

The Christian Sun.

BY ATKINSON & LAWRENCE.

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

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The Southern Christian Convention.

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.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The King of England and Our Liberty Bell.

The people of the United States think now that no Fair, Exposition or great event is complete without the presence of our liberty bell. The bell has just recently been removed from the Charleston, S. C., Exposition back to its home in Philadelphia. All along the route men gathered by the thousands to try to get a glimpse of the famous old bell. A special committee always accompanies the bell now and looks after it with fondest and tenderest care and concern while it is out on a tour. There is no relic in all our land that we hold so dear and none that stirs the American breast with such sentiments of enthusiasm and patriotism as this bell that rang out our liberties back yonder in 1776.

Now the striking coincidence about this much prized relic is that while it proclaimed our freedom from one British King, another British King rescued it from oblivion and brought it to our notice. George III was the King against whose decree the old bell proclaimed that our nation was and should be free. Edward VII, soon to be crowned King of England, was the King who rescued the bell and made us revere it. It came about in this way.

King Edward, then Prince of Wales, visited Philadelphia in 1860. Some citizen thinking to be more ironical than pleasant, took the Prince to Independence Hall where our treasures of defiance to the mother country are kept. The Prince viewed all these mementos with concern and interest and, 'tis said, he did not even "flinch" when he held in his hands swords with which were hewed down the flower of his "royal progenitor's army." And then, says the Philadelphia Press, "the Prince came to a garret where the bell was rung when the Declaration of Independence was read." He wanted to know what had become of the bell. They found it for him with the aid of their canes. It was hidden away beneath a mass of peanut shells, orange peels, waste paper, and other debris.

No one seemed to mind what had been discovered except the Prince of Wales. He was apparently appalled. For the moment he forgot he was a Briton; he gazed upon the poor cracked bell that had rung a nation's birth, and then he spoke the words that made the American people see that they were neglectful.

"This old bell," said he, "is

the greatest relic this republic has today. Instead of being here, covered with this accumulated dirt, it should occupy the chief place in this Hall of Independence. It is to you what the Magna Charta is to England. It is cracked, but it is an inspiration. Believe me, my friends, it affects me more than anything I have been shown."

"That was the renaissance of the Liberty Bell. No more dirt was thrown upon it. During the Civil war its name was used to stir the Union soldiery, and then when the Chicago World's Fair began it was taken there so that men and women from all parts of the world might see it. Today the Liberty Bell is America's greatest relic, and the Prince of Wales made it so."

And thus by the irony of fate the bell that was used to declare freedom from British tyranny under one king, was brought to light and made famous by the interest and concern of another King occupying the same throne. Who can read the decree of fate or tell the future of fickle fortune?

Life and All for Fortune and Fame.

There is something in human nature really pathetic to look upon. Psychology does not, so far as we know, tell what it is. It would appear more like insanity than aught else, were it not so prevalent—and so sad to behold. It expresses itself in a sort of derision of danger and a pathetic desire for property, place and publicity. At longest, life is short and to most it is dear, held at price. We all desire to live; we cling to life with strange tenacity sometimes. Despite this, in order that men may have a little more of fortune, fame, honor, publicity, they will hazard all and risk anything. We have not the slightest doubt that if some strange weapon were so constructed that it would kill instantly ninety-nine men who would stand out in front of it and instead of killing the hundredth man would drop a great coffer of gold at his feet, the hundred men would be found to take their places in front of the weapon just as rapidly as the ninety-nine were mowed down and the one received his fortune. This for the reason that every one of the hundred would expect himself to be the man not to get killed but to receive the fortune. This may seem to some over drawn, but simply for the reason that the process of death and of winning the fortune is imaginary. But history justifies the involved fact.

When the gold fields of California were being discovered and developed in the 40's adventurers found the way to those fields by following paths marked with the bleached bones of other adventurers who perished on the route. It is doubtful if one in the hundred reaped their fortunes in gold. This writer happened to be in a city some years ago where three men were killed in the attempt to do a very dangerous piece of work. Before night of the same day in which the tragedy occurred, there were forty applicants for the position made vacant by the death of the three men killed. And this risk was to be taken for 50 cents per day, as other workmen around were getting \$1.50 per day, while the men endangering their lives all the while received

\$2.00—if they managed to live the day out.

On the train the other day we met a young man all broken in health and quite a fit subject for a hospital. He was on his way to a famous health resort to see if he could regain strength. He went out five years ago, so he informed us, with a party of twenty-two in the employ of the United States government to do survey work in the low lands and the malaria infected districts of the Mississippi valley. The salary was better than that ordinarily paid for surveying, but in the five years, seventeen out of the twenty-two had died of fever. For an easier job, a little more pay, some bit of notoriety, men will risk all, hazard everything. Strange. When St. Pierre was destroyed the other day, long before the volcano had ceased to emit its deadly fume and flame, numbers of men were applying to President Roosevelt for the position of Consul to Martinique, a place made vacant by the death of our Consul in St. Pierre at the time of the eruption (And the place has long since been filled by appointment of the President). So far as we know there is not a climate too vigorous, too hot, too unhealthy, too deadly, on the face of the earth, to keep men and families away if fortune or fame is to be had there.

Life is dear and men hold to it tenaciously, but for the slightest chance of making it easier or improving their condition men will risk it anywhere and everywhere. We are cast in strange molds, we of this life are. On one side of human nature there is tragedy—and pathos.

The Way History is Made.

The war which ended recently between Boers and Britons is, in many respects, unequaled in the annals of history. The valor, devotion, and self-sacrifice with which the Dutch farmers fought has likely never been surpassed in all the world. The numbers engaged and those killed and wounded on each side were the most unequaled of which history makes record, so far as is known.

