

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

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COMMUNICATIONS.

The Sabbath School.

Spring has made its appearance. Those schools which have been suspended during the cold season of the year, will now reorganize the good work again.

It is the place for the little children to form habits, that when they grow up to be men and women they may not depart from.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Now, I entreat you, let us go to work in the good cause more earnestly, and with a greater vim than ever.

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THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

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

VOL. XXIV.

SUFFOLK, VA., FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1871.

NO. 9.

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Advertisements changing weekly, must make special arrangements. Yearly advertisements will pay quarterly or semi-annually in advance. Transient advertisements to be paid for on insertion. Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

What shall We Plant?

This is a question which has doubtless been occupying the minds of all the frugal readers of the Gazette during the winter; and while many have decided to pursue their regular rotation of crops, regardless of their past failures, and past and present market value, others are saying this won't pay, that I have tried and lost money; it is with difficulty that I can pay my debt for family supplies, and keep the sheep from the door.

Almost every congressional district of our State has its different money crops in addition to those grown for home consumption of the family and its domestic animals.

There are certain quite well established rules which those farmers whom we observe succeed best in their pursuit invariably follow:

First. Ample provision in grain, meat and grapes for home consumption, and a little to sell if possible.

Second. That money crop, be it corn, wheat, tobacco, peanuts or cotton, which is best adapted to my land, and the one which from past experience I am the most expert in cultivating and managing.

We have seen during the past year almost total ruin to men who owned land and teams, and were free from debt at the beginning of the year. A money crop of cotton or peanuts was planted; both of which are very expensive to grow; and the result is that partial failure of the crops and low prices have left them without a dollar to pay for labor the present year, no corn in the crib, no meat in the smoke house, with a balance in some cases due the commission merchant who sold their crops, having advanced money to prepare and move the crop to market and paid orders for supplies. Their eggs were all in one basket. The reverse of this is equally fatal to success; too many crops, and not enough of any one to make it a specialty, and in the multiplicity some are neglected, causing loss of labor, time and money, which if expended on another would have paid double returns.

A rotation and system once adopted of cropping lands should not be hastily abandoned, except the old one of *avete bellum* days, of cultivating double the surface of poor land by scratching the surface, so common in tide-water Virginia.

Truckers and truck farmers cannot of course be expected to grow their own meat and bread to a full extent; they are nearer market; they use more fertilizers, and in lieu of thirty to forty dollars per acre in corn or wheat, they expect to realize several hundred per acre for seeds, fertilizers and labors.

There is, perhaps, no State in the Union which has a greater diversity of climate and soil than our own, and nature has set her marks and fixed her limits, beyond which certain crops cannot be cultivated with profit for a series of years. The sandy pine lands of tide-water are no more adapted to the profitable growing of clover and the grape, than the red lands of Albemarle for cotton and peanuts.

Peanuts after the war became a money crop to quite an extent of country in tide-water Virginia and North Carolina; it can never be a staple crop, or one of necessity, and is subject to so much uncertainty in the growing and fluctuation in market value, that it has lost favor. Cotton away from the cotton belt proper, where soil suits and season admits of its free development, is not a source of profit. Without going into details, and from the above considerations, it will readily be inferred that each farmer can decide the question heading this article far better than your correspondent or the editor of the Farmer's Gazette. With free and expensive labor difficult to obtain and inefficiently used, we must cultivate less land and make a larger yield per acre to succeed in profitably growing any crop, and either singly or by combination of neighbors take advantage of labor-saving agricultural machinery. The same taxes and labor are expended on an acre of land producing ten bushels of wheat or twenty of corn; as if the product was doubled, and quite recently at our neighborhood agricultural club, it was decided to be the true policy to put the same labor and manure on one-half the surface formerly cultivated, and give extra attention to deep plowing, and increasing the depth of the soil. We see repeated reports from fifty acres of cultivated lands in certain States, with labor nearly double that which we pay, yielding several thousand dollars in corn clear, while we find in our States four or five times the same area, giving us profits and barely paying taxes and affording subsistence. If the correct explanation of this is not given above, more than in the future and value of crops grown will suffer of your readers through rights of the subject through your columns—*Veritas* to the Farmer's Gazette.

Old ribbons will look quite renewed if washed in cool suds made of fine soap, and ironed when damp.

SELECTIONS.

Jesus Lover of my Soul.

About the time that Isaac Watts was writing his earliest hymns at Southampton, in South England; two brothers were born to the little town of Epworth, who were destined to be better known over the world than any two men whom Britain produced in that half century.

