

The Christian Sun.

BY ATKINSON & LANE.

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.

Decent Fairs.

The authorities announce, so we see, that there shall be a clean and decent state Fair at Raleigh, N. C. in October. We hope these authorities mean what they say and will do what they promise. We shall see.

The Fair last year was a shock to decency and a common and glaring disgrace. Many features of the so-called "Midway" were nothing less than shameful. In the most public places scenes, fakes and fakers were allowed that ought not to have been tolerated in any civilized community. Neither decency, modesty nor good taste seemed to have been consulted in selecting or allowing such nuisances. As a result of all this a moral protest, such as we had not heard before, went up from the good people all over the state.

Let the managers and authorities of our State Fair and other Fairs take warning. A Fair may be interesting, attractive and even quite lively without being immoral, indecent or shameful. And if a Fair cannot be made to pay without being disgraceful then the quicker it is abolished the better.

Give us decent Fairs, gentlemen, or let the gates stay closed.

Keep off the Railroad.

Why will a person walk on a railroad when it is just as convenient and just as agreeable to walk elsewhere? The danger of it seems to attract. There seems to be something inviting between the rails. There certainly is danger while one is on the track. This danger may be avoided by staying off. Our advice to people who walk is to walk elsewhere than on the railroad. On the track there are hundreds of ways that danger may arise, all of which are avoided by simply walking elsewhere than on the track. By all means, walk elsewhere than on the railroad.

Speaking of danger from railroads these figures are before us: 813 persons were killed and 9,958 wounded by accidents on railways the first three months of this year. Multiply these figures by four and we get as the probable totals in killed and wounded on railroads the present year 3,252 killed; 39,832 wounded. In 1900 there were killed and wounded 50,320 persons on the railways of our country—totals larger than those of the Union soldiers killed in the three bloody battles of Antietam, Gettysburg and the Wilderness.

The number killed and wounded on our railways every year

would make an army of sufficient force to defend our country from all foreign foes.

Farming Convicts and Good Roads.

About every twelve months (always before harvest time) it is given out that "our State penitentiary will clear about \$25,000 to \$30,000 on its farms this year." We see the statement going the rounds of the papers now that there will be a \$30,000 profit on those "state farms" the present year.

Now this writer is just simple minded enough to say that he believes this is mere rubbish and nonsense. He would like to inquire where are some of the thirty thousand dollars a year profits that the penitentiary farms have paid in? When were those profits paid in and what went of them? For our part to date we have not heard tell of one. Thirty thousand dollar profits indeed! Every farmer in North Carolina knows in his own mind that such a profit as that on a private, much less a public farm is a delusion and a snare. Now this humble scribe ventures to predict that there will not be a thirty dollar profit, much less a thirty thousand dollar one on the present state prison crop. And he predicts further that when our Legislature meets next January that the Penitentiary will be found asking for \$30,000 from the State rather than having that or any other amount to turn over to any treasury anywhere.

A state penitentiary has no business farming. Unless we are much mistaken our penitentiary always has lost money at the business and is likely to continue to do so. It is a wrong undertaking. And a wrong thing never pays, ultimately.

There is plenty of road building for convicts to do without putting them in competition with free labor. Convicts have by their conduct done something to injure the commonwealth—the public generally. Let them be put at some work where they may help to build up the commonwealth—do something for the public generally. No place is more available for this than the public roads.

Further, a convict is an expense to the commonwealth. Let him labor where he may most benefit the commonwealth. For this there is no better place than the public roads.

For our part we are tired of the delusion whereby we are called upon every summer to believe that convicts can make money for the state farming, and then in winter behold the spectacle of another appropriation for the support of those same convicts. Take the convicts off the farms and put them on the public roads. And the gospel of good roads needs to be preached from every public and suitable place throughout this Southland. The farmers can make enough to feed all and, heaven knows, they get small enough prices for their products. What they need is better roads so that they can get their produce to market without so much waste and worry and expense. Let the convicts build the roads and honest, free farmers will do the farming.

A Scathing Indictment.

A correspondent sends the following to the editor of the South-

ern Churchman, organ of the Episcopal church, Richmond, Va.

"The enclosed clipping, taken from a recent issue of the Christian Observer, Louisville, Ky., I think ought to be published in every paper throughout the length and breadth of our land. Please insert in your paper.—K.

"At a mass-meeting in the Second Presbyterian church, Portsmouth, O., on a recent Sabbath afternoon, in the presence of over two hundred men, a converted gambler and ex-saloon-keeper made the following statement, which has created a profound impression, and I herewith transmit it to your paper that it may do good in a wider sphere:

"I have been in the saloon business, with a gambling room attached, for the last four years, and claim to know something about what I am now going to tell you. I do not believe that the gambling-den is nearly so dangerous, nor does it do anything like the same amount of harm as the social card party in the home. I give this as my reason: In the gambling-room the windows are closed tight, the curtains are pulled down; everything is conducted secretly for fear of detection, and none but gamblers, as a rule, enter there; while in the parlor all have access to the game, children are permitted to watch it, young people are invited to partake in it. It is made attractive and alluring by giving prizes, serving refreshments, and adding high social enjoyments. For my part, I never could see the difference between playing for a piece of silver molded in the shape of money and silver molded in the shape of a cup or tumbler. The principle is the same, and whenever property changes hands over the luck of the cards, no matter how small is the value of the prize, I believe it is gambling. Have you ever thought of it? Where do all the gamblers come from? They are not taught in the gambling dens. A 'greener,' unless he is a fool, never enters a gambling hell, because he knows that he will be fleeced out of everything that he possesses in less than fifteen minutes. He has learned somewhere else before he sets foot inside of such a place. When he has played in the parlor, in the social game of the home, and has become proficient enough to win prizes among his friends, the next step with him is to seek out the gambling-room for he has learned and now counts upon his efficiency to hold his own. The saloon men and gamblers chuckle and smile when they read in the papers of the parlor games given by the ladies, for they know that after a while these same men will become the patrons of their business. I say, then, the parlor game is the college where gamblers are made and educated. In the name of God, men, stop this business in your homes. Burn up your decks, and wash your hands."

