

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

"RELIGION WITHOUT BIGOTRY, ZEAL WITHOUT FANATICISM, LIBERTY WITHOUT LICENTIOUSNESS."

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ADVERTISEMENTS. Advertisements not inconsistent with the character of the paper, will be inserted at the following rates: One square of ten lines, first insertion, \$1 00 For each subsequent insertion, 50 cts One square three months, 1 50 One square six months, 2 50 One square twelve months, 4 00 Advertisers changing weekly must make a special agreement. Yearly advertisements are quarterly or semi-annually in advance. Small advertisements to be paid for on insertion. J. W. PATRICK executed with neatness and dispatch.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Let your light shine.

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candle stick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father in heaven. Matt. v. 14-15-16. Professed followers of Christ, it is plain, that by the above language the blessed Saviour intended to impress upon the minds of his disciples the important fact, that as His followers, they ought so to live and act as to reflect upon the world the light of His divine example, that as He had manifested Himself as the light of the world, so they should walk as the children of the light; for he said unto them, "I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life, and whosoever will not forsake all and follow me, shall not be my disciple."

The blessed Saviour seldom exhorted His followers to the performance of a duty without giving them a satisfactory reason therefor. He said unto them, "Let your light so shine before men"—what for? Why, "that they may see your good works, which ought to bear witness of you that ye are my disciples, and thus be induced to glorify your Father in Heaven. We are told that while He journeyed upon earth, the Son of God went about doing good. Though He was King of kings and Lord of lords, and possessed all power on earth and in heaven, He did not, as He might have done, exhibit Himself upon a splendid throne, as a great temporal prince, into whose presence none dare approach but the rich and the great; on the contrary, He went about doing good, alike to all who humbly asked His favor, but seemed most delighted to visit the poor, the afflicted, the distressed, and give them comfort and consolation. Instead of travelling in splendor, followed by a long retinue of attendants in livery, as was the custom of kings and princes, the blessed Prince of peace, who could have rode up in the wings of the wind, with thousands of shining angels as his attendants, traveled on foot over the rugged country of Judea, followed by a few poor fishermen, directing His steps wheresoever was heard the humble cry of distress, whether in the hovel of the poor, the mansion of the great, or by the wayside, healing the sick, causing the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak, and saying alike to all, "repent for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand," and "bring forth fruits meet for repentance," for "except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish,"—and whosoever will be my disciple let him forsake all and take up his cross and follow me." Thus did His disciples behold Him as the light of the world, and in Him an example of the most condescending humility, and the most perfect pattern of disinterested benevolence. Having thus manifested Himself as the light of the world, and having shed the glorious rays of His blessed gospel upon the minds and hearts of His followers, and shined away of darkness therefrom and set up the light of His Kingdom therein, He commanded them to walk as the children of the light, and to "let their light, the reflection of His glorious image formed in their hearts the hope of glory, so shine before men, that they may see their good works, and glorify their Father in heaven."

On a certain occasion, the blessed Saviour said to the Jews, that the works which He did in His Father's name, bore witness of Him that the Father had sent Him, and His disciples said unto them, "if I do not the works of Him that sent me, believe me not," thus plainly teaching that the works of His followers ought to bear witness of them that they are His disciples, or else men will not believe in the reality of the religion which they profess, or be induced by their example to glorify their father in heaven.

Brethren, let us who are the professed followers and disciples of Christ, look well to His glorious example, and endeavor by the help of His promised grace, to heed His kind admonitions for His Father declared unto all that, "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples" and if ye love me, ye will keep my commandments.

Saying that it is clearly established by the words of our Saviour himself, that it is the duty of the Christian to work in the vineyard of the Lord, and bring forth the fruits of righteousness—be it said, every good deed bringeth forth good fruit—let us order that we may be encouraged to keep us "firm and burning, look at the object, and the final result for which we are commanded to let our light shine."

