

# The Christian Sun.

BY ATSON & LAWRENCE.

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.

### CURRENT COMMENT.

#### MR. VANDERBILT, FARMER.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

Asheville, N. C.,  
Sept. 8, 1902.

DEAR SUN READERS:—Mr. George Vanderbilt has a farm out two miles from here that is worth seeing. I went out there today and enjoyed going over it. Mr. Vanderbilt is a good farmer. He raises wheat and corn and vegetables and pigs and cattle and milk and butter and firewood in abundance. He sells wood by the cord, by the hundreds of cords—Mr. Vanderbilt does. And he cuts it out of the forests on his 140,000 acre farm. Asheville people buy and burn Mr. George Vanderbilt's cord wood. But his wood and forests might not interest you like his cattle and dairy. I saw them milking the cows today, 125 of them, eight men were. Their cows average 2½ gallons of milk per day, some of them giving as much as 6 gallons per day, so I was told. The cattle barns and stables are elegant, stone building, stone floors, heated (in winter) by steam and lit up with electricity. Only Jersey cattle are kept. And for milk and butter there are none better. Mr. Vanderbilt will sell you a nice one for as little as \$100 or as much as five times that. His pigs are also elegant, all of the Berkshire breed. You can buy the cheapest three months old for \$27.70. I saw one nearly two years old that weighs, "they told me, 780, but would reach the 1,000 pound mark by the time he was grown—he seemed to me nearly grown now. The superintendents of the pig farm and of the cattle farm are now in Europe to buy pigs and cattle, car loads of them, for the farm here. Mr. Vanderbilt raises pigs to sell—does not butcher any. He buys his meat ready dressed. He can afford to do so when he sells young pigs for from \$27.50 to \$50 a head. He sells milk and cream also. Has an ice cream stand on the farm and can make as good ice cream as you wish—10 or 15 cents the plate, according to the kind you wish. Milk is five cents a glass, and if you drink one glass you will wish one or two more. "They say" Mr. Vanderbilt makes enough on his farm to support it. I doubt that. There are 600 men on the pay roll. And many of them are superintendents with large salaries. The general superintendent gets an elegant home and \$10,000 a year salary. Under him is a superintendent of each of the half dozen or more departments of the farm. All of these superinten-

dents have lovely homes on the estate.

What sort of home does Mr. Vanderbilt live in on the farm? Well, I cannot tell you. It beggars description. It took hundreds of hands five years to build it. The cost in building and equipment went up to several millions. It is a great, grand, towering, wide spreading palace, built of stone from quarries in Indiana. It takes 35 to 40 servants to keep the interior brushed, rubbed and dusted. His stables, adjoining the mansion, are finer than most houses you see and 18 horses are kept there for riding and driving—for Mr. Vanderbilt alone. To erect all this enormous building, they tore off the top of a mountain, leveled it down and terraced it up to suit the purpose desired. Their purpose seems to have been accomplished. It is a sort of plateau with the most perfect lawn and terrace work I have ever seen. That great lawn seems as perfectly level as any floor could be.

Now to all this there is another side—I mean to all this expenditure of effort and money. Biltmore estate is the biggest advertisement Asheville ever had. It has made Asheville a populous, thriving, busy, hustling city. Hundreds of people come here for awhile who would not come but for this estate of Mr. Vanderbilt's. The work there gives employment and food and shelter and clothing to thousands of people. Farming on such a scale has shown this part of the State what lands hereabout can and will produce. When a man farms well it makes farming seem worth while. Somebody else wants to farm well also. Anything well done makes that thing seem inviting, charming and delightful to do. So says George Elliot, and she is right. A good preacher makes other people want to preach—makes preaching seem inviting. So of all the vocations of life. Is life worth living, was never a question with a person who lived the right sort of life. The trouble is that so many people live to make a living rather than to make a life. There is a vast difference between a living and a life. Making a living is an easy matter. Making a life means sacrifice, toil, effort, prudence, discretion.

