

THE CHRISTIAN SUN

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"LOOKING UNTO JESUS THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH."

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The Christian Sun.

The Organ of the General Convention of the Christian Church.

CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the old and New Testaments, sufficient proof 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.

Table of Contents.

Editorial Summary.....	257
Better than Gold.—Obscure Martyrs.—Seeing Jesus in the Way.....	358
A Voice from the Church of Rome.—About Restless People.....	359
A Man.—The Physical Beauty of Christ.—The Sunday School.....	360
To the Students of Elon College.—Jewish Notes.—Guard Your Tongue.—From Pastors and Field.....	362
Editorial Notes.—Christ's Witnesses.—Compulsory Education.....	364
Wake Chapel, N. C.—Suffolk Letter.—A Few Words to the Alabama Brethren.....	365
The Children's Corner.—Right and Might.....	366
Mother.—The Diamond Duke.—Rack or Fodder.—Regularity of Habit.—Inappropriate Words.—Confess What You do not Know.....	367
Beautiful Old Age.—A Generous Offer.....	368
A Loving Mother.—Declare Truths.....	369
A Necessity.—Chance?—Did He?.....	370
God's Smiles.....	371

EDITORIAL SUMMARY.

THERE ARE 154 negro editors in the United States, 749 physicians, and 250 attorneys.

VASSAR COLLEGE IS made \$33,000 richer by a gift from Mr. John D. Rockefeller. Hope Elon College will be remembered some time.

THE DEATH OF EMMONS Blaine, son of James G. Blaine, at Chicago, called for many words of sympathy for the late Secretary of State.

IT IS SAID there is a square mile in the city of New York which contains more than 350,000 inhabitants. The mental, physical and religious destitution of that region is possibly very great.

IT LOOKS A little like Prohibition does prohibit. In the state of Kansas, in 1883, the last year before the Prohibiting law went into effect, 32,437 barrels of fermented liquors were sold; but in 1891, 10 years after the law went into effect only 2,700 barrels were sold.

THE GREAT EVENT of this week is the Democratic convention at Chicago. At this writing nothing of a definite character can be stated. Many predict that it will take but one ballot to nominate Cleveland. The agony will probably be over ere this reaches the public.

IT IS A significant fact, says an exchange, that seven out of every ten graduates at our high school commencements are girls. What does that mean? Are the boys going to turn over all the higher literary work to the girls, and are the women to constitute the educated class in America?

A MINISTER ANNOYED by tobacco chewing thus spoke to his congregation: "Take your quid of tobacco out of your mouth on entering the house of God, and gently lay it on the outer edge of the sidewalk or on the fence. It will positively be there when you go out, for a rat won't take it, a cat won't take it, a dog won't take it, neither will a hog; you are certain of your quid when you go after it. Not the filthiest vermin on earth would touch it."

A CONGO MISSIONARY relates that the ship by which he went out to Africa, says the *St. Louis Advocate*, left 1,000 cases of gin at the first port at which they touched, 500 at the second, 1,000 at the third. Two thousand five hundred cases of gin and one missionary! "And before

I could begin my work," he said—"before I could half-learn the language, that ship could be home and back again half a dozen times with its cargo of destroying spirits."

THERE IS ALWAYS more peril, says the *Morning Star*, of sudden temptation to any man just after the loftiest privileges. Jesus moved up from Jordan's banks into the company of wild beasts. The great words he had just heard were these: "This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." And, so far as we can read, the very next words he heard were these: "If thou be the Son of God." From height to depth in a moment! God's testimony—Satan's doubt. Men are often in most danger when God has just blessed them.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY has recently been made on the Island of Schell, in Egypt, of a tablet called "The Tablet of the Seven Years Famine." The Tablet, unfortunately, is not perfect, a portion which is supposed to contain the name of the Egyptian King in whose reign the famine occurred being undecipherable. It is being made the subject of careful study and it is hoped that its secrets may yet be revealed. So far, the most that can be said of it is, that it is a valuable reminiscence of an actual occurrence, of which Moses has given us an account in the Pentateuch.

MR. EDISON HAS been awarded this year's Albert Medal of the Society of Arts. The medal, says the *New York Independent*, was instituted as a memorial of the Prince Consort, for eighteen years the president of the society, and is given annually for exalted merit in promoting arts, manufactures or commerce. It was first awarded of Sir Rowland Hill. Among the distinguished men of science who have since received it have been Faraday, Whitworth, Liebig, Lesseps, Bessemer, Siemens, Armstrong, Thompson, Joule, Hofmann and Helmholtz. This is the second occasion on which it has been awarded

to an American. In 1884 it was given to Captain Eads on account of his great engineering works at the mouth of the Mississippi.

THE MAGNITUDE of the coming World's Fair appears to have impressed the Congressional Committee who have been investigating it recently with reference to its finances. They report, in substance, that 50 nations and colonies have accepted the invitation to participate in the exhibits, 26 of them to be placed in buildings erected by the countries represented; 30 of our own states and territories will erect buildings and make special exhibits. The aggregate amount to be expended will approximate \$30,000,000. The committee declare that "in its scope and magnificence this Exposition will stand alone. There is nothing like it in all history. It easily surpasses all kindred enterprise, and will amply illustrate the marvelous genius of the American people." The Sunday opening question is not yet decided. The National House has passed a resolution which will keep the United States exhibit closed on that day, and the State of New York has taken a similar action. Other states may follow these examples. Director General Davis does not intend to have the machinery run on Sunday, and proposes that the Music Hall of the Exposition, which will seat 15,000 persons, be used for religious services on that day. But even if this hall should be filled the worshippers would hardly be missed out of the 400,000 who, the directors estimate, would regularly enter the gates if opened on Sunday. The protests of our great religious bodies ought to have weight in this decision. No bar-rooms will be permitted on the grounds. Beer and light wines may be ordered at the restaurant tables, but nowhere else. The Exposition will remain open six months.

Not every soul can extend its influence right and left, but every soul can extend its progress upward. "It's a small piece of ground," said a householder of his building lot, "but I own all the way up." *Sunday School Times*.

Better Than Gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and title a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and mind at ease
And simple pleasures that always please;
A soul that another's joy can know,
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble
sphere,

Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by lusts and cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labors close,
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers
deep,

Bring sleeping draughts on the downy bed
Where luxury pillows it aching head.
The toiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And I've with the great and good of yore,
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or
sold,

And centre there are better than gold.

—Father Ryan.

Obscure Martyrs.

They have no place in storied page,
No rest in marble shrine;
They are past and gone with a perished
age,

They died and made no sign;
But work that shall find its wages yet,
And deeds that their God did not forget,
Done for their love divine—

These were their mourners, and these
shall be

The crowns of their immortality.

O seek them not where sleep the dead—
Ye shall not find their trace;
No graven stone is at their head,
No green grass hides their face;
But sad unseen is their silent grave—
It may be the sand or the deep sea wave,
Or a lonely desert place;

For they need no prayer: and no mourn-
ing bell:

They were tombed in true hearts that
know them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were
broken,

And dried sad eyes till theirs lost light;
We shall know at last by a certain token
How they fought and fell in the fight.
Salt tears of sorrow unhealed,

Passionate cries unchronicled,
And silent strife for the right—

Angels shall count them, and earth shall
sigh

That she left her best children to battle
and die.

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

Seeing Jesus in the Way.

BY REV. JAMES MAPLE, D. D.

TEXT.—“But Barnabas took him and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus.” Acts ix. 27.

The conversion of Paul to Christianity, in its nature and results, was a remarkable event. No man who

ever lived has impressed himself so deeply on the mind of man, awakened so much earnest thought, and contributed so largely to the elevation of the race as Paul.

A wonderful and decisive battle was fought out, on a certain day, by the roadside to Damascus. The proudest and haughtiest bigot on earth was riding along with bitter defiance on his crest. He fondly imagines that it is his mission to crush out the infant church of heretics, and he expects to make short work with the new imposture. His soul, like a red-hot furnace, is “breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord.”

But suddenly he meets Christ. The Saviour bursts on him in His ineffable glory. The over-powering light of His presence eclipses the meridian sun, and makes the noon-day dark. The visible light is a type of the spiritual light that dawns upon the mind of Paul. Christ is bursting in upon the proud bigot's soul. Love lays hold on hate and subdues it. Truth pours its flood of light upon error and puts it out. The old Saul of Tarsus is slain upon the spot and lies there dead; a new creature, Paul the Apostle, is born into life.

I. This was a new revelation of the character of Christ to the mind of Saul.

He saw Him as he had never seen Him before. He had known Him only as a Jew whose teachings were calculated to destroy the Jewish system of religion, but now he saw Him as the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world. (2 Cor. 5:16.)

Saul not only met the Saviour in the way, but he heard Him speak: “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?” “Who art thou Lord?” The startling thought breaks upon his mind that he is dealing with the hated Nazarene. This was startling. Who is this? Can it be this Jesus? “I am Jesus.” How these words must have confounded this cruel persecutor! They took all the pride and bitterness out of him. A moment before Saul was a great man in his own estimation. Now he is nothing. There he lies in the dust at the feet of Jesus. He saw himself in his true character, the chief of sinners.

He also saw Christ in His true character. An hour before he was an imposture, the leader of a band of moral outlaws. Now He is the Lord of glory. (2 Cor. 4:6.)

Satisfied of the fact that Christ is just what he claimed to be, the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, he immediately inquires, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” Saul was humbled in the dust, and Christ was exalted over him. He felt that he was his Lord.

Every awakened soul feels as Saul

did. The great fact that Christ was the Lord burst suddenly on his mind, and this revelation brought with it the startling conviction that he had sinned against him, and was helpless in his hands. This made him anxious to know what Christ would have him to do, so that he might escape from his sins.

It was then Saul commenced to live the true life, and for the true object of life. (Gala. 2:20)

II. Saul met Jesus when he was not looking for him.

He supposed that Christ was dead and out of the way forever, and that he was about to wipe out what there was left of his work.

Christ met Saul in the way for the express purpose of making him his friend, and saving him from ruin. This shows that he was Saul's friend, and loved him notwithstanding all his bitterness. He loved him in his sins that he might save him out of his sins. Glorious truth! This is true of every sinner.

Jesus made Saul feel that he was his friend. “Why persecutest thou me?” What injury have I ever done you? Think what I have done for you. This opened a new world to Saul. (Eph. 3:18-19)

If Jesus had not met Saul he would have gone on in sin forever. Thus it is with every soul. Jesus loved Saul too well to let him wander on to ruin unwarned of his danger.

Jesus meets every sinner in the highway of life, and speaks to him as He did to Saul by His spirit, word, and providence.

He met Matthew at the receipt of custom. Matt. 9:9.

He met Zaccheus in the highway. Luke 19:1-9.

He met Peter on the strand. John 21:1-7.

Sinner, Jesus meets you when you hear the Gospel preached, when serious thoughts are awakened in the mind, when a consciousness of sin and danger comes over the soul, when eternity seems near, and God real.

The Christian often meets Jesus in the highway of life where he did not expect Him—where he only expected to meet trouble and sorrow. He finds deliverance and joy where he was looking for sorrow.

Often when the Christian looks forward to death it seems dark and dreadful, and he trembles at its approach; but when he comes down to that hour he meets Jesus there, and the valley that seemed so dark and fearful is all glorious with the light of his presence. A few years ago, in a New England village, a little boy lay upon his death bed. Starting suddenly up, he exclaimed, “O mother, mother! I see such a beautiful country, and so many little

children who are beckoning me to them; but there are high mountains between us,—too high for me to climb. Who will carry me over?” He leaned back upon his pillow, and seemed to be in a deep thought; but once more arousing himself he said, “Mother, mother! the strong man is come to carry me over the mountains”; then fell peacefully asleep. He met Jesus there.

Christians are often greatly troubled because they don't always feel like dying. Don't worry about that, live right, and when you come to the dark valley you will meet Jesus there.

Rev. John Reese of London, when dying, was asked for his experience. He replied, “Christ in his person, Christ in the love of his heart, and Christ in the power of his arm is the rock on which I rest; and now, death strike!”

III. Christ was real to the mind of Paul.

He could not see him with the natural eye. His spiritual eyes were opened.

The question comes up in the mind of the puzzled enquirer; “How can I make Christ real? How can I see him so as to believe in him?” You have a mind to see with, to form opinions, to approve or disapprove, to love or hate.

You never saw Prince Bismarek, yet he is real to you. You believe that he is, and that he has done certain things; you believe in his genius, sagacity, and power; and you admire him.

The Gospel presents Christ just as He was on earth, and just as he is in glory. He is presented as one pure and holy, compassionate and loving; as one who died for you; as one who lives forever as your friend.

Now begin to treat Him as real. Talk to Him in honest prayer. Take hold of the first duty that comes to hand. Begin to trust Him. What He bids you do, begin to do it. When he says follow me, go. In this way he will become real to your minds.

It is a sweet inspiring thought to the Christian, that in every hour in the day we may meet Jesus in the rugged pathway of life. We can feel His kind hand lifting the heavy load. We can hear Him say, “Lo, I am with you always.”

No truth is made more real and glorious in the universe than this, “I have seen Jesus in the way, and he has told me I am his.”

Did you ever feel the joy of winning a soul for Christ? I tell you there is no joy out of heaven which excels it—the grasp of the hand of one who says: “By your means I was turned from darkness.”—C. H. Spurgeon.

A Voice From the Church of Rome.

