

The Christian Sun.

In Essentials—Unity, in State Library—Essentials—Liberty, in All Things—Charity.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The People Speak.—In these States a man of a seared conscience, and with a blunted sense of justice and morality, may come to the surface and hold high place for a season, but his doom is certain and his glory short-lived. The common sense of the majority may usually be relied upon to right matters eventually. This great moral truth recently received demonstration in Tenn. Gov. Patterson even before the courts had finished their sentence, pardoned the murderer of Senator Carmack, just as he had pardoned 600 condemned prisoners within 2 years. Now this man had the effrontery to appeal to "the people," in the recent primaries of his State, to stand by and justify him in his career of misrule, injustice and immorality. But the dear people, in spite of their governor's strenuous appeals, spoke their own sentiments and relegated to private life the candidates whose cause he championed. That is well.

Finding The Man.—It is the strong point in some lives not to be so powerful in the public eye themselves, nor so broadly useful and brilliant, but to find the life of another and inspire it to great usefulness and renowned service. We do not know, in the Bible or elsewhere, very much about the career of the Apostle Andrew. He was not particularly bright, brilliant or useful, so far as we are told. But he found his brother, Simon Peter, and brought him to Jesus. That is the greatest service recorded to his credit. But that is enough to make Andrew beloved and renowned forever. He brought to light a life that was to be henceforth and forever one of the most renowned, brilliant and useful the world ever knew. Rev. E. P. Hammond died at Hartford, Conn., at the age of seventy-nine, the other day. I do not know so much about him, but at the crucial time he touched, turned and influenced the life and career of General William Booth, whose name is known in every part of the globe as the father and founder of the Salvation Army. Down on the ecasts of Florida in winter lives a man, small of stature, worn of frame and

wasted with years of toil and service. If his name were mentioned Sun readers would not know him, and have possibly never heard of him; but he used to preach much in prisons to hardened criminals, convicts, outcasts. It was his preaching, his witnessing to the power of the blood, that reached and saved Jere McAuley, the man whose mission and service down on Water St. in New York has reached and saved more criminals and outcasts than possibly any other human agency or institution in America, if not in the world. The world does not know Gurant, but Gurant found his Jere McAuley, and the world knows him all right and honors his memory and will do so forever and ever. And who will have the larger cup of joy in the glory land, the inspired great, or the one who inspired the other to become great, Andrew or Peter, Hammond or Booth, Gurant or McAuley?

Prolonging Life.—Gradually the life of mankind is being prolonged on the earth. Medical skill, hygiene, and improved sanitary conditions are bringing this to pass. Discovery after discovery has been made as to the prevention of disease, until the ranks of the most desperate and deadly maladies have been invaded in a most salutary and victorious manner. For instance, the very word diphtheria used to strike mortal terror to any household even remotely threatened with its dreaded visitation. But Science has laid its strong hand upon the throat of the monster and a most remarkable show of submission has followed. In fifteen years—since 1895—the mortality from this disease has been reduced 80 per cent. Basing the estimate upon the census reports, that means that 100,000 lives are saved every year in the United States alone. The discovery of antitoxin did that for humanity.

Typhoid fever, rated among the deadly diseases, has had its mortality reduced 33 per cent. within forty years, and in some cities this mortality has been reduced as much as 98 per cent. Tuberculosis, the most deadly of all human maladies, is being checked most remarkably in its destructiveness. If the present rate of decrease continues

in Germany for thirty years that nation will have wiped out the disease entirely. If the present rate of decrease continues in England forty years, that country will have wiped out the disease entirely, the mortality there and in Wales having decreased 60 per cent. within less than forty years. Massachusetts, the foremost of our states in public health work, has reduced its tuberculosis death rate 63 per cent. within the last fifty years.

Whether a longer life shall prove a blessing or a curse depends upon the religious influences abroad in the land. Science is prolonging, shall religion make more useful, the years of our tenure of this clayey tabernacle?

Flies.—The common house-fly is a desperate and deadly nuisance. Science and common sense are waging a fierce war against the pest and well they may. This insect causes more deaths on the average each year than war, famine, or any single dread disease. The fly is far more the enemy of man, far more ruinous and destructive to health and life than the rattlesnake, the "mad dog," or any wild beast that creeps the earth. We are reliably informed that in New York City alone the house-fly causes over seven thousand deaths each year through the transmission of disease germs. Where other pests destroy their hundreds, the house-fly destroys its thousands. No wonder common sense, medical science, and human ingenuity are combining to wipe out the fly. (The most common and effectual way of wiping him out is to wire him out.)

For a long time this insect was regarded as harmless. So in our moral and spiritual relations. The deadliest foes to the human race are not the great glaring evils that stalk abroad. They are the small evils that hover under our very eyes, live in our midst, abide often in our homes. If we will drive out the myriad of smaller evils, the greater ones will do us little hurt.

—The census enumerators give Suffolk, Va., a population of 6,784. The impression prevailed that the town had many more people than that, but it always makes a difference when you come down to actual facts and figures.

FROM THE FIELD.

Haw River.

This church is in very good shape. Bro. J. W. Wellons was with us and took part in the services the first Sunday in July. All enjoyed his talk. The Sunday school is doing well. Classes have been reorganized, and much interest shown. The Teacher Training Class is destined to good work. There is more enthusiasm in the school than I have ever noticed before. The protracted meeting is to commence first Sunday in September. Rev. C. Rowland of Texas is to be with us. Pray that the Lord may be with us.

Christian Light.

This church held a Children's Day service the second Sunday in July. The congregation was fine. The children showed training of a high order. This is the "biggest" little church I ever preached to—little in numbers, but big in heart.

We expect Rev. C. Rowland to be with us in protracted meeting the week following fourth Sunday in September. Pray to God for the Spirit to do the work in the meeting.

Oak Grove.

I was with Bro. J. W. Patton, pastor of this church, week following first Sunday in this month. The meeting was quite interesting with some nine or ten converts. I heard many pleasant things said about the pastor. It was a pleasure to be with him and his good congregation.

Most of my time was spent with Bro. W. W. Staley and family. His is a pleasant home. It was a great joy to be with them. I spent one night with Bro. Winston and family. This is another nice Christian home, giving inspiration to a higher life. W. G. Clements.

New Providence.

Near Graham, N. C. We had preaching at this place 14th inst at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. Communion after the first sermon. Rev. L. E. Smith and his congregation at Graham joined with us in a union service. The church at Providence is one of the oldest and best known places of worship in Alamance County. Rev. J. W. Holt was the late pastor. The church is now without a pastor. There will be preaching by some one at Providence the first Sunday in Sept., 11 a. m. Many of those who are now members at Burlington and Graham were formerly members of the church at Providence. The membership is small, yet the population is growing near the place of worship, and an active pastor might soon gather a large congregation.

I am anxious to find a copy of the Christian Annual published by the late Dr. W. B. Wellons, about 1872 or 73. It contains an address by the late Rev. C. A. Apple and one by myself. If any reader of the Sun will send me a copy, I will send the sender whose copy reaches me first one dollar.

Daniel Albright Long.

Aug. 18, 1910.

New Hope.

I tendered my resignation at New Hope Christian Church the fourth Sunday in June to take effect in October. I have been the pastor of this church first and last some 12 or 15 years. I will say for this church that it has some faithful members, a live Sunday-school and evergreen prayer-meeting. I can say for this church, it is as true to pay its pastor as a bank is to cash a check. I give this notice so that no one need hesitate to consider a call to this church. I beg pardon for not giving this notice sooner. God bless this church and give it a good pastor.

P. T. Klapp.

Moneure, N. C., R. F. D. 2.

THE PASSION PLAY.

It was our pleasure to visit Oberammergau the tenth of July and see the Passion Play. Our home was with Ludwig Wolf. His wife is sister to Anton Lang; also Frau Wolf's mother and father lived with her. The Wolfs were most hospitable and we enjoyed our stay of two nights and a day very much. There were 4,000 visitors in the village; both streets and houses were crowded. Most of the homes had one room open with souvenirs to send, which were made by the family. Pottery, wood-carving, and postal cards were the principal things.

Oberammergau is a beautiful little village nestling among the Bavarian Alps. The white houses with green shutters and the crystal Ammer flowing through the village form an ideal picture.

We strolled for an hour through the main streets, and talked with some of the village folk, many of whom talked English and enjoyed talking about the Play. All the people own some land, the poorest three acres, the richest sixty. There are no policemen and no jail. The theatre accommodates 4,000 people. It takes eight hours to perform the Play, which begins at 8 A. M. and lasts until six in the evening, with an interval of two hours, from 12 to 2.

The back of the stage is almost entirely open, the view of the mountains in the background makes the representation very realistic. No wigs, or make up of any kind, are permitted. The

villagers allow their beards and hair to go untrimmed for months.

The Passion Play has been performed with unflinching regularity for nearly 300 years. During the thirty years war, in 1633, the epidemic ("black death") raged in the Ammergau, leaving death and destruction in its wake. The people then made a solemn vow to perform the Passion of Christ every ten years if they were delivered from the plague. The text written by the Priest, Daisenberger, is used. Modern ideas have not been interwoven with the text. The representation of the play is arranged and performed on the basis of the entire scriptures. Instead of setting forth the Gospel story as it stands in the New Testament, Daisenberger took, as his fundamental idea, the connection of the Passion, incident by incident, with types, figures and prophecies of the Old Testament. The whole of the Old Testament is thus made as a basis for the Cross, and the course of the narrative is frequently interrupted or illustrated by scenes from the old Bible which prefigure the next event to be represented on the stage.

