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## Poetry.

### SWEET CANAAN LAND.

BY REV. J. M. HANKIN, D. D.

Heaven is to me, no foreign strand,  
No foreign strand to me!  
It is my heart's sweet Canaan land,  
Sweet Canaan land to me!  
It is the home for which I long;  
The theme of tireless earthly song:  
Sweet Canaan land to me!

Heaven is to me, sweet Canaan land,  
Sweet Canaan land to me!  
Its mansions fair I see them stand,  
I see them stand for me!  
For, there, before his Father's face,  
Jesus for me prepares a place:  
Sweet Canaan land to me!

With milk and honey flows that land,  
Sweet Canaan land to me!  
With verdure fair, its fields expand,  
Sweet Canaan land to me!  
My wanderings and my sins all o'er,  
My soul's sweet rest for evermore!  
Sweet Canaan land to me!

Come with me, to that Canaan land,  
Sweet Canaan land to me!  
Why on its borders waiting stand?  
Sweet Canaan land to me.  
Come with me, walk its fields so fair,  
Come with me all its glories share!  
Sweet Canaan land to me!

## Selections.

### A QUARRELSOME NEIGHBOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"That man will be the death of me yet," said Paul Levering. He looked worried out, not angry.

"This means Dick Hardy?"

"Yes."

"What has he been doing to thee now?" asked the questioner, a friend named Isaac Martin, a neighbor.

"He's always doing something, friend Martin. Scarcely a day passes that I don't have complaint of him. Yesterday one of the boys came and told me he saw him throw a stone at my new Durham cow, and strike her on the head."

"That's very bad, friend Levering. Does thee know why he did this? Was thy Durham trespassing on his ground?"

"No, she was only looking over the fence. He has a spite against me and mine, and does all he can to injure me. You know the fine Bartlett pear-tree that stands in the corner of my lot adjoining his property?"

"Yes."

"Two large limbs full of fruit hung over on his side. You would hardly believe it, but it is true; I was out there just now, and discovered that he had sawed off those two fine limbs that hung over on his side. They lay down upon the ground, and his pigs were eating the fruit."

"Why is Dick so spiteful to thee, friend Levering? He doesn't annoy me. What has thee done to him?"

"Nothing of any consequence."

"Thee must have done something, Try and remember."

"I know what first put him out—I kicked an ugly old dog of his once. The beast, half starved at home, I suppose, was all the time prowling about here, and snatched up everything that came in his way. One day I came upon him suddenly, and gave him a tremendous kick that sent him howling through the gate. Unfortunately, as it turned out, the dog's master happen to be passing along the road. The way he swore at me was dreadful. I saw never a more vindictive face. The next morning a splendid Newfoundland, that I had raised from a pup, met me shivering at the door, with his tail cut off. I don't know when I have felt so badly. Poor fellow! his piteous looks haunt me now; I had no proof against Dick, but have never doubted as to his agency in the matter. In my grief and indignation I shot the dog, and put him out of sight."

"Thee was hasty in that, friend Levering," said the Quaker.

"Perhaps I was, though I have never regretted the act. I met Dick a few days afterwards. The grin of satisfaction on his face I accepted as an acknowledgment of his mean and cruel revenge. Within a week from that time one of my cows had a horn knocked off."

"What did thee do?"

"I went to Dick Hardy and gave him a piece of my mind."

"That is, thee scolded and called him hard names, and threatened?"

"Yes—just so, friend Martin."

"Did any good come of it?"

"About as much good as though I had whistled to the wind."

"How has it been since?"

"No change for the better; it grows, if anything, worse and worse. Dick never gets weary of annoying me."

"Has thee ever tried the law with him, friend Levering? The law should protect thee."

"O yes, I've tried the law. Once he ran his heavy wagon against my carriage purposely, and upset me in the road. I made a narrow escape with my life. The carriage was so badly broken that it cost me fifty dollars for repairs. A neighbor saw the whole thing, and said it was plainly intended by Dick. So I sent him the carriage maker's bill, at which he got into a towering passion. Then I threatened him with a prosecution, and he laughed in my face malignantly. I felt the time had come to act decisively, and I sued him, relying on the evidence of my neighbor. He was afraid of Dick, and so worked his testimony that the jury saw only an accident instead of a purpose to injure. After that Dick Hardy was worse than ever. He took an evil delight in annoying and injuring me. I am satisfied that in more than one instance he left gaps in his fences in order to entice my cattle into his fields, that he might set his dogs on them, and hurt them with stones. It is more than a child of mine dares to cross his premises. Only last week he tried to put his dog on my little Florence, who had strayed into one of his fields after butter-cups. The dog was less cruel than his master, or she would have been torn by his teeth, instead of being only frightened by his bark."