We came from the sods of old Ireland,
Seeking shelter and rest and a home;
For this, you well know was denied us,
In that land shadowed o'er by a throne.
An abundance you gave us, when famine,
Like a gaunt wolf, stalked into the door;
You gave bread to our wives and our
children,

And we came here to ask you for more.
We have asked and you did not deny us
A shelter while we, to repay
Your kindness, built up our religion,
To undermine yours, day by day.
Our pope, and our cardinals, and bishops,
Our laymen and priests, every one
Have told us there's no true religion
Save that of the Virgin and Son.

We have asked, and in places 'twas
granted,
To expel from our free public schools
The Bible; for surely its teachings
Make heretics, sinners and fools.
And we think it our due that the orders,
Both secret, and social, and all,
Should be sunk in the sea of oblivion,
Nor rise at the trumpet's last call.

We would seek to root out disbelievers,
We would torture, and burn, and de-
stroy,

As in days of the old inquisition,
We'd have no one around to annoy.
We would burn down your places of wor-
ship,

We'd ruin and pillage each home
Where an unmade dare breathe in re-
bellion
'Gainst the church that was founded in
Rome.

Now we ask, and surely 'tis little—
Our wishes are modest, I hope;
That you'd let the great seat of the nation
Be soon occupied by the pope.
He is wise, far beyond your conception,
'Tho' our gain may, perhaps, be your
loss;
He is filled with the spirit and wisdom
Of the Saviour, who died on the cross.

And he'll govern this country and people—
At least, that's a part of his plan
For he fears that he soon must be moving
Away from the great Vatican.
And he fancies the Capitol building,
With its arches, and pillars, and dome,
Can, with little expense, be remodeled
To make him a comfortable home.

Then we'd ask that the shamrock of
Ireland
May be trained with the greatest of care
On the grave of the American eagle—
You'll agree with me this is but fair,
And your great flag, the bright, starry
emblem

You worship to-day with such zest,
We'll replace with another, which shall be
Whatever our great pope thinks best.

Now, these are a few modest wishes,
Which we trust that you will not deny;
For should you not willingly grant them,
We'll take them by force by and by.
For we do not intend to be thwarted
In the plans we have laid with such
care;
And to those who might wish to oppose
us,

We would say just this one word—
"Beware!"

—Abbie H. Richards.

About Restless People.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

When the last national census was taken, it would have been an interesting question to have asked just how many people were *where* they wanted to be. I fear that the really contented souls would have been a very small minority. Contentment with one's spiritual condition is quite too common; and of such low grade Christians there is not much hope of improvement. But those who are really contented with their present or, present place of residence, pres-

ent circumstances or fields of labor, are not in the majority. Take, for example, the ministers of the Gospel and see how many will say: "Well, my place of labor has *peculiar* difficulties; it is a hard field, and I have a great deal to encounter, and if I could get a first-rate call to some better place I would be off in a minute." Very probably you would. But, my good brother, if you will discover any parish on this round globe that has not some "peculiar difficulties" to encounter, then you will have found a people so perfect that they will not need any preaching. Mary Lyon's noble advice to her pupils at Mount Holyoke Seminary was: "When you choose your field of labor for Christ, go where nobody else is willing to go." Heaven is the only place I know of where there is no hard work or no difficulties.

My first parish was a very discouraging one, and I was just threatening to play Jonah and leave it when the Lord poured out his Spirit on the little flock and we had a revival that taught me more than six months did in a theological seminary. Many years afterward I was sorely harassed with doubt whether I should remain in a certain pulpit or go to a very inviting one nearly a thousand miles away. I opened Richard Cecil's "Remains"—a volume of most valuable thought—and my eyes fell on these pithy words: "Taking new steps in life are very serious dangers, especially if there be in our motives any mixture of selfish ambition. 'Wherefore gaddest thou about to change thy way?'" I turned up that text in the book of Jeremiah; it decided me not to gad about or change my field of labor, and I have thanked God for a decision that resulted in my happy thirty years' pastorate in Brooklyn. There are unquestionably times and circumstances in which a minister or any Christian worker should change his place of labor; but never under the promptings of a restless, disoriented or self-seeking spirit.

The changes which we make in life from the motive of self-indulgence, or of sheer restlessness are seldom changes for the better. A weary bedridden sufferer begs to be moved into another room; but he carries his aches and pains with him. At this season of the year many people, to escape the troubles and taxes of the city, are fleeing away into the country which they picture to themselves as a paradise. But when they have been blockaded by snow and mud and have been deprived of their many religious and social privileges, they often get homesick for the town again. New troubles are to be encountered in the new place. In a hundred ways it is proved that happi-

ness in this world does not depend on locality; it is not *where* we are, but *what* we are that determines our happiness. Therefore it is not a change of place or a change of circumstances that we need most; it is a change of *heart*. Our life "consisteth not in the abundance of the things which a man possesseth." Internals are more than externals. Some of the brightest Christians that I know manage to be very happy in a small house and on a very small income. Would that those ambitious worldlings who are all the time coveting and grasping and pulling down to build greater might learn that they never can satisfy their inmost souls by any such process? Money, style, luxury, fine equipage or high office never can satisfy any immortal soul that starves itself out of Jesus Christ! God never created a soul to be fed on *husks*.

It is not only the men of this world who are guilty of discontented restlessness. This unhappy spirit too often disturbs and dishonors those who profess and call themselves Christians. There is many a Christian who adopts the language of the ancient Psalmist: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest!" King David was in genuine trouble when he longed for the wings of the turtle-dove. His throne was in peril, and a host of his subjects were in insurrection under his scoundrel son Absalom. The post of duty with him was the post of danger. If he had deserted it in ignominious flight his troubles would have flown with him; and new ones would have met him. That was really a very weak and cowardly prayer. He might better have asked for divine strength to stand firm as a rock against the storm. It is usually a display of moral cowardice when we run from a hard place to an easy one or from a dangerous post to a snugly sheltered one. The Luthers, the Lincolns and the Livingstones were not made of such pulp. And in humbler stations, it is true that most lives which turn out a failure do it from the simple lack of moral courage.

There are thousands who ought to know better who yet repeat David's piteous cry when they are brought under heavy pressure. When the rod of divine chastisement makes them smart, or a load of worries is chaffing them, they long for the dove-wings to carry them away; they hardly know where, so that it be out of the reach of the rod or the worry. Selfishness or unbelief whisper, *Run!* God's voice says, *Stand still*, and I will be with thee. Sometimes a swarm of cares light on us like stinging insects. Disappointments and mishaps befall us. As if these were not enough, we borrow fresh troubles

from the morrow, and anticipate still worse things to come. Under this sharp strain, both faith and fortitude often give way, and we cry out in a sort of desperate discontent: "Oh, for wings to fly away and be at rest!" This is very natural, and yet it is very disgraceful to our religion. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." "Whom I love, I chasten."

"Count it all joy when ye fall into divers trials, knowing that the trial of your faith worketh patience." These are God's messages to us, and if we know what is for our own good we will heed them.

Perhaps the reader of this article may be now passing through some sharp ordeal. You are tempted to run away from school because your heavenly Father is giving you some hard lessons to learn. Perhaps you are in the "fining pot" of trial, and the furnace burns very hot. Remember that gravel stones are never put into crucibles, but gold and silver are; and, if you are allowed to have your own way, the dross and "slag" will not be purged out of your Christian character. "Hold still," says the surgeon to the wounded soldier; "when the bullet is out, you will feel better." God may be using his lancet on you. Running away might bring temporary relief—but not permanent cure. Keep still till God has got through with his faithful, loving surgery; for it is not the escape from discipline, or the rebellion against it, that makes a Christian strong. God is doing just right; and "the effect of righteousness shall be quietness and confidence forever."

Oh, that every restless spirit would learn that losses are often gains, and hindrances are often helps; that many a humiliation is intended to exalt, and many a cross is indispensable to the winning of the crown. We are often advanced by being hedged in, or turned back from the way of our own choosing. "When I am weak then am I strong," said the grand old man who never asked for an easy berth. So let us all be done with praying for doves' wings, and pray for grace to stand bravely at our posts, and to submit quietly to God's orderings. It will be time enough for the flight of the dove when the toil and the battle are over, and the door of our Father's house stands open to give us an eternal rest.—N. Y. *Independent*

The happiness of walking with God daily is very great. It is blessed to breathe after God, to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and to long for the communication of His Spirit. It is blessed to feel, with the Psalmist, that the soul thirsteth for God, thrice blessed to cry out, "As hart panteth after the water-lou, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"—2^{er}. *George B. Cheever*.

A Man.

Doubtless there are few people in the world who have fully realized of what a *true man* consists. Especially is this the case with the *young men* of our country. Every age has its peculiar duties and privileges, pleasures and pains. In youth we trust ourselves too much; in old age, too little.

In old age we can realize more fully the mistakes of our youth. Surely childhood is a season of dreams and resolutions; manhood, of plans and actions; old age, of retrospection and regret. Certainly there is no period in life so potential for good or evil as that of early manhood. To be a *man*, should be the prime object in the life of every youth. So few are possessed of that grand and noble principle so essential in the life of every man. With much propriety have the young men been termed the flower of a country. Then how essential that we should be what we seem to be. True manhood consists in a thorough cultivation of those germs—those God-given principles—implanted in our very nature, which alone, by a careful training, can make us what we should be in this life. The youth as he approaches manhood, finds himself standing at the open gate of an active life. There he catches the first glimpse of the possibilities in store for him. There he first perceives the duties and responsibilities that must shortly devolve upon him.

Thus realizing to a certain extent what there is in the future, what grander, higher or nobler aim could he propose to himself than to act his part in life as becometh a man living not only for time but for eternity. Great responsibilities rest upon the life of every man which he cannot shake off if he would.

The various departments of business and trust, the pulpit and the bar, our courts of justice and halls of legislation, our civil, religious and literary institutions, all, in short, that constitute society and go to make life useful and pleasant, must ere long pass into the hands and under the control of the young men of our country. Every young man should, as he steps forth upon the battle field of life, full determine to do all the good he can; to live not for himself alone, but for society, for mankind, and for the God who gave him existence. He should bear in mind that he is only a responsible member of the great family of man. There should be in the life of every young man an uprising of lofty sentiments which will contribute to his elevation, and tho there be obstacles to be surmounted and difficulties to be overcome, yet with trust for his watchword, and trusting in Him from

whom all help must come, He may crown his brow with imperishable honors.

Beautiful lives sometimes blossom in the darkest places, as pure white lillies, full of fragrance, bloom on the foul stagnant waters. We can possess nothing in this life so productive of real influence as highly cultivated intellect.

Then how essential that while training the mind, we should train the heart—show by our daily walk what we are, and lead a life after which the world might do well to pattern. A true man is as an exhaustless fountain in a vast desert—a glorious sun, shining ever, dispelling every vestige of darkness. Love animates his heart. Sympathy breathes in every tone. Tears of pity—the dew-drops of the soul—gather in his eye and flow down his cheek. The influence of a good man is known and felt abroad. Beneath his smile lurks no degrading passion, within his heart there slumbers no guile.

Tho he may never wear the warrior's crimson wreath, the poet's chaplet of bays, or the statesman's laurels; tho no grand universal truth may at his bidding stand confessed to the world; tho it may never be to his earthly honor to bring to a successful issue any great political revolution; to be the founder of a republic which shall be a distinguished star in the constellation of nations; still more, tho his name may never be heard beyond the narrow limits of his own neighborhood, yet is his mission none the less a high and noble one. Be a MAN.

S. M. SMITH.

Auburn, N. C., June 14, 1892.

"The Physical Beauty of Christ."

A gentleman writes us from Wadesboro relative to Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermon in which he says that "When the Bible would set forth the attractiveness of Jesus Christ it says 'His hair was white as snow.'" Our correspondent asks where is this stated in the Bible directly or by inference? He says:

"If it is so, the artists and sculptors have made a grand mistake in their representations of the *Christ*. He was crucified at the age of 33 years—and his hair as white as snow would be the greatest miracle of all. Please make the 'physical beauty of Christ' the subject of your next Sunday reading."

We wish we could do as requested with satisfaction to our correspondent as well as to ourselves. The passage used by Dr. Talmage is found in Revelation i, 14. By turning to it and reading the connection it will be seen that it is a highly figurative description of the Son of Man as he appeared to John in the Apocalyptic vision on Patmos. It is

not a literal description. There is not much in the entire Bible that can be tortured into a description of the Lord Jesus. The *silence* of the Scriptures as to the personal appearance of our Savior is not to be overlooked, but is most significant.

How easy it would have been for Peter or John to have given the world a truly life-like pen-portrait of the Son of God. They could in a few words or verses have presented Him so that any one could have known how He looked when tabernacling in the flesh. The color of the hair, whether worn long or short, whether parted in the middle or on the side—the color and expression of his eyes; his eye-lashes, whether straight or arched; his chin, his nose, his skin—whether pale or of healthy pink; his form, his voice—everything could have been set forth under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit in such exact and graphic language that for all time men should have known how the Messiah appeared to the children of men during his brief life upon earth. But the Holy Scriptures are profoundly *silent*. Only such passages as "a root out of dry ground," and "without form or comeliness," believed to refer to Jesus Christ, are to be found, with that other very striking phrase "altogether lovely," are all that can be forced into any response as to how the Savior appeared in his human life. Why this silence? Probably the omission was purposed because of the proneness of man to superstition and idolatry. It is a spiritual worship—that of the heart only and not of the eye—which God demands. But this is for the theologians.