There are eighteen typical tableaux alternating with eighteen scenes, illustrative of the Passion. The introductory tableaux is "The Expulsion from Paradise," followed by "Christ's Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem," and then we are carried on step by step, The Last Supper, the Agony and Betrayal, Christ before Pilate, on to the Crucifixion, Burial, and Resurrection. The closing tableaux shows the triumph of Christ and the Ascension, followed by the Hallelujah Hymn.

The tableaux were very beautiful, and the length of time that expired, without a motion from the body, was wonderful. The crucifixion scene was twenty minutes. The costumes and scenery carried out fully the time and incident.

Anton Lang, who plays the part of Christ, was splendid, always moving in his meek way, eliciting our sympathy, compassion, and love. Although a human figure we get near enough to appreciate the blows that fell upon our Saviour's face, and the height He attained through the Crucifixion.

Mary, the mother, and Mary Magdalene are the two outstanding women. The others have little to say, hence the success of the play depends largely upon these two. Both were good. Mary brought tears to the eyes of all, so realistic was her mother love and grief.

Judas identified his part perfectly. Instead of exciting our hatred, we were forced to admire him. When the realization of his betrayal dawned upon him, his self-reproaches were bitter in-

deed, so intense were his feelings of despair. Not only did he represent the remorse of Judas so vividly as to bring tears to the eyes of the audience, but it is said that on one occasion he hanged himself and had to be rescued. In the Play of course the curtain goes down before the final act is committed.

The part of John was taken by a lad 19 years old. Every one predicts that he will be the next to play the Christ.

Hand in hand with the text goes the music. Forty-one men and women form the chorus. They wear robes of rich colors. The music is simple but sweet and impressive. It is of their own composition and no copies are sold. An orchestra accompanies the chorus.

The Passion means more to me than ever before. I am glad that I have seen the Play and at last seen Jesus among men, a human being with no halo around his brow, no radiance not of this world marking him off apart from the rest of his fellowmen, but simply Jesus the Galilean, gibbeted on the gallows of his time, side by side with the scum of mankind.

Nannie Carlton.

Hotel Du Louvre, Paris, France,
August 1, 1910.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION.

In July it was my pleasant privilege to solicit in Eastern Virginia for the Christian Sun. During that time I met many old friends and acquaintances and formed a number of new ones. As I have canvassed several summers before my work was indeed pleasant and profitable. Despite the fact that Sun readers had been duly forewarned not to receive me as the Editor's son, many persisted in doing so, some explaining the reason that they remembered seeing the Editor years ago and they had not forgotten his appearance, and thought I was possibly his oldest son.

The people received me very courteously and hospitably. Many gave me the use of their horse and buggy while in their neighborhood. I take this opportunity to express my deepest gratitude for the many kind and unselfish deeds shown me while in your community.

Those who have never traveled among strangers cannot know the keen joy that a stranger's heart feels when they receive him kindly; one realizes then, as never before, that money is not everything, and sometimes really insignificant when friends are needed. After all it is good for us to feel sometimes that money is not the most precious asset we can have, but it is small indeed compared with true friendship.

The friendly welcome that greeted me in the homes of our people impressed me contrary to what one so often hears today, "everybody is for himself." Surely people have this wrong and I believe they have. The further we are from barbarism and advance in civilization, the more unselfish we become. Science, sociology, and all the theories that the scholars can bring to try to prove that society is selfish and always will be, when I see facts to show the contrary. I shall still believe it is growing more unselfish as the influence of the Christian religion felt in the hearts of men. As long as such unselfish spirit is manifested toward our neighbor, taught and practiced in our Christian homes, one must forever feel we are indeed a happy and prosperous people.

S. M. Atkinson.

WRITES LIFE OF CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

"The Life of Rev. James O'Kelly," attractively bound in dark blue, written by W. E. McClenny, Ph. B., of Suffolk, Va., a very recent publication, has created much favorable comment here. The book is ably written, and contains the life of the founder of the Christian denomination, and some valuable information on the rapid growth of the church, presented in a scholarly manner. There is no doubt that the book will have a wide sale, especially throughout this section where Christian churches are strong and numerous.

Besides the life of the founder, the work contains some interesting accounts of early churches in Eastern Virginia that make reading of great interest to those interested in the growth of the denomination to the present large status.

The book represents several years of painstaking and expensive research, much new information, and a juster interpretation of history than anything before written.

The author has evidently turned over many a leaf of dusty records, consulted many authorities, and has carefully compiled this mass of facts into one compact volume, and has not only made a contribution to the literature of his own denomination, but to religious history of the early years of the nineteenth century.

The author has sought to rescue from oblivion the name of a wonderful man, whose work in establishing a church unique in its position as a "herald of religious liberty" deserves far wider recognition than it has yet obtained. In his searches after truth he has gone over the "Minutes of The Methodist Conference Held In America," volumes

in the Virginia State Library, data found in the historical rooms of the Randolph Macon College, at Ashland, Dr. Drinkhouse History of Methodist Reform and the Methodist Protestant Church, and numberless records in various counties in North Carolina and Virginia.

Among the illustrations in the volume of especial interest to people of this section, are those of Cypress Chapel, where Rev. James O'Kelly met Bishop Asbury in 1780, and where there have been continuous services by the Christian denomination for one hundred years, Holy Neck Christian Church, Nansemond county, organized by Rev. James O'Kelly, in 1794-5, and for over one hundred years noted for its loyalty and hospitality.

In the volume are to be found many sketches of churches familiar to people hereabouts, such as Antioch in Isle of Wight County, Old Rehoboth Church, Oakland Christian Church, Spring Hill Church, Sussex County, Liberty Spring Church, (once Middle Chapel), and others.

Mr. McClenny makes mention of the helps given him in completing his book by Rev. Jos. B. Dunn, formerly rector of St. Paul's Church, and one of the brightest scholars of this section.

The volume is well worth while, and the author has given to his people and denomination a work of inestimable value.—Suffolk, Va., Herald.

AN OPEN MIND.

I am afraid of that attitude of mind which can see no good in those that think differently from myself. It is easy to be scornful—and mistaken. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

We are as scared at words as we were at ghosts when we were children. Criticise the present economic order, and people will shout, "Socialism," and that condemns you.

This mental attitude is destructive, unwise, bigoted. One is reminded of the lengths to which similar prejudices drove some of the rulers who returned to their kingdoms after the Napoleonic convulsions in Europe had settled. When Victor Emmanuel I., king of Piedmont, came back to his land from exile, he was so enraged at Napoleon that he condemned everything French. Gas illumination in the theatre at Turin was given up because it had been introduced by the French. In the botanic gardens of the same city French plants were torn out of the ground. French furniture was destroyed in the royal palaces!

In the Papal States French laws were for the most part repealed, among oth-

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NOTES AND PERSONALS.

—The plague is raging at Canton, China, hundreds dying daily, and Cholera is spreading in Russia, during one week—July 24 to July 30—there being 15,244 cases and 6,944 deaths.

—Rev. L. F. Johnson of Raleigh was in an excellent meeting at Auburn last week. There were several confessions and accessions to the membership and the church was wonderfully blessed and strengthened.

—The Sun carries elsewhere a contribution of merit from the pen of one of our missionaries to Japan, Rev. A. D. Woodworth. We wish Bro. Woodworth would favor us in this manner more often.

—It is a pleasure to greet President Moffat at his home again after a stay in the mountains (Valley) of Virginia that has given him his usual avoirdupois and corpulency. His recovery has been marvelous indeed and gratitude is unbounded in this behalf.

—Rev. W. L. Wells is at home, Se-mora, N. C., on the sick list, having been unwell several days. He reports a successful meeting at Shallow Well, where he was assisted by Rev. L. E. Smith last week. There were thirty confessions of faith with twenty-five accessions to the church.

—Windsor correspondence in Suffolk Herald: "Rev. R. H. Peel filled his regular appointment on Sunday, 14 inst, preaching fine sermons to large and appreciative congregations at each service." Bro. Peel is one of our most loyal and faithful pastors and grows in usefulness and influence.

—Wentworth Church, at McCullers, N. C., enjoyed a gracious revival last week. The church was greatly benefited by the splendid preaching of Rev. C. H. Rowland. Rains interfered with the attendance considerably, but the interest was intense and much good was accomplished. There were six accessions to the church, and other professions of faith in Christ.

—Wake Chapel Sunday-school voted last Sunday to join the list of those schools which give one regular collection per month to the Orphanage. Superintendent Foster has issued a letter to Sunday-schools throughout the Southern Convention urging them to give one collection a month to the Orphanage. We have no doubt but that many other schools will join the growing list of those who are already enlisted in the great and good cause.

—The Sun is delighted to carry in another column, from the pen of its friend, Miss Nannie Carlton, Paces, Va.,

who is now travelling in Europe, a very graphic account of the Passion Play. This Play is presented only once in a decade, and fortunate indeed are they who have the privilege of witnessing it. Miss Carlton's account will be read with interest and profit. While she is having a splendid trip, she writes, "the red, white and blue for me," which we presume is the patriotic sentiment of most Americans going abroad. We hope to present other letters from Miss Carlton's pen.

—Dr. J. J. Summerbell, one of our delegates to the "Congress of Religious Liberals" at Berlin, Germany, writes in another column of this paper one of the most discriminating papers it has been our privilege to publish lately. We trust that if The Sun has among its readers those who boast of being exceedingly "liberal" in their religious views, they will read Dr. Summerbell's article which does not undertake to denounce or to criticize, but, as every reader will see, undertakes to be fair, just, discriminating, courteous and charitable. But is not that Congress of "Liberals" liberal enough for the most liberal indeed! Liquors at the banquets, and prayer and the name of Jesus, and "grace" just as infrequent as possible. Liberalism always leads to the most naked narrowness of any dogma or creed on earth. For ice-bergs and narrowness commend us evermore to your "Liberals." We are grateful for Dr. Summerbell's great article.