Asheville is a good place to come to—for awhile. The scenery is glorious hereabouts and the atmosphere is delightful to breathe. If one cannot sleep here, one would better take treatment for insomnia. You are considerably over two thousand feet above sea level here and the air is cool, crisp and invigorating. Tourists are here all the year round. People from the South come here for the summer. People from the North spend their winters here.

The world in which we live is indeed varied, diversified, filled with much that is beautiful, grand, glorious. In every region some beauty, some grandeur, some glory is manifest. How thankful, how grateful we frail mortals should be for all that is good and noble and beautiful and pure and lovely that is about us. Let us look for the good and the noble and the pure and be thankful for it.

J. O. A.

While you clasp the darkness, you will never come into the prosee of the light.—Sel.

## The Rise of the Christians in St. Louis, Mo.

### Paper IV.—Struggle and Growth.

BY REV. A. E. NELSON, D. D.

Whatever the "Reformer" may be, he is not popular. This we discovered shortly after having organized an independent church in this city.

When we first began the work we were quite eagerly sought after by several of the religious bodies, by whom we were looked upon as "legitimate prey." The Presbyterians and Church of God made overtures to us: the Episcopalians proffered me to the rectorship of one of their city churches: the Congregationalist called a special Council and invited me to attend it, offering to build me a church and guarantee my salary, if we would become a Congregational Church: and the Disciples sent their most expert professors of proselytism among to endeavor to teach us "the way of God more perfectly."

When we would hear none of them, however, the men and women who should have been the best friends to the movement, soon manifested the utmost unkindness for it. Men who had been the most profuse in their advocacy of the establishment of a church free from sectarian bias and dictation, began to display the most despot tendencies and to reach for the reins of government, "and when these would not readily fall into their hands, they adopted the "rule or ruin" policy so common to all devildom.

As stated elsewhere in these papers: we began our operations in a tent which we pitched on a vacant lot, by the kind permission of the owner. This tent was purchased by us at cost which drained our meager finances: imagine our dismay then, in finding that one of our false friends had sold this tent from over our heads, thus leaving us without shelter, and as he fondly hoped, without the means to acquire another of any description; and in order to make surety doubly sure, he had destroyed and carried off our seats and other furnishings in the tent, and importuned the owner of the vacant lot to refuse the further use of the same. Should it be thought strange that we had a "Judas" in our company of some twenty persons, when the Master had one in His little band of twelve? What course did we pursue with reference to this "son of perdition?" Why, we followed the plan so beautifully taught by the Saviour in His dealings with that first betrayer—we gave him all the rope he wanted, and "he went and hanged himself." It is true that he tried to hang all the balance of us with the same rope, but he only succeeded in abrasing the skin on the necks of a few, when his knots slipped and the would-be victims escaped. One, only, was so sore from his experience that he went into the Presbyterian fold thereafter.

We then secured a building which had been used for business purposes, and which had a store-room on the first floor, and a flat of three dingy and dirty rooms on the second, for which we were to pay \$20 per month.

This we thoroughly cleaned and fitted up for permanent quarters. As we had no use for the rooms upstairs, and

being fearful lest we should fail to rent them, wife and I concluded to surrender our comfortable flat in which we had lived for the cold, inconvenient and noisy place over the new assembly-room. It was a poor trade, from the standpoint of our own material affairs; but it was a blessed experience to us in learning to suffer with Christ and for the sake of establishing His kingdom in the hearts of men. In these quarters we carried on our work for more than two years, during which time we grew in numbers from 19 to 75 in the church membership; became thoroughly organized; gathered a Sunday school which had an enrollment of more than 250 members, (less than half of them could find room in the building at one time, and then only by having three children seated on two chairs) and gained the confidence and respect of all the community. The building which we had secured, however, was situated within a few feet of several railroad tracks, where much switching was being done, where trains passing would invariably ring their bells, blow their whistles and make all other noises permissible in our city. They would very frequently blow out a steam chest or break in two a long and heavy laden freight: at which times the language of train crew would become most unhappily interjected into the sermon and other service going on within.

