

The Christian Sun.

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

ESTABLISHED 1844.

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1907.

VOLUME LIX, NUMBER 23.

All communications, whether for publication or pertaining to matters of business, should be sent to the Editor, J. O. Atkinson, Elon College, N. C.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Schools or Prisons.—It is better for a nation to build schools than to build prisons. But if a people will not build schools they have to build prisons. For new schools and old schools, for the pay of teachers in all primary schools of her vast empire Russia spent last year only twelve million dollars.

To build new Prisons only, Russia spent primary schools of her vast empire, Russia is spending fifty per cent. more on Prisons than on Schools. Is it any wonder that the nation swarms with murderers, assassins, and law breakers of every differing degree and kind. The great majority of convicts and prison inmates are drawn from the vast hords of ignorant and untutored.

Next to the church, the most effectual foe of the penitentiary is the school house.

Thou Shalt Not Steal.—There are high class and low class thieves. Both are thieves, however. The only difference between the classes is that one class steals for fun or curiosity, the other steals for profit. Both are equally guilty of violating the law of God's holy Word.

The class of thieves now claiming attention is the curiosity seeker, the souvenir hunter. It is given out that these souvenir seekers literally robbed every available article, that could be detached, from the cabin of the Duke of Abruzzi's flagshi now visiting in American waters while anchored in Hampton Roads some weeks since. "Nothing was too small to be overlooked and nothing too valuable to be taken." The Duke's clothes—brushes, combs, buttons of uniforms, pipe, and cigar-stand, even his gold toilet set presented by the King of Italy, were among the articles, of which the souvenir hunters relieved his highness. We do not care how high is society these souvenir seekers stand, nor what sort of clothes they wore, they were on day and place aforesaid thieves and robbers.

A hotel proprietor told this writer once that he could not keep silver salt cellars and pepper boxes, nor even silver knives and forks on his table for "the souvenir hunters" whom he correctly branded as thieves. When George Vanderbilt finished his mansion at Biltmore, N. C., he allowed visitors to go through and view it on certain days. The reward to Mr. Vanderbilt's generosity to the sight seer was almost the demantling of windows, tables and mantle pieces of all detachable and movable articles.

When a man takes from another that which belongs to the other, and without the other's permission, that man has committed theft. Calling it by some other name does not change the fact. "Thou shalt not setal" applies equally to souvenir hunter and sneaking rogue.

Fact and Fiction. There are folks, you know, whose minds never go beyond the dread, dull facts of every day drudgery. They do not like to go fishing, for instance. And for you to tell a fish "story" in their presence is pain to them. Such people lack in imagination and could no more invent any usefule device than they could write a real poem. Art, poetry and invention are all foreign to their vocabulary. When Napoleon was first Consul of France he wrote "Citizen Fulton's proposition (that of building a steam boat) may change the face of the earth," and forth with appointed a commission From The Academy of Science to investigate Fulton's embrionic invention and enterprise. That commission of learned savants reported back to Napoleon, after their investigation, in these words "Sire, we have effectually found a motive power in steam but of a nature so feeble that a child's toy could hardly be put in motion by it." We wonder what the committee would say to day about the motive power of steam could they

see the great ocean liners, like mighty moving palaces and power houses, swiftly gliding over the high seas without let or hindrance and on schedule time to the hour, or witness the great locomotives carrying, at sixty and seventy miles an hour, hundreds of passengers or cargoes of freight. The people of dry fact would have had the world at a stand still, long, long ago.

Oliver Wendell Holmes in his Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says this of "facts."

"All generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called 'facts.' They are the brute beasts of the intellectual domain. Who does not know fellows that always have an ill-conditioned fact or two which they lead after them into decent company like so many bull dogs, ready to let them slip at every ingenuous suggestion, or convenient generalization, or pleasant fancy? I allow no 'facts' at this table. What! Because bread is good and wholesome, and necessary and nourishing, shall you thrust a crumb into my windpipe while I am talking? Do not these muscles of mine represent a hundred loaves of bread? and is not my thought the abstract of ten thousand of these crumbs of truth with which you would choke off my speech?"