NORFOLK LETTER.

Mrs. J. P. Barrett, who has been visiting relatives in the country for some time, and her daughter Ethel, who has just returned from a delightful trip to Canada, were welcome visitors in our home and at the services of the Third Church Sunday. They leave Tuesday for their home in Dayton.

Our church has just received 100 copies of our Christian Hymnary.

Prof. S. M. Smith, of the Naval Y. M. C. A., has just returned from Silver Bay, N. Y., where he attended the summer school for Y. M. C. A. workers. He gave an interesting talk Sunday evening, just before the sermon, about his trip and the work at Silver Bay.

Rev. M. L. Bryant, of the Main St. Church, is on his vacation. With his wife they are visiting at his old home in the Valley.

Bro. Howsare still being away, there was no preaching at the Temple Sunday.

Deacon C. L. Guynn and wife of the Temple are visiting at Dayton and other points in Ohio.

The following appeared in a local paper recently: "The Lambert's Point Christian Church has been thoroughly overhauled and remodeled. It has received a new coat of paint, the Auditorium has been enlarged by the addition of four Sunday school class rooms and a study for the pastor, all of which has been handsomely papered."

Last Thursday morning early, together with the other members of my family, including my father, A. M. Johnson and family, Rev. A. M. Hanson and wife, we boarded the "Hampton Roads" for a day's trip up the Chesapeake and Mobjack bays, and the East and Ware rivers, tributaries of the Mobjack Bay, a beautiful body of water which opens out into the broad Chesapeake.

The shores of the bay and the banks of the rivers are dotted here and there with beautiful homes, surrounded by verdant, productive fields. The rivers and bays abound with fish. I was told that in the "shad season" during the spring months the boat on this trip would bring in from 250 to 300 barrels of shad from one or two landing places every day.

No doubt many of my father's friends will be interested in knowing that he is well, and enjoyed the day on the boat, not getting seasick at all, and taking a keen interest and delight in the many things to be seen on the trip. He is in fine health, goes to Sunday-school and preaching services every Sunday.

J. W. Manning.

DOES IT PAY?

Our ancestors were pagan pirates, worshippers of the gods of thunder and war. It is said of them that their highest ideal of heaven was a place where they might fight every day and if they received wounds they would heal at night. But missionaries from Rome came to them and they became Christians, the founders of the German and English nations. Was it worth while? Did it pay?

I think we have to admit that whatever is of highest worth and of most lasting value has risen from Christianity, as the stalk and flowers grow from the root. Has any investment ever paid better than that sacrifice and expense which has made three so-called great Christian nations?

Do we consider that from the standpoint of God the worth of a single soul is more than the worth of the whole world of matter. He could make the world by the breath of his mouth, but to save it it cost Him the blood of His only Son.

Some years ago I addressed a Chris-

tian Endeavor Society in the city of Nanking in China. In my audience was a man who had been a degraded beggar, ignorant, helpless, sick and dirty with not a friend in the world. At a Christian hospital he received healing for his body and healing for his soul. Becoming a Christian his desire to read the Bible led him to become a diligent student of the difficult Chinese characters. From this beginning he went on to become a scholar and a preacher. The year before I saw him he had won thirty Chinese to Christ.

Turning to him in my address, I said to him, "If I were rich and could offer you a thousand or ten thousand dollars, would you give your Christianity up?" His eyes were very bright as he rose to reply and he said, "If you were to take all the water out of the ocean fill it with gold and silver, I would not take that for my faith in Jesus Christ."

I thought at the time that a soul, a single soul like that, saved to the kingdom of God is of more value in God's sight than all the money that has been contributed for missions by all the missions of all the churches for all time.

If we appreciate what God has done for us, ought we not to show our appreciation by passing on to others these unspeakable blessings by aiding in every way the extension of the Kingdom of God in foreign lands?

Probably no crisis has ever faced our mission so great as the present one, and there is special need that there be a union of all the shoulders at the wheel just now. Can the Lord depend on you to do your part?

A. D. Woodworth.

Tokio, Japan.

THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

Now, I do not ask you unqualifiedly to enter the ministry. But I do ask you unqualifiedly to be a Christian worker. Prepare yourself, devote yourself, and consecrate yourself, mind and heart, to soul winning and building up the kingdom of God. Remember, and hold with unwavering faith, that the church, and work by the church, and through it, is the natural agency of God's appointment for saving men and building up righteousness, truth and love. As God's agency, it needs and must have the associated action of God and man.

Whatever else you do, man or woman, in the ministry or elsewhere, help with all the possibility in you, to make your church, and your associated churches, the mightiest and most constant agency possible in this work. With the right spirit, in any honest business whatsoever with intelligence and training, you

can pursue that business successfully and still do great things for God and men, through your church and through church methods. Don't hesitate to talk, but talk sense. Don't hesitate to talk in public, to hold meetings, if necessary, and present the gospel message, or any message of good to those who need the message. Don't think that because you are not a preacher, you are not a messenger for God. Whatever your everyday business may be, let the burden of the word of the Lord rest on your soul; and in the social meeting, Sunday school, Endeavor Society, or even in the more public gathering where a minister cannot go, be ready with the clear mind and warm heart to encourage people to join you in serving Christ.

I am in earnest in pleading with every Christian young man or woman to make this an element in your life and to prepare yourself for it.

I say I do not unqualifiedly ask you to enter the ministry, but I do unqualifiedly ask you **not to bar it out**. Don't predetermine for yourself what God may, or may not, call you to do. Especially do not let worldly motives shut the door of your freedom. True, the ministry is not a lucrative calling. The average salary of the minister among us is hardly what the mechanic would call "a living wage." But, if you weigh the value of your life in the scale of dollars and cents, keep out of the ministry. A spirit of mercenary regard vitiates any Christian life, especially that of the minister. But for the man or woman whom God calls to the work, there is no more inviting field than the gospel ministry; none that in the coin of God's kingdom pays better; none offering a better field for "laying up treasures in heaven." Rightly undertaken and rightly pursued, it is the most inviting field of human activity for those who are called to it that is offered for the pursuit of man. Therefore, I say, on the peril of your conscience, **don't bar it out**. The cause of Christ and of humanity in the world has pressing need of ministers. Does it need you? Does it need you there more than you are needed anywhere else? This is a question for God to answer. Commit your life to Him and listen to the whispers of His voice. Go where He leads, and if He leads you into the ministry, do not object, but give earnest, hearty, consecrated heed. God honors you in the calling. Honor Him in the service. God's will is that every man and woman do that wherein the most good can be done, whether in preaching the gospel or, with Hiram Goff, being "a shoemaker, by the

grace of God." This is the basis of the divine call. If God sees that your best sphere is in the ministry, and so indicates to you, let nothing deter you from that work.—From A Tract. By J. B. Weston, D. D., Defiance, Ohio.

—His physicians declare Mayor Gaynor of New York out of danger from the wound recently inflicted by the would-be assassin, and that a few days more will see him practically recovered.

—His critics are now howling that deacon Rockefeller takes a bath in whiskey every day. But what is the harm as long as the whiskey is on the outside and stays there?

—Mayor J. S. Wynne, Chairman, and Col. Fred A. Olds, Secretary, Raleigh, N. C., are arranging on behalf of a Committee appointed for the purpose, for a great "Home-Coming Jubilee and Reunion" at Raleigh, during the State Fair, Oct. 17-22, for all persons born in this State and now residing elsewhere.

IF MAN BE MAN.

If man be man as he should,
He seeks for nothing but the good;
Yea, nothing less than good can fill
Both warp and weft of a noble will.
The good will stand a sure foundation,
Secure and strong for each gradation,
From which evolves a new transition,
A loftier man, a purer intention.

If man be man, exclude the rest;
He'll pass from better to the best;
Yea, nothing less can satisfy
The man who sets his motives high.
And reach the climax he who can
Doth stand alone supremely man;
And here reposed, as hero should,
He waits the absolutely good.

If man be man just to the letter,
He climbs from good up to the better;
For nothing less than aspiration
Will gratify man's inclination.
The better forms a second base
From which is turned a longing face;
Then, mountains sealed by bold gyrations,
He lives more blessed among new creations.

—George Henry Givan.

The Sunday School teacher had just explained to the juvenile class that the first parents were made from dust.

"Now, Edgar," she said to a bright little fellow, "can you tell me who the first man was?"

"Henry Clay," was the prompt reply.

Charity that expects a return on the investment isn't charity.

FROM GERMANY—THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

The managers of this meeting have planned things in such a way as to make the pilgrimage to it a constant succession of opportunities for beholding the wonders of the west of Europe.

But the readers of the *Sun* are more interested in the gathering to which the Christian delegates have gone, than in mere scenes in foreign lands. The banquets and receptions arranged for the hundreds of visitors, increasing in numbers as we passed the various centers on the journey and approached Berlin, all the time proved the hospitality of the "Liberals" to those associated with them, and made the days and nights all too short, though so pleasant. The speaking has been of the most hospitable and cordial spirit. But yet there is a tone to it that we are not used to. Possibly this tone is caused by an effort to avoid touching on any of the views of those who believe in the power of God as revealed in miracles, or on the feelings of those who trust in the leadership of Jesus Christ, in any reverent sense. If so, this manifests a spirit of courtesy to those who hold to conservative views. But courtesy may not be charity, and certainly falls short of love. And courtesy is a feeble foundation for a great religious movement. And in this case there is a thinly veiled effort, on the part of some of the participants in the gatherings, to convince us all that they believe the various religions of the world are to be considered everywhere the best adapted to the needs and capacities of the respective races.