Charles Wesley was born a poet. Like Toplady, he was all nerve, and fire, and enthusiasm. God gave him a musical ear, intense emotions, ardent affections, and a glowing piety that never grew cold.

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Managing Children.

Our children are our mirrors. If we would know ourselves, we have but to study them. They give back the true reflection. Can there be a sadder sight than the one so often seen of a worn and anxious mother scolding and shutting up, and whipping, eye, and praying over her bright, wayward child, when, were she but to return a clear look, unblinded by self-love, inward, she could see that simon, if not all, which causes her so much anxiety and annoyance, and her child so many punishments, is her own fault? But children are not mere reflections. They have inquisitive little minds, and warm little hearts, and if, through weariness or thoughtlessness, without information from the one, or sympathy from the other, they are genuine sufferers, children not only imitate our faults, suffer by our carelessness, but govern us through our weakness. A friend came to visit me, and brought a generous, frank and manly boy, of four years old. But he disturbed our whole circle by his constant crying. This habit was not in keeping with the brave, proud, independent character of the child. I therefore felt a curiosity to find the cause. My first discovery was, he never shed a tear.

His mother wished to take a trip, but could not take her boy. Leave him with me. He'll torment the life out of you. I don't think so.

I will, indeed, be most grateful. You may whip him as often as you please. I should not strike a child, except in a most extreme case.

Then you can do nothing with him. She was gone. The next morning, after breakfast, Willie asked: "May I go and play in the yard?"

It rained last night, and it is too damp now. You may go at ten.

It isn't damp, scarcely any a bit. I think it is. You may go at ten, not before.

Boo, whoo, whoo, rest. I kept quietly sewing. Boo, whoo, whoo, bass. Boo, whoo, whoo, tenor. I sewed on. Boo, whoo, whoo, double bass. Boo, whoo, whoo, tenor.

Now may I go? You may go at ten o'clock. Concert resumed. I silently sewing the while.

Ain't your head most ready to split? No. Mayn't I go out now? Not until ten o'clock. Concert resumed; rest. Ain't you most crazy? No, not at all.

Concert resumed, with the addition of throwing himself on the floor, and knocking his feet up and down. After awhile: Ain't you most crazy yet? Why don't you shake me, and call me the baddest boy ever was, and send me out doors?

Because you are not going out till ten o'clock. Concert resumed, with the addition of bumping his head, as well as toes; rest; a pause. Then picking himself up, he stood erect before me, with his hands in his pockets.

Why don't you whip me, and send me off to get rid of my noise? Because you are not going out until ten o'clock.

He stood a moment. If I bump my head, ain't you afraid it will kill me? Not in the least. But it does hurt me, awfully. I am happy to hear it. He drew a long breath.

What can I do next? I've done all I know how. See if you cannot think of something else. May I take my blocks? Certainly. At nine he started up. Now may I go? That's nine. He went back to his blocks without a murmur.

At ten he went out. He had been used to kneel by his mother, say his prayers and hope to bed. I wished him to kneel with me, by the bed, and say his prayers slowly, and then I would make a short prayer for him. The arrangement did not please him, so the third night he gave battle. Being tired, my head did feel as if it couldn't or wouldn't bear it.

Out of all patience, I determined to give him a good whipping. But never having struck a child, I was not quite hardened enough to take my slipper, and couldn't see anything else. As I looked around, a voice—my God—speaking through my conscience, asked, What! whip in anger, whip a little boy, because he cannot govern his spirit, when you cannot govern your own? Another than the boy needs to be prayed for. And kneeling, I asked my Father to give me his strength, his grand patience, with a disobedient, self-willed child. As I knelt, Willie crawled under my arm, and commenced to say his prayers very slowly, and then asked?

Now, mayn't I pray my own self? Yes, darling.

And these were his words: I'm a real mean little boy. She won't do nothing ugly to me, and I know I'm made her head most split. O God, don't let me be a mean little boy any more at all. The splendid little fellow had a fair trial of strength, and was conquered, and surrendered manfully; and I had no farther trouble or annoyance during the seven weeks he stayed with me.

But how nearly I had lost my vantage ground. If we would rule our own spirits, how easy it would be to rule our children and our servants. But oh, to govern self!

Manners at Table.

Writers on good manners have made one code for the ball-room, another for the parlor, another for the church, and another for the table. These are supposed to have their foundation in that capacity for culture which is common among civilized people, though they may be unacquainted with the conventionalities of fashionable society.