Holmes was there think of the artist, the inventor, the poet, the prophet.

So was Dr. W. W. Staley at the recent Elon commencement when he said that "The one who pulls an eight pound fish to the top of the water, and the fish drops back before being landed or weighed, has not exactly exaggerated about the size of the fish or told a falsehood but has seen a vision and painted a picture."

This world and all our society is based on "fact," but unless there were artists to paint pictures, dreamers to see visions, and prophets to reveal mysteries, we should not only have a dull and very stupid, but after awhile a very unwholesome and stagnant world.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

Those who are wont to contend that compliance with the above command is impossible, will do well to note carefully the words of the celebrated Christian, scholar, teacher, and Confederate General, "Stonewall" Jackson. He said:

"I have so fixed the habit in my own mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without asking God's blessing. I never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal. I never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thoughts heavenward. I never change my classes in the lecture room without a minute's petition for the cadets who go out and those who come in."

If such a busy man could find time to pray thus, cannot others do the same? Of course some will say that his prayer did not avail anything, for the cause for which he fought so heroically was wrong and miserably failed. But do not judge thus rashly as to the efficacy of prayer. God does not always answer our prayers by giving us what we ask for. He is wiser than we and often gives us something better than that for which we pray.

As a conscientious Christian man, "Stonewall" Jackson had the highest good of humanity and the glory of God uppermost in his heart but he erred in judgment when he concluded that the success of the Southern Confederacy was in accord with those high ideals. Hence God, in His wisdom and mercy, and in accord with the fortunes of war, permitted him to fall in battle, and at the hands of his own men, took him home to heavn, thus sparing him the humiliation and disappointment of living to see that he made a great mistake when he cast in his lot with a Confederacy that had taken for its chief corner stone that "sum of all villainies," human slavery.

God really gave him what he asked for, namely, the salvation of his own soul, a home in heaven, and the triumphs of the best interest of humanity, by defeating the Confederacy and securing the triumphs of the Union and liberty.

If, as we believe, "Stonewall" Jackson, looks down from heaven today, and sees our happy united country in all its greatness, enjoying peace and prosperity, East, West, North and South, the hope of the oppressed, and the admiration of all foreign nations, he can but say: "Well, God knew better than I did; He did not answer my prayer in the way I hoped He would, but He has answered them in a far better way and on a much grander scale, and to His name be all the glory."

"Pray without ceasing," but do not mistake dictating to the Lord for devout, earnest prayer. "By prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your request be made unto God;" always supplementing your request, as did our Lord his in the garden, with "Nevertheless Father, not as I wilt, but as Thou wilt."—Religious Telescope.

CHRISTIAN HOMES THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

Everything that is good in the church or in society is first planted, shielded, nurtured in good homes. A thoroughly Christian home implies a great deal. The spirit of Christianity aims at the totality of our being, mind and heart, as well as conscience. There are many sides to our nature and all need to be duly cultivated. The science of life is the greatest of the sciences. The art of life is the greatest of the arts. And it would be nonsense to suppose that all this could come about by any sort of blind and idle chance. A home that is really good, that is radically and thoroughly Christian, is a center of eager, incessant, manifold activities. It is full of animation. It is alive to itself and keenly sensitive to its surroundings. Everything that is human is of interest to it. Each true Christian home seems to itself to be the very center of the world, from which its lines of intelligent sympathy reach out everywhere. The home—no more than the individual—does not exist for itself. If it tries to, it will miserably fail. Every good family is conscious of being part of the whole family of which God is the Father, and its members are eager to keep in communication with the deepest longings, the worthiest actions, the noblest thoughts, the finest utterances of others everywhere, past and present, and so of striking into the swim and mid-current of all the best and mightiest life of the world. If Christian missions have any meaning, it is in the creation and multiplication of good homes. Good homes are the hope of the world.—Advance.

THE GOOD FIGHT.