The painters have presented us their ideal Christ—the creation of genius and the efflorescence of imagination in the service of art. The commentators and biographers of Christ in latter times among inspired men have given their opinion of how Christ looked—that he was of supremely beauty and perfection, but we opine they know but little more than any of us know who have carefully read the Word of God with diligence. We had looked long ago to see what the Fathers taught, but we gleaned nothing worth remembering from any of the patristic writings—Justin Martyr, Origen, Chrysostom and others. Bishop Ellicott, of the English Established church, thinks the declaration of Holy Scriptures that Christ was "in favor with God and men" gave a touch that "completed the divine picture," and was "perchance designed to hint to us that the outward form corresponded to the inner development, that the fullness of heavenly wisdom dwelt in a shrine of *outward* perfection and beauty." Some of the authors of lives of Christ,

like Archdeacon Farrar, are quite fanciful in their description of the Savior, but they are not to be trusted there for they know really nothing as to the aspect of the Son of God. We might quote them, but they would deceive. We simply know nothing. Where the Scriptures are profoundly silent man should not presume to add to the picture, and draw upon the imagination for a portrait that has no existence on earth. One who was so perfect, so noble, so upright, so full of love, so full of pity and sympathy, with such a great heart, in whom were all perfection and grace and humility, and who so drew men to him as by a most potent magnet, may have had all this enshrined in a form of matchless beauty and grace and perfection. We would suppose that to have been the fact.

Archbishop Trench, in his poem, "Gertrude of Saxony," thus introduces the Savior as One.

Whose countenance with marvelous beauty shone,
More than the sons of men divinely fair,
And all whose presence did the likeness wear
Of angel more than men."
Wilmington Messenger.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—The Messiah's Reign.

PSALMS 72:1-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.—All kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall worship him. Ps. 72:11.

TYPICAL ANALYSIS.

1. The Messiah's Blessed Reign (vs. 1-7)
2. The Universality of His Reign. (vs. 8-11)
3. Blessings for the Needy and Praise from them. (vs. 12-17.)
4. The Benediction. (vs. 18-19.)

INTRODUCTORY.

It is now in the year 1015 B. C. David is about 70 years old. His eventful and prosperous reign over Canaan is nearing its end. Soon he will pass into the spirit world and his body be gathered unto his fathers. Anticipating this last scene of his life and knowing it to be the will of God that his son Solomon should reign in his stead, with feelings of emotion and love filling his fatherly heart, he bows his head in simple humble prayer, and pours out his soul to the great Creator in behalf of his son.

Solomon's reign was to be a type of Christ's reign. It was to be seasoned with wisdom and righteousness, and was to have its influence far and wide. Solomon was the grand son of Jesse; so was Christ in direct lineage with him. Solomon's reign was a reign of peace; hence, a very fitting type of Christ's reign. He was the forerunner of Christ in a certain sense. By him the great Masonic Order which now embraces all Christian countries was instituted, and

through, the medium of this institution was the name of God and his revelations preserved through all the dark ages of the world. So we see Solomon was very closely connected with the Messianic reign.

THE LESSON PROPER.

I. *The Messiah's Blessed Reign.*

1. Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness into the king's son.

The "king" means Solomon. David desired his son and successor to have the help and instructions of an infinite God to help him in his administration of the government. The "king's son" evidently refers to Christ. He desired Christ to be like unto God in perfection as he saw that only a perfect being could save the world from its fallen condition.

2. He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

"He" refers to Christ. We have a record of Christ's judgments. He rebuked the hypocrite, told the adulteress to go and sin no more, expounded the truths of spiritual birth and growth in His grand discourse on the mount, and raised the poor woman's son from the dead.

3. The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

Canaan is a hilly country, and some parts difficult of cultivation. Yet by righteousness of the people the earth, even the barren places, would readily respond to their desire. This language is figurative, simply designating the truthfulness of the doctrine set forth in Deut. 27.

4. He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

There has always been, and will always be an antagonism existing between the rich and the poor. The rich are inclined to be over-bearing and oppressive, simply because they are able to be. The human being likes to lord it over his fellows if he can, it is part of his nature. Christ comes to us representing a being both poor and powerful, meek and unpretending, but wielding an authority which they could not withstand.

5. They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

The reign of Christ is to be everlasting. Never again in the history of the world will the name of God be forgotten nor His kingdom subdued. But His people shall ever revere His name.

6. He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.

We all know the effect of rain upon the earth. They refresh the tender plants and render the air cool and pleasant. Christ received the morals of the world and gave people a purer spiritual atmosphere to breathe.

7. In his days shall the righteous flourish: and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

It seems that we are fast drifting into this time. The nineteenth century is marked by fewer wars than any previous century since the time of Christ. People now desire peace, and those who are righteous never have cause to regret their adoption of God's laws into their life.

II. *The universality of His reign*

8. He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

The kingdom of Christ has not yet attained its size. Only about 1-14 of the people of the world have yet been brought into its boundaries. But still the work is slowly progressing and the armies of Satan are being discomfited on every hand.

9. They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

All nations have heard of Christ, but not all have received him. Not all have bowed to Him, but that time will come by and by. His enemies shall be destroyed and that without remedy. They shall lick the dust in death.

10. The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents; the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

The wise men came when Christ was an infant and offered presents to him. The shepherds bowed before the manger and worshipped.

11. Yea, all kings shall fall down before him, all nations shall serve him.

This prophecy has been fulfilled in part. Time in its ceaseless course will yet bring the world to a knowledge of God, and the Chinese, Japanese and other heathen kings will learn to bow down only to the true God.

III. *Blessings for the needy and praise from them.*

12. For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

Christ's labors were confined mostly to the poorer classes. He was himself poor and had no place to lay his head. Homeless, hungry, faint, and without money, he knew how to sympathize with those in similar circumstances.

13. He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

It is strange but true that in all great reforms of the world the poor people have been the ones that have effected them. In accepting Christ the poor and needy hid up for themselves the treasure which heaven alone can bestow. They were not enumerated by the things of this world; hence, it was much easier for them to accept Christ than it was for the rich.

14. He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

The poor have a hard time on

earth. They are looked upon more or less with contempt by their rich brethren, but their blood is precious in the sight of Christ, and their crown in heaven will only be brighter for their evil time here.

15. And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba; prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

We suppose the prayer made for him refers to the prayers of the angels in heaven. Christ, while on earth he was ministered unto by angels, and probably the prayer mentioned was made by the angels to the Father for him.

16. There shall be a handful of corn in the earth on top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon; and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

This no doubt is figurative, referring to the kingdom of Christ in the beginning and its rapid growth. Similar figures may be found in the parables of the mustard seed, the leaven, the talents, etc.

17. His name shall endure forever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed.

This means an everlasting kingdom. A kingdom to which there is no end. It may pass away from earth, when the earth is destroyed, but it will be transferred to Heaven without any intermission. The saints shall be gathered up to meet the Lord in the clouds.

IV. *The benediction.*

18. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel who only doeth wondrous things.

Notice the emphasis on "God of Israel," and "wondrous things." The things which God does are all wondrous to the people of the earth. They cannot understand His mysteries.

19. And blessed be his glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.

The Psalmist's heart leaps up here with love and emotion as he closes his prayer in behalf of the beloved son and the coming Saviour. Fathers would do well to follow the example of the old patriarch when about to throw their mantle upon their sons. There is nothing more effective than prayer.

HERBERT SCHOLZ.

Sunday School Work.

Since my last letter to the Sun I have been unable to do but little work. Sunday, May 15th, I was at Crittenden's and Oakland which I reported in my last letter. My horse was taken sick the following week and was not fit to drive for nearly four weeks, and it has put me to quite an inconvenience. Sunday, May 22nd was very rainy and I did not attend any school.

Sunday, May 29, I was with Cypress Chapel school in the morning

and found a good audience to which Bro. H. H. Butler, the pastor delivered a very fine and effective sermon. The school is medium well attended, but there is room for a better attendance. I was with the Franklin Grove school in the evening and made a short talk to a house full of people. The roll of the school was called and every officer and teacher answered present and only about four or five of the pupils were absent, and the school is moving on finely. It is at this school the convention banner hangs showing that this is the banner school of the convention and even if it does not get the banner at the next convention, it deserves a great deal of credit. I was unable to spend any time in the neighborhood as I was on a hired conveyance at three dollars per day.

Sunday, June 5th, I was at Holy Neck church where the day was spent very pleasantly. I borrowed a horse and drove about twenty miles to reach the church and was caught in two showers but got there dry, and though the weather was threatening yet there was a good crowd out. I talked to the school a while in the morning after which I listened to a very fine sermon by Prof. Atkinson. After the sermon we enjoyed a good dinner at the church and an hour was spent very pleasantly. This hour being spent, the missionary society was called to order and a very nice program consisting of an essay, address, singing, etc., had been arranged which was very nicely carried out, and was enjoyed by all present.

After going through with the program, it fell to my lot to talk a short while to the children, and then they favored me with a song which was very nice indeed. I spent Sunday night at the house of Sister Jones near the church where there were a number of young ladies and gentlemen who had just returned from Elton, and altogether the day was spent very pleasantly. I had a borrowed horse and did not visit around any in the neighborhood.

Sunday, June 12, I was at Union, Southampton, in the morning, where I found a good and attentive audience. Bro. J. W. Barrett was present but did not preach. I occupied a portion or possibly all of his time in talking to the school, which I find in a fair condition, though like the most of our schools there is a great lack of interest on the part of the church members. I was at Bethany in the evening and while the audience was not a very large one, yet it was a very attentive one. This was also Bro. Barrett's appointment but he gave his time to me. I used it as best I could in trying to impress some facts upon the minds of the people in regard to the Sunday school work. The school

is in a fair condition and the singing is good. Several schools that I have visited recently are not supplied with libraries, and money matters being so tight right now I fear we will have some trouble in getting them supplied before the convention meets.

I am about four weeks behind in my work, and expect two or three schools will be missed after all.

We hope all the schools are bearing in mind the convention which meets in Berkley. I would be glad if every school could be represented and hope they will be.

D. J. BOWDEN.

Berkley, Va., June 16, 1892.

To the Sunday Schools of the Eastern Va. Christian S. S. Convention.

The twenty-third annual session of this body will convene with the church at Berkley on Wednesday before the 4th Sunday in July. Sunday schools will please take notice and be ready for the occasion.

I trust the superintendents will not neglect the missionary collection on the 1st Sunday in July—the last collection for the convention year. According to the instruction of the committee in charge of the S. S. missionary work, the schools have been kept advised in reference to the matter. Since some superintendents were not at the convention and do not read the minutes or the *SUN*, private letters have been written to all fully explaining the plan and proposes of the convention and urging the importance of the work. They have also been reminded each quarter of the time for giving out and taking in the barrels, until it is hoped all understood without further instruction. I also hope each superintendent will see that his school is represented. Elect delegates who will go, and elect them in time to prepare themselves for the work of the convention. Superintendents are members of the convention by virtue of their office and should attend anyway.

The session will continue only two days. The same, or more, work must be done in a shorter time. This means that most of the work must be done before the convention meets. All new plans, resolutions, etc., should be matured in the minds of the members before that time. The work of a convention cannot be done after it assembles.

Blank postals have been sent to a number of the brethren for their choice of subjects. Speakers will have their own subjects, so far as practical, and sufficient time that they may be without excuse. Two questions will come before the convention which need special consideration. Sabbath school literature and the Sunday school missionary work.

I trust that each member of the convention will give these subjects the most careful and studious consideration, that we may be enabled to act wisely and consistently.

N. G. NEWMAN.
Cor. Sec.

To the Students of Elon College.

As I will not be directly connected with the college next year I thought that perhaps a few words to you would not be out of place. I write you through the *SUN* so as to avoid the trouble of writing so many letters.

To say that the two years that I have spent with you at Elon have been the most pleasant of my life, but poorly expresses what that association has been. I feel that daily contact with such a courteous, energetic, noble-hearted body of young men and young women has been a blessing to me in many ways. Your social, intellectual and moral attainments have placed the college upon a plane of excellence that I trust years may never lower.

I feel sure that the prospects for next year's work at Elon are brighter than ever before. With her present establishment, her better equipment, her matron, and her strong and increased Faculty, under God's favor, success must be ours. We ought to have at least 150 students, in regular attendance next year. Let every old student come back and bring one friend with him. You can do more in this way than the Faculty or any one else.

Prof. S. J. Durham, who will have charge of my department while I am away, is a scholarly Christian gentleman, thoroughly qualified in every respect to fill the position with credit. I commend Prof. Durham to you and to all the friends of the institution, feeling confident that he will meet with a cordial and hearty reception. He is an enthusiastic worker, and will soon take the field in the canvass for new students. I trust that when I return to Elon, I may find our work progressing nicely, and increased interest in every department.

It is with feelings of deepest regret that a break is to occur in my work at Elon. While a year is but a short time, yet, many of the students to whom I have become so much attached will meet me in the school-room no more. I feel a deep interest in every student who has labored with me at Elon, and to know that success attends your efforts will be a realization of my most earnest prayers. Though absent from you, in person, next year, my thoughts will often revert to old Elon; and to know that everything is bright, cheerful and prosperous there will be a strong help to me in my work at Harvard. If at any time I can be of assistance

to any of you, write me, and I shall be glad to do what I can. With best wishes for you all, I am

Cordially your friend,
E. L. MOEFFITT.
Asheboro, N. C.

Jewish Notes.