This attitude of mind perhaps comes from the unnatural effort to seem "liberal." But there may be a narrowness of "Liberalism"; as well as of superstition. With an air of superiority, that very thinly veils the claim of infallibility, they smile at any propaganda which tends to make dominant the lordship of Jesus everywhere. Anything to keep Jesus a Nazarene! Anything to keep his gospel from being preached among all nations! Anything to prevent his being supposed to have risen from the dead! His resurrection, they seem to feel, **must** be considered a myth. And yet these "Liberal" folks have not an atom of **proof** that the resurrection of Jesus was a myth. How narrow they are! They are not "broad." They narrow down the administration of God to events included in their own experience or that of fellows like them. They measure God by human mental yardsticks.

The name of Jesus is not heard as fre-

quently in the speeches, or prayers, as I would like. Evidently some of these people think they know more than Jesus did; they are so "advanced."

Our people have little interest in making important sacrifices for a movement that does not insist on the leadership of Christ. While we have no other leader, he is emphatically our leader. And we will not follow teachers who have no special faith in anything but themselves. "Liberal" infallibility is as odious as papal infallibility.

The tone of some of the speakers at the banquets and receptions, in ignoring our Master and Lord, artificially avoiding his name, sometimes made their oratory seem labored, lacking freedom; the very thing constantly advertised in sounding adjectives and resonant nouns. This may be observed in the following translation of one address at a banquet on the way:

"My dear ladies and gentlemen! Our first meeting approaches its end. With so many a good word, the few hours have quickly passed away. But they have sufficed to connect links of friendship between us and our visitors. It belongs to the old privileges of the Rhineland that friends soon feel at home here. And yet we citizens of Cologne are to day proud and thankful to have heard such hearty and confiding words ring in our ears from the very beginning. You may rest assured, that they have found a full echo in our hearts. This of course would not all have been possible, if not since long a good genius had spun invisible threads of sympathy between us. This genius is the very genius of our international congress, it is that genius who raises us above all formal differences into realms of the ideals of humanity. Men who are filled with this spirit, feel friends from the moment they make each other's acquaintance; they know that all times they belonged and will belong to one another. Yes it is the sublime thought of ideal unity of mankind, which today rules in our midst with its heart connecting power. But at our greatest joy we also see among us a great number of those who at all times have warmest advocated the idea of brotherhood and humanity. These are our honored ladies! It is a privilege of the female disposition that contrary to separating it always knows to lovingly preserve the true human compassion. And also here in Cologne our brave women are not the last in holding up the banner of tolerance and humanity.

"Today they may be proud of their sex also in the other countries belonging to the enthusiastic champions of our en-

deavours. But also we men know but too well, of what importance the quiet but mighty influence of the world of women is for the victory of our ideas. Therefore we particularly welcome you on the German soil and express in this hour a hope that in our country you may also find those ideals which originally are dearest and most sacred to you. In token hereof let us drink the good health of the ladies who have come to us from so far away."

This allusion to drinking (in the remarks of the speaker) was natural: for beer and wine were frequently on the tables. In fact, some of the members of the cult, who came to America some time ago to one of its gatherings, are said to have criticised the Unitarians for the fact that they did not furnish liquors at the banquets. And in these banquets the German "Liberals" in their usual hospitable spirit furnish books to the guests, containing coupons, of which I tear out and paste on this sheet the following samples:

FLORA . KOLN 3. 8. 1910

Gut fur 1 Glas Bier

FLORA . KOLN 3. 8. 1910

Gut fur 1/2 Flasche Wein

These books, however, contained, also, coupons for mineral waters; and the sight of the drinking of liquors was as painful to some of the "Liberals" as to your Christian delegates.

But some of those who drank liquor and wine undoubtedly were as honest in the thought that they were not sinning, as were our fathers in America in the days before the temperance reform began. And we must ourselves err on the side of mercy in judgment, if err at all. Many of these "Liberals" possibly regard as Pharisees those who denounce beer-drinking and intemperance.

But for myself I must say that the spiritual and spirituous atmosphere at these later banquets was of a nature that hardly harmonized with prayer. And I repeatedly found myself wondering about "saying grace," or "asking a blessing," at the feasts. But prayer has not any where been a distinguishing feature, so far. The meetings are not deeply religious. There is more philosophy than prayer; more mutual admiration than reverence for God; more boasting of freedom and progress than exhortation to service and faithfulness.

In fact, one of the prominent Buddhists present informed my son, with an air of affected or real indifference, that he did not know of such a thing as God. And his indifference gave way to wonder, when my son told him of the personal God, the fountain of every blessing. The "Liberals" will consider the Bud-

dhist broad, who cannot conceive of a personal God, and my son narrow, who has a heavenly Father. Oh, consistency!

In the conversation the Buddhist seemed to talk of Buddha as the perfection of development. But he stammered with confusion notwithstanding his culture, when my son turned Buddhism against itself by asking how he knew that Jesus was not a re-incarnated Buddha, giving higher revelation than the former one. This Buddhist had nothing higher than man, as far as any personal being was thought of. And though this Buddhist, with a worshipful devotion, held aloft the merits of Buddha, the "Liberals" of the Congress in public speech, seem reticent concerning him who was not merely the "light of Asia," a people sunken in the rigid plaster of "caste" and the degradation of idolatry, but who is the "light of the world," breaking down "caste," and lifting man up.

It seems to me that while our people may be justified in recognizing the enterprise which is seeking to fuse together into some sort of unity all who desire liberty in religion, and while we may recognize with Christian appreciation the courtesy so graciously extended to us notwithstanding we are known as ardent believers in the Bible, it may not be wise for us to take any prominent relation to the movement, even if offered us. Courteous recognition of the honesty of this effort for the unity of those who believe in liberty in religion, and true recognition of their kindness to ourselves, is sufficient for the present.

Our emphasis should be on bringing men to righteousness through Jesus; who shows us a God who is our Father. To get free from God is not freedom; it is craziness. To ignore Jesus is not superiority; it is to become merely an animal. My God is great; and I will not trade him off for "freedom" or "breadth." His Son is more "advanced" than any "Liberal," and more helpful to high living, glorious thinking, and heavenly immortality than any Buddha of India or Boston. And we want to be free to preach Christ and him crucified; who died for all the world.

J. J. Summerbell.

Berlin, Germany, Aug. 7th 1910.

SEEING THINGS IN NEW YORK.

New York is a great city. The more often one comes here the more one is impressed with the immensity of things hereabouts. If New York could be blotted from the map even for a few days

the entire world would be effected in more ways than one. It is probably the most cosmopolitan city on the globe. Here the nations of earth have congregated and are fighting in a most interesting way the battle of life. The stranger is impressed with the various and sundry ways in which the people here go about making a living. Indeed many do not live, they merely exist. A stroll through the parks and public squares, especially in the late afternoon, reveals the sad and destitute conditions under which the less fortunate thousands live. The fight for a livelihood is here a "survival of the fittest"; many have been unable to meet the fierce competition, and have seemingly given up all hope. I have spent several days in the crowded tenement districts, making pictures of what I have seen there, and studying for my own information the social life of these unfortunate thousands. Since my college days when I studied social problems from books, I have been intensely interested in questions concerning the relation of man to his fellows. Some of our friends in the North who are so much concerned about the solution of the race problem in the South might, with much more profit, especially to themselves, give attention to the same problem here at their very doors. For my part give me the negro every time, as black as the Lord ever created him, in preference to these mongrel races. The log cabin of the negro back in the cotton fields of the South is a palace to some of the dirty, filthy, underground dens I have seen here. I only regret that I cannot reproduce here some of the pictures I have made, some of which I secured with much difficulty. These would tell the story more graphically than any words I can command.

The first question that comes to the visitor to the tenement districts of New York is, "Why do these people persist in living here?" In the great big world outside there is plenty of fresh air and bright sunshine, and many legitimate ways of making a living. Do they not know of the splendid advantages this country offers outside of New York city? Why satisfied to remain here and eke out such a miserable existence? A stroll through certain sections of the city reveals something of the fierceness of the fight for life that is being waged. The streets swarm with men, women and children clad in filth and rags. Vehicles can scarcely pass. Push carts line the curb and peddlers follow each other up and down the streets crying their wares. One man carries a tray of cheap suspenders swung around his neck, the

next has a basket of apples, the next shoe strings and handkerchiefs; following comes a decrepit old woman 60 years of age or more selling newspapers, a young girl of 16 with a bucket of lemonade which she sells at a penny a glass, a boy with a basket of cucumbers, one cent each with a pinch of salt thrown in free (These are eaten like apples). The push cart men and women sell everything imaginable—clothing, shoes, hats, underwear, false hair, fruit, notions, vegetables, cold drinks, etc., etc.

Men and women fight for their rights in their efforts to make a sale. The food of tomorrow depends upon the sales of today. And thus the struggle goes on. In these sections of New York one may go for blocks without hearing a word of English. Families live in crowded tenements, sometimes a hundred in one building, sleeping eight or ten in a room like so many cattle. Men and women seem to have lost (if they ever had any) all sense of modesty, and boys and girls run around the streets half naked. And these people seem to be content—seem to think they are really living.

S. M. Smith.

Norfolk, Va.

(To be continued.)

Begun on page 3.

ers, those relating to vaccination and illumination by gas, for the sole reason that they came from France. The police were vigilant against "the class called thinkers," as their own documents described them.

I do not know a single sphere in which man has attained perfection. We have truths to learn in religion, economics, politics—everywhere. Nothing can be stable so long as errors remain unconquered, and no amount of obstruction can finally keep truth down.

The salvation of society lies in open discussion.

The need of the individual is—an open mind.—C. E. World.

Mr. S. M. Atkinson, after extensive travel in the Eastern Virginia Conference in the interest of the Christian Sun, is now with his uncle, Dr. J. O. Atkinson, recuperating slightly before going to his school work in Mississippi.