The grand object in the glory of our salvation of our fellow man, and our good works. Could there be an object placed before the aspirant, that being the glory of the Father, could there be a grander incentive to right action, or a better inducement to do good held out to the Christian, than that expressed in the sequel to the command which we have been considering, which is that, "They may see your good works and glorify your Father in heaven." This is the grand mission of Christianity, and in this view of the subject, every Christian is or ought to be a preacher of righteousness, for it is an old and true adage, that actions speak louder than words, and our Saviour informs us that "not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father, and this is the will of the Father, that we should love ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh, perfecting holiness in the fear of God, and that we love God with the whole heart, and do good unto all men as we have opportunity; thus shall we let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and thereby be induced to glorify our Father in heaven."

As this grand object is here set forth as the result of our good works, it is natural for us to enquire here more particularly what are the good works which men may see and glorify our Father in heaven? but we will leave this for separate consideration in another article.

SELECTIONS.

Twenty-Five Cents.

Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts? Chestnuts! No, returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face, whose large brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so pitifully to his own. What do I want with chestnuts?

But, please, sir, buy 'em, pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. Nobody seems to care for them, and— She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had been on the point of brushing carelessly past her, stopped instinctively. Are you very much in want of the money?

Indeed, sir, we are, sobbed the child; another sent me out, and— Nay, little one, don't cry in such a heart-broken way, said Ralph, smoothing down her hair with a careless gentleness. I don't want your chestnuts, but here's a quarter for you, if that will do you any good.

He did not stop to hear the delighted, incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth.

That cut off my supply of cigars for the next twenty-four hours. I don't care, though; the brown-eyed object really did cry as if she had a friend in the world. Hang it! I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despair.

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark-eyed little damsel, whom he had comforted, was dashing down the street, with quick, elastic footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of unsoft nuts that still dangled on her arm. Down an obscure lane she darted, between tall and rancid rows of houses, and up a narrow wooden staircase, to a room where a pale, neat-looking woman, with large brown eyes like her own, was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were contentedly playing in the sunshine that temporarily supplied the place of fire.

Mary! back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon? Oh! mother, mother, see I ejaculated the almost breathless child; a gentleman gave me a whole quarter. Ouly think, mother; a whole quarter!

If Ralph Moore could have only seen the capture which his tiny gift diffused around it to the poor widow's poverty-stricken home, he would have valued still less the temporary privation of cigars, to which his generosity had subjected him. Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed as entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory, as if pleading eyes had never touched the soft spot in his heart, but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver piece.

The crimson window curtains were closely drawn to shut out the storm and juncop of the bleak December night; the fire was glowing cheerily in the well-filled grate, and the dinner table, lit a glitter with cut glass, rare china, and polished silver, was only waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley. What can it be that detains papa? said Mrs. Audley, a fair, handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enameled watch. Six o'clock, and he does not make his appearance.

There's a man with him in the study, mamma—come on business, said Robert Audley, a pretty boy, seven years old, who was reading by the fire. I'll call him again, said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door. But, as she opened it the brilliant gas-light fell full on the face of an humble-looking man, in worn and thread-bare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

Charles, said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek had paled and flushed, who is that man, and what does he want? His name is Moore, I believe, and he came to see if I would bestow upon him that vacant messengership in the bank. And will you? I don't know, Mary, I must think about it. Charles, give him the situation. Why, my love? Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a thousand times you would never deny me anything. And I will keep my word, Mary, said the lover husband, with an affectionate kiss. I'll write the fellow a note this very evening. I believe I've got his address about here.

Good Advice.

Spurgeon sentimentally expresses a number of thoughts worth remembering in the following appropriate sentences, which he publishes as advice gratis: Nobody is more like an honest man than a thorough rogue.

When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop windows, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within.

Do not chase your friend by his looks; handsome shoes often pinch the feet. Do not be too fond of compliments; remember Thank you, puzsy, and thank you, pussy, killed the cat.

Don't believe the man who talks the most, for moving cats are very seldom good mousters. If you mean to put yourself in another person's power. If you put your thumb between two grinders they are very apt to bite.

Drink nothing without seeing it, sign nothing without reading it, and make sure that it means no more than it says. Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; lawyer's houses are built on fool's heads.

Put no dependence on the label of a bag, and count money after your own kind. In any business never wade into water where you cannot see the bottom. See the sack open before you buy that is in it; for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated.

Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character. EVERY TEACHER A PASTOR.—Every Sabbath School teacher should keep watch over his pupils. If one is absent he should first to discover it, notice it in the class, inquire the reason, go and see the absentee, if sick, comfort and help him. Every teacher should carefully learn the spiritual condition of every pupil. It can be done in the class, and in a way that will make the scholar grateful for the interest manifested. It can be done at a pupil's home, where every teacher should go and see each member of his little flock, and that several times a year. Sometimes the call can social, sometimes spiritual chiefly, and often or always the two can be united, blended. Sometimes the teacher can find his scholar alone or can take a walk with him alone, and thus have good opportunity to draw out the scholar's state of mind. He can manifest and have an interest in the secular affairs of the pupil, and sometimes engage with him in them, even in suitable recreations, and thus get the deeper hold on his attention and affections. The teacher can and should often or daily pray for his pupils, that the Sunday School instruction may be blessed to that end. Such earnest prayer that forgets not to persevere, will be heard. In these ways the teacher will become a Pastor of his scholars. They will become his little parish. Every teacher who becomes truly such, and so continues, will have souls, as the crown of his rejoicing in the day of account.—Christian Worker.

That's right, my little wife, replied her husband, folding her fondly to his breast, when the simple tale was concluded; never forget one who was kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most.

Ralph Moore was sitting in his poor lodgings, beside his ailing wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from the rich and prosperous bank director, Charles Audley.

Good news, Bertha, he exclaimed, as he read the brief words: We shall not starve. Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation.

You have dropped something from the pot, Ralph, said Mrs. Moore pointing to a slip of paper on the floor. Moore stooped to recover the stray. It was a fifty-dollar bill, neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written: In grateful remembrance of a silver quarter that a kind stranger bestowed on a little chestnut girl, over twenty years ago, Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread upon the waters, and after many days it had returned to him.

PUNISH ON BUNYAN.—The great English orator, Rev. Mr. Punshon, has a lecture on John Bunyan. Speaking of the trials through which Bunyan passed, he recently said: "I do not wonder that the philosophy of the ancients produced such men as Leonidas and Brutus, and, in truth, there is many an example of hardness of soul and suffering among those men that would make many a modern Christian dwindle into the very shadow of a man. When men of the east and strength of Bunyan wander through darkness, doubt and danger, we see in it all only a heavenly curriculum by which they are stripped of their sins and their pride. Let us recognize this truth; it is always possible to maintain the strictest adherence to truth, and at the same time to look with a tender regard on the evil-doer. Young men, make this appeal to you. Chivalry is not yet dead. Knights of the true order of Jesus are leagued for the field. Their colors are red. They are striking stout blows in the cause of peace and love, and amid the sheen of bright banners and bright eyes. They are fighting in an agony of spirit, weeping over the bondage of wrong indifference, doubt and infidelity. Like Peter, the Hermit, I say to you, come forth to the crusade. In this war, a church blood is up for honor. Go where glory awaits. Go to the havens of crime, and that gospel messages on the pestilent air. When Bunyan was called to preach in the early part of that September his friends urged him to desist. Nature argued against it. His wife and children would surely suffer, and prudence said that if he shunned this threatened arrest, he could find better occasions for preaching hereafter. But he took counsel of God in prayer. If I fly the enemy this time, he said, the world will take occasion to carp at the cause on account of the cowardice of one of the actors. He did go and preach, and was arrested. He passed twelve years in that very dungeon, the horrors of which years afterwards first awakened John Howard to the necessities of prison reform. That frail life has become immortal. God's work will not be said because of our indigence, sloth, or wickedness. How often has the cry gone up, "watchman, what of the night?" and the answer has been, "It is night still," but now again goes up the cry, "what of the night?" and the answer comes, "The darkness is not so dense as it was; the clouds rolling away; it is more; the light bursts through eyes flash with brightness; the night of error is gone; the dawn comes to the meek-eyed student and tells him that intellectual night too has gone." Sing forth, ye heavens! the sun is indeed shining, the planets glisten in its orbit like a garnet. Yes, the morning has come. But also there is a noon, that noon is here, and there shall be no night there."