Mr. Stephan Vollert, a Jewish missionary stationed at Czernowitz, has recently paid a visit of four weeks to Hamburg to mission and distribute Scriptures to the Jewish emigrants. His report bears out what we have previously remarked—the wonderful opportunity that this emigration of the Jews offers to the church of Christ to reach them with the Gospel—an opportunity consisting not only in their accessibility, but in their comparative readiness to listen to the truth. Mr. Vollert says: 'My task in Hamburg was to spread the Gospel among the wanderers. The most of them accepted it willingly, ejected from the narrow limits of their fanatical surroundings at home, they felt themselves in an atmosphere of freedom, here was no Rabbi who could set his own ban upon the reading of the New Testament, and to many it was a long desired opportunity of obtaining the Christian book. The whole day long I went with the Jews through the city, with some here, with others there, helping them in their need, comforting them and pointing them to Him who alone could set them free from sin.'

From the same port and in the same strain writes Pastor Bachert, who says that the aggregate number of Jewish emigrants leaving Hamburg every day may be estimated at 250. Picturing the crowded lower decks of the emigrant steamers, he says: 'Who can describe the scene? Amidst sobs and tears of Jewish women, were men, young and old, standing listening with eager attention, not offering one word of opposition, nor one interruption, during all the time the life-giving message was being delivered; but a clamoring for tracts and New Testaments as soon as the speaker had finished. The moment these poor people received them, they left the crowd, and standing somewhere in a corner, eagerly read them, whilst the women who could not read, gathered round the men, asking them to read aloud. O, what a hunger and a thirst for the Word of salvation!'—*Hebrew Christian*.

Guard Your Tongue.

How many of us stop to think what an influence for good or evil our conversation has upon our companions and those whom we come in contact with. How often we cause a heartache by some foolish remark we make in an idle moment, never

thinking of it afterwards, but it may make some one feel sad long after we have forgotten it.

We should guard our tongues that we may utter no word to injure any one, or to make them sad instead of glad, it is best left unsaid. We should remember that 'words are adders when hearts are stung.' We should not always listen to the faults and short comings of our neighbors. I think it would be a much better occupation if we have nothing else to do, to watch for the virtues and not for the faults that our neighbors possess. How much better and happier would be our lives, and how much happier could we make those around us if we would look every day for an opportunity and use that opportunity to speak a cheering word to some one who is ready to despair, a kind word would lighten their burden and banish the clouds from their horizon. How easy the task, how great the reward!

Kind words never die. Neither are they lost, for they are like bread cast upon the water. A kind word spoken to an erring one may stop his downward course, and cause him to repent ere it be too late. How beautiful to see young people treat old people with reverence and speak to them only in the kindest tones. I imagine of all wounds that could afflict an old person's heart would be harsh words from unloving lips.

How sinful it is in us to throw out words without thinking seriously of where they may fall or what may be repented from them in the hereafter.

ANNIE THOMAS.

Jonestown, N. C.

FROM PASTORS AND FIELD.

Holland Items.

We have sad news to send from Holland—sad to many even outside the grief-stricken family. The death angel has visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Lake and taken little Ike, a sweet and unusually bright and cheery little boy of nineteen months. And now one little new-made grave (the first) is to be seen just in the rear of the church. It marks the resting place of one too pure and lovely for earth. His dear little body serenely sleeps there to await the trump of eternity, but his beautiful, shining spirit is with the angels sparkling in the radiance of heaven. Jesus said 'suffer little children to come unto me.' God has taken his own to the higher and purer joys, forever to be free from sin or temptation. The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. Little Ike had a sweet little world for all he knew, that passed, or entered his home, and all

were drawn to him in tenderest love Like the beautiful and fragrant rose bud, he is only plucked by the ruthless hand of death to be placed in the more genial clime of heaven to bloom and flourish in perennial beauty. And whilst we visit the little grave and are reminded of the one once so precious to all our hearts, we are pointed to immortal life above and are assured that we have a little jewel treasure there where we shall fix our hearts and hopes. May God sanctify the affliction to the good of us all. A very able, edifying and comforting sermon was delivered by Bro. Staley on the occasion, in the church.

Rev. H. H. Butler of Suffolk preached for us at Holland last 2nd Sunday evening. All enjoyed it very much, it was as usual, good, full of zeal and the Holy Ghost. Good seed were no doubt sown, and found lodgment in honest hearts. The congregation very much desire Bro. Butler to visit us at Holland every 2nd Sunday evening at 4 o'clock, and will most probably make arrangements to that end.

There will be a concert at Holland church the 1st day of July, for the benefit of the church and choir

R. H. H. LAND.

BRO. CLEMENTS:—The Ministers and Laymen's Council Meeting of the Deep River Conference was held with the church at Pleasant Grove, Randolph county, N. C., May 28th and 29th, 1892.

Rev. H. T. Moffitt presided over the meeting. Rev. W. B. Richardson conducted the religious services. The introductory address, according to previous appointment, was delivered by Rev. H. T. Moffitt, from Exodus 20:9. The subject was that of work. It was delivered with much earnestness, and marked attention was given.

The ministers present were W. M. Craven, W. W. Hayworth, W. B. Richardson, H. T. Moffitt, E. H. Jarrell, J. A. Webster and H. A. Albright.

Only four churches, Pleasant Grove, Patterson's Grove, Antioch, and Spoon's Chapel, were represented by delegations.

The program was taken up in order, and each topic received careful attention. Those present entered heartily into the work, they had the harness on and much interest and enthusiasm were manifested by all the speakers.

There was beautiful singing conducted by our good and live Christian brother, L. E. Brady. At the conclusion of the discussion on missionary work, the little girls rendered sweet music in the tune, "We are little Travelers."

Bro. Brady wished to show by

these little girls how the missionary work can be advanced by training the young. Bro. Clements, it would do you good to hear the sweet, innocent voices of these children trained by Bro. Brady to sing the good songs of Zion. I think the hearts of all present were touched and made better by listening to these dear children. May our brother be spared long to do his chosen work, labor with the children, teach them to sing the beautiful songs, teach them in the Sabbath school the saving truths of the Gospel of Christ.

Rev. M. L. Hurley was present, and by invitation entered heartily into the spirit and interest of the meeting. His long ride from Elon College, and the very feeble state of his health rendered him unable to talk very much. Everybody was proud and glad to see our dear brother in the flesh again, but truly sorry to find him so feeble and broken down in health. He hoped to be able on the Sabbath to give us a talk on "the bright prospects of the Christian church," our denomination at the present, and to preach a sermon for us.

We were all lifted up with the rich treat we expected from Bro. Hurley on the coming Sabbath. But how sad was the disappointment, when the Sabbath came and Bro. Hurley was still more feeble and unwell, so that he could not enter into the contemplated work. May the good Lord speedily restore our dear brother to health and soundness.

Rev. J. W. Patton made his appearance on Sunday, and preached an excellent and instructive sermon which received the undivided attention of the entire congregation.

Rev. W. B. Richardson preached in the afternoon a good and practical sermon, which received also the marked attention of the congregation.

This meeting was a success. Unity and warm feelings seemed to be enjoyed, and the cause much built up and new zeal excited. Those who were absent missed a treat.

H. A. ALBRIGHT, Sec.
Moffitts Mills N. C., June 11, 1892.

Nineteen Days in Vermont.

On the afternoon of May 8th Rev. C. L. Jackson arrived in West Randolph, and at night began a union revival meeting with the Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalist, and Christians all united, not only in name, but in spirit, for a great effort for the upbuilding of the Lord's kingdom. The meeting had been well prepared for, and union spirit was one of the great features of the work. Prejudice against any church or people was disarmed at once.

There was not the least friction

in any way; certainly no other four pastors nor people of as many churches ever worked more harmoniously and satisfactorily together. The meetings the first week were held in the Christian church, and afterwards in each of the other churches, though avoiding all rotation possible. Cards were used and signed, not only expressing desire to live a Christian life, but actually committing the signer to that life, and about one hundred cards were signed, also designating church preference, and these cards were passed at once to their respective pastors. The work among the church people was very remarkable, and the good that will come to our churches aside from any converts, is inestimable. The converts were from a class of middle-aged and older people who will add great strength to our work. Many of them are heads of families.

One of the most touching scenes of the meetings was the return of an old gray-haired father to his first love, who then immediately sought out his erring son, and soon saw him (also a father) coming to the altar and finding Christ.

Bro. Jackson's preaching was powerful and searching, and he himself was thoroughly intoxicated with the Word of God.

Tho there was much rain and mud, yet Bro. Jackson preached nineteen sermons, with an average attendance of over four hundred. Newly or quite seven hundred were in attendance on Sunday night and the last three nights of the meetings. There were ninety in the class the night the meetings closed.

The other pastors freely acknowledged the power of our brother to present the Word and persuade men to enter the way of life. We also recognize in Sister Jackson, who was present the last week, and preached on Thursday night, a worker that needeth not to be ashamed, but unto whom God has given a great talent. The workers go from us with many prayers following them, and many a "God bless you" echoing in their hearts. The revival closed on Friday night, May 27th, after instructions to the class by the staid old pastor of the Congregational church, taking leave of Bro. Jackson on behalf of these churches and pastors; then, with his arm around Bro. Jackson, in the presence of seven hundred people, commending him to the grace of God and all the churches. We feel that a glorious and permanent work has been done for God. Brethren of the Christian churches, you would do well in calling Bro. Jackson to your assistance to work up a union meeting, and depend upon it our brother's work will be satisfactory and will tell for the salvation of souls.

G. W. MORROW.

Elon Vacation Notes.

Everything is moving on nicely. We are enjoying the quietude and

summer pleasures, notwithstanding the extremely warm weather.

Our Sunday School is still interesting and improving. Mr. W. P. Lawrence, our worthy Supt. has left us for the summer, we regretted very much to have him leave us; but we look forward to the time when we shall have him with us again. Mr. Lawrence, as many of us know, is a pious and noble young man and a diligent S. S. worker. He has gone to Cedar Falls to teach and will not return until Sept.

Mrs. C. E. Hawthorne who has been here several months returned to her home in Mooresville, Saturday morning.

Mrs. W. W. Staley and children who have been spending some weeks with Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Staley's mother, left for their home in Franklinton, Saturday morning.

Our friends and former student, Miss Ava Clendenin, from Graham, paid us a visit last week. We hope she will come often.

Miss Mary Mitchell of South Boston, Va., is in town visiting her sister Mrs. S. L. Adams.

Mrs. J. T. Gray from Lenoir is here on a visit to her sister Mrs. Dr. Long and other relatives.

Mr. G. Bradshaw of Trinity College spent part of last week here with Mr. Samuel L. Adams, family.

Mr. Young who was very suddenly called home on the account of his mother's serious illness returned Friday night.

Mrs. Dr. Long has been quite sick but convalescent now, and we trust will soon recover entirely.

Dr. Newman has been slightly ill, but is well again.

The students will doubtless be pained to hear of the bereavement of our schoolmate Mr. Frank Brown of High Point, whose father was instantly killed by the North bound freight train last Saturday. We deeply sympathize with our friend in this his sad bereavement.

LILLIE STROWD.

DEAR BRO. CLEMENTS:—The district meeting for the third district was held with the church at Antioch, Chatlham Co., N. C., May 27, 28 and 29.

Ministers present—Revs. J. W. Hatch, J. D. Wicker, and G. R. Underwood.

Absent—Revs. J. W. Patton, T. W. Strowd and P. T. Way. Only a few churches were represented by delegates. Two reasons may be assigned for this. First, carelessness on the part of the pastors of the different churches; and, second, carelessness on the part of the church members and the busy season of the year.

Each subject on the program was taken up and discussed with a good deal of earnestness, and we trust with good results.

The brethren of other denominations took a very active part in speaking and supporting the meeting.

Rev. J. W. Hatch preached on Friday at 2 o'clock, Rev. J. D. Wicker on Saturday at 11 o'clock. Bro. Hatch preached again on Sunday at 11 o'clock, and the writer in the afternoon. So you see we had plenty of preaching, and a good time. Miss Annie Thomas read an essay.

The next meeting will be at Poplar Branch, commencing Friday before the 5th Sunday in July.

G. R. UNDERWOOD.

The Christian Sun.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1892.

REV. W. C. CLEMENTS, - - - EDITOR
D. J. MOOD, - - - OFFICE MANAGER.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Don't fail to read A Liberal Offer on page 368.

Pleasant call at the office this week from Rev. J. A. Jones. Call often, brother.

Revs. J. W. Wellons and J. D. Wicker made us pleasant visits last week.

Brethren, please give the Sun the news from the churches. It is always read with interest.

The Eastern Va. people are making Prof J. O. Atkinson generally useful in making speeches, etc.

Many thanks to Rev. S. B. Klapp for subscribers sent to the Sun. Bro. Klapp does much work for the church.

The Teachers Assembly at Morehead City, N. C., bids fair to be the largest session this year that has ever been there.

Services are being held in the Christian church each night this week in this city with fair attendance and good interest.

Rev. P. T. Way, the efficient editor of the *Jonesboro Monitor* favored us with a visit a few days ago. Always glad to see you, brother.

If the brethren and friends will continue to write for the paper as they have for the last week, they aid much in making an interesting paper.

See our liberal offer on page 368 of this issue. This is a remarkably low offer and can be taken advantage of by both old and new subscribers.

We think that Rev. E. T. Isley and his people in the Valley of Virginia, must love the Sun, judging from the number of subscribers, he is sending from his field.

Dr. J. P. Barrett's many friends will be glad to know that his health continues to improve. We hope his visit to the Virginia Valley may be of lasting benefit to him.

