

Devoted to Religion, Morality, Temperance, Literature, News, and the support of the principles of the Christian Church.

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SELECTIONS.

Mutual Forbearance.

If we wish to succeed in life, we must learn to take men as they are, and not as they ought to be; making them better, if we can, but at the same time remembering their infirmities.

This principle of human forbearance is especially applicable to those mental and moral infirmities of which every man is conscious—infirmitie which make us sometimes detest ourselves, and render us a burden to our friends.

These disagreeable infirmities, in common with others which might be named, have their origin in different sources.

Whatever their origin, we must learn to bear with them. For this there are several good reasons which commend themselves to Christians, whatever others may think of them.

Another reason just as powerful, though appealing more directly to our selfishness, is to be found in the fact that we expect others to bear with us.

It is the part of religion, as well as of good breeding, to avoid, as far as possible, coming in contact with the infirmities of others, and to take as little notice as we can of their manifestation.

There must, of course, be a limit to this since our own rights and feelings must be respected as well as those of others; but we presume no man who sincerely desires to do right, will have any difficulty in fixing the limit.

Common-sense and divine grace must be the guides. Each man ought to endeavor to lessen the burden he exports others to help him bear.

Neener Together.

The timidity of some Christians is remarkable. You will see it on Wednesday evenings at prayer meeting. They come into the room as if they were walking on eggs, and look as demure and pitiful as if they were entering a jail or a hospital of contagious diseases.

The minister or leader is expected to bridge over all the gulfs, to throw out all the ice, to light up all the gloom, to sweep out all the cobwebs, to put smiles on every lip, tears in every eye, and songs on every tongue.

The week-day evening audience ought to be the very vitality of the congregation, and the pastor's electrifier for Sunday sermons and prompter to daily work.

But where professing believers act with the wonderment of things, expecting to be told where to sit, what and how to sing, how to do the childhood duties of the gospel; where they make no efforts to advance, to build up, to reach and rescue fellow-men from sin; where they come to service as a mere obligation, bringing a neighbor, cheering an sufferer, radiating no light—it is enough to kill an ordinary pastor, mind and body, to sustain such a charge.

But as long as Christian go in and out in the touch-me-not by ways of self and clan, and turn the old shoulder to the Lord we cannot expect prosperity or power.—Methodist Recorder.

THE DAW DROP.—I went out one morning early to see the dew drops; there was one on every blade in the grass-plot. I have seen jewels sparkling in the ring on the lady's finger, and glittering in the jeweler's shop, but I have never seen a gem so pure and bright as the jewels worn by the grass-blades.

I love to see the calm, blue heaven reflected in your bosom. That is because I am pure, said the dew-drop; Heaven is not reflected into the bosom of muddy water, nor in the heart of a wicked child.

Beautiful! I said. The little drop smiled. The day is breaking and the good sun is changing me into the likeness of himself. Tell your little Christians, when Jesus shall appear they shall be like him. But the day is breaking—the sun is drawing me—I'm going, going.

Old Clothes.

We consider people who make sport of an old man's shabby clothes, despicable of feeling, and worse than the heathen. Who could be guilty of calling the blush of repentment to a wrinkled cheek? the quiver of grief to a withered lip? the tear of sorrow to a faded eye, washed of its brilliancy by floods of tears?

Never, never laugh at the scanty garments of the poor. Poverty has a strong tinge of sorrow in stem, and a frail harp to guide at the best. It has dashed so often against the rocks, that it hardly holds together. Sink it not with your unkindness.

Smile not at old clothes. They are often made holy by long sacrifices; by careful foldings away, that they may last until the dear ones are provided for. If many an old coat could speak, what tales it would tell of the noble heart beating underneath!

Oh! that blessed self denial of aspiring poverty! Hallowed be the old bonnets, old cloaks, old coats, aye, and old shoes, when such love points to them at its monuments.

More than one bright and shining light, let us tell you, owes its brilliancy to old clothes; more than one star in literature, philosophy and science.

Think of this when your eye chances to light upon the threadbare coat or the faded shawl; suppress the smile, keep back the sneer. You know not what the heart beneath has suffered, how many times it has bled. You know not what noble impulses have once made it great and strong, or what lightning mildew sipped it at its full vigor.

THE TWO SEXES.—The following true and elegant paragraph is from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney: "Man might be initiated into the varieties and mysteries of needle work; taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to stoil with useless steps around the chamber of the sick; and the woman might be instructed to contend for the palm of science; to pour forth eloquence in senates, or to wade through fields of slaughter to a throne—Yet recollections of the soul would attend this violence to nature, this abuse of physical and intellectual energy; while the beauty of social order would be defaced, and the fountain of earth's felicity broke up.