"It's a hard case, truly, friend Levering. Our neighbor Hardy seems possessed of an evil spirit."

"The spirit of the devil," was answered with feeling.

"He's thy enemy, assuredly; and if thee does not get rid of him he will do thee great harm. Thee must, if thou would dwell in safety, friend Levering."

[The Quaker's face was growing very serious. He spoke in a lowered voice, and bent toward his neighbor in a confidential manner.]

"Thee must put him out of the way."

"Friend Martin! The surprise of Paul was unfeigned."

"Thee must kill him?"

The countenance of Levering grew black with astonishment.

"Kill him!" he ejaculated.

"If thee doesn't kill him he'll certainly kill thee one of these days, friend Levering. And thee knows what is said about self preservation being the first law of nature."

"And get hung!"

"I don't think they'll hang thee," coolly returned the Quaker. "Thee can go over to his place and get him all alone by thyself. Or thee can meet him in some by-road. Nobody need see thee, and when he's dead I think people will be more glad than sorry."

"Do you think I'm no better than a murderer; I, Paul Levering, stain my hands with blood?"

"Who said anything about staining thy hands with blood?" said the Quaker, mildly.

"Why, you?"

"Thee's mistaken. I never used the word blood."

"But you meant it. You suggested murder."

"No, friend Levering, I advised thee to kill thy enemy, lest some day he should kill thee."

"Isn't killing murder, I should like to know?" demanded Levering.

"There are more ways than one to kill an enemy," said the Quaker. "I've killed a good many in my time, and no stain of blood can be found on my garments. My way of killing enemies is to make them friends. Kill neighbor Hardy with kindness, and thee'll have no more trouble with him."

A sudden light gleamed over Mr. Levering's face, as if a cloud had passed.

"A new way to kill people."

"The surest way to kill enemies, as thee'll find, if thee'll only try."

"Let me see. How shall we go about it?" said Paul Levering, taken at once with the idea.

"If thee has the will, friend Levering, it will not be long before thee finds the way."

And so it proved. Not two hours afterwards, as Mr. Levering was driving into the village, he found Dick Hardy with a stalled cart-load of stone. He was whipping his horse and swearing at him passionately, but to no purpose. The cart wheels were buried halfway to the axles in stiff mud, and defied the strength of one horse to move them. On seeing Mr. Levering, Dick stopped pulling and swearing, and, getting on the cart, commenced pitching the stones off on to the side of the road.

"Hold on a bit, friend Hardy," said Levering, in a pleasant voice, as he dismounted and unlatched his horse. But Dick pretended not to hear, and kept on pitching off the stones. "Hold

on, I say, and don't give yourself all that trouble," added Mr. Levering, speaking in a louder voice, but in kind and cheerful tones. "Two horses are better than one. With Charles's help we'll soon have the wheels on solid ground again."

Understanding now what was meant, Dick's hands fell almost nerveless by his side. "There," said Levering, as he put his horse in front of Dick's and made the traces fast, "one pull, and the thing is done." Before Dick could get down from the cart it was out of the mud-hole, and without saying a word more, Levering unlatched his horse from the front of Dick's animal, and hitching up, again rode on.

On the next day Mr. Levering saw Dick Hardy in the act of strengthening a bit of weak fence, through which Levering's cattle had broken once or twice, thus removing temptation, and saving the cattle from being beaten and set on by dogs.

"Thee's given him a bad wound, friend Levering," said the Quaker, on getting information of the two incidents just mentioned, "and it will be thy own fault if thee does not kill him."

Not long afterward, in the face of an approaching storm, and while Dick Hardy was hurrying to get in some clover hay, his wagon broke down. Mr. Levering, who saw from one of his fields the incident, and understood what its loss might occasion, hitched up his own wagon and sent it over to Dick's assistance. With a storm coming on that might last for days, and ruin from two to three tons of hay, Dick could not decline the offer, though it went against the grain to accept a favor from the man he had hated for years, and injured in so many ways.