Work has been resumed on the Suffolk Christian church. Hope that its completion will not be far off. When it is finished it will be largest and finest in that city.

Have you renewed your subscription to the SUN yet?

The plan of Dr. Rainsford to combine the church and saloon should arouse all the latent temperance sentiment in the church. May God grant that this will be the result.

We were delighted to hear that Rev. A. G. Anderson was able to be at the dedication of the new house of worship at Concord, N. C. Bro. A. is one of our oldest ministers, and is a great lover of his church.

Is the committee on publications doing anything toward the republication of the Declaration of Principles and Form of Government of the Christian church? Many friends are calling for this little book.

Humanitarian, a sixteen page monthly No. 1, Vol. 1, presents a neat and attractive appearance as well as a rich fund of good and instructive reading matter. The aim of this journal is to discuss all subjects appertaining to the well-being of humanity. Price 10 cts. per copy; \$1.00 per year; address *Humanitarian*, 142 W, 70th St., New York.Nothing brighter and fresher than *Peterson* for July can be found among the month's magazines. It is beautifully illustrated, and the literary matter is as good as it is varied. In "Homely Hints" Mattie Dyer Britts gives numerous sensible and helpful suggestions to housekeepers. The fashion and needle work departments are as usual useful and helpful. No woman and no household should be without *Peterson*; it is almost a necessity from every point of view. Terms \$2.00 a year; \$1.00 for six months. Address, *Peterson's*, 306 Chestnut St, Philada.

Life is like a path up and down an inclined plane. No matter at what point you enter the path you will find Christ there always encouraging you to go up, up, up. Should you persist in going down He is ever before you barring your way and warning you of the bottomless pit at the end. No man can persevere in the downward way and enter eternity at the hell end of the path without becoming a murderer of the deepest dye. He can enter hell only by trampling under foot and killing the best friend ever given to man - Jesus Christ. Did you ever see it so before? If not stop a moment and give the subject a little honest consideration. This old, old sin of clamoring for the crucifixion of Jesus Christ resolves itself into a personal responsibility. You are going down, down and ever downward unless you place yourself in His care, then and only then can you hope to climb to the top of the path where angels wait your appearance free from the blood of your Savior.

Christ's Witnesses.

The great work of Christians is to witness for Christ. Witnessing is one of the things of life so common, that its true nature receives but little consideration. The best victuals lose their sweetness by a continual use; the most delicate colors grow dull under your perpetual gaze; the softest touch drives away interest by never ending contact; and the most important subjects court drowsiness under long hours of investigation. So the witness idea being continually held up, under almost legal torture, has been taken from the field of important consideration.

Of all the thousands of witnesses drawn into the court rooms, only a few comparatively speaking, are of the proper make up. Especially if the unerring wisdom of God should pass upon them. Many people who would be regarded as good witnesses in an earthly court, would not be allowed to pass the Heavenly laws on evidence.

The central thought in the religion of Christ is love, and its highest powers gather around Jesus. But he should witness for Christ, because the things are true. His nativity, work of miracles, crucifixion, resurrection and ascension should all be preached, because they are true.

The character of a witness has much to do with his testimony. If his character is good, his evidence is taken; but if it is not good, his evidence is passed by as an unclean thing. Hence, if the witness for Christ would be of real value to Christianity his character must be good. The words of a man black with crime carry with them no force when telling of the work and nature of Him who kept every jot and tittle of a perfect law. The best witnesses for Christ are those who show Him in their lives and conversation. It is well to tell of the joys and pleasures in the love of Jesus; but it is better to show them in the life lived for Him.

Much excellent work may be done for Christ by experimental conversation. When the forgiven sinner tells in unmistakable tones of the blessings which he knows he feels in his soul, a true witness is found.

Not long since a conductor on the cars, who had always been efficient and courteous, after taking up his tickets took a seat beside a minister, saying, "you ought to have been with us last night at Mr. Fie's meeting in Goldsboro." Then he told the minister how he the flagman and the fireman of that train had all been brought to Jesus the night before. The minister and the conductor had known each other for years. As the later told the former all about it both

felt like praising God. The conductor made a true witness; for notwithstanding the crowded cars and the arduous work, he found time to tell what Jesus had done for his soul.

Compulsory Education.

No nation can be a great nation in the full sense, and her people in ignorance. God has endowed man with fine faculties. But they are given in mere embryo, and require personal effort to unfold them. There are never ending possibilities in front of those who are continually striving to make one step more. If these efforts are guided by a well cultivated mind, the pursuer rises in a higher scale as each possibility is attained. And just as their people are elevated in their well directed efforts, so the prosperity of the nation keeps in close touch of their feet. It is impossible for a nation to be great and her people mere mental pigmies; for the people make the nation. When the people are right then the nation is right.

A man who knows nothing about letters, certainly cannot know much about reading and writing. A man who knows nothing of arithmetic, certainly knows nothing of Algebra. And the man who cares nothing about true greatness in himself, will care nothing about it in his state. Ignorant men may love their state and fight bravely for it; but it is impossible for them to have that broad view of greatness which puts a state in the front rank of prosperity.

All through the South factories are being built up, and honest poor families are flocking to them and rushing their children into them where they gather nothing but the hum of wheels and rattle of machinery. There they grow up in ignorance making a living for the family, because the parents see more ready money in it.

There are thousands of good people who are illiterate themselves, and honestly think that it is not necessary for their children to be educated; therefore they make no special effort to send them to school, and they are left to grow up in ignorance.

Again, those few people who regard their children as so much property and care nothing for them only for the work they do, will certainly not send their children to school without a force pump behind them.

In Wake county, the capital county of North Carolina, no more than three-fourths of the children attend any school at all. Can we expect prosperity while this state of things remain?

The question comes, what can be done to educate these classes? The answer, is put a compulsory school law behind them. That is, in our opinion, the only solution to the problem.

Some one says, "We do not believe in taking personal rights. It is for the parents to say whether they will send their children or not." The state says to the people you shall pay to the support of the schools. If the state has a right to say to a man, you shall pay to keep up the schools, it has the right to say to him, you shall send your children to school.

This short editorial has been written for the purest of motives both in interest of the children and the state.

Wake Chapel, N. C.

Friday afternoon before the third Sunday in June is here, and here is Bro. K. B. Johnson with his fine horse and buggy. Now we are on our way to Bro. J. L. Johnson's, the father of K. B. We have a nice time, for the horse moves nicely, and Bro. Johnson converses pleasantly. As the sun hides himself behind the western hills, we reach the excellent home of Bro. J. L. Johnson. Here we meet a nice young gentleman, who looks just like he would be glad to furnish a nice home during life for one of Bro. Johnson's daughters. It is useless to say that the night was pleasantly spent; for every one who ever spent a night here knows it. It is always a pleasure to spend a night in this Christian family.

Saturday a short visit is made to the family of Bro. W. W. Johnson. This is another excellent Christian family. The congregation at church was very good for the busy season. Dinner was taken with Deacon L. M. Smith's family. Nearly all the teachers know this to be a good sitting place.

Saturday night was spent with the family of Bro. James Akin. His wife is a sister of the Rev. Ned Rowland of Texas. The kindness which we received at Bro. Akin's was all any one could wish.

On Sunday, the Sunday school was good and the congregation large. It was quite a pleasure to see Bro. J. A. Mills and his wife in the congregation. It had been a long time since they had met their friends in this congregation.

Sunday night was spent with Rev. J. A. Jones and family. This is one of the most Godly families of which we know. Bro. Jones is greatly beloved by all the churches of his pastoral charge. His wife and children are always so kind and obliging that it does one good to go there.

During our stay in the neighborhood of Wake Chapel, we spent a short time very pleasantly with the families of W. M. Bullentine and Dr. A. J. Blanchard.

Renew your subscription to the Sun.

Suffolk Letter.

The Suffolk Sunday school held their annual picnic at Magnolia Springs last Wednesday. Over four hundred persons attended and the day was spent right royally. We carried an organ and hymn books and spent a short time in singing the sweet songs. Prof. J. O. Atkinson delivered a brief address which greatly pleased and instructed the people. The day was perfect, and was delightfully spent by all. Free lemonade and ice cream and dinner in super-abundance helped to swell the enjoyment of the occasion, and when we returned at seven o'clock the unanimous verdict was in favor of calling it a success. Sequel: The attendance at Sunday school yesterday was only half as large as the attendance at the picnic. Query: Why do more people attend the Sunday school on picnic day than on Sunday? "Duty before pleasure" is a good proverb, but it seems to be too old for modern use.

Mr. Reps Williamson's infant son died Sunday night the 12th, and was buried on Tuesday 14th, the funeral service being conducted at the residence by your correspondent, assisted by Prof. J. O. Atkinson.

On the previous Wednesday I was called to Holland to conduct the funeral service of the infant and only child of Isaac Luke whose wife is a daughter of Rev. R. H. Holland. These families have the sympathy of many friends in the loss of these bright darlings. The heavenly home will be perfect with its lads and blossoms of the saved. Childhood will add to the joy of heaven as well as to the joy of earth.

M. M. Maduke Jones, Esq., an old merchant and most worthy citizen died in Suffolk last Wednesday and was buried on Thursday afternoon. He was confined only a short time and died very suddenly. The funeral service was conducted from the Methodist church by your correspondent, assisted by Revs. H. A. Bagby and G. C. Vanderslice pastors of the Baptist and Methodist churches.

The Elon College students from this section are enjoying the vacation. Mr. S. E. Everett is spending his vacation in the law office of E. E. Holland, Esq.

Prof. J. O. Atkinson makes his headquarters with us at Mrs. Beale's in Suffolk and is filling Brother Hurley's appointments at Holy Neck and Berea.

Rev. J. T. Kitchen passed through Suffolk on Saturday on his way to Eure's for Sunday and reports his work in fair condition.

Rev. H. H. Butler went out to Oakland Saturday to hold his quarterly and communion meeting.

Would like to have written something of Elon commencement but it is too far from the time now.

W. W. STALEY.

June 20, 1892

A Few Words to the Alabama Brethren.

A HIGH SCHOOL IN THEIR MIDST A NECESSITY—THEIR ABILITY TO SUPPORT A SCHOOL—THE NEED OF A LEADER.

My dear brethren of the Ga. & Ala. Conference, I very well remember the interest you seemed to have in the various subjects discussed at your last session, and especially the subject of education; you seemed to have an enthusiasm at that time worthy of the subject. I come now to ask if you have lost that enthusiasm? I sincerely hope you have not, but that you are determined to establish a school in your midst (say at New Hope) that will meet your demands.

A HIGH SCHOOL IN YOUR MIDST A NECESSITY.

You have bright boys and girls, you have fine fields and forests, and are these children to be neglected and thereby never to be able to appreciate these fields and forests; neither be able to draw from them the blessings they have in store for the happiness and comfort of the human family? I answer for you, "No, no!" I feel sure that you are not willing, and I hope you will not consent to let your dear off-spring fall short of the highest intellectual attainments for usefulness in this world in their day and time. The time has come when our farmers must be better qualified for their business or be left; and if your sons are to be farmers, I am sure you do not want them to be failures, and to this you cannot consent. And since the success of every development in the natural world depends upon the impress of the mother upon the child, therefore spare no means in educating your daughters who are to be the future wives and mothers in your state and in your churches, for as to what your state and church are to depend upon the intellectual and spiritual culture of your daughters, who are to be leaders in society.

I do not intend any reflection upon your intelligence, but simply to call your attention to a few things which I trust may help you some, for I love you and the Christian church, therefore I can afford to say plain things to a people I love and of whom I am loved.

Suppose you were to see a man going into a beautiful field of golden grain, ripe and ready for the reaper, with a dull scythe; stop and see him make an effort to reap that harvest which is ready to be saved, what

advice would you feel like giving him; would you not say friend, "if your scythe was sharp you could save your grain better and more of it too." What advice would you give a man whose mill dam was so open and full of holes that it would let the water escape, and as a result his mill stands still much of the time, and notwithstanding there is a lot of grain in the country, this mill grinds but little and gets but little toll, while other mills are in good condition and grinds much and receives great deal of toll. Would you not say, friend shut down your head-gate and go and stop the holes in your dam and make it tight, so that you may get a good head of water, which is power? What would you think of a teacher who had a class around him desiring instruction and the teacher was incapable of giving it? Would you be surprised at those pupils going off to other schools? No, the point is just this: We as a denomination have lost a great deal by not having our scythes sharp. Others with (sharper scythes) better educated ministers have gone into the great harvest field and gained many to their numbers. Again, we have lost much by not having our intellectual dams tight, not having a good intellectual pond from which we might draw the power; but others being better prepared, have gone and taken the grain from us and I have ground it so to speak.

Now, dear brethren do you not see the great necessity of a high school in the bounds of your conference? You are in a grand country where there is much to do. The harvest is great and the laborers are few. You will not fail to see the point I make when I note the fact that your conference is about 46 years old, and you number less than one thousand members. And the cause of this is not for lack of means, love for the church, or that the doctrine of the Christian church is inferior, or for lack of consecration, for I believe you have consecrated Godly men and women, but the fact is that you need more efficient teachers.

YOUR ABILITY TO SUPPORT A HIGH SCHOOL.

You are living in a fine country of fields, forests, flowing streams, fertile soil, and flourishing cities, and the demands of your state and church are so great that you cannot withhold your best efforts in the support of a high school. Brethren put your shoulders to the wheel all of you, and when you push, be sure that all push at the same time, and all together.