DIFFUSERS OF HAPPINESS.—Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, ringing out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, who can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards, in October days, fill the air with the perfume of ripe fruit.

MARKS OF A GENTLEMAN.—No man is a gentleman, who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is vulgarity for which no accomplishment of dress or address can ever atone. Show me the man who desires to make every one around him happy, and whose greatness solicitude is never to give cause of offence to any one, and I will show you a gentleman by nature and species, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, or ever heard of a lexicon.

Are There Only Four?

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Forgive whom? Why, four Sunday School teachers, who are pretty well known.

There's one; an excellent, godly earnest man, who loves the work, loves the children in his class, prays for them, and seemingly does everything in his power to lead them to Jesus, but who has fallen into an unfortunate habit of being nearly always a few minutes behind time.

Here's another, just entering the school-room. The superintendent has been looking round the classes, and has noticed this teacher's place vacant. To-day it happens that nearly all the class are present, and he is becoming anxious as to whether or not the teacher will come.

And that sister, one of the very best teachers in the school, but (a genuine "touch-me-not.") Every few months something happens in the school or church that doesn't quite suit her ideas of what is right; perhaps a newly elected officer is not the one she wanted, or the superintendent, overburdened and worried with his many cares, slips some word she thinks harsh, or some one has failed to greet her cordially as she expected, or some tattling busy-body has been magnifying with tongue-power a trivial matter—any one of these things is enough to send her home in a "pet," and the precious souls God gave her to lead to him are left to themselves. Does she know what she is doing? "Lord, I pray thee, open her eyes, that she may see."—The Baptist Teacher.

RELIGION TAKES THE MAD OUT OF PEOPLE.—So said a little girl of five summers during our late meeting. This little child knew quite well that her father, who was a member of the church, was at variance with an ungodly neighbor, for she had heard the matter often talked of in the home circle. When that neighbor, who would not speak to her father, became a seeker of religion, the subject of their difficulty was often discussed in her hearing. She came to a just conclusion that they were mad with each other.

When this little girl, who was a member of an infant-class in our Sunday School, saw her father approach that penitent neighbor at the mourner's bench, and saw the once revengeful man leap from his seat, and throw his arms around the neck of her father and rejoice aloud; and when she saw him meet her mother also in the aisle with similar demonstrations of forgiveness and of joy, her little head began to reason, and the conclusion she reached was this: "Mother, religion takes the mad out of people."

EVENTIDE.—In that hour which of all twenty-four is most emblematic of Heaven and suggestive of repose, the eventide, in which instinctively Jacob went into the fields to meditate,—when the work of the day is done, when the mind has ceased its tension, when the passions are lulled to rest in spite of themselves by the spell of the quiet, starlit sky,—it is then, amidst the silence of the lull-of-all—the lower part of our nature, that the soul comes forth to do its work. Then the peculiar, strange work of meditation—begins. Awe and worship and wonder are in full exercise; and Love begins then in its purest form of mystic adoration, and pervasive, and undefined tenderness—separate from all that is coarse and earthly—swelling as if it would embrace the All in its desire to bless, and lose itself in the sea of the Love of God. This is the rest of soul—the exercise and play of all the nobler powers.—F. H. Robertson.

MARKS OF A GENTLEMAN.—No man is a gentleman, who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is vulgarity for which no accomplishment of dress or address can ever atone. Show me the man who desires to make every one around him happy, and whose greatness solicitude is never to give cause of offence to any one, and I will show you a gentleman by nature and species, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, or ever heard of a lexicon.

MOIST HARE BEEN.—It is of no use to waste time mourning for what might have been. Things that might have been, and are not, are entirely hopeless. Don't look at them, don't think of them. Turn your back to them, and look straight in the face of the present and its realities. See what needs to be done, and do it. So shall the "might have been" of the future be less than those of the past, if indeed they do not vanish from your life and thought.

The Dying Infidel's Sermon.

Father M—, of Mass., who recently died in faith, was once called to the dying bed of an aged infidel of his acquaintance. The good old man had long prayed for his friend, but his entreaties had ever been met by the infidel's arguments and scorn.

Father M— asked him if he had prayed. "No, I can't pray. I have continually tried to pray, but my tongue would not move."

Are you willing that I should pray for you then, and let your heart's desire go up with my words? "No, you cannot pray for me; others have tried it, but could not. You may kneel, but it would be useless."

The aged sinner knelt at the bedside of the agonized sinner. Those lips had daily moved in prayer for half a century. That tongue had daily brought the name of sinners before God's throne; but, strange to say, all his faculties of speech seem paralyzed now. Mercy was a word he could not speak; and for the first time prayer was impossible.