Dr. Baucum declares it a real blessing to have one in a family who is sensitive to the ludicrous. There are enough to reflect the sad side of life, and its irritable side, and its sober side. We need one or more to show the world that often trembles just below the surface of painful things. A real impetuous laugh dissipates many illusions, sweeps the twilight out of our imaginations, and brings honest daylight. But it must be real. No dry, hacking laugh. It should be spontaneous, outbursting, irresistible, infectious. We have seen men fall to laughing who have not heard the cause of other men's laughing. It is hard not to laugh with men who are in earnest about it.

The gold of the sanctuary must be tried before it is accepted; and is thrown into the fire, not because it is of no value, but because it is precious.

REGARD the hand of God in all the dispensations of His providence, and in what ever state He places you, therewith be content.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A Word to Immigrants.

To any Northern man about to seek a milder climate and a more fertile soil, we would say that, in our opinion, they can do no better within the broad limits of our country, than to come to Southside Virginia. Our climate is healthful and agreeable in an eminent degree; our soil, though less fertile than some, is capable of any state of improvement; we have tens of thousands of acres of virgin land well stocked with any sort of timber that a man ever wants; we have in abundance at our very doors the material—man, muck and mold—that if rightly used would restore our poor lands to more than primitive fertility; besides, there are thousands—yes, thousands—of undeveloped natural advantages; and our lands, which we take into consideration the capabilities and proximity to market, are the cheapest in the world. Southside Virginia has been marked out by the hand of nature as a great fruit growing and truck-growing region. The abundance of wild fruit found in our woods show this. Raspberries, strawberries, currants, huckleberries, blackberries, dewberries, wild crabs, persimmons and grapes here enjoy their native habitat, and luxuriate in the genial suns of our glorious Southern Summers. Of native wild grapes we have many representatives of the *citia labrusca* and *v. rotundifolia*. These things all lie awaiting the hand of the enterprising of any class or country who may decide to cast their lot with us. If you are seeking a home anywhere in this Western world, come to Southside Virginia. We invite you to come. Good, industrious, sober, honest and peaceable men, from any land, would be welcomed here. We don't want meddlers or office-seekers. We have plenty of them. We want quiet, industrious farmers, who will mind their own business and to improve their farms and help build up the country. We want working men—not idlers, tricksters, gamblers or sparks. We want men to fill our farms and workshops and make more farms; not to fall our drinking, rascals, jails and penitentiaries. We want respectable men, who would be an acquisition to society. We want men of means, and energy, and brains, to develop our unused resources.

To all such say, come. Come by all means. Do not fear that such men would not be welcomed here. Come and go quietly to work, and show that you are deserving our esteem, and you will have it. One reason why Northern men do not secure the esteem of Southern people is they make themselves too prominent in Union Leagues, and affiliate too much with negroes. And one great reason why they do not succeed better at farming is, they invariably employ a gang of negroes and leave too much of the management of the farm to them. Not one negro in five hundred here ever makes a good farmer. If you are going to come here and expect the negro to manage and do your work for you while you lie by in the shade, you will soon be a bankrupt.

The best thing an immigrant can do on settling here is to seek the advice of our most successful farmers, and follow somewhat closely for a few years the system culture in vogue here, gradually filling back upon his own plans as he may find them adapted to the soil and climate.—Rural Messenger.

A CHEAP HOME-MADE FERTILIZER.—The Southern Planter says that a cheap fertilizer, nearly as good as guano, may be made according to the following formula: Collect together any quantity of swamp muck into a pile to dry; measure off six barrels of this, or any other rich black earth, into another pile, and add the following salts, previously dissolved in a barrel or more of water, viz: forty pounds of nitrate of soda, sixty pounds sulphate of ammonia, and half a bushel of common salt; then add a barrel of ash, a barrel of plaster of Paris, and a barrel of ground bones. Mix all of these well together, and use in the same manner as Peruvian guano.

SPRUNG KNEES.—Corns are the cause, in most cases, of sprung knees. The horse, in order to relieve the heels from pressure, throws his weight mainly on the toes, thus relaxing the tendons and suspensory ligament of the leg, contraction of which naturally follows. As a proof of this examine for yourselves the feet of sprung knee horses, and you will find a majority, if not four-fifths of them, with corns.