THE NEED OF A LEADER.

This is a necessity in all enterprises. Some of your leaders have fallen, others will soon fall, but in this new enterprise you need an intelligent enterprising man to stand at the head of this school, and then your brethren must stand by your leader or teacher, and success will be yours in the near future.

I have heard that one of our North Carolina young men is willing to go to your state and take charge of your school, viz: Brother Fuquay. I think he can do a good work for you, provided you will stand by him. Now is a good opportunity for you and I beg you to take the advantage of it. God bless you dear brethren.

Yours in Christian affection,
P. T. KLAPP.

* * * * *

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

Happy greetings to one and all. It has been a long while since I have said anything to you about temperance, but if I have been silent the horrible practice of rum drinking has not stopped. No, indeed, the devil does not rest and this is his most fruitful tree of sin. Now children, take my advice and let liquor alone at all times and do what you can to get others to do so too. The Bible says that wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise, and that in the end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Now you know that the bite of a serpent and sting of an adder is almost certain death so we know that he who drinks just a little at first—just takes it once in a while—soon comes to love it and when that happens one soon will be a drunkard. And Christ says that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of Heaven. Being kept out of the kingdom of Heaven is worse than being stung by a thousand adders.

Be noble men and women and true Christians avoiding even the appearance of evil.

Let us hear from you. We have here a nice letter from a friend of yours and a few little stories, but I am quite sure you would rather have letters than stories, I know I would.

We would gladly admit Clodhopper if he had given his name. We cannot admit any letter unless we know who the writer is. It is not always necessary to print the name. Write again my boy and am quite sure you will not make the blunder another time.

Cordially yours,
UNCLE TANGLE.

Her Lesson.

“What are you studying, my little maid?”
“I’m learning to read in a book,” she said.
“And what is your favorite word?” said I.
Then the little maiden made reply:
“Big A is the nicest word I know.”
And when I asked her why she thought so
She gravely answered (the sly little tot!):
“Because big A is as far as I’ve dot!”

—The Sunbeam.

JUNE 20, 1892.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Yesterday, bright lovely morn, while the bells were ringing calling to Sunday school the bands of smiling bright-eyed boys and girls of our town, my thoughts went out to the members of the Corner, and I wondered if you, too, were hastening to some loved church in city, town or country with well prepared lessons, a heart felt desire to

learn more of Jesus’ love for little ones, and to be better this week than ever before. Do you know how to begin the week aright so that you may be useful and happy? First, write for the Corner (enclose a dime), and ask God to direct you every day, to help do every little duty that comes to hand; and if you are not better and happier next Sunday, then write to the Corner, again, telling of your failure and we will try to help you. Just think how happy you can make Uncle Tangle, besides helping others and yourself by writing often for the Corner. I have read the SUN since I was a little girl and I remember our column was headed “Juvenile.” Can you tell me what that means? When I learned the meaning, I was delighted, and felt that the whole column was mine. If I had been allowed I’m afraid I should have filled the column with my letters.

I hope to see many letters this week and may they sparkle with bright dimes and still brighter thoughts is the wish of,

Yours lovingly,
D. E. A.

Lie and Truth.

One day a lie broke out of its inclosure and started to travel.

And the man who owned the premises saw it after it had started and was sorry he had not made the inclosure tight.

So he called his swiftest truth and said:

“A lie has got loose and will do much mischief if it is not stopped. I want you to go after it and bring it back or kill it.”

So the swift truth started out after the lie.

But the lie had one hour the start.

At the end of the first day the lie was going lickitysplit, the truth was going a long way behind it and was getting tired.

It has not yet caught up.

Nor ever will.—*Exchange.*

Toots and the Baby.

I think Toots was about two years old when the Baby, as we named her, was born; but she was the most serious and dignified of tabbies. The Baby’s one idea of life, it seemed, as soon as her eyes were open, was to have fun and play pranks. She was very small, but the most ridiculous likeness of Toots; the same soft, black fur, with a white “star” on her breast, and four little snow-white feet.

Toots has a collar with tiny silver bells on it, and the first funny thing the Baby did was to try and get it off her mother’s neck. While Toots would be asleep in her favorite sunny corner of the window Baby would

creep up as stealthily as a little mouse, put up her paws, and give the collar a jerk. Up would come Toots’ head, and up one of her paws, with which she would give her naughty child a smart slap.

The Baby was five weeks old when we decided to buy her a collar, since she was apparently so bent on having one; and really no human child could have acted so pleased and proud as she did when it was put on her neck. She paraded about the room, jingling the bells; and then quietly walked up to her mother, and gave her just such a slap on the head as she had received. It was too funny to see the way Toots took it. At first she just stared at her mischievous child, who was demurely sitting down near her, as tho she were the very best behaved young person in the world; and then she walked over, picked her up and deliberately laid her in the coal scuttle.

I wish you could have seen that funny little black head peering up over the scuttle—not a touch of color except the round green eyes and the bit of red in the collar. When Toots turned around, down the head would go; but she bided her time and in a few minutes slowly stole out and, creeping up behind her mother, made a sudden dash, and, putting both arms around her neck, just kissed Toots into good humor, after which they both settled down for a sleep.

The Baby was born on Washington’s Birthday, so you see she is not very old yet; but she is at once the torment and delight of the house, for she teases every one; you never know where to find her. She has no respect for any one, and imitates her mother’s ways one minute and cuts up her own capers the next. She knows her own name now. When you say: “Baby, come here,” she will answer at once; and if you call “Toots,” and she does not heed it, the Baby will give her ear or her tail a pull, as much as to say, “Don’t you hear them?”

Toots was drinking her morning milk from her own particular saucer the other day, when up walked Miss Baby and deliberately pushed her away, settling herself down comfortably to the meal! Toots looked at her if she were thinking: “How in the world did so well behaved and dignified a cat as I am have such a wild little girl?”—*L. C. L. in Independent.*

Right and Might.

Right is might, but might does not always make right. Ahab was a king; Naboth was a humble Israelite. Ahab said, “Sell me thine inheritance for a garden.” Naboth replied, “I cannot sell the heritage of my fathers.” Naboth had right, but Ahab had might. He could not hear

to be baffled, or contradicted. He was angry, and like a spoilt child turned his face toward the wall.

Jezebel, shrewd, crafty, unscrupulous,—a heathen woman from Tyre, a worshiper of false gods,—thought herself equal to the emergency, and promised to obtain for the sulky monarch that which he had desired. The elders of the city, the time-servers of those days, were bidden to proclaim a feast, to set Naboth on high, to bring in false witnesses who would accuse him, and finally to stone him. It was done; might had triumphed. Ahab’s object was gained, the inheritance of Naboth had passed into the hands of the king.

But this was not the end. “Hast thou killed and taken possession?” said the prophet; and then and there he denounced upon him the murderer’s doom.

What cared Ahab for right? *But the dogs licked his blood* nevertheless. What cared Jezebel for right, but *the dogs gnawed her bones!* The triumph of wrong was short; it was only a little while, and both these guilty ones had reaped the reward of their evil doing.

Men still trust in might. They plan, they scheme, they cheat, they slander, they devour widows’ houses, and for a pretence they make long prayers; they crush men who resist them, and flatter those whom they can control, but God will find them out, will judge them in due time. Their dishonesty will yet be made manifest, their tricks will betray them, honest men will turn away from them with loathing, conscience will trouble them, disease will gnaw them, death will overcome them, judgment will bring to them their doom.

The lesson from these facts is, Right your wrongs! If you have been entrapped into wrong-doing, not only quit it for yourself but break away from all connection with “other men’s sins.” Clear your conscience, break your wicked promises, fully confess your faults, come out from among wrong-doers, and be separate, amend your ways and your doings, before the judgment day shall come upon you. And make haste! You have done too much time. You may disregard admonitions, you may hold fast unrighteous gains, you may die rich and leave ill-gotten money to greedy lawyers, quarreling heirs, or mismanaged charities, but their is a curse upon it. It will eat you like a canker.

Nothing is ever settled until it is settled rightly, and the first thing for a righteous man to do is to right every wrong with which he has been connected. He is to go to the bottom of it, undo the wrong which is done, confess wherein he is wrong, expose the iniquities into which he has been entrapped, and then make all possible amends for the injury he has wrought.—*Armory.*

Mother.

I hear the low winds sweeping
Thro' every bush and tree,
Where my dear mother is sleeping,
Away from home and me.
Tears from my eyes are flowing,
And sorrow shades my brow;
Cold in the grave she's sleeping,
I have no mother now!

I see the pale moon shining
On mother's white tomb-stone,
The rose bush 'round it twining,
It's just like me—alone;
It's just like me—a weeping,
Cold dew-drops damp my brow;
It's just like me a weeping,
I have no mother now.

My life is, O, so lonely,
My heart is troubled sore;
Her dearest presence only,
Could make me weep no more,
She has gone from me to Heaven,
Deep sorrow shades my brow,
The sacred tie is broken,
I have no mother now.

Sad was the hour of parting,
She said in words so sweet,
"My loved ones, I am dying,
We must in Heaven meet."
"O yes, I will meet you mother,
On that eternal shore,
And there we'll live together,
Where parting is no more."

Added by J. J. S.

Come now, ye orphaned children,
Who sorrow here below,
And join me in a promise,
That you'll to glory go,
Then when our labor's ended,
And time shall be no more,
We will go and live with mother,
Where parting is no more.

—Fountain of Praise.

The Diamond Duke.

The squire was reading the newspaper in the chimney corner. In it was a paragraph stating that a nobleman had just died in Paris, who was spoken of as the "Diamond Duke." This eccentric nobleman had converted most of his wealth into diamonds and other equally useless property, and for years devoted most of his care and thought to guarding them.

He constructed a house like a fortress. The most of his stones were kept in small iron chests in fireproof vaults in its cellars. The most valuable of the diamonds were placed in a small casket, in the wall at the head of his bed, and when he touched a button, descended into a well a hundred feet deep.

When he was younger it was said that the duke frequently appeared at the opera wearing his rarest diamonds, and guarded by a policeman. But in his later years he seldom took them from their hiding-places, and feared to trust even the police.

"He was mad!" said the squire, laying down his paper. "To invest all his money in shining stones that bring in no interest! And to spend his life in worrying lest they should be stolen! Now he's dead, and what good do his shiny stones do him, eh?"

The squire presently laid down his paper and left the room. His old neighbor, who had listened to his emphatic condemnation of the duke,

shook his head as he looked after him.

"I don't see that the duke was madder than the squire. He has been saving and scrimping for years to buy land, hoping it will rise in value. He doesn't till it. It's of no use to anybody, and he spends his time watching the papers in hopes of a boom. He has neither chick nor child to leave it to, and some day he'll die, and it will go to some relation he never saw!"

Susy Hobbs, a bright-eyed school girl listened to her uncle but said nothing. If the squire was mad, what was her uncle? He had had for years a frantic ambition to hold office in the small city in which he lived. He wanted so be mayor, and he incessantly worked and schemed and neglected his business to gain that empty honor.

"And suppose he should die like the diamond duke?" thought Susy. "What would the office be worth to him then? How men do waste their money and strength!"

Meanwhile Susy, who had no money, but whose capital was healthy youth and time, spent all her mornings in making tilies and embroidery which nobody cared to keep and the rest of the day in reading rapid novels, or in sleep.

The madness of the diamond duke is not a rare ailment, nor confined to any country or class. It has its counterparts varied in degree and character, in almost every human life.—*Youths Companion.*

Rack or Fodder.

Marion Lawrence, the Sunday school worker, says: "One way to make our school better is to teach something. It is one thing to teach a class, and another to stand up before a class and look wise. Dr. Henson once said: "Stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder." It is better to stand up to the fodder, rack or no rack. Our classes know when they are taught something, and it is unreasonable to expect they are going to "stand up to the rack" with dry leaves in it. I do not blame them if they don't. Teachers must *teach*, or give way to some one who can and will. What you want in your class, is the Word of God. In teaching, the Bible alone should be used."

This seems very much like "sound doctrine." An empty rack is a poor thing to stand up to, whether it be in the meeting-house, or in the Sunday school room. People are weary of emptiness, hungry for the Bread of Life, athirst for the living waters. They want something. The world has not satisfied them. It never will, neither will empty forms and ceremonies, attitudes and platitudes, give

our souls the rest and peace which they desire. A rack is a very convenient and useful thing, provided there is fodder in it; but without fodder, a rack is about as empty a thing as can be named.

There is no scarcity of fodder for the flock of God. The green pastures are always growing, the still waters flow continually to gladden the flock of God which is purchased with precious blood. Let us follow the Good Shepherd, and where he leads us we shall find rest and peace, and joy unspeakable and full of glory.—*Armory.*

Regularity of Habit.

One of the most difficult of all minor habits to acquire, says an able writer, is that of regularity. It ranks with that of order. The natural inclination of most persons is to defer until the last possible moment, or put it off to another time, where this can possibly be done. Yet habits of regularity contribute largely to the ease and comfort of life. A person can multiply his efficiency by it.

We know persons who have a multitude of duties, and who perform a vast deal of work daily, who set apart certain hours for given duties and are there at the moment and attend rightly to what is in hand. This done and other engagements are met, each in order, and a vast deal accomplished, not by trained exertion, but by regularity.