Mrs. W. A. Harper and little Dorothy Harrell and Ruth Wicker spent the most of last week with Mrs. Harper's parents near Union Ridge.

Miss Annie Watson has returned home after an extended visit to her sister, Mrs. F. L. Chandler, Virgilina, Va.

Miss Mamie Tate, our College librarian, visited the family of Mr. Levi McCauley at Union Ridge last week.

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

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Convention.

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Four Months50
Advertising rates given on application.

J. O. Atkinson, Editor and Publisher.

Important Notice.—As readers will see, The Christian Sun is now published at Greensboro, N. C. The office of publication there is 302½ South Elm Street. Our editorial office, however, remains at Elon College, N. C., to which all letters and communications to the Editor should be addressed, as heretofore.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

Hosanna to the son of David; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: hosanna in the highest. Matt. 21: 9.

Real royalty is not always arrayed in rich apparel. Nor do all true and rightful kings wield a golden scepter or wear a glittering crown. And yet real royalty gets itself proclaimed in the world, gets itself acclaimed by the willing or unwilling assent of man. Jesus was a king, a real, true, genuine king. Since there were not officials, functionaries, armies, to proclaim, and to make Him King, then He will be acclaimed King without their fancied and formal functions. He was the people's King, therefore the people shall so proclaim Him. So, in strict conformity to all law, forms and ceremonies, with decency and in order Jesus the Messiah is proclaimed King. He heads the royal procession into the Holy City and the people shout glad hosannas to His holy name.

The acclaim was not forced but spontaneous. It was not a make-believe; it was a reality. It was not of the few: it was by the multitude. The multitudes of their own volition proclaimed Christ King and Messiah. This is only typical. That same Messiah by the preaching of the gospel is preparing the multitudes of this earth to proclaim Him King of kings and Lord of lords. But it must be spontaneous, full, unforced, of the ready mind and the willing heart. Just as Jesus was proclaimed King on entering the earthly Jerusalem, while here in the flesh, He will one day be proclaimed King by the peoples and nations and tongues of

this earth. For before His triumphal march every barrier will be broken down, every hindering cause removed. The people of every tongue and name will yet proclaim Him King.

The reign of sin and evil in the world is not forever. It is of comparatively short duration. It may not seem so now. Sin may seem entrenched in high places and in low, evil stalks abroad, corruption and vice abound. But it will not always be so. Jesus the Messiah heads the royal procession and victory follows in His wake.

His process is one of cleansing, and His purpose one of purification. Arriving in Jerusalem He enters the temple, not to sit down idly upon a throne; but to cleanse, drive out, heal, help, strengthen, make glad, and exalt.

Never a king, immediately following His triumphal march, acted as this King did. He immediately helped the blind and the lame and the needy: took sides with the poor and the needy to cheer and to strengthen and to help them.

And our blessed Messiah is doing that yet; helping all who call upon His holy name, to a stronger, better, happier life. He heads the royal procession over cruelty and crime and vice.

THE MEDITATION OF MY HEART.

A man of strong personality, unbri-dled passion, much to contend with, warring and struggling all through his eventful career, David managed after all to solve the riddle of life and prove himself "a man after God's own heart."

Was not one of the secrets of this great life just this: He took time, even from a most busy career, to be holy. "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer." Again and again David employs in his sweet songs that word "meditate." His was a strenuous life in a strenuous time, but he took time to meditate about God and goodness and glory. "Thought of God the last as we fall asleep at night and first as we wake in the morning is a glorious ending and opening of the passing days," remarks an exchange. A most glorious, and a most needful one in this strenuous time.

"Alone one hour a day with the Eternal," said McLaren told the secret of his useful career. There is no pleasanter pastime than meditating about the goodness and mercy of God, and surely there is none more helpful and uplifting. "The meditation of my heart, O God."

THE ONES WHO DO NOT CARE.

Not long now and the colleges will be open for the fall term. There is a very large class, we incline to think a disproportionately increasing class, who will not enter college. They are the most pitiable of all we know. We give them pity because they do not ask or wish it. They could go to school if they wished, but they do not want to. They do not care. They are bright enough, able enough, stout and strong enough; but they do not want to. They are going to farm, or run a store, or manage a factory, and so they do not want to go to college. They simply do not care to.

You need not argue with them that knowledge is power, that the more learning the better, that ignorance is a curse, that the educated and the cultured and the scholars do the thinking for the world, and that every one needs to have his brain sharpened as best he may in order to win out in the race for existence and in the survival of the fittest. You need not argue with him. He simply does not care. He will care some day. It will be too late then. But he does not care now. He is in a hurry to settle down, to get married, to go to making money. He has not time to waste in school anymore. He will point out to you some bright and successful man who has gone up without college education, and there is his model. It will do no good to tell him that while one has met with success without education thousands have failed without it, and hundreds have succeeded with it. The argument of hundreds to his one will do no good. He is going to take chances at being the one. Twenty years from now when his friend has arisen to prominence and usefulness because he went to college, and he himself is still plodding and grinding away in menial fashion because he did not go, then he will see his mistake and deplore the error of his way. But not till then. You have never yet seen a person, I never have, who regretted that he went to school and obtained as much education as he did; but you have seen scores, I have hundreds, who regretted that when opportunity offered they did not obtain more education than they did obtain.

Education never hurts one. The lack of it does. There are no fetters and shackles as binding and as galling as ignorance. The pity, indeed the pity, for those who can go to school and do not want to, do not care, are really not interested in the matter. Education is sharpening the tools that the good God has put into our heads. Not to care is to prefer to hew with dull ones rather

than cut with sharp ones. May God help the hundreds of boys and girls who can, but do not care to; who could improve their talents, and make them useful but really do not care to.

THE ONES WHO DID NOT JOIN.

In practically every revival where there are converts, there are many who do not join the church, any church, where the first opportunity affords. The usual excuse, of course is, that the convert wants to try awhile outside the church to see if he can hold out. And the result is evermore the same forty-nine times out of fifty. He does not "hold out." There is very good reason why he should not "hold out." He refuses help at the very time when he needs help more than he will ever need it in all his life. It is as if a child, which can only take milk, were to reason that it would take nothing and see if it could grow strong on that, and then if it does, it will take food later when strength has come. The person who needs the church more than anyone else in all the earth is the new convert. He then needs as he will never need again, the restraining influences, the kindly counsel and the uplifting hand of the church. This is why the Christ planted the church in the world—to represent Him in the world and help men and women, boys and girls, when they most need help. The one who has been in the church, loyal and faithful and true, for many years might "hold out" without the church; but the young convert never.

An Empire Disappears.—It was neither by blood nor by arms that the Empire of Korea disappeared in a day this week, but by the cunning of man and the stronger absorbing the weaker. Japan has not been idle, is not idle, since her war with China and later with Russia. Korea, near by, weak, dependent, inactive, unconcerned, was bound to succumb to the seductive influences of the Flowery Kingdom. So, peaceably, without protest or resistance, Korea with 12,000,000 inhabitants, an annual revenue of more than \$5,000,000, an area, extremely fertile, of about ninety million square miles, a dynasty dating back to 1392, a name and a history dating back four hundred years earlier than that, a climate for the most part salubrious and agreeable, projecting into the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan from Manchuria as our State of Florida projects into the Gulf, and so abundant in variety of fisheries, fauna and flora, this favored empire disappears as such from the map and becomes a part and parcel of the Japanese Empire.

Korea henceforth will live only in the history of the past. The Japanese have been looking to this and straining every energy in this direction many years.

Kingdoms, empires, nations, states,, rise, flourish and fall: they no more live forever than individuals do. That which to-day seems fixed to abide forever disappears to-morrow. Truly are all men and the institutions of men "strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

—Forest fires are raging in Idaho, Oregon and Montana. The sweep of the flames is enormous, resulting in untold loss of valuable timber, the destruction of hundreds of residences and the death of scores, possibly hundreds, of inhabitants. Over half the town of Idaho, was destroyed, entailing a property loss of \$1,000,000, causing twenty-four deaths and twenty-five injured.

ELON COLLEGE NOTES.

The committee on the deep well, consisting of Mr. J. Beale Johnson, Dr. R. M. Morrow, and Rev. J. W. Wellons, met here last Thursday and after a fair test accepted the well from the Artesian Well Company, for the present. The test showed at least 50 gallons of water per minute, and as 25 gallons is sufficient for all immediate necessities, the committee was opposed to going further. They took an instrument in writing from the Company, however, to the effect that, should the well ever cease to afford as much as 25 gallons the minute, they would return and complete the contract. The total cost of the well to date is small, compared to the usual cost of such wells, less than \$450.00.

Rev. J. W. Wellons visited Mr. J. H. Walker's family in the Northern part of the County, Saturday and Sunday. He went to Bethlehem and returned home Monday.

Dr. E. L. Moffitt and family are scheduled to return to the College Tuesday, the 23rd instant. President Moffitt feels much restored, but is not entirely himself again in the matter of endurance and strain. Elon will be glad to welcome him home again.

Mr. Henry May, Lynchburg, Va., brother-in-law of Uncle Wellons, paid us a visit Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday of this week.

An enjoyable entertainment was given in the College Chapel Friday evening for the benefit of the Alamance County Hospital. A nice sum was realized. Many adult citizens also took part in the exercises.

Arrangements are now well under way to put hot water permanently in the College Dormitories from the Central

Power Station. This convenience will be genuinely appreciated by the students.

Prof. N. F. Brannock stopped here Saturday on the way to Northern Alamance and Caswell where he is to represent the College this week.

In as much as the catalogues and bulletins are about exhausted, it has been decided to bring out an opening number of the Elon College Weekly. This will be mailed to all old and prospective students. Prof. Lawrence, editor, is now at work on the paper.