The war lasted two years, seven months and twenty days, having begun Oct. 11, 1899. The British troops actually engaged in service were 500,000, the average number in the field being 225,000. The total Boer army amounted to 55,000. Average number in the field 10,000. In other words there was one Boer in the field to every twenty-two and a half Britons against him—with an unlimited number at home and in readiness to relieve the Briton, none to relieve the Boer. And about twice as many Britons were killed, wounded and taken prisoners as there were soldiers in the Boer army from start to finish. The British lost in killed 21,536 men; missing and prisoners 9,565; sent home as invalids, mostly wounded, 71,248. Boers lost in killed, estimated, 7,000 to 10,000; prisoners, estimated, 40,000. The direct cost of the war to Great Britain up to March 31 last was \$835,170,000. The estimated total cost, including bringing troops home, gratuities, etc., is one billion dollars. That is what the war cost Great Britain in men and money to March 31st last.

President Kruger declared at

the beginning of hostilities that this war would "stagger humanity." This prophecy has well nigh come true. Certain it is that the British nation has not only been staggered, but woefully humiliated. And the Boers have not fought in vain. While peace has been declared and the Boers conquered, it is an honorable peace and the vanquished have not by any means signed away all their rights. Among the terms of peace are: 1. The Boers are to pay England no indemnity. England is to furnish money to rebuild and restock the destroyed farms of the Boers. 2. The Boers are to recognize the King and are to have representative government. 3. Personal arms for protection are to be retained. 4. Amnesty is granted for the Cape Colony rebels. 5. Pardon is granted to leaders banished under proclamation. 6. The Dutch, as well as the English, language is to be recognized as official.

The Boers have made a noble fight with all odds against them and though their Republic disappears they have made for themselves a splendid page in history.

Letter from Porto Rico.

[The following letter, after being read before Center Grove church, of which Brother White is a member, was requested by a vote of the church to be published in THE CHRISTIAN SUN.—Ed.]

TO THE MEMBERS OF CENTER GROVE CHURCH,—GREETINGS:—To night all alone in my room, with no sound save the tick of my watch, and the beating of my heart, I come to speak a few words to those who have always been dear to me. No task is easier, no people are dearer to me than you who are hearing these words. The very memory of our association, in the days which have not long since passed, calls to light so much that there is joy in the thought of you.

I feel grateful to our Heavenly Father for our relationship, and whatever sadness there may be in our separation, it is all fully compensated in the thought that in thought and purpose we are one and inseparable. We can still sing: "Blest be the tie that binds," and find sweet consolation in the words of Paul; "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

To say that I am interested in your spiritual and temporal welfare would be a poor way to express it. Not a day passes but I am with you all in my thoughts, and at every service I think and pray that your worship may be pleasant and acceptable. It is easy even at this hour for me to think how interested and anxious you are about the welfare of your Brother who has been separated from you by will of God. We are all laboring for the same end; to please our Father and to obey his will. None of us deserve thanks. We are all debtors to God and to the Word for the salvation which we have received. Failure to pay this debt means loss of happiness and heaven to us all. No one can be a Christian without being a missionary for there is no other way of discharging the great debt that is upon us. But I would not be misunderstood in

the statement. Every one who is anxious enough to pray, to give, or to go, is justly entitled to the name—Missionary. All are important. There can be no missionary work without this great combination.

As a church I still feel that I am one of you. If a trouble should arise, I should suffer pain enough to make it lighter for you. Every victory you may achieve I shall joyfully enter in with you and the joy will be sweeter. Thus our sorrows are divided; our joys are multiplied.

I plead for brotherly love and unity. Not that I fear there is division, but that there may be a sweeter fellowship and a stronger union. Though our numbers may be small there is no reason for weakness. When we shall love one another as we love ourselves, when we shall become obedient to the heavenly vision, when we shall be completely filled with the Holy Spirit, we shall find that we are strong enough to defeat the armies of Satan, strong enough to rescue and save the perishing, strong enough to plant and defend the gospel banner any where. It is said that there is power enough at the mighty falls of Niagara to light the world, but midnight darkness still reigns, and will continue so long as the power is latent. There is power enough in our church, if it is used, to give light to thousands of souls. I am a little light endeavoring to shine in this dark place. My mission is to shine. I trust that you may offer enough prayer and sacrifice in my behalf that I may continue to shine.

I feel that it is unnecessary for me to go into details about the condition of the people and our work here, inasmuch as I have heretofore frequently written about it to individuals and to our papers. It is not out of place, however, to say that the outlook brightens. The promise of the work is large. It is as large as our efforts, our sacrifices, yes, the work is as large as the promises of God. It may be said that as yet we have hardly begun the work. The difficulty of the strange language has not yet been overcome, and yet we have seen evidences of a hungering after the truth.

My dear bretheren, I can sing truthfully to-day: "Thus far the Lord has led me on." I have felt your sympathy and prayers. I desire that I may still be remembered by you. Temptations are here, strong and enchanting. I have to keep my armor on and my sword drawn. While I have been on the mountain top, rejoicing because of the goodness of God and His presence, I have also had to fight the great enemy of my soul. It seems that Satan has laid claim to this territory, and bids defiance to the armies of God. I am trying to fight as a good soldier. I am not tired of the battle. I am glad to fight under the blood stained banner of our blessed Lord. The battle is ours, and so will be the victory. Pray earnest that when He shall come to gather up His jewels that many may be found here from this neglected place, purified by the Gospel of Jesus.

With great confidence in your sincerity, with an earnest expectation of meeting you all in a land where cruel separation never comes, and with a heart full of love, praising God for your sympathy and prayers, I am,
Yours in Christ,
T. E. WHITE.