

The Christian Sun.

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

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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.

A Record of Crime.—In the trial of Haywood, Pettibone, and Orchard, for the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, now going on at Boise, a record of crime was revealed unprecedented, we presume, in our American annals. Orchard made, what he claims to be, a clean sweep of the whole matter so far as he is concerned and what he tells of his own deeds is enough to shock a man of steel. He admits that he was a hired murder and assassin in the employ of the Western Federation of Miners, of which organization Haywood is the secretary. On the stand and under oath, with every appearance of exactness and truthfulness, and in the most cold-blooded and callous way, he testified that he had destroyed with his own hands nineteen human lives. He fired the explosion under the railway station at Independence that killed fourteen men; he hurled the bomb in a mine shaft that killed two men; he shot down in cold blood a detective on the streets of Denver; he planted a bomb in a vacant lot for Justice Gabbert, missed the intended victim and killed an innocent man; he attached to his gate the bomb that killed Governor Steunenberg. All the time of his criminal career he was, he says, in the confidence and the employ of the Western Federation of Miners. Orchard's testimony may be discredited, but one thing is known of all: The crimes he names were committed in the manner he has outlined, and the details he has given seem impossible unless his story is true.

Orchard divulges now that while he was running his career of crime he believed there was no hereafter. While awaiting in prison his trial a Bible was sent him by some one. He has been reading this, and declares it has brought him to a different understanding of things: he now professes a faith in the future, and believes that Jesus Christ can save as vile a wretch as he is and has been. This belief, he assigns as the motive he had in confessing his record of crime. It is a most horrible record and a most wonderful confession.

A Christian Statesman: The whole country mourns the loss by death on June 11 of United States Senator, John Tyler Morgan of Alabama. He was in his 83rd year, had been a member of the Senate for thirty years, and had held many important and influential committee positions, being especially interested in the Isthmian Canal project and an authority on that subject. No man in the Senate was more highly respected and esteemed. There may have been brighter men in the Senate, but certainly none more honest, clean and upright. Everybody knew that there was not enough money in Washington to buy or influence John T. Morgan. A man of deep faith, strong convictions, an implicit trust in God has gone to his reward. How such a life does brand as everlastingly false the hollow delusion that a man must swear and keep company with the bad and be fast in order to rise in the world. Morgan rose to eminence and for long years held that eminence by being a good, pure, sincere man, loyal to his church and faithful to his God. Read these lines from an editorial in the Daily News and Observer, "In many respects the late Senator John T. Morgan was the ablest man in that body of statesmen. He illustrated in his life the power of the Christian religion. In his youth he became a member of the Methodist church, and he was a regular attendant at the small church of his faith in the national capital. He never felt the need of going off to some fashionable church or forgot 'in whom he trusted.'

In all his long career nobody ever doubted Mr. Morgan's integrity or sincerity. His religion was ingrained and was seen in his character and in his upright life.

That's what religion does for a man of faith who lives up to his profession."

A Charitable Euchre. It looks almost sacrilegious to put the two words together, charity and euchre, but they got together, and that, too, through a church door, in New York the other evening. A part of the despatch read thus, "What probably was the greatest euchre party ever held in this country was engineered Wednesday night on the pier of Dreamland, Coney Island. The astonishing number of 7,500 men and women clustered about the cards—and the capacity was supposed to be about 4,500.

The Rev. John L. Belford, of the church of the Nativity, Classon avenue, Brooklyn, was in charge. The euchre was in aid of the church."

A euchre party in the name of charity under the auspices of a church. That is enough to make the angels weep. Is it any wonder the church is discredited, pews are empty, and numbers are falling away from churches of the metropolis? The omnipotent One does not need as stupid and silly a thing as a card party to build his church houses with, and only the stupid and the silly can think that He does.

Destroying The Sabbath. It is grievous to record that both houses of the New York Legislature have passed a bill permitting amateur games of baseball, with admission fees, from one to six P. M. on Sundays. The only hope now is that the unholy bill will be killed by veto. There are unmistakable signs every where that we of this country are destroying the sacredness of the holy Sabbath. God knew best when He sanctified and hallowed that day and declared it should be one of rest. No nation of people have ever yet violated that command and desecrated that day, save to their own hurt. Around many of our towns and cities, and especially about the post office and railway station one can hardly discern Sunday from a week day. And for this Sabbath destruction God will hold this Nation and this people to account. God still reigns and His decrees are inexorable.