The writer spent Thursday night in Greensboro and Friday at Jamestown in the Guilford County S. S. Convention. A few words were said also for the College.

We regret to learn of the necessity for a second surgical operation on Miss Bronna Clymer. The operation was performed last Tuesday, and she is reported as doing well.

The Orphanage contemplates boring a deep well on its premises.

Miss Linda Barnes has so far recovered from her recent illness at Virgilina that she could come home last Friday. Her friends wish for her a speedy and complete recovery.

Her many friends will rejoice to learn that Miss Mary Lou Pitt is to return as music teacher with the opening of the fall term.

The work of renovating the College buildings is now well started and everything will be in readiness by Sept. 6, the day when the students are scheduled to arrive.

Everything seems bright for a large opening. The faculty and office force are doing their best. The friends and students are lending their help. The next few days are critical days. Let us all pull together and the opening can be nothing less than satisfactory.

W. A. Harper.

—Rev. J. W. Bolton, pastor of the Christian church here, tendered his resignation last week and the quarterly conference of the church accepted the same Thursday night. Yesterday the congregation extended an unanimous call to Rev. L. E. Smith, of Graham.—Greensboro Correspondence in Raleigh News and Observer, Aug. 22. Since Bro. Bolton expressed his intention of returning west at the end of the present Conference year our Greensboro church has been desiring to secure the services of Bro. Smith as pastor for next year. We trust this end has been attained. Bro. Smith is a young man of ability and promise, and is beloved by the people of Graham and other charges he has served. Greensboro does well to secure his services.

**THE CHRISTIAN ORPHANAGE
DEPARTMENT.**

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The Band of Cousins.

Jas. L. Foster, Supt., Elon College.
J. O. Atkinson, Chr. Board of Trustees,
Elon College, N. C.
O. L. Barnes, Treas., Elon College, N. C.

**He that hath pity upon the poor
lendeth unto the Lord; and that which
he hath given will he pay him again.—
Prov. 19: 17.**

Amount brought forward .. \$1,468.55
Dues.

Annie Pearl Way \$.10
Carl Lynn Schobey10
Charles E. Newman, Jr. . . .10
Hannah Clare Newman10
Blannie Franks10
Bettie Franks10
Dwight Franks10
Norma Franks10
Numa Franks10

Monthly S. S. Offering.

Catawba Springs, N. C. . . 2.56
Greensboro, N. C., 4 mo. . 4.19
Suffolk, Va. 16.19

Special Offering.

Mrs. Bettie Cates 6.00
Amt., 30th week, 29.84
Total, \$1,498.39

Amount Bro't Forward \$1,498.39
Dues.

Mary Lee Foster\$.10
James L. Foster, Jr.,10

Monthly S. S. Offering.

New Elam, N. C. 2.50
Berea (Nans'd), Va. 5.30
Mt. Auburn, N. C. 1.00
Franklin, Va. 5.26
Rosemont, Va. 1.00
"Citizens' Bible Class, Elon
N. C. 5.00

Special Offering.

F. M. Carlton, 6.50
J. A. Kimball 5.00
Miss Beatrice Fowler . . 12.00
Mt. Auburn Chr. Ch. 1.87
Amt. 31st week, 45.63
Total, \$1,544.02
Elon College, N. C., Aug. 17, 1910.

My Dear Children and Friends:

This is a good report from schools and specials; it has been too hot for the Cousins. Come, children, let's keep our Corner well filled. We are grateful to Bro. Carlton for his liberal monthly contribution; Bro. J. A. Kimball, of Manson, N. C., who lost his home by fire last spring and almost all his clothing and that of his family, also kindly remembers us with \$5.00; Bros. W. W. and J. A. Kimball who reside together

were heavy losers in the burning of their home; but facing this loss they have been cheerful, and faithful and liberal to their church. We are so glad that the faithful Sunday-schools remember us during these dull months, it helps us greatly to pay bills. We have had to buy flour, meat, lard, etc., and you know the prices this year. We wish that 25 other Sunday-schools would join those that now make a monthly offering and thus help us keep right up to date with bills. We have recently mailed 600 copies of the Orphanage Report to Church secretaries, S. S. superintendents and other church folks whose addresses appear in the Annual. We will gladly mail you a copy if you wish one, as long as the supply lasts. Write a card.

Have we any lady friends who are milliners or others who could kindly donate us a few fall and winter hats for girls? Can use any size.

A gentleman recently spoke of my begging for the Orphanage. My friends, "Uncle Jim" is not "begging" when he tells you of the Orphanage and its work. The Orphanage is an organized part of the church at work. The same as Foreign Missions, Home Missions and Education. To tell the orphans' need is not to beg but to show duty and offer privilege of giving. To solicit wheat, corn, meat, or money from the friendly congregation is not to "beg." All enterprises of church, corporation, individual or state have their seasons when support is needed and they seek it in various ways, but you don't say they are "begging." The merit of the orphanage work should forever drive the word "begging" out of use (relative to orphanage work) and insert in lieu thereof "duty" or "privilege"; for thus it is when you give to the orphan.

We have begun to plough our wheat land. William Brown and Everton Morris had their first day's work with the big two-horse plows to-day. They did very nice work considering the stumpy land. We hope to prepare for about 30 bushels sowing. We are hoping for a 400-bushel crop next year. The Orphanage cotton is the finest to date we have yet grown and promises well.

Give us many letters next week and full report. Yours gratefully,

Uncle Jim.

**CONFESSIONS OF A MATRON, BY
ONE OF THEM.**

I'd back my mistakes against those of anybody else in the world, but still I am trying to aim high. We matrons in trying to teach our children are com-

FREEMAN DRUG CO.,

Dealers in

**DRUGS, MEDICINES, PATENT MED-
ICINES,**

and Druggist sundries, Perfumery, all popular odors, Toilet and fancy articles, Combs, Brushes, etc.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

Burlington, N. C.

When in Burlington call at

T. H. STROUD'S

**Store for DRUGS, SOFT DRINKS, and
anything desired in drugs and Toilet
Articles.**

CAPUDINE for "THAT HEADACHE."

Out last night? Headache and nervous this morning? Hicks' Capudine just the thing to fit you for business. Clears the head-braces the nerves. Try it. At drug stores.

pelled to simplify, classify, jollify and glorify our day's work. The things we try to instil are truth, order, loyalty, purity and obedience. In my experience I find that when a child is cross the whole household becomes cross and nervous, too. Moods are very contagious things, yet I find that if I can persistently look towards the sunshine then the spirit of discontent is not likely to communicate itself to every member of the household. However, there are always some who like to find fault with everything and about whom one feels that a storm is brewing within.

If my experience should be asked as to the best way to influence I would say it is first to try to persuade and then, if necessary, to use stronger measure. I have not found a way to keep children from saying ugly things about each other. Some delight in making mischief and have a disposition that is very difficult to deal with. Such children cherish a great many imaginary wrongs and tenderly nurse their grievances. We have our ups and downs, of course—

The dog's in the pantry,

The cat's in the cake,

The cow's in the hammock.

What difference does it make?

—The Connie Maxwell.

My Dear Cousins:

We send our dimes. Sorry we are all alone this week. Are you getting ready for school opening, Cousins, that makes you tardy about writing? We have some fine little pigs we wish we could show you. There are 10 of them and their Mama's name is Harriet. We just love to see them run around.

Lovingly,

Mary Lee Foster,

James L. Foster, Jr.

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

I have a lovely little friend,
Who is my guest today;
In her the gentler graces blend:
She loves to work and play.

We love her for her winsome ways,
Our niece—Almira Jane—
Who wins from all sweet words of
praise,
Nor does it make her vain.

If she's as innocent and mild
When she's a woman grown,
As she is now, a loving child,
Her life she'll ne'er bemoan.

O Father, bless this fair young child:
Bless children everywhere—
With courage brave, and spirit mild,
To shun the Tempter's snare.

Uncle Millard.

Portland, Mich., Aug. 15, 1910.

DOES COLLEGE EDUCATION PAY?

Man invariably asks the question, Does it pay? And this question must be affirmatively answered before you can enlist his sympathies in any movement. The only reason that the sailing vessel gave way to the ocean grey-hound, the stage-coach to the locomotive, was that it paid to make the change from the one to the other. Prove to men that aerial navigation will pay better than land and water navigation, and they will immediately take to that method of transportation with all the avidity of their nature. Consequently, if ignorance is ever to withdraw entirely and universally before the advancing hosts of intelligence and education, men must be made to feel that education pays. Does it pay? Is it worth while? Granting that a limited amount of education pays, does a College education pay?

Emphatically, yes. A College education pays in dollars and cents. It is a matter of common observation that our educated man receives more money wages than the uneducated man, more even than he could have possibly obtained if he had not received his College training. But this is the poorest return a College education brings its proud possessor. He has other wages, not so obvious, not so easily discerned by the undiscriminating, not appreciated save by the initiated, and these wages are the reason par excellence for the procuring of a College education. It makes the world over again to him. Nature is not the mystery she once was. He understands natural law. He is monarch of the universe about him. The world as you know it the day you enter College will never be lived in by you

* * * * *

WANTED—500 NEW SUBSCRIBERS

By September 1st, 1910.

* **Our Special Offer.**—That this may be easily and speedily accomplished and The Sun placed in 500 homes where it is not now going, and in order that we may be in a position to increase the size and otherwise improve the appearance of the paper, we are offering THE SUN to new subscribers for the remainder of the year 1910 for only 50 Cents.

* How many friends of THE SUN will help us increase its circulation, and thus enable us to give the denomination a larger and better Church Organ?

