

The Christian Sun.

J. O. ATKINSON.

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.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Once a Father, Now a Murderer.

A special to the Charlotte Observer from Asheville, Feb. 19, says: "Dr. J. V. Jay was brought into court today and pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree for the killing of his children. Judge Long ordered that judgment be suspended pending the execution of the former sentence, and the man, who in October killed his three children with a claw-hammer, will, within a few days, be taken to Raleigh, where he will serve his sentence of 30 years, and from whose walls he is not likely to return alive. At the last criminal term of Superior Court Dr. J. V. Jay was placed on trial for the murder of his first child and found guilty in the second degree, and sentenced to 30 years in the penitentiary. He was under indictment for the murder of his two other children, and an effort was made to have him submitted and sentence imposed at that term. This the counsel for the defence would not agree to. As the case now stands, Jay is doomed to life imprisonment. He must serve the first sentence of 30 years, but should he live until the expiration of this term, or should he be pardoned, as he expects to be, he would again be brought into court and re-sentenced in the second case for a term of on to thirty years; and if again pardoned, he could be sentenced for the third time for a like term."

Our readers will remember that Dr. Jay, being crazed by strong drink one day last October threatened to kill his wife who, hurrying to a neighbor's to get help, returned a few minutes later to find her three children dead on the front porch being brained and terribly mutilated with a claw hammer in the hands of their father. Dr. Jay was said to have been a kind father and a faithful husband when sober. What can make a father murder his infant and helpless children? Strong drink, strong drink, strong drink. Write it large. Tell it often. Repeat it to the young men you know. There is ruin in rum. There is danger, there is death in strong drink. There is no crime so cruel to which it will not descend, no deed so foul to which it will not lend aid.

The Late Senator Hanna.

As was stated in The Sun, United States Senator, Marcus Alonzo Hanna, of Ohio, died in Washington Monday evening, February 15, in his sixty-seventh year. The interment was at Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 19. In this death our country loses one of its foremost and most conspicuous citizens. Unheard of outside of his business community less

than a decade ago, he had arisen with leaps and bounds, by strict application of business methods to politics, to first place not only in the councils of his own party, but in the councils of our nation. President McKinley, very likely, owed his first nomination and election to the Presidency more to the skill and ability of Mark Hanna than to any dozen men then living. Prior to this first nomination, Mr. Hanna developed a friendship for McKinley and a fondness for politics that lasted him to his death and made him famous during the last few years of his life. He was never President, but his dearest friend was and he had the satisfaction of knowing that his own ability and political acumen helped wonderfully to make him so.

Senator Hanna came fresh from the business world to the world of politics. He employed the same methods in the latter that had already made him successful in the former. During the first McKinley campaign, and for a long time thereafter, it is doubtful if any man in American public life was more keenly criticized and persistently maligned. Through the pen of the satirist and the pencil of the cartoonist he was pictured, heartily, as a money monster seeking whom he might devour any and everywhere. In all these pictures the dollar mark seemed a part of the man's physiognomy, so persistently was it printed and painted there. I thought myself for a season, I will confess it, that we of this Republic had come to strange men and measures in our political life. But the first time I saw Mark Hanna, after he had been in the Senate some two years, right then and there I knew and declared that the cartoonists were false and the popular impression, in many quarters, erroneous and unjust. Neither a knave nor a fraud ever wore such a face as that. He was a man of comely, well-shaped, inviting features and had wonderful personal magnetism. If you looked long at the man you were naturally and inevitably drawn closer to him. Personally he was the sort of man you would like for a friend. Socially he was the one whose company you would enjoy. Individually he was by all odds the most popular man, with all parties, in the national chamber of which he was a member.

At the time of his death, he was Senator from Ohio, had just been elected for another term, was Chairman of the Republican National Committee and was freely and warmly spoken of as the next candidate of his party for the presidency. He was also a man of large and successful business interests employing in all many hundreds of workmen, among none of whom (so we have often seen in print) was there ever a strike or labor trouble. It is doubtful if there was any man in public life so much talked about and will be so much missed, as the late Senator Hanna. Being high up in the councils of the nation, his weight and influence were national in scope and bearing, and his death is a distinct loss to our Republic. This loss seems to be heavily felt in all quarters, the papers and organs of all parties being outspoken in admiration of the man and in great sorrow and grief at his untimely taking off.

But the great and small alike must go and appear, in single file, at the judgment bar of God. Pallid death knocks with equal foot at the palace of the rich and the hovel of the poor.

Owing to the Russo-Japanese war, flour has advanced a dollar a barrel recently.

Yale Letter.

To the naturalist, whose province is to behold and advise and not to analyze or dissect, there is something irresistibly fascinating in the ceaseless strenuousness of these Yankees. But to the philosopher, whose business is to reflect upon institutions and conditions and to discover the origin, tendency, and real value of things, there is a feeling that strenuousness is artificial, that there is something radically wrong with it.

One can hardly go to church on Sunday here without hearing some criticism of the ceaseless rush of the people after reputation and success, which is but a paraphrase of strenuousness. In the South we constantly hear the greed for gain condemned from the sacred stand. That is the trouble with our people. They are all too anxious to acquire wealth to contribute to the enterprises of the church. But here the people are wealthy and give liberally to their churches. About every church here has its representative in the foreign field, owns church property of fabulous value, pays its pastor over \$2,000, some of them \$4,800, have hired choirs and every convenience money can supply. The people give freely and plentifully—there is no quarrel on that score. (Mr. Carnegie has said it is a disgrace to die rich, but that is hardly true even here.)

It does look like the preachers ought to be satisfied with five churches and large salaries, but they are not. They see that the greed for glory and success, as preached in the Success magazine, is sapping the spiritual life of their flocks and they are earnestly trying to stem the tide. A few excerpts from eminent men relative to this matter are not out of place just here.