The mind can be so trained to this that at certain hours of the day it will turn to a particular line of duty, and at other hours to other and different labors. The very diversity is restful when attended to in regular order. But let these run together, and the duties mixed, and what before was easy is now annoying and oppressive, and the exact difference between many is at this point. There are those who confuse and rush, and attempt to do several things at once, and accomplish little, while another will quietly proceed from one duty to another, and easily accomplish a vast amount of work. The difference is not in the capacity of the two, but in the regular methods of the one as compared with the irregular and confused habits of the other.—*Scientific American.*

Inappropriate Words.

Inappropriate words may convey the meaning unmistakably, but are not in accordance with the English idiom.

A Frenchman, while looking at a number of vessels, exclaimed, "See what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. To assist him in mastering

the intricacies of the English language, he was told that a flock of girls was called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, while a host of porpoises is termed a shoal. He was told that a host of oxen is termed a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is termed a covey, and a covey of beauty is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of bullocks is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshiper is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolks is called the *elite*. The last word being French, the scholar understood it and asked no more. *Ex.*

Confess What You do not Know.

The late E. A. Freeman, England's masterly historian, said with characteristic force:

"I never could understand why any man should be ashamed to confess his knowledge of what he does know or his ignorance of what he does know not know."

And he never pretend to that besetting sin of some literary men, to seem to know something on every imaginable subject suggested in conversation.

What a sound maxim! For the man who never confesses ignorance cuts himself off from many opportunities of acquiring information; and he who pretends to know what he is really ignorant of, excites and deserves contempt. Prompt acknowledgment of a blunder, is the simplest way to avoid its consequences.

"However did a person of your intelligence come to make such a mistake?" asked a listener to one of our foremost speakers.

"Blank ignorance, sir," was his very sensible reply.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

He who tries to live in the spiritual sense alone, or in the moral sense alone, must fail in his effort, for the two were bound together. We, therefore, ought to let no insistence of men on the doing of the simple duty as the sum of life blind us to the relations in which we stand to God. And we ought to let no sublime associations of the way in which man may hold communion with God make us shut our eyes to the imperiousness of the daily duty we owe to our fellow-men.—*Bishop Brooks.*

A RECENT CENSUS of clerical abstainers among the Congregationalists of Wales shows that while only 532 were abstainers 26 years ago, now 2,034 (out of 2,747) are known to be abstainers. On the other hand, the *Christian Commonwealth* declares the majority of the State church clergymen are wine drinkers.

Beautiful Old Age.

We rarely hear old age referred to as beautiful. We speak of childhood as beautiful. A grace still more attractive is associated in our minds with youth. Even ripened manhood and womanhood have superior charms; but we gloomily anticipate age as the period of mental degeneracy and physical decay. The freshness of life is wasted; the bloom gone from the cheek, the light from the eye, the vigor from the step. Patient, quenchless love may retain its respect, and still perform the offices of kindness; it may even discern a spiritual beauty back of furrowed cheek and lusterless eye; yet, in the common estimation, old people are a burden to themselves, and, however much the faithful heart may revolt at confessing it, a burden to their friends. But is this estimate correct? On the contrary, we are convinced it is very far from true. Undoubtedly there are instances where old age is not only uninteresting, but positively repulsive. There is neither outward comeliness nor inward grace.

The unhappy subjects have lost all relish for life. Existence has grown to be a burden moodily borne, and yet is often convulsively clung to from spectral fears of the dying hour. Such an old age—impatient, exacting, unloving and unloved—exhales no fragrance and exhibits no bloom. It is a sapless trunk, which spreads no grateful foliage and bears no luscious fruit. But such is by no means the universal experience.

Innumerable are the instances where the evening of life exhibits a richer radiance than even its purpling noon—its declining sun suffusing the western sky with an almost supernal glow. Recurring to such instances, it is no extravagance to speak of old age as beautiful. It may be so richly adorned with rarest virtues as to prove surpassingly attractive. We know how the picture of home life is heightened in interest by the variety and even contrast of elements which it presents. We should certainly miss from it the face of blithesome childhood, but with no less regret the snowy locks of Leuignant age. Many a household is blessed with the lingering presence of an aged inmate who proves its very center of attraction and happy influence—and when that revered form is missed, at length, from the familiar place, and the armchair is vacant, there is an uprising of a sorrow as profound and real as sore bereavement can even bring. But a beautiful old age is not adventitious. It is the outshining of a beautiful character. It springs from the harmonious assemblage of lovely traits—traits which are due to the patient, wholesome discipline of a life-time. Those who are younger cannot give too careful consideration to this fact. We shall reach old age sometime if God spares us. The frost of its stern winter will invest us sooner or later. But they need not quench the genial warmth within. Nor need they rob the outward life of its bloom and sweetness. A pure youth and a manly manhood will conduce to a refulgent old age.—*Bishop W. X. Nind.*

A Generous Offer.

Our esteemed brother, Rev. J. W. Lawton, who is widely known among us for his remarkable ability to restore to health the sick and suffering, makes the following generous offer to all who may feel the need of a blood purifying, nerve strengthening spring medicine: Upon receipt of fifty cents, in postage stamps, and the name of your nearest express office, he will at once forward you a full month's treatment of his "Indian Blood Syrup." This medicine is purely herbal, very pleasant to use, and wonderful in its cleansing renovating, and curative power. Bro. Lawton also covenants that one-half of all moneys so sent him shall be forwarded to Clements & Mood, Publishers of the Sun, Raleigh, N. C., to be given to such of our denominational interests as the parties sending it may name. The balance is to pay for bottles, printing, postage, boxes, etc. Address Rev. J. W. Lawton, Box 40, Manning, Orleans county, N. Y. This offer is open until July 1, 1892.

Rates N. C. Teachers Assembly, Morehead City, N. C.

For above occasion the Richmond & Danville railroad will sell tickets to Morehead City, N. C., and return at following rates from points named below, plus \$2.00, which covers membership coupon sold with tickets, entitling purchasers to all privileges of the assembly and reduced rates at hotel.

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Statesville, 7.65	Charlotte, 8.05
Salisbury, 7.15	Greensboro, 6.35
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Oxford, 5.90	Henderson, 6.10
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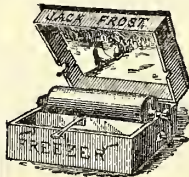
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A Loving Mother.

"We were very, very poor," said a now wealthy business man, talking of his early life, "but it never seemed to us children that we were poor, because our mother always seemed happy with us. She was constantly planning some little pleasure for us that was all her own, and we thought we had the nicest time at home of any children we knew. It was making for us little rabbits or birds out of bread-dough, or turn-over pies in fruit season, or some little thing to give us pleasure and show how much she thought of us continually. Then she was always encouraging us to look for better days, and always hopeful herself for the great things her children were going to do for her when they grew up to be good and useful men. We went to school barefooted and carried with us our dinner, often very humble fare, but it was always wrapped up in a clean white bit of cloth, so that it might look attractive; and one of the most touching recollections of my childhood is of seeing my dear mother patiently washing and ironing those bits of cloth for our school lunches."

When that dear mother, in after years, was suddenly stricken with fatal sickness, a special train took two of those stalwart sons with all the dispatch that money and influence could buy, to that mother's bedside to receive the parting blessing and witness her dying smile. Such a place, such a kingdom in the hearts of her children, is worth any mother's toil and care and weariness to win.—*Farm and Fireside.*

Declare Truths.

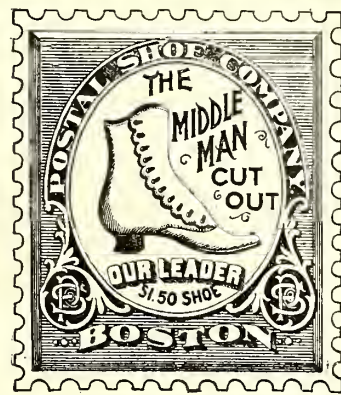
The statement is often made that less is said about Hell in the sermons of to-day than formerly. The statement is correct. It may be that our fathers went to one extreme but we go the other. The Bible as clearly reveals the existence of Hell as it does of Heaven. It declares the everlasting punishment of the wicked as emphatically as it does the everlasting reward of the righteous. Outside of the churches, however, there has grown up such a strong sentiment against preaching unwelcome doctrine that unfortunately too many preachers trim their sermons to please the people. This popular feeling has a very erroneous basis, because people now-a-days, too frequently exalt man and degrade God. They deify the creature and humanize the Creator. Every Gospel truth has as its starting point right views of God and man and their relation one to the other. Let not our preachers be afraid to declare the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. They are giving not their own opinions but the facts of divine revelation.—*Central Baptist.*

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A Necessity.

Much is said about the importance of pastoral work. It cannot be over-estimated. But why do so many preachers fail as *pastors*. We are inclined to think that while they prepare themselves for the pulpit they make but very little preparation for pastoral visiting. They need to study their people. They need to familiarize themselves with circumstances, and above all they need a heart glowing with love to Christ. If it be necessary for a preacher to go from his knees to the pulpit, all the more necessary is it that he should go from his closet to his round of pastoral visiting.—*Ex.*

Chance?

Let us talk more of Providence and less of chance. The events which occur in the life of the Christian are directed by the Lord. If we are His *jewels*, if our names are *engraved* on the palms of His hands, if the very *hairs of our head* are numbered, and all these are Scripture statements, we must believe that there is an over-ruling Providence in our lives. It was not chance which brought Ruth and Boaz together. It was not chance which furnished a victim for Abraham to offer in the place of his only son Isaac. It was not chance that revealed to the despairing Hagar the water to relieve the dying Ishmael. The deliverance of Peter, the detection of Haman's unholy plot, the rescue of Lot, and a hundred other notable examples, were not the results of mere chance, but the unerring workings of the Providence of God. All this enables us to say with David, "My times are in thy hands."—*Sel.*

Did He?

A good story is told of Rev. Philip Brooks, the new bishop of Massachusetts. He was walking late one night through one of the finest residence streets of Boston, when he met an inebriated individual who appealed to him to help him find his house. The good man took the befogged brother in charge and saw him safely on the steps of his home, and the man gratefully and effusively thanked his benefactor. With the persistency of a drunken man, he wanted to know the name of the person who had been a friend to him. Knowing that when the stranger was sober he would be mortified to know who had assisted him, Dr. Brooks said: "Oh, it doesn't matter. Call me St. Paul if you like." "Oh! well—by the way," said the grateful man as he tried to steady himself by clinging to the door-bell, "did you ever get any answer to that awful long letter you wrote to the Ephesians?"—*Baptist Standard.*



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God's Smiles.

One day as Mr. Bright was on his way down town he heard an unusual cry: "Don't you want some of God's smiles? Don't you want some of God's smiles?"

What can they be?" he thought, and looking across the street he saw in a doorway a small girl selling roses. Hearing the voice come from that direction, saying: "Don't you want some of God's smiles?" he stepped up to the girl, and asked in a surprised tone: "What do you mean? Those are only roses."

"I know that, sir, but mother told me lovely flowers are the smiles of God's goodness; these are, don't you think so?" said the girl "Oh, how I love them. Will you have a bunch? They are only ten cents."

"You can give me three." Handing the change to the girl. Mr. Bright, as he walked on, thought intently of God's goodness to him. Suddenly he stopped, and stood still a moment, then his face lightened with a smile, and walked off briskly down a side street.

Where can he be going?

Let us follow him for some blocks. After turning twice he stopped at a large building where a sign over the doorway read: "Sewing done by the piece."

He goes upstairs. Oh, what a sight meets our eyes as he opens the door. Within are girls—most of them thin, with starved faces, not only from lack of food, but also lack of kindness - whose only occupation from early morn to late eve is sewing, sewing, sewing, and then they receive so little pay as to make them wretched and discouraged.

Watch their faces as they see the flowers. Some of them brighten, while others remain unchanged.

Will he give the flowers to these girls! Yes! Oh, I am so glad. See, some hold them as if the roses were precious jewels. Perhaps they are to these hungry hearts. See the eyes moisten; the flowers awaken bygone memories.

"God's smiles." Surely they are if they bring such smiles to his children here on earth.

As we look out into our gardens where lovely roses are hanging their crimson, pink or white heads in the sun, how beautiful they are. There against the fence are the sweet peas looking like pink and white butterflies; further on are the nasturtiums proudly holding up their heads. In some quiet little spot are the pansies with their quaint faces looking up at you. Did you ever think that they were smiles of God's goodness?

Even the grass, what would we do without that? The world would be so bare and unlovely without its fresh greenness. All of these speak of God's wondrous goodness to the world and all mankind. —New York Observer.

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In Effect May 15, 1892.