* * * * *

again, but you will live in a more delightful world than you otherwise ever could. It reveals to a man the purpose of life, not only of his individual life, which is a great benefit it undeniably confers, but of the human race as well. The College man or woman is far less a partisan than he or she otherwise would be. The broadening, literalizing, altruistic tendencies of the College Course, by revealing the purpose of life in its fullness and fellowship, can have no other denouement. Such an education also, if pursued in an institution fostered by the Church, ought to give and invariably does give adequate and correct notions of Deity and things divine. The College trained man or woman is not swept away by every whim or ism of doctrine. Why? The foundations of life have been broadly laid on the impregnable rock. Let storms of infidelity, unbelief, higher criticism break in all their fury round such a life, and it will remain unmoved, because it is founded upon a rock, the rock of Christian character, which it is the prime end of the Church institution to develop, inculcate, and safe-guard to fruition.

Those who would like to put the reasons set forth above to the test would do well to write for catalogue or other information to W. A. Harper, Dean.
Elon College, N. C.

MAKE NO COMPROMISES WITH WRONG.

Rev. D. E. Millard, D. D.

Whoever compromises with wrong will surely bring himself into a snare. Especially will this hold true with Christian men and women. All who wish to be known as followers of Christ should beware lest they are drawn into the meshes of the Lord's enemies. It is so easy to get there. A little carelessness, a little inadvertency, may bring us into a false position and entrap us fatally.

It is so pleasant to appear well with the world, and so hard to protest against wrongs that are freely indulged in by the sinful, that far too many, in conduct at least, openly deny their Master.

When Christians sit by and hear the name of God profaned and the Word of God ridiculed without a word or scarcely a look of protest, they are treading the ground of apostasy and endangering their spiritual life. Whenever we permit ourselves to indulge in any questionable employment or wink at any wrong, we are on the highway that leads to defection from Christ. In fact we are already in a false position. Our conduct is a denial of our Christianity and is more than likely to lead to denial in word. Such was the result in Peter's case, when he denied that he knew Jesus and "had been with him." The evil did not end with one denial, but was followed by another and another and finally by the boldest and most unblushing falsehoods. And so it is when the law of truth is violated, it is followed by repeated infractions. As an English writer says: "He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one." To err here is not the beginning of defection, it is defection; it is itself a denial of allegiance to religion and morality, for it is utterly opposed to both.

A Christian, in the true meaning of the word, is one "who walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart" (Ps. 15:2). In a word, he is a man of integrity. In him there is no false way. His profession is real, his friendship is sincere, his love is pure. He is one who may be relied on. "An Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile." "Integrity," says Dr. Hugh Blair, "is the foundation of all that is high in character among mankind. Other qualities may add to its splendor; but if this essential requisite is wanting, all their luster fades."

Firmly standing for the Right—"as God gives us to see the Right." may we, dear reader, make it our constant rule to follow the road of duty according as the Word of God and the Voice of Conscience point it out to us.

Portland, Mich.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Exponent of the Young People's Convention,
Christian Church, South.

Watchword; A Christian Endeavor Society in Every Church; Teacher-Training and Organized Classes in Every Sunday School

W. A. HARPER, Editor and Field Secretary, Elon College, N. C.

[All notes and contributions for this department should be sent to W. A. Harper, Elon College, N. C. All items under this Department not signed are by its Editor and Field Secretary.]

THE PREPARED TEACHER—NO. V. What He Will Have.

He will have a **pride** in his work. He will give to it because he has a pride in it. He will regard his Sunday school work as a profession and use diligence in equipping himself for it. He will begin his preparation for a particular lesson at least eight or ten days before the lesson is to be taught that he may make intelligent assignments for home-study to his pupils a week before they are to report, and he will keep constantly at it at specified times until the lesson is actually taught. A few minutes a day dedicated to preparation of the lesson, systematically used, will produce wonders in the teacher's effectiveness.

He will have **vision**. He will not see his class merely as it is week after week, but he will catch luminous glimpses of its future and these glimpses will be powerful influences in enriching his life and its fruits. He will see more than the interests of his own class and of his own denomination. He will include in the sweep of his religious horizon the whole Sunday school world, and through this larger vision he will be able to do his part in his local Sunday school to better effect and acceptance. We teachers are not engaged in a petty local work, but we are co-laborers with millions of others, and our goal is the salvation of the world. The Sunday school is not a neighborhood institution; it is world-wide; the Sunday school teacher is not merely a citizen of America or France; he has rights and obligations of citizenship throughout the Christian universe. This the trained teacher knows and he is a better teacher for knowing it.

He will have a **library**; a small one, it may be true, but yet a library and it will continue to grow. In it will be now or later a much-used teacher's Bible, a Bible dictionary, a Teacher Training Course or two, one or two of such lesson commentaries as Tarbell's, Peloubet's, Arnold's, or Torrey's, a book or two each on the history and development of the Sunday school, on the Sunday school teacher, on the pupil, on Biblical antiquities, on the Graded Sun-

day school, on the spiritual life of the Sunday school, on the use of the black-board, on Hand work in the Sunday school, on the social life, on Sunday school management, on missions, on Bible study, on biblical chronology, on biblical doctrine, and on church and denominational history. In addition, perhaps there will be bought first of all will be found there several books on the particular line of Sunday school teaching in which he is interested, whether it be the beginners' department, the primary, or the junior, or the intermediate, or the adult department. It will also include books and pamphlets bearing on the great moral and social issues confronting the American people today. Finally, it will include its clippings from promiscuous reading, preserved by the card system, if possible, otherwise in an indexed scrap book. I do not believe a teacher, no matter how plentifully he may command money, ought to purchase all these books at once. He ought to purchase them as he needs them and master one before he adds another. The custom of exchanging books with other teachers is a good one. If the teacher does not feel able to purchase them one by one, he should at least have them in his library temporarily, borrowing them from the general Sunday school library.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR?

If Christian Endeavor could have been scalped by the pen, or the swift stroke of derision, or the flash of epigrammatic wit and cock-sure assertion, it would have been slain long ago and its lean bones cast to the vultures.

The proposal made by Endeavorers to unite the young people's societies in a "Christian Endeavor" fellowship—in no way interfering with the autonomy of the denominational society or union—has been welcomed by many and deprecated by some. The reasons for refusing are curious.

We are told that Christian Endeavor has broken down denominational loyalty. Of course no particulars are given. We are informed that Christian Endeavor is fast dying anyway, and affiliation isn't worth while. The former assertion flies in the face of the Christian Endeavor pledge, which solemnly binds the Endeavorer to be faithful to his own church, while the latter is not only quite unsupported, but contradict-

ed by the facts of the case. The great St. Paul Convention did not echo the wail of a dying cause.

But suppose that Christian Endeavor has served its generation; what are you going to put in its place?

Even if Christian Endeavor were wiped out, the young people of the church would remain. They would need the attention of the church in some shape or form. What would be done for them and with them?

We cannot return to pre-Christian Endeavor conditions. The Sunday school is doing a noble work, but it cannot even attempt to do also the work at present done by the Christian Endeavor society. If Christian Endeavor were removed from the field, the church would be compelled either to leave open the gap between the Sunday school and the church, or to establish some other kind of society.

What would take the place of Christian Endeavor? The Epworth League is twin-sister to Christian Endeavor, so like as to be hardly distinguishable save by the fact that, generally speaking, Christian Endeavor seeks a world-wide fellowship with Christians of every denomination, while the League is content with the fellowship of its own churches. The Baptist Young People's Union is Christian Endeavor under a different name. If Christian Endeavor has failed and is dying, it must be in other denominations than these, for the Epworth League and the Baptist Young People's Union, so far as we know, show no signs of approaching dissolution. But Christian Endeavor societies are on the increase. All reports demonstrate this fact. This we happen to know. It is strange that people that lack the means of forming an opinion should know more about the progress or the retrogression of the cause than those that are conversant with the actual state of affairs.

It is difficult to conceive of any kind of society being formed to take the place of Christian Endeavor which would approximately fill the bill. Any change for the better would be easily assimilated by the present societies; and change for the worse nobody wants. The policy which seems to appeal to some critics is just to let Christian Endeavor die and bury it out of sight, and then go on as best we may. That policy is not going to make the work of the pastors easier; it is not going to make the church more efficient; and in countless

cases it would end in simply letting the young people drift.

This kind of talk reminds me of a boy that was doing a big hustling stunt in moving a piano. "That boy is a good worker," it was remarked. "Um," said his employer, "Jim is all 'take hold, but mighty little 'hist.'"—C. E. World.

C. E. TOPIC FOR AUG. 28—A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

Christ's Kingdom in Asia.—Matt. 13:31-33.

Let the Missionary Committee lead. They should get a large map of Asia and suspend it in the Society's place of meeting, with the countries plainly distinguished and the leading mission stations shown by stars pinned to the map. One member of the Committee should be statistician, another should with pointer point out the places on the map as the statistics are read. A third could give the history of missions in this great continent. Another could be prophet and foretell what great things the future holds for our great cause in that land. The fifth should lead the meeting.

The Scripture.—Have a young man repeat from memory the first two verses of the lesson, the parable of the mustard, and explain how it is applicable to Christian Missions. Have a young lady do likewise of the third verse, the parable of the three measures of meal.

The Leader.—Let the leader show the obligation of the Christian world to give the Gospel to all the world. Let him show that "the evangelization of the world in this generation" is not a dream of a dreamer, but the ideal of a practical age capable of achievement.

Question Spurs.—To come in as voluntary participation:—

What is the great Commission?

When was it given?

Why?

How is the heathen world to be won?

What were Christ's methods of soul-saving?

Of what value is preaching in mission lands?

Of what value is teaching in these lands?

Medical skill and ability?

What relation should civil government sustain toward missionary enterprise?

What is our duty to Missions?

How can we best find out what is being done?

Can we have a mission study class? (To several.)