President Hadley, of Yale, in his magnificent lay sermon to the students here, impressed upon them the "fundamental necessity of a lively interest in your fellowmen." President Hadley said that Yale had always stood for practical citizenship and that "the strenuousness of the age must not be allowed to interfere with this ideal."

President Roosevelt, the apostle of strenuousness, in his book "The Strenuous Life," says, among other things, "Fellow-feeling, sympathy in the broadest sense, is the most important factor in producing a healthy political and social life. The chief faction in producing such sympathy is simply associative on a plane of equality and for a common object. This capacity for sympathy must be at the basis of all really successful movements for good government and the betterment of social and civic conditions. Unfortunately this can not be said of the larger cities where the conditions of life are so complicated that there has been an extreme differentiation and specialization in every species of occupation, whether of business or pleasure." (Perhaps I ought to say here that President Roosevelt's idea of the strenuous life is for a man to take interest in his occupation and in politics, while the strenuous life as actually exhibited in New England looks out for its own success and reputation and let's the politician do the other.)

Dr. Lyman Abbott, Editor of the

Outlook, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Professor in Princeton University, and Drs. Newiman Smythe and Lyman Phillips, of New Haven, said in sermons here that the ideal of the age is wrong. Success is not the best thing. The hunger for glory and renown and success is the fatalism of our times.

Prof. Franklin H. Giddings said in an article in a Magazine recently, "The normal influence of heterogeneity (the logical result of intense strenuousness) and differentiation in a population is unfavorable to collective action. . . . Can a highly heterogeneous people hold together in enduring organization? . . . Exceedingly heterogeneous empires have been founded, but they have not endured. . . . Is boss rule . . . inseparable from heterogeneity? Apparently it is, and apparently liberalism (he means like political freedom) is possible only to a people sufficiently like minded to respond to common ideals."

And Dr. Edward Everette Hale, of Boston, the venerable octogenarian, falling into metaphor as is his usual style, said that as "every bee in a hive worked together with every other bee, just so we as a people must cease our mad struggle for ourselves and work together, or the worst must sooner or later come to our country."

We can not believe that men of such eminence would thus speak of their country unless there were some reason for it. They are not pessimists. Nor are they jealous of being overtaken and surpassed by others in reputation and success. They made these statements to Yale men, hoping to stay the movement that is now on, and which they think will be detrimental to our country, and their fears have a philosophical basis.

If the history of mankind reveals anything it is that human society has two sides, an individual and a social; or as Christ put it in Matt. 19:19, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," in which the individual side of society is contained in the command to love yourself, and the general, social side in love for your neighbor. The harmonious adjustment of these two forces insures a happy and stable society. But the intense development of the one to the exclusion (relatively even) of the other means disaster. This truth the history of the world reveals.

In Greece (ancient) we have a fine example of the intense development of the individual to the subordination of the social. Greece can not really be said to have constituted a society. Each city-state was contending with every other city-state for the mastery and every citizen was likewise an antagonist to every other citizen, and Athens more than once saw great men ostracized and banished simply because they were great. Manifestly such a "society" could not stand. Greece became an easy prey to her foes and fell.

China illustrates the intense development of the social to the subordination of the individual. China has stood, but has not progressed.

For 2,000 years China has faced progress with her back, and we don't know for how many more thousands. All Chinamen seem to be run through the same mould. They all look alike. There is a non-progressiveness easily perceptible with in their facial expression. Better death, with Greece, than stagnation, writ China. Better a month in England or America "than a cycle of Cathay," as the poet has sung.

But we are not in danger of stagnation. We are in danger of committing the folly of the Greeks. Wise men know this and are pleading against it. May their pleadings not be to deafened ears and hardened hearts, may their prayers be answered, may the Giver of all good gifts put it into the hearts of the American people to adjust correctly the balance between the development of their individual selves and the development of their social selves, that this country of ours may survive, unharmed by this force that has crushed states and wrecked empires.

W. A. H.

Good Resolutions.

Shall we judge a quarry by its refuse stones? Or resolutions by the broken ones? Called the pavement of hell, good resolutions have as often been the scaffolding of heaven. They have been the first rough frame, rising upon which the beautiful and permanent walls of character and conduct and spiritual life have been builded. One might as well laugh at the skeleton which is built beneath some mighty arch as to sneer at a good resolution. Of course, it is not much in itself, but, resting on it, the first frame of what shall be both mighty and worthy may be formed. Never was there a good word spoken, or a wise deed done, or a brave sacrifice offered but somewhere you will find a good resolution in it. Changing our figure, but keeping our thought, it is true that the little rill called "resolution" sometimes dries up and is lost; but sometimes, too, it widens into the stream of endeavor, and then it deepens into the mighty river called "accomplishment," upon whose waters the Spirit of God forever broodeth, bringing forth the new creations.—Sunday School Times.

The Mystery Of Grace.

When a weary, selfish heart comes to the Saviour the Saviour meets his need by saying: "Take my yoke upon you." "But, Lord he is tired and weary already, another yoke will crush him." No, he has just been carrying himself, and himself only, and that is the heaviest of all loads, heavier than any one man can bear. But strange it is, that if he adds another burden, his own burden will become light. That is the mystery of grace, that the burdens of a selfish man are lightened by adding more. "Take my yoke upon you. And what yoke is that, Lord? "The yoke of other people's needs—the burden of the blind and the deaf, and the lame and the lepers—the burdens of other folks' sorrows; put them on to thy shoulders—take my yoke upon thee—increase thy burden, and thy burden shall become light, and instead of weariness thou find rest."—J. H. Jawett, H. A., in "Apostolic Optimism."