LARGE COW.—Harrison Staples, Esq. of Lakeville, recently killed a three-year-old heifer which weighed fifteen hundred and fifty-four pounds alive, and dressed ten hundred and fifty-six pounds. The animal is of Durham and native breed, was five feet high and measured seven feet girth.—Plymouth, Mass., Old City Sentinel.

HAY and oats make the best food for horses that are obliged to work hard and regularly.

Cotton Seed Manure.

We see still going the rounds of agricultural papers, instructions for the use of cotton seed as a fertilizer, and all predicated upon the idea of using the seed in an unbroken state. The receipts given us for using this valuable manure either tell us to rot, compost, or sow broadcast. We are perfectly sure that results have demonstrated that there is great loss by either of these methods. Professor Hilgard, of Mississippi, (very high authority,) holds that the oil, the lint, and the unbroken shell of the cotton seed are all unfriendly to a maximum advantage in the use of this fertilizer. It may not be generally credited, even among those familiar with the use of cotton seed as a manure, that much of the mass of these seed, after plowed into the ground with small grain, will lie for months with the shell unbroken, and showing the kernel only shriveled or wasted to a black substance which seems to have been quite unproductive. We composted cotton seed and fowl-house manure last year, and kept the mass wet with slops from the house fully six months, and upon opening the bulk, we found a very large proportion of the seed not only unrotted, but as white as when we buried them. The proof of the waste that our old mode of using cotton seed occasions has been amply furnished by the experiments of Mr. Van Dusen, of DeKalb county.

That gentleman demonstrated by actual trial, that five bushels of crushed cotton seed make a difference of seventeen bushels of corn in an acre's production, and four hundred pounds of feed on an acre of cotton. The results not only exceed anything of record, in that line of experiment, but prove beyond all doubt, that in our usual mode of applying cotton seed to our crops, we waste or misapply a very large proportion of one of the very best manures known to agriculture.—Ed. The Farmington.

CARBOLIC SOAP FOR INSECTS.—I am experimenting with Buchan's Carbolic Soap, as a preventative for injurious insects, and am so well pleased with the result thus far, that I wish to stimulate other horticulturists to try some experiment with the article.

For cut worms, I made the soap suds pretty strong—two gallons of water to half a pound of soap, and with it saturated a bushel of saw dust; then placed a little around the stem of each cabbage and tomato plant,—using a handful to eight or ten plants—adding a little more after two or three days when the odor seemed gone. This was completely successful in ground where the worms were quite plenty, and where plants not protected were speedily cut off by them. It is the cheapest and most easily applied remedy that I have yet seen.

For striped bugs on melons and cucumber vines, I find the same method of using the soap effective, if the saw dust is sprinkled on the plants every day,—which is very little trouble,—but I am now trying wetting the plants directly with weak suds, made of ten gallons of water to half a pound of the soap, and I think this will prove the best.

For aphid or plant lice on cherry trees or the like, a sprinkle or two, with the suds, by means of a sponge, or bending the shoots so as to dip them into a pail or basin, is speedily death to bugs. Care must be used not to have the suds too strong when applied to tender plants or young shoots of trees; experiments are needed for this point.

For the currant worm and the black fly, an opportunity of examining, and yet I hope others will do so and make a report.—M. B. Batcham, in Ohio Farmer.

MANURE THE GARDEN.—Ground that is to be used for vegetables next spring should be manured now. Haul out from the barnyard all the manure that can be spared for this purpose, and spread it over the surface, and then plow under, and leave the soil in slight ridges until spring. If the manure is fresh and warm, it will become sufficiently cool and decomposed by spring, and its juices thoroughly incorporated with the soil. When the surface of the land is nearly level, and there is no danger of the manure washing away, it may be spread upon the surface, even after the ground be frozen. For vegetables, the enriching materials should be thoroughly decomposed and incorporated with the soil; and we do not know of a better way of doing this than to begin in autumn, plowing once at this time, and again in spring. The heavy rains will do more towards mixing the materials than any manipulation with plow or spade.

LINIMENT FOR ANIMALS.—An excellent liniment for wounds, bruises, sprains, and swelling, may be made as follows: Pint of good vinegar, a pint of soft soap, a handful of salt and a tablespoonful of saltpetre. Mix thoroughly and bottle for use. This is very efficacious, and is cheaply and easily prepared.