Attempt have been made to reduce good manners to a system, and to prescribe rules having all the apparent accuracy of a military drill-book. Some of these are useful to difficult young people, who imagine that good manners involve an awful mystery hidden from all except the favored few. There are fashions in manners as well as in dress, and it is upon the basis of these that most of the popular guides to etiquette are based. The rules are generally arbitrary, and many of them absurd.

Good manners at table are only a result of natural refinement, and come from habitual association with those who are refined. The most congenial atmosphere for this species of culture should be the home-circle, where it can shed its influence upon young and old alike. Each family should, in some sense, be a law unto itself in the practice of table manners, and for that matter, every man, instead of trying to ape the manners of others, should endeavor to develop his own; to form and mold them in such a way that they will best conduce to his development as a true and original gentleman. Let him not, however, mistake oddity for independence. There is more of studying books of etiquette than there is of practicing what is already known of good manners. And here we fear there is a great deterioration of duty at the home—Most parents know better than they practice. Their children are ungovernable and ill-bred, and they wonder at it, if they expect them to be refined, they should furnish the example. If any man renders himself disagreeable at table, by spitting, by blowing his nose, by drinking with his mouth full of food, by thrusting his knife half way down his throat, picking his teeth with his fork—if he do these and other equally disagreeable and even disgusting things, it is quite certain that he was allowed to do them when a boy, and that his child will follow his example. Will a son heed the admonition to eat slowly, when he sees his father swallow his dinner in eight or ten minutes? The children will not learn to wait at table until they are helped, when the rule at home is, pitch in. Go down town, and enter one of those human feeding places known as 25 cent lunch rooms, where fifty men will go in and swallow fifty dinners, and come out again, within ten to twenty minutes. They stand up to their meals as a horse to the manger. They shoot down the soup, then toss in the potatoes, pickles, bread, butter and meat take a drink—a spasms or two and all has gone down. Refined home training would improve this state of things. The sixteen or eighteen years that most spend under the paternal roof are enough to give them manners easy, self-possessed and refined, even to the nicest points of social etiquette, provided their parents teach as well as they know, and practice what they teach.

As you pass along the street, you see a familiar face, say Good morning as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap. Who will not be bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No, rather let us take them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children, in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?—*Pet. Index.*

Is HEAVEN YOUR HOME?—The following beautiful sentiments are from one of Robertson's sermons: Home is the one place, in all this world, where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious reticence which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness, and without any dread of ridicule. Let a man travel where he will, home is the place to which his heart, untrammelled, fondly turns. He is to double all pleasure there. He is to divide all pain. A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities. And now, brethren, if that be the subscription of home, is God's place of rest your home? Walk abroad and alone by night. That awful other world, in the stillness and the solemn deep of the eternity above, is it your home? Those graves that lie beneath you, holding in them the infinite secret, and stamping upon all earthly loveliness, the mark of frailty, and change, and feebleness—are those graves to which in bright days and dark days, you can turn without dismay? God, in his splendors—dare we feel with him affectionate familiar, so that trials come, softened by this feeling? It is my Father, and enjoyment can be taken with a frank feeling; my Father has given it me, without grudging, to make me happy. All that is having a home in God. Are we at home there?

THE LOVE OF LITTLE CHILDREN.—If I were to choose, among all gifts and qualities, that which, on the whole, makes life pleasantest, I should select the love of children. No circumstance can render the world wholly a solitude to one who has this possession. It is a freemasonry. Wherever one goes, there are the little brethren and sisters of the mystic tie. No diversity of races or tongue makes such differences. A smile speaks the universal language. If I value myself on anything, said the Law-throne, it is on having a smile that children love. They are such prompt little beings, too; they require so little prelude; hearts are won in two minutes, at that frank period, and so long as you are true to them they will be true to you. They use no argument, no bribery. They have a hearty appetite for gifts, no doubt but it is not for these they love the giver. Take the wealth of the world and lavish it with counterfeited affection; I will win all the children's hearts away from you by empty-handed love. The gorgeous toys will dazzle them an hour; then their instincts will revert to their natural friends.

To love children is to love childhood, instinctively, at whatever distance, the first impulse being one of attraction, though it may be checked by later discoveries. Unless your heart commands at least as long a range as your eye, it is not worth much. The dearest saint in my calendar never entered a railway car that she did not look round for a baby, which, when discovered, must always be won at once to her arms. If it was dirty, she would have been glad to bathe it; if ill, to heal it; it would not have seemed to her anything worthy the name of love to seek only those who were wholesome and clean.

Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy.

There is enough in Christ for you, when you have nothing in yourself.

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