsuccessful as the one wholly devoid of ideals. As in almost every phase of life it is the medium between the two extremes that seems most sure of success. Take for instance, the boy or girl who reaches the years of accountability or sufficient years of maturity to begin to compare the ideal with the material side of life. See him or her in the morning of their youth fairly bubbling over with life and enthusiasm.

What noble impulses spring from the heart of such a youth. There hidden treasures of benevolence and philanthropy lie dormant, which if properly cultivated will later develop into actual existence, "a thing of beauty and joy forever." Ah! who would dare undertake to measure the possibilities of such a life! But, alas! how often just beyond this horizon so clear and promising, are the gathering clouds of sorrow and adversity that are to so quickly mar and sometimes almost destroy these happy, youthful dreams!

On the other hand let us compare the unambitious youth, of which our country has its equal share. He has no specific aim in life, no special purpose toward which his every movement and effort in life is tending, but is merely drifting along on the tide of life to some end, he has but little idea where. Which of these youths do you suppose is apt to carry out that part which he placed him in the world and at last fill that place in eternity for which he was designed? Why this difference? Individually this question will probably not be answered until the dawning of eternity. It is often due, however, to some influence of which the one wielding it is wholly unconscious, as in some cases it seems to be an inborn attribute, to possess noble purposes and high ideals, while it is more often the result of increasing efforts on the part of kind teachers and loving parents to awaken and arouse these heaven born principles in their loved ones in the case of the former youth and a lack of these things in the case of the latter. How hard he to whom the training and moulding of young lives are entrusted should strive to impress upon them that they should:

"Live for something, have a purpose, And that purpose keep in view; Drifting like a helpless vessel, Thou canst ne'er to life be true. Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean, If some star had been their guide, Might have long been riding safely, But they drifted with the tide."

The most obvious reason why so few of our ideals are realized is that we have not learned the art of doing things, of 'bringing things to pass,' and sadder still, will never learn it until our most precious opportunities are beyond our grasp. We plan

our work, but fail to work our plans. Oftentimes we spend our time in talking and dreaming of what we hope to accomplish when we should be actively working to bring about the accomplishment.

This twentieth century is not an age in which we may shape our ideals and idly dream about them while waiting for a chance to materialize them. But if we are to bring our lives to the highest standard of development we must, by His help, who has promised to help, make a chance, and set about our work with that earnestness and zeal characteristic of our Savior's work on earth.

Have we as a body of Christian workers yet successfully learned the art of bringing things to pass, of materializing our plans? For years and years we have met in conferences for the purpose of talking over our work and what we as a denomination and a conference hoped to accomplish, at the same time carefully discussing and laying plans for these accomplishments. Still we hear people (mostly of a pessimistic nature, however) complaining that we have never gained much if any material benefit from these meetings. I believe that any meeting of the Lord's children together for a good purpose is never devoid of some good, yet I believe that many of us are pessimistic enough to admit that they have not been as prolific of good results as they should have been. Why? Because when our pastors and delegates return to their respective fields of labor after these meetings they are either too much engrossed in worldly affairs or have too little of the church's interest at heart to trouble themselves to materialize these well made plans; consequently they soon pass from their minds and the work of our blessed Master is soon laboriously moving along in the same old ruts. Why is it that we hear both pastors and people at this season of the year complaining of a dulness in church work? Does God withhold any more of his blessings either temporal or spiritual during the winter season than at any other? A thousand times, No. The fault is wholly our own. We fail to provide our church with heaters and other things necessary for our comfort and are, therefore, on account of the severe cold weather, forced to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, thereby disobeying an implicit command of our Savior. Often, too, we let such little things as unfavorable weather such as we would never think of letting hinder our worldly business serve as an excuse for absence from church service. I fear too many of us are more careful about materializing our business plans than we are our church plans. For the sake of our loved ones who are yet living in the darkness of sin and for His sake who shed His blood for all mankind let us get out of these worn out ruts and place our wheels on the firm, solid ground of progress and activity.

Milltown, Ala.

We hope soon to have something interesting, from Rev. J. G. Bishop, D. D., Mission Secretary of the American Christian Convention, who is now on a visit to our mission in Japan.