"After he had taken his seat, another converted ex-gambler, who led the men's meeting in the Second Presbyterian church the following Sabbath, arose and said: 'I indorse every word which the brother before me has just uttered. I was a gambler. I learned to play cards, not in the saloon, not in my own home, but in the homes of my young friends, who invited me to play

with them and taught me how.'

'I send you these testimonies, hoping that you can use them, and that God will sound through them a note of warning to card-playing Christians. A number of men went home from that afternoon meeting and set up a new rule in their families, that never should another game be played inside their house; that their parlors should not become kindergartens for training young gamblers.'—Rev. S. B. Alderson, D. D.

Great Excitement.

More than two years ago some preachers, claiming sanctification, came to Penton, Ala., and pitched their tent and began preaching the doctrine of sanctification, Christian perfection, absolute holiness, etc. They remain several months making several converts to the new faith as they called it. Then they went into some other section and were absent from Penton a long time before they returned. But some six or eight weeks ago they came back, pitched tent and went to work. They preached until the 4th Sunday in August and at the conclusion of the service four white ministers saluted several negroes with the holy kiss, and so did some white ladies from the community. One preacher remarked that a certain sanctified negro was as good as any white man. At the night service a man from the community took the minister to one side and told him to take that remark back. The minister refused to do it, whereupon the man began to kick him severely and every time he kicked, the minister would say, "praise the Lord." In a few minutes they led out two other ministers and inflicted the same punishment. That night they ordered them to leave. Four left and two remained. The next night 216 men went to service and ordered them to leave the community by 12 m. the next day. They refused to do so. Next morning between 200 and 300 men with guns and pistols went and swore out a warrant and arrested them and placed them in Lafayette jail. There they sang and gave praise to God for one or two days and then gave bond for \$50 each and are now at Penton preaching the gospel as they understand it. The matter went before the grand jury last week. There is no telling where it is going to end with either party. So far as I have been able to learn, Rev. Mitchel and wife, the parties arrested, are very good people. They were unfortunate in being associated with the other ministers in the meeting. Such a state of affairs is unfortunate for the cause of Christianity. There are a great many good people who believe and preach sanctification, but they ought to guard against this wild, reckless element that have neither morality nor religion. It is unfortunate that such a thing has occurred. Great excitement prevails and the community is in a state of great confusion; but I pray that out of the confusion, God may bring peace, harmony and order.

M. L. HURLEY.

A school of wireless telegraphy is to be opened up at Babylon, L. I. and a course of instruction has been outlined. This is a new profession.

Dig Your Well Deeper.

A dry time has always been improved more or less to dig wells deeper. There is no better time to do this than in the time of drought. We know of many old wells that have been made better than new by being dug deeper in the time of drought. When the next time of drought comes they can be relied on as never before. It is a very dry time just now in the religious world, and it is a good time for us all to dig our wells deeper. Do not be satisfied, no matter what your experience has been, but dig deeper. The love of many is waxing cold. There never, perhaps, was a time when it required more alertness to keep from spiritual drowsiness and famine than now, and there is no better way to keep awake and refreshed with that living water that Jesus promised than to dig your well deeper, and then "with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Let us all resolve to go deeper! The drier it gets around you the deeper you need to dig.—Christian Witness.

Railroad Saloons.

Why is it that the demoralizing influence of railway saloons is not more frequently noticed? The elegant Dayton (Ohio) Union Station has prominent liquor signs. Some of the greatest railways of the land are saloon keepers. The managers of these corporations, by selling liquor, put their stockholders into the same position. And the dividends the stockholders receive are partly the profit of liquor selling. There are some Christians so conscientious that they will not ride on street cars on Sunday. But is that any worse than to take the money of liquor dealing?

However, we do not believe in making too fine distinctions to make men constructively sinners. There are enough sins that are certain, which we fail to avoid. Let us not readily condemn our brethren as sinners, simply on a construction that would rate a poor scrub-woman as a sinner who would clean the floor of a saloon, as though she were guilty of liquor selling.—Herald of Gospel Liberty.

Changed.

"A rich lady dreamed that she went to heaven, and there was a mansion being built. 'What is that for?' she asked of the guide.

'For the gardener.'

'But he lives in the tiniest cottage on earth, with barely room enough for his family.'

'He might live better, if he did not give away so much to the miserable poor folks.'

Farther on she saw a tiny cottage being built. 'And who is that for?' she asked.

'That is for you.'

'But I have lived in a mansion on earth. I would not know how to live in a cottage.'

The words she heard in reply were full of meaning. 'The master builder is doing His best with the material that is being sent up.'

Then she awoke, resolving to lay up treasure, in heaven.

What are we sending up? What kind of material are we building into our every-day life? Is it being sent up?—Zion Outlook.