A CHANGED LIFE.

Melvin E. Trotter.

I always feel a good deal like a wheelbarrow in an automobile parade when I get up here with a whole lot of these preachers behind me, but I'm always glad to get a chance to tell how Jesus saved me. When I heard Dr. Goodell stand here the other day and tell how his father prayed two hours a day for fifty years I bowed my head and wept. My father didn't teach me how to pray. I tended bar for him—he on one side and I on the other. I was a drunkard. I couldn't do anything but drink whiskey, so I just drank whiskey. The first time mother ever saw me drunk I left home next morning before she got up, and so I never lived at home since I was a boy. I got to following the race course, and learned the three-card game. I was simply the boy with a gang of bookmakers, and I was hitting the high spots until I got so I couldn't keep sober and then the gang would drop me. I got in with a gang of Mississippi river thieves, and that lasted till I'd get drunk and say things I hadn't ought to, and then I had an ugly way of handling myself when I was drunk, and I'd get to scrapping.

I got into serious trouble one time, and they had me on a suspended sentence; they put me out in the country where I couldn't get whiskey and I was scared into being sober eleven weeks. While there I married the nicest girl in this house—she's here tonight. Some of the old wise sisters came around to her and said, "Look here, you're up against a gold brick." And they were right, she did draw a gold brick. The sad side of a drunkard's life is that he never suffers alone. I didn't. My wife suffered. When you see a drunkard stagger down the street, don't you think he's a drunkard because he wants to be. I was six years married before I was converted, and all those six years I was trying to quit. I tried every remedy known to science. They gave me the "gold cure" one time—a nice hypodermic syringe and two bottles of medicine, and

I'd sold the whole outfit for three drinks of whiskey in fifteen minutes. My wife had money when we were married, but I got hold of it and didn't stay sober till it was gone. We didn't have any home; we just traveled a little—that is, I travel from our furnished room down to the saloon and back, and my wife sat up in the window and watched for me.

When a baby came to our home it was the sweetest boy you ever saw. Soon as he was born I went down and we had drinks all round on the new boy, "Trotter's new boy," and I didn't get to see him for a week. He got to be two years and a month old. I didn't notice my home growing worse, didn't notice the baby seemed sickly, didn't notice wife was wearing the clothes she had when we were married. One morning I was called from a place, and rushed home and found my baby dead in his mother's arms, in a cold house; she had cut up her last skirt to keep the little boy from freezing, and there she walked the floor with her dead baby in her arms, and I felt like I was a murderer, and I was, too. I was wild. My wife laid the baby down and came to me, and she said, "Don't take on so, you wouldn't do it if you could help it." Over the baby's dead body she had given her heart to Christ. The thieves and the gamblers and the harlots helped me out and bought me a little white coffin—six dollars I think it cost—and before he was buried Mrs. Trotter took me to the little dead boy and said, "Now, for his sake, you'll quit drinking, won't you?" She said, "I'm all alone in the world but you," and I promised her that whiskey would never touch my lips again. We went to the cemetery, and came back, and when I got out of the carriage the saloon keeper said to me: "You're as nervous as you can be; you need a drink; better take just one and go home." I was shaking like a leaf. I took "just one" and got home about six o'clock that night so drunk I couldn't see. My wife's heart was broken.

I went on down just as fast as a man can. I got hold of \$225 that didn't belong to me and bought me a horse, the best I ever drove, took him out to a saloon in Long Grove, Iowa, one time, hitched him to the bar and said to the saloon keeper, "Give everybody a drink," and we drank him up, and I've never seen him since. When I was in the D. T.'s they shipped me to Chicago, and I landed there without money, friends or home. But one night a door stood open in East Van Buren Street, and a little fellow stood outside boosting. He says, "Come on in, Fatty, just the place for you," and in I went. It was the old Pacific Garden Mission, and when Harry Monroe gave the invitation I grabbed my cap and started to the front, and Jesus saved me, and from that day to this I have never tasted whiskey nor wanted it. That man took me home with him and gave me a bath, and that night I slept between sheets. You don't know what that meant to me.