The world worships heroes, but it is often slow to recognize them; for it either knows nothing of the great cause in which the hero fights, or at least knows too little of the struggle to note the achievements of any but the most prominent heroes. Even these it does not hear of till the battle is ended. Robert Louis Stevenson says: "The world has no room for cowards. We must all be ready somehow to toil, to suffer, to die. And your lot is not less noble because no drum beats before you when you go out into your daily battlefields, and no cowards shout your coming when you return from your daily victory or defeat." In the fight you are alone just because you are in the crowd. If you fall, your comrades will move on and leave the ambulance corps to decide whether you are dead or only badly wounded. Your lot is a hard one, but it is only the lot of the soldier. The real fight is always fought under the eye of God alone. The world admires the soldier on parade, but only his captain sees him fight.

The world is a poor judge of the hero, because it does not always understand him or even appreciate the cause in which he fights. The man who gives his life to a little cause is not a hero. The cause must be worthy of the sacrifice. It is said that George Washington, when he was a boy, risked his life to cut his name on the rocks under the famous natural bridge a little higher up

than other boys dared to climb. He risked his life foolishly; and if he had lost his life then and there, he would have died the death, not of a hero, but of a fool. But he lived to sacrifice his ease and his private plans and ambitions, and to risk his life in a noble cause; and so he became a hero.

There is one cause that is so noble that it makes a hero of every one that espouses it, and so comprehensive that it includes all that is right and noble. The field of battle is so wide that it covers the world; the contest is so multifiform that it must be fought out by the hands of old men and of little children, as well as by the strength and the courage of men in their prime. Yet the world knows but little of the struggle, though the world's best interests are at stake. The victories gained on that field have made what we call civilization. Most of the heroes that have fallen in the fight will not be known except to God till the last foe is conquered.

But, after all, it is enough to be known by him. The hero that dies on the field, or that makes his life one long sacrifice for God and man, does not usually receive much notice from the world or from even the secular part of the Church. The world is too busy applauding the stage hero, whose heroism is for show; but one "well done" from the lips of the Captain who watches now and who will reward then is worth more than the world's applause.—Christian Advocate, Nashville.

Children are born in God's image; the likeness fades only as sin, voluntarily chosen, gets in its work. But the likeness need not fade, if children can be held to the standard which God intends. This is why work for children is the greatest work in the world; why, as Phillips Brooks said, "He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life can possibly give again." Are we thinking of this, day by day, as the opportunities for serving His little ones crowd upon us? Are we careful to show, and to be, only our best selves before them? The gain of helping such a one into character is hinted at in Christ's description of the millstone penalty which is preferable to causing one such to offend.—S. S. Times.

There is a just complaint among the editors and publishers at the high price of paper. The paper on which The Christian Sun is printed costs nearly, or quite, twice as much as it did six years ago and the price still soars. One thing is certain. If the price of printing and paper go much higher subscriptions will have to advance or many a paper will have to go out of business. Prices now are almost unbearable which, we are told, are due to the paper trust. The band of the mighty trust is felt every where now.

The Raleigh News and Observer has again shown evidences of being a truly great paper by the splendid edition issued June 6 celebrating its triumphant entry into a magnificent new office fitted with the best and most modern printing and news paper equipment. The Observer is close to the hearts of thousands of North Carolinians all of whom rejoice to see these signs of continued progress and prosperity. Heartiest felicitations to Editor Daniels.

Dr. Rowland, a physician of Raleigh who was recently arrested and put in jail at Henderson for the murder some weeks since of his twelve year old son was acquitted, there being found no traces of poison in the boy's stomach. Rowland was immediately rearrested for the murder of engineer Strange whose widow he married in a few days after Strange's death. His wife is also under indictment as being accessory.

The Princess Anne Hotel, Virginia Beach, was burned early on the morning of June 10. There were 110 guests and employes at this hotel many of whom only escaped in their night clothes. Three lives were lost. The loss is \$185,000 with \$33,000 insurance.