	DAILY.	
	No. 9.	No. 1
Lv Richmond	*3 00 p. m.	*3 20 a. m.
Burkville	5 03	5 00
Keysville	5 42	5 44
Ar Danville	8 10	8 10
Greensboro	10 15	11 10

Lv Goldsboro	4 00 p. m.	† 35 p. m.
Ar Raleigh	6 00	10 00
Lv Raleigh	*6 15 p. m.	*7 00 a. m.
Durham	7 25	8 00
Ar Greensboro	10 00	10 00
Lv Winston Salem	† 8 25 p. m.	* 8 50 a. m.
Lv Greensboro	* 10 25 p. m.	* 10 20 a. m.
Ar Salisbury	12 18 a. m.	12 00 m.
Lv Statesville	* 2 35 a. m.	* 1 09 p. m.
Asheville	8 00	5 58
Hot Springs	10 43	8 10
Lv Salisbury	* 2 28 a. m.	* 12 08 p. m.
Ar Charlotte	2 00	1 30
Spartanburg	5 00	4 28
Greenville	6 10	5 35
Atlanta	† 2 25 p. m.	11 30
Lv Charlotte	* 2 10 a. m.	* 1 50 p. m.
Ar Columbia	5 52	5 45
Augusta	9 37	9 25

	DAILY.	
	No 10	No 12.
Lv Augusta	* 7 00 p. m.	* 8 15 a. m.
Columbia	11 10	12 45 p. m.
Ar Charlotte	3 10 a. m.	5 15
Lv Atlanta	* 8 50 p. m.	* 8 05 a. m.
Ar Charlotte	6 40 a. m.	6 00
Lv Charlotte	7 00 a. m.	6 30 p. m.
Ar Salisbury	4 00	8 05
Lv Hot Springs	* 4 30 p. m.	* 12 59
Asheville	9 00 a. m.	4 25
Statesville	2 50 p. m.	7 08
Ar Salisbury	8 00	7 02
Lv Salisbury	* 8 37 a. m.	* 8 25 p. m.
Ar Greensboro	10 20	10 25
Ar Winston Salem	* 11 40 a. m.	† 12 0 a. m.
Lv Greensboro	* 10 30 a. m.	* 12 01 a. m.
Ar Durham	12 24 p. m.	2 00
Raleigh	1 23	3 00
Lv Raleigh	* 1 28 p. m.	† 8 45 a. m.
Ar Goldsboro	3 05	12 30 p. m.
Lv Greensboro	* 10 30 a. m.	* 10 45 p. m.
Ar Danville	12 10 p. m.	12 45 a. m.
Keysville	2 46	4 15
Burkeville	3 31	4 57
Richmond	5 30	7 10

† Daily except Sunday. *Daily

BETWEEN WEST POINT AND RICHMOND

Leave West Point 7 50 a. m. daily and 8 50 a. m. daily except Sunday and Monday; arrive Richmond 9 05 and 10 40 a. m. Returning leave Richmond 3 10 p. m. and 4 45 p. m. daily except Sunday; arrive West Point 5 00 and 6 00 p. m.

BETWEEN RICHMOND AND RALEIGH VIA KEYSVILLE.

Leave Richmond 3 00 p. m. daily; leave Keysville 6 00 p. m.; arrive Oxford 8 03 p. m., Henderson 9 10 p. m., Durham 9 35 p. m. Raleigh 10 45 p. m. Returning leave Raleigh 9 15 a. m. daily, Durham 10 25 a. m., Henderson, 10 05 a. m., Oxford 11 45 a. m.; arrive Keysville 2 00 p. m., Richmond 5 30 p. m. Through coach between Richmond and Raleigh.

Mixed train leaves Keysville daily except Sunday 9 10 a. m.; arrives Durham 6 20 p. m. Leaves Durham 7 15 a. m. daily except Sunday; arrives Oxford 9 10 a. m. Leaves Durham 7 15 a. m. daily except Sunday; arrives Keysville 2 10 a. m. Leaves Oxford 3 00 a. m. daily except Sunday; arrives Durham 5 00 a. m.

Additional trains leave Oxford daily except Sunday 11 50 a. m.; arrive Henderson 2 25 p. m. Returning leave Henderson 6 30 and 9 40 p. m. daily except Sunday; arrive Oxford 7 35 and 10 4 p. m.

Washington and Southwestern Vestibule Limited operated between Washington and Atlanta daily, leaves Washington 11 00 p. m. Danville 5 50 a. m., Greensboro 7 09 a. m., Salisbury 8 28 a. m., Charlotte 9 45 a. m., arrives Atlanta 5 05 p. m. Returning leave Atlanta 1 40 p. m., Charlotte 9 20 p. m., Salisbury 10 34 p. m., Greensboro 12 00 p. m.; arrives Danville 1 20 a. m., Lynchburg 3 20 a. m., Washington 8 38 a. m. Through Pullman Sleeper New York to New Orleans also between Washington and Memphis, via Atlanta and Birmingham.

No 9 leaving Goldsboro 4 00 p. m. and Raleigh 6 15 p. m. daily, makes connection at Durham with No 40, leaving at 7 50 p. m. daily except Sunday for Oxford and Keysville.

Nos 9 and 12 connect at Richmond from and to West Point and Baltimore daily except Sunday.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE.

On trains Grand and 10, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Atlanta and New York; between Danville and Augusta, and Greensboro and Asheville.

On 11 and 12, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Richmond and Danville, Raleigh and Greensboro, and Buffet Sleepers between New York, Washington and Knoxville via Danville, Salisbury, and Asheville, and Pullman Sleepers between Washington and Atlanta.

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SOL. HAAS, Traffic Manager, ATLANTA, GA.

RALEIGH & GASTON RAILROAD

IN EFFECT SUNDAY, DEC. 1890.

TRAINS MOVING NORTH

No. 34.	Pass. and Mail.	No 38.
Daily.	Daily Ex.	Sunday.
Leave Raleigh,	5 00 p. m.	11 25 a. m.
Mill Brook,	5 15	11 41
Wake,	5 30	12 05
Franklinton,	6 01	12 20
Kittrell,	6 19	12 44
Henderson,	6 36	1 00
Warren P'ns,	7 04	1 30
Macon,	7 22	1 40
Arrive We don,	8 30	2 45 p. m.

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

No 41	No 45.
Leave Weldon,	12 15 p. m.
Macon,	1 13
Warren P'ns,	1 20
Henderson,	2 22
Kittrell,	2 59
Franklinton,	2 56
Wake,	3 17
Mill Brook,	3 40
Arrive Raleigh,	3 55

Louisburg Road.

Leaves Louisburg at 7 35 a. m., 2 00 p. m. Arrive at Franklinton at 8 10 a. m., 2 52 p. m. Leave Franklinton at 12 30 p. m., 6 05 p. m. Arrive at Louisburg at 1 05 p. m., 6 40 p. m. JOHN C. WINDER, Gen'l Manager WM. SMITH, Superintendent.

RALEIGH & AUGUSTA AIR LINE R. R.

IN EFFECT 9:00 A. M. DEC. 7, 1890.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 41	No 45.
Pass. & Mail.	Freight & Pass
Leave Raleigh	4 00 p. m.
Cary,	4 19
Merry Oaks,	4 54
Moncure,	5 05
Sanford,	5 28
Cameron,	5 54
S'th'n Pines,	6 21
Arrive Hamlet,	7 20
Leave " "	7 40
" " " "	7 40
Arrive Gibson	8 15

GOING NORTH

No. 38.	No. 40.
Pass. & Mail.	Freight & Pass
Leave Gibson,	7 00 a. m.
" " " "	7 18
Arrive Hamlet,	7 38
Leave " "	8 00
S'th'n Pines,	8 58
Cameron,	9 26
Sanford,	9 52
Moncure,	10 16
Merry Oaks	10 26
Cary,	11 01
Arrive Raleigh,	11 20 a. m.

Pittsboro Road.

Leave Pittsboro at 9 10 a. m., 4 00 p. m., arrive at Moncure at 9 55 a. m., 4 45 p. m. Leave Moncure at 10 25 a. m., 5 10 p. m., arrive at Pittsboro at 11 10 a. m., 5 55 p. m.

Carthage Railroad.

Leave Carthage at 8 00 a. m., 3 45 p. m., arrive at Cameron at 8 35 a. m., 4 20 p. m. Leave Cameron at 9 35 a. m., 6 00 p. m., arrive at Carthage at 10 10 a. m., 6 35 p. m.

Boys, I wouldn't, I really *wouldn't*, let myself get into the habit of looking down upon the little fellows—*kids*, I think you call them sometimes, though why clean, self-respecting American boys should borrow a word from London slums to describe their little brothers I am too old fashioned to understand.

Those little brothers are watching you, imitating you, all ready to act upon your advice if you give it with a little tact. They are going through just the same rough places that you have lately passed. Do take time from your own affairs to lend a kind, big-brotherly helping-hand to them. They will listen to you sometimes when they would hardly give heed to the same words from sisters or even from mother herself. Ah, big brothers, do be careful how you use your influence with the "little fellows."—*Visitor*.

There are no moral blanks; there are no neutral characters. We are either the sower that sows and corrupts, or the light that splendidly illuminates and the salt that silently operates; but being dead or alive, every man speaketh.—*Chalmers*.

Oscar Wilde in his Element.

Mrs. Langtry is an enthusiastic fan collector, writes Frances M. Smith in an admirable paper, "Prose and Poetry of the Fan," in in *Peterson's Magazine* for July. Her specimens represent almost every era, the French fans being particularly beautiful and delicate. Oscar Wilde found a fitting work for his talent in designing a room particularly for them. The walls and ceilings are decorated with the fans of China and Japan, while cabinets and easels hold the carved ivory ones, many of which are so frail that they rest on satin cushions.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, For July.

Conspicuous in interest and timeliness among the magazine articles of the month is the comprehensive paper upon "Pope Leo XIII," by Richard B. Kimball, LL.D., which opens the July number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*. Dr. Kimball sketches clearly the situation of Italy and the church at the time Leo XIII. became Pope; then proceeds with a masterly review of the ecclesiastical and diplomatic career of the venerable Sovereign Pontiff. Etching with Fire—a thorough account of the unique art of which Mr. J. William Fosdick is the foremost exponent—by Franklin Smith. There are half a dozen excellent short stories; and Etta W. Pierce's serial, "A Terrible Case," is brought to a dramatic conclusion.

The University.

The rapid and healthy growth of the University during the past year is one of the best signs of continued progress. The institution is taking rank with the best in the country. Young men who desire to fit themselves for useful careers in life, should write to President Winston at Chapel Hill, for full information. See ad.

Quartet Music.

Every quartet and choir should have the Quartet, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," as arranged with soprano, tenor and alto solos, by Isaac Doles. Price, 10 cents per copy, or 3 for 25 cent. Address ISAAC DOLES, Publisher, Cor. 22d and Illinois Sts., Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

Died.

Thomas Sellars, Jr., at his home, Burlington, N. C., June 19th, 1892, in his seventy-fourth year. He was born July 15th, 1818. He was a member of New Providence Christian church, and had been some fifty years. His death was sudden and unexpected. As was his usual custom, he read a chapter in the Bible and prayed with his family before retiring. Within three hours after reading and praying with his family, he was dead. He was buried at New Providence. May God bless his bereaved family and friends. Funeral services by the writer.

P. H. FLEMING.

May 6th, 1892, in the 64th year of her age, Sister Annie Waynick, wife of Phillip Waynick.

June 7th, 1892, in the 70th year of his age, Phillip Waynick. Two of the most worthy members of the Bethlehem church have passed away. Forty-seven years they shared together the joys and sorrows of earth and they were not long separated by death. The day before Bro. Waynick died he told those attending him that he saw his companion. He seemed anxious to go home. A large family connection, the church and community, are sadly bereaved by the death of Bro. Waynick and his wife. Funeral services were attended by a large congregation and friends. During my ten years pastoral charge at Bethlehem, I learned to esteem but few more highly than I did Bro. Waynick and his wife. May God comfort the sorrowing family.

JEREMIAH W. HOLT.

WHEREAS, God in his wise providence on the 1st day of April, 1892, did take from our fellowship and the church at Hank's Chapel, our brother and deacon, Harten H. Hearn, in his 74th year of age, and who had been a member of our church about 52 years. Served as deacon of the church about 16 years, but who has

now, no doubt, entered into the eternal rest prepared for the saints. Therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well

That we extend our sympathies to the bereaved family and commend them to God who chasteneth in love and comforteth in affliction.

That a copy of this tribute of our esteem and love be entered upon the records of our church and a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and to the CHRISTIAN SUN for publication.

Submitted by,
J. W. HATCH,
J. M. FARRELL,
WM. S. PETTY,
Com.

May 21, 1892

As a blood-purifier, the most eminent physicians prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most powerful combination of vegetable alteratives ever offered to the public. As a spring and family medicine, it may be freely used by old and young alike.

A Good Cause.

The Humane World, a twelve page handsomely illustrated monthly, published at St. Paul, Minn., is accomplishing much good in preventing cruelty to animals and children. Their method of working, is to present to teamsters and drivers throughout the country a year's subscription to their paper free of charge. In so doing, it reaches the hand of those having the care of horses and animals, and will have a tendency to arouse a humane sentiment and awaken a humane feeling towards the creation. Last year over 100,000 copies were distributed gratuitously to teamsters and drivers.

Any one wishing to help this work so deserving the support of all Christian men and women, can do so by sending fifty cents for six months subscription for themselves, and an extra copy will be furnished some teamster or driver free.

A copy of that wonderful book, *Black Beauty*, will be sent free to any one sending for a six months' subscription. This is one of the most valuable books ever published. Address of this publication is *THE HUMANE WORLD*, St. Paul, Minnesota.

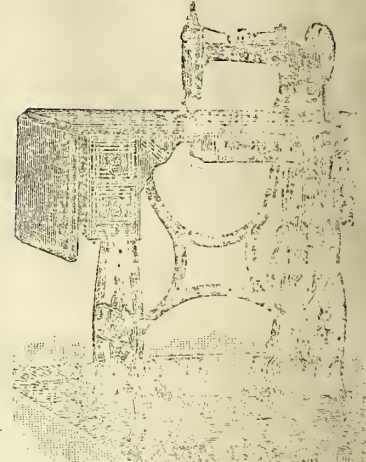
When the blood is loaded with impurities, the whole system becomes disordered. This condition of things cannot last long without serious results. In such cases, a powerful alternative is needed, such as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It never fails, and has no equal.

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