Scripture Verses.—To come in as voluntary participation:—

Men are in need of cleansing, Job 15:15
None that doeth good - - - Psa. 14:3
Wounds, bruises, purifying sores

Isa. 1:6

Our awful condition - - - Isa. 59:3

Christ died for us - - - Rom. 5:8

Good seed in good ground - Matt. 13:23

Heard His Word - - - Luke 10:39

Gladly received His Word - Acts 2:41

The Kingdom shall flourish - Psa. 72:16

Becometh greater - - - Mark 5:32

Findeth his brother - - - John 1:41

Jesus findeth Philip - - - John 1:43

Philip findeth Natbanael - - Jobn 1:45

A man came - - - John 3:1

A woman cometh - - - John 4:7

Many believed for the saying of the

woman - - - John 4:39

Special Work.—A five-minute presentation of a definite plan for a mission study class in our society.

Suggested Program.

1. Sentence prayers for missions in Asia.

2. Mission song service.

3. Scripture and comment as suggested.

4. Leader's remarks.

5. Map, statistics, history, prophecy, by the members of the committee as suggested above.

6. Voluntary participation, including Scripture Verses and Question Spurs, interspersed with stanzas of appropriate song.

7. Special music.

8. Definite plan presented for mission study.

9. Song, Prayer.

10. Pastor's remarks.

11. Song, Offering, Mizpah.

12. Announcements as to next meeting.

THE MAJESTY OF THE SEA.

Who hath desired the sea?—the sight
of salt water unbounded—

The heave and the halt and the hurl
and the crash of the comber wind-
hounded?

The sleek-barrelled swell before storm,
grey, foamless, enormous and grow-
ing—

Stark calm on the lap of the Line or
the crazy-eyed hurricane blowing—

Rudyard Kipling

From "The Five Nations."

I have lived by the seashore and by the mountains. No, I am not going to say which is best. The one where your place is is the best for you. But this difference there is: you can domesticate mountains, but the sea is *ferae naturae*. You may have a hut, or know the owner of one, on the mountainside; you see a light half-way up its ascent in the

evening, and you know there is a home, and you might share it. You have noted certain trees, perhaps; you know the particular zone where the hemlocks look so black in October, when the maples and beeches have faded. All its reliefs and intaglios have electrotyped themselves in the medallions that bang round the walls of your memory's chamber.

The sea remembers nothing. It is feline. It licks your feet—its huge flanks purr very pleasantly for you; but it will crack your bones and eat you, for all that, and wipe the crimsoned foam from its jaws as if nothing had happened. The mountains give their lost children berries and water; the sea mocks their thirst and lets them die. The mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquility; the sea has a fascinating, treacherous intelligence. The mountains lie about like huge ruminants, their broad backs awful to look upon, but safe to handle. The sea smooths its silver scales until you cannot see their joints—but their shining is that of a snake's belly, after all.

In deeper suggestiveness I find as great a difference. The mountains dwarf mankind and foreshorten the procession of its long generations. The sea drowns out humanity and time; it has no sympathy with either; for it belongs to eternity, and of that it sings its monotonous song forever and ever.

Yet I should love to have a little box by the seashore. I should love to gaze out on the wild feline element from a front window of my own, just as I should love to look on a caged panther, and see it stretch its shining length, and then curl over and lap its smooth sides, and by-and-by begin to lash itself into rage, and show its white teeth, and spring at its bars, and howl the cry of its mad, but, to me, harmless fury.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

—The Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law has had a full year of operation now and brought into the treasury a revenue greater by \$75,000,000 than any year in the history of our country, save one. The amount of revenue alone, however, does not argue the success or the failure of a law.

—The people of the United States certainly ought to be "sweet" if sugar can make them so. Last year we consumed an average of 82 pounds to every man, woman and child in the land. Of this amount we produced 24 per cent., imported from foreign lands 51 per cent., and bought of our "non-contiguous territories"—Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines—25 per cent.

DIED.

Holland.

Mary Virginia Holland, familiarly known as "Jennie Holland," departed this life August 8, 1910, after a severe illness of four weeks, at the tender age of seventeen years. She was the oldest daughter of Mrs. Thomas Howell and her first husband, Jacob Holland. Besides her mother she leaves a grandmother, Mrs. Mary Virginia Holland, three sisters, Ruth, Eula, and Nellie, and two half brothers, Willie Holland and Thomas Howell. The funeral services were conducted by the writer at the home, near Holland, Va., and the remains buried in the family cemetery on the place. We extend sincerest sympathy to the sorrowing loved ones. May the Lord bless and comfort them.

N. G. Newman.

Sprinkle.

Peter Alexander Sprinkle was born July 16, 1832, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. U. W. Long, July 23, 1910.

He was married in 1856 to Amanda Hunter, who preceded him to the spirit land nearly seven years ago. Their union was blessed with ten children, nine of whom survive, viz., Mrs. J. C. Mock, Mrs. F. E. Shamel, Mrs. U. W. Long, Mrs. W. H. Speas, Mrs. I. H. Veach, W. T., J. H., J. P. and B. A. Sprinkle. He had forty-six grand children, thirty-seven now living, and ten great grand children, his posterity numbering 66.

He served in the Civil War in Company F 21st N. C. regiment. Soon after the close of the war he joined the M. P. Church at Pleasant Hill, in which he had a consistent member until his death, being one of the oldest members of the church. The funeral service was conducted by his pastor, Rev. W. C. Lassiter, and Rev. Myers, a Baptist minister, after which the remains were laid to rest in the Pleasant Hill cemetery July 24th to await the resurrection morn.

Grandpa, thou hast left us,

And thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God who hast bereft us,
He will all our sorrows heal.

Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

A Grand Daughter.

Miss Mary Virginia Godwin, Chuck-a-tuck, Va., spent last Wednesday night at Mr. D. B. Barnes' home. She is now visiting in Asheboro, N. C.

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A CHURCH BLESSING.

"But, mother, a fellow doesn't get much good going to church when the whole business bores him."

"My son," said Mr. Stevens, laying down his fork, "I have something to tell you."

Mr. Stevens was a man of few words, often sitting silent through the entire meal; and at his earnest voice we all stopped eating.

"When I went to college," he continued, "I promised my mother to attend church every Sunday morning; and I did. For several months it was a trial and a bore, but it brought me one of the greatest blessings of my life. A young man can gain nothing but good from regular attendance at church; and I expect it from you so long as you have respect for my authority, whether you like it or not."

This sounded very stern, but Mary touched her father's arm. "Won't you tell us about it?" she asked.

"There's not much to tell. I went to church when it rained and when it snowed. The boys were amazed, and then they ridiculed. I suppose it did seem queer to them, for I was not a Christian."

"You were a lover of your mother," said Mrs. Stevens.

Her husband flashed her a grateful look. "I was," he said briefly.

"But, father," persisted Mary, "you have not told us the blessing it brought you."

I caught my breath. Mr. Stevens was not given to retailing his emotions, and should not have dared the remark; but he took no offense.

"I had a room mate after Christmas, and he went to church with me. I don't know why I was so foolish as to go all alone that first term. I could have found

some one to accompany me, I'm sure."

I did not wonder at his going alone. Mr. Stevens was that sort of a man.

"When you don't like to attend church," he continued, "take some one with you. It helps matters wondrously."

There was a silence for a minute.

"But about the blessing," said Mary.

Mr. Stevens smiled. "You'd call it a very common-place blessing," he said; "but it made me over again and gave me a new purpose in life. My son, do you know of one instance where your influence has made a man better—drawn him from evil ways?"

"No, father," said the young man in a low tone.

"Then don't quit church-going yet for a while. You have not got your eyes open."

"But how about the blessing?" inquired Mary.

"H'm! I found out that I had been recommended by the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. to my roommate as a companion who would help him to quit his evil ways." Mr. Stevens was transformed. His eyes flashed, and his voice trembled; his face was all aglow. "Think of it! I was not even a Christian, and yet that young man, was sent to me, and I knew nothing of it. I thank God and my mother that I lived straight and steady in those days."

"And your room-mate reformed?" asked Mary.

"He did, and he and I joined the Church together the following Easter. That's what came of church attendance, even though I took no pleasure in it. The Y. M. C. A. secretary told me that all he knew of me was that for three months I had attended church every Sunday morning with no one to urge it, nor even any one to accompany me."

Mr. Stevens arose and pushed back

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" Willow Springs .	8:52	1:55	7:25
" Varina	9:04	2:05	7:35
" Fuquay Springs .	9:14	2:12	7:45
" Chalybeate	9:35	2:30	8:00
" Kipling	9:40	2:35	8:05
" Cape Fear	9:53	2:46	8:18
" Lillington	10:00	2:53	8:25
" Harnett	10:08	3:01	8:33
" Bunlevel	10:13	3:06	8:38
" Linden	10:23	3:15	8:48
" Lane	10:34	3:25	8:59
" Slocomb	10:39	3:30	9:04
Ar. Fayetteville	11:10	4:00	9:35

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	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv. Fayetteville	8:00	1:00	5:10
" Slocomb	8:28	1:28	5:38
" Lane	8:33	1:32	5:43
" Linden	8:45	1:43	5:54
" Bunlevel	8:55	1:52	6:03
" Harnett	9:01	1:58	6:09
" Lillington	9:11	2:08	6:20
" Cape Fear	9:16	2:13	6:26
" Kipling	9:28	2:24	6:43
" Chalybeate	9:35	2:30	6:49
" Fuquay Springs .	9:50	2:45	7:05
" Varina	10:00	2:52	7:14
" Willow Springs .	10:09	3:02	7:25
" McCullers	10:22	3:15	7:41
" Caraleigh	10:40	3:35	8:06
Ar. Raleigh	10:50	3:45	8:20

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