Having secured a special dispensation from the owner of the building to permit us to rent the store-room separately, we vacated the living room, only to have a family of ten children and a widowed mother move in. They were poor; could not afford carpets, and we could not see our way clear to supply them with this luxury; they all worked during the day time, and on evenings and Sundays when our services were in progress down stairs, this (Roman Catholic) family upstairs did their week's washing, sewing (upon the machine) and other neglected work, while the younger element was engaged in games of baseball, hand-ball, wrestling matches and such other innocent amusements as would tend to "drive dull care away." Of course, we thought very many things, who were endeavoring to hold divine services under such circumstances. Why did we remain there? It was the only building in that vicinity which was obtainable: to move was to disband: to remain was, in the estimation of some, even worse than to disband; it was plain that we could not hope to do more than simply mission work in that condition, and that a permanent work would never grow of it. The only thing to do was to acquire property of our own; as, did we continue to rent, even in a good building, the rent would eat our very life away and discourage the few who had it to pay; or, on the only other alternative, remain a "mission church," neither of which we desired to do.

During this period my attention was called to the fact that the Non Sectarian Church property was for sale. This was an independent church in our city, having been organized twelve years ago by the Rev. Dr. Robert C. Cave, who was formerly a Disciple preacher, but who had repudiated the narrowness of the Creed of Alexander Campbell,

and who had been forced out of his pastorate by the "defenders of the faith." Many of the wealthiest of his former parishoners withdrew from the Disciples in sympathy with him and his views; they purchased a large lot of land in the most desirable location in town, and erected upon it one of the handsomest church edifices that could be built,—completely and tastefully finished and equipped—at a cost of about \$60,000 where, for about eleven years they operated under varying circumstances and experiences. Dr. Cave's health failed him; the congregation became depleted through deaths and removals, and those who remained lost heart; the property was listed for sale in the real estate office of one of the members—at that time representing a value of about \$85,000 by reason of improvements and natural enhancement.

When built, because they had no affiliation with any other body of people, and to supply themselves with some work to interest and activity, they had wisely permitted about \$30,000 to remain upon the property under a Deed of Trust, falling due in annual notes of \$2,000 with 8%. This original indebtedness had been reduced to \$16,000, but certain other obligations owing by the old congregation swelled the total indebtedness to \$20,877.53. Upon investigation, I learned to my joy, that we could secure this beautiful property for its bare incumbrance.

(To be Continued.)

### Norfolk Letter.

\*\* Oct. 8th the American Christian Convention meets with the Memorial Christian Temple, Norfolk, Va.

\*\* All delegates to the American Christian Convention who wish entertainment should read a notice elsewhere given in this issue by the pastor.

\*\* These are busy days about the Memorial Christian Temple. The preparation for the entertainment of 400 to 500 people is a task that requires work. We have begun in time, and hope to be ready promptly on time.

\*\* Visitors from a distance to the Convention in Norfolk in October may get entertainment provided they give notice of their coming not later than Sept. 25th. This is important. See notice from pastor elsewhere in this issue. If you are coming, write at once—use a postal card, and do it now.

\*\* From every direction, so far as we have heard there seems to be a hungering for a spiritual feast in the Norfolk Convention. Let every body join in the cry for the feast, and I believe it will be given. The Lord hears the earnest plea of His people. From the North, the East and the West, and the South, too, there seems to be a reaching out after all the fulness of the Christ-life. If we come together, seeking, we shall doubtless receive of His fulness. The Convention will mark a new Era in all lines of our work as a people, if we come together in the spirit of Jacob when he said: "I will not let thee go, except Thou bless me!" This is our hope for a new spiritual era in the Christian church.

\*\* If every one will kindly do just what he, or she, is asked to do to assist in the entertain-

(Continued on 8th page.)