Now, said the infidel, as Father M— arose from his knees, I want to preach at my own funeral. When you have closed the other parts of the service, I want you to come down from the pulpit and place your two forefingers on my lips and say, "This soul is sealed for hell!"

It is my dying request, and I feel that you must do it; Let others take warning by my death. I cannot excuse you. So Father M—, at his funeral, after he had finished the sermon came down from the pulpit, and approaching the coffin, laid the tips of his fingers on those marble lips, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, stated the dying man's request, and pronounced the words: "This soul is sealed for hell!"

O, my reader, whether Christian or not, be admonished. If your peace is not made with God, remember that your soul is following that infidel's, and will be ere long be sealed. Your lips can move in prayer now. The time may come when in prayer now, the greatest of earthly privileges, will be in vain. Christian brother, remember that souls—the souls of your friends, relatives and neighbors—are daily going down to hell; and no small share of the responsibility is lying at your door. May God help us to feel the importance of that infidel's sermon!—Christian Observer.

A ROBUST CHURCH.—When doubts are expressed, in reference to the forming of new organizations for Christian work, the best questions should be: Will the proposed society allow to exercise undeveloped talent? Will some persons be led to work who cannot easily accommodate themselves to existing methods and agencies? Will more be done by this addition to the instruments of the Church?

We believe that many associations are proved necessary by just this touchstone. They furnish an opportunity and methods adapted to various workers, and serve to engage in active effort many who cannot be as useful in the general affairs of the Church. An association is one of the extensor muscles of the ecclesiastical body, and ought, like every other muscle, to be fully developed by regular exercise. Any part not thus developed is a dead weight supported in semi-vitality at the expense of the rest. A robust church is one fully organized for every good work and work.

GIVE ME THE BALLADS, AND I CARE NOT FOR THE LAWS.—The Sunday School is training up a generation in the important and delightful practice of sacred song. It has well been regarded as a wise utterance of him who said, "Give me the making of the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." If we are to understand that that singing has more influence in shaping the destinies of a nation than its laws, then who can estimate the power that lies concealed in a Sunday School Hymn Book. No generation of children in the world's whole history was ever so fully under the influence of music as the present. In the school and out, every day, morning, noon and night, you can hear them warble their delightful Sabbath School hymns.—S. S. Worker.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Soil for Gardens.

"It is a law of our being that we become attached to those objects on which we have bestowed labor on which we have expended care. We love the trees our own hands have planted, the vines we have cultivated and trained over our door ways, and over the trellis our own hands have created."

A garden is one of the most fruitful sources of instruction to the family. The father can here bring his children and speak to them of the wisdom and skill and benevolence of the Creator. He can dissect flowers, plants and seeds, showing their curious structure, and how wonderfully nature has provided for their preservation. This is one of the fine arts which the farmer can cultivate, and while he is gratifying the love of the beautiful which nature has given him, he is also improving his intellect and his heart.—The farmer needs recreation, and where will he find it better than in his garden? Time spent there will free him from temptation.

The public need to be urged to give more attention to the subject, particularly in the Southern States, where the farm has been permitted to absorb everything, manure, labor and attention of the lord of the manor, even to the extent of robbing the good lady of the contents of the poultry house floors, and yielding with a shrug of the shoulders, a few loads of stable manure for the hot beds, when she is fortunate enough to fall heir to a few old window sash for the purpose. A good write on the subject says:

"Garden culture will surround our homes with associations of beauty, and with memories of pleasure and joy that will go with us wherever we roam, and never forsake us till we lie down to our final repose in the bosom of the earth."

From the above considerations in a moral point of view, will not the readers of the Farmer's Gazette decide to pay more attention to their gardens the present year, and they will find health and comfort for the family, content and joy in the household from the well enriched, well cared for acre in vegetables and fruits.

The proper soil for a garden is one that admits of growing a great variety of vegetables and fruits, and as so small a surface is required, there is probably no farm in the State where an acre may not by art, be made to produce vegetables adapted to the climate.

A decidedly gravelly or sandy soil, is unsuitable for garden purposes. So is a heavy clay soil. Such a soil would be wet in its natural state, and a wet soil is a cold one. But all these may be so altered and attempared by drainage and combination of materials as to make sandy loam that will meet all the wants of common plants. "Dry clay can be reduced to fine powder, but it naturally runs together when water is poured on it. So it is with clays in the field. When wet they are close, compact and adhere and exclude the circulation of air from the roots of the growing plant." But drain well, remove the water and they gradually contract, crack in every direction, become open, mellow and are more easily and cheaply worked and pervious to the air in every direction. Through drainage then, adding leaf mould with sand, coarse stable manure, will bring even a heavy soil into a condition favorable to the growth of any plant.