I went to work at my trade in the morning, and the first man that came into the barber shop was a millionaire real estate man named Casey. I was trembling like a leaf. I said, "You're next, sir," and he looked at me a minute, and says, "I should say not." But I went into the next room and I got down and I said, "Lord, I believe you Saved me last night—now help me." I went back and he let me shave him. I met him the other day, and asked him if he remembered that shave. He said, "I should say so—I didn't dare draw a long breath all the time you were doing it."

That week I made four dollars and twenty cents, telegraphed my wife to come to Chicago, and we went to housekeeping. We hired a front room, and had everything that goes to make life worth living, for Jesus was there, too. I tended door in the Pacific Garden Mission six nights a week, and pretty soon they sent me up to Grand Rapids to take charge of a rescue mission; never had charge of a meeting before; never could say anything. You know when I was saved I lost half of my vocabulary, and had to go stammering and sputtering ever since. But we have been at work, and now we've got an

opera house that seats 1,750 people and the biggest rescue mission on the globe. I have been ordained a Presbyterian minister. I want to tell you how I was ordained. They told me I would have to pass the first examination in Christian Evidences, and I said, "What's that?" They said, "Are you saved?" I said, "Yes I am." "How do you know?" I said, "I was there." They went on and asked me some other questions, and finally one of the brethren wanted to know if I was a Calvinist or an Armenian. I said, "I don't know the difference between them." They said, "Brother Trotter, we think you preach a sound doctrine." I said, "That's the Munroe doctrine, I got it from Harry, and that's all I've got," and it's this,—that you and I and all of us are sinners, and lost, and that Jesus Christ died to save us, and whosoever will may come.—Record of Christian Work.

TWO FACTS

Dear Bro. Atkinson:

During my recent visit to the State of New York I spent several days in the City of Rochester, my home for some years in my early life. In those years—back in the 40's—there was a small Christian Church located in one of the most delightful sections of that beautiful city. The church building, though small, was neatly arranged and well adapted to the wants of the society. For two or three years the church grew and prospered, but with the growth of the city expenses increased and as the society was poor, for the lack of a little help to tide it over the sea of discouragement the work was abandoned. Some years later the property was purchased and, chiefly through the liberality of one man, an elegant church was erected where the plain little house had stood. The church was to be Congregational.

The projectors of this enterprise seemed to think all that was necessary to make it successful was money. Of this there was no lack and its friends were lavish in their expenditures, hoping to attract by outward adornments rather than by the "graces of the Spirit."

For awhile the church seemed to prosper, but in a few years the interest began to wane—till finally services were discontinued and the church was sold. It is now owned and occupied by a society of Spiritualists whose "doings" are anything but agreeable to the cultured and Christian people who are most numerous in that part of the city.

From this brief history two things are apparent. 1st. That the Christians might have had a strong church in Rochester to-day, had the little "struggling band" received the help they needed when the start was made and then continued it in a small way until the church became self-supporting, as it would have done in two or three years, at the longest.

And, 2. That no church believing in a definite Christian experience as we do, can hope to succeed, with any amount of money, if it lacks spiritual power.

We need churches in cities—the great centers of business and wealth—far more than we now have. But in trying to plant them, let us keep in mind the two facts here stated. We shouldn't go into these strongholds, not only educated men and able men, but men imbued with the Spirit of the Master, and then stand by them, rendering such help as may be needed, until the formation period is over and a living church is gained.

D. E. Millard.

Portland, Mich.

The steam launch belonging to the battleship, Minnesota, which was run down and sunk in Hampton Roads with eleven seamen aboard on the night of June 10 has been found and raised some distance out from Newport News.

A lot 25 feet wide, 100 feet deep, sold in N. Y. the other day for \$700,000, which is \$277 a square foot. Where many folks are, land is high. The price of land varies, not in proportion to fertility, but in proportion to population.