A writer in 'Agricultural Reports of 1833, furnishes the following on the subject of soils for gardens, which so entirely accords with my own views of this subject, that I reproduce them here condensed. "Soils perform three grand functions in reference to vegetation. They serve as a basis on which plants may fix their roots, and sustain themselves in an erect position; they supply food to vegetables at every period of their growth, and they are the media in which many chemical changes take place that are essential to a right preparation of the various kind of food destined for the growing plant."

1st. It should be such as to afford sufficient moisture, and to admit the air to penetrate it freely.

2d. It should supply abundantly carbonic acid. This is furnished by the decay of vegetable matter or by absorption from the atmosphere. This faculty of absorption is greatly increased by adding muck, charcoal or other matters having great absorbing powers.

3rd. The soil should be capable of furnishing a supply of ammonia to the roots. This is much assisted by a liberal application of ground plaster to absorb it from the air. The usual mode of supplying it is from stable manures, guano, &c.

to those too porous and those too heavy and tenacious are made light and loose. This process may bring little nourishment directly, but gives a retentive power in the right direction for both water and manure, and also acts favorably on the health of plants."

This has been specially written because the writer in frequent journeys through a greater part of Virginia and North Carolina during the past year, has observed the inattention to gardens, both as regards the soil and its cultivation. He can dissect flowers, plants and seeds, showing their curious structure, and how wonderfully nature has provided for their preservation. This is one of the fine arts which the farmer can cultivate, and while he is gratifying the love of the beautiful which nature has given him, he is also improving his intellect and his heart.—The farmer needs recreation, and where will he find it better than in his garden? Time spent there will free him from temptation.

Simply because a farmer's house is located on a sand, a clay hill, or a (most improvable) low wet bottom there can be no excuse for not having a "true garden spot," the greater the difficulty and the more labor expended on it, the more pleasure and gratification will he have subsequently in pointing out to his friends his achievements in the improvement. There is always economy in bestowing labor on a worthless thing we have, which will pay for repairs, such as poor land to make it productive and valuable, since our wealth of natural pride in well doing is as much increased as our material wealth of dollars.

Let us not only make "two blades of grass grow where one grew before," but in gardens, as well as on farms, save labor in our changed circumstances, by making double crops of vegetables and farm products on one third the surface cultivated in one fallow day. Who will try it on five acres and report next for Farmers' Gazette in October next?—Nonsectarian in the Farmer's Gazette.

How to MAKE YOUR BOYS GOOD FARMERS.—Induce them to take an interest in the farm, in the implements, in the stock; tell them all your plans, your successes, and what you did and how you lived when a boy; but do not harp too much on the degenerated character of young men of the present age; praise them when you can, and encourage them to do still better. Let them dress up for the evening instead of sitting down in their dirty clothes in a dingy room. Provide plenty of light; thanks to kerosene, our country homes can be as brilliantly and as cheaply lighted as the gaslight houses in the city. Encourage the neighbors to drop in at evenings. Talk agricultural rather than politics; speak more of the importance of large crops, of good stock, of liberal feeding and of advantages of making animals comfortable, rather than of the hard times, low prices and high wages. Above all, encourage the boys to read good agricultural books. Papers are well enough, but an intelligent boy wants something more and better. Get him some good agricultural books to study. Read it with him, and give him the benefit of your experience and criticism. When he has mastered this, buy him another. In our own case, we owe our love of farming principally to the fact that our father talked to us of every thing that was going on the farm; answering all questions and encouraging, rather than refusing our child-like desire of helping him.—American Agriculturist.

SICK HEADACHE.—A recent medical writer thus accounts for sick headache, from which so many persons suffer. He attributes it to a weak stomach and imperfect digestion, and that the attacks are usually preceded by a greater than ordinary appetite. The stomach is naturally weak, and so long as it is not crowded it works kindly. By and by more food is put into it—or more irritating kinds—than it can digest. It ferments, an acid state is produced, the acid acts as an irritant upon the coats of the stomach, and this irritation is taken to be a call for food, to satisfy which, more is taken, and all to no purpose—the stomach revolts, but with the rest during the headache, and the relief from the vomiting, it recovers its wonted tone.

The best remedy in the world for nail in the foot of man or horse, is said to be bruised peach leaves, green, bound to the puncture. The remedy will arrest incipient lock jaw. Save the peach leaves, dry them, pour hot water on them and the poultice is said to answer the same purpose.

PIE CRUST.—A good rule is three quarters of a teaspoonful of lard, well pressed down, to every two teaspoonfuls of flour; a little salt, and only two water enough to hold the ingredients together. This makes enough crust for one medium sized pie.—Mix quickly and carelessly, not kneading all.

SPONGE CAKE.—Ten eggs, three tumblerfuls of flour, two tumblerfuls sugar, lemon flavoring.