On the following morning Mr. Levering had a visit from Dick Hardy. It was raining fast. "I've come," said Dick, stammering and confused, and looking down on the ground instead of into Mr. Levering's face, "to pay you for the use of your team yesterday, in getting in my hay. I should have lost it if you hadn't sent your wagon, and it is only right I should pay you for the use of it."

"I should be very sorry," answered Paul Levering, cheerily, "if I couldn't do a neighborly turn without pay. You are quite welcome, friend Hardy, to the wagon. I am more than paid in knowing that you saved that nice field of clover. How much did you get?"

"About three tons. But, Mr. Levering, I must—"

"Not a word, if you don't want to offend me," interrupted Levering. "I trust there isn't a man around here that wouldn't do as much for a neighbor in time of need. Still, if you feel embarrassed—if you don't wish to stand my debtor, pay me in good will."

Dick Hardy raised his eyes slowly, and looking in a strange, wondering way at Mr. Levering, reached out his hand. Hardy grasped it with a quick, short grip, and then, as if to hide his feelings that were becoming too strong, dropped it, and went off hastily.

"Thee's killed him!" said the Quaker, on his next meeting with Levering; "thy enemy is dead!"

"Slain by kindness," answered Paul Levering, "which you supplied."

"No, thee took it from God's armory, where all men may equip themselves without charge, and become invincible," replied the Quaker. "And I trust, for thy peace and safety, thee will never use any other weapons in fighting with thy neighbors. They are sure to kill!"

### SALVATION OF CHILDREN.

I hate to hear people say, 'They have received a pack of children into the church.' 'A pack of children?' Yes, and if Jesus carries them in his bosom, surely you are not imitating much of his spirit, when you look down upon them or despise them. To me one soul is as good as another. I rejoice as much in the addition of the poorest mechanic to this church as if he were a peer of the realm. I am grateful to God when I hear of repentance in the young as in the aged, for souls, after all, are not affected in value by rank or age. Immortal spirits are all priceless, and not to be weighed in the scale with worlds. I pray you, therefore, rejoice in the Spirit of God dwells in the lowly or in the great, in the young or in the old. He is the selfsame spirit; He makes each renewed person equally his temple, and each saved one is equally a jewel of Christ, dear to the heart of the Eternal Father, beloved by Him who redeemed all his people alike with his most precious blood.—*Spergon.*

### THE CHURCH AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

In answer to an inquiring friend we undertake to make some suggestions respecting the relation of the church to the Sunday School.

We have known not a few cases where the relation is simply that of landlord and tenant. The church provides the building; generally warms and lights and partially furnishes it. That is all—absolutely all. The Sunday School pays all its own expenses; furnishes its own library; gets up its own religious services and social entertainments; appoints its own teachers; elects its own officers. In these cases the Sunday School could hardly be more distant from the church if it were a village lyceum or a Shakespearean Club.

We have known more cases in which the relation attempted by the church, but resisted by the school, is that of master and servant, or board of directors and corporation agents. The Sunday School is, as in the other case, allowed to furnish its own funds, pick up its own teachers, get, as best it can, its own instruments of instruction—question-books, lesson-papers, library, etc. If there is work to be done the Sunday-school may do it; if there is money to be spent the Sunday School may get it. But the minister and one or two of the elders have one strong point; they are sure that the church ought to supervise the Sunday School. So when the Sunday School has fixed on a time of service, the church, which never attends a session, feels called on to substitute some other time; when the Sunday School proposes a picnic the supervising elder is all ready to interpose a veto; when the Sunday School votes to adopt the International Series the supervising elder insists that it ought to study something else; when it initiates a movement to get a new library it is fruitful of captious complaints respecting Sunday School books. He is prolific in objections, but barren of practical help; furnishes abundant criticism but never any cash.

Now we believe that the church ought to supervise the Sunday School; but it must lay a basis for supervision in sympathy and support.

It is the duty of the church to provide the Sunday School with funds. To leave the Sunday School, as some churches do, to furnish its own treasury out of the coppers of the scholars is to stung to one's own children; and that is the supreme consummation of meanness. Should not children be taught to give? Certainly they should; but not to give by taking out of one pocket into the other. Free school through the week and pay school on Sundays is a contrast no whit more honorable to the church because the children pay for their tuition under a very thin disguise of contributions. It is the business of the church to pay all the expenses of the school.

To make the children pay their own way is bad enough; to make them a set of paupers, to beg their spiritual living by selling tickets to fairs and concerts and what not, is even worse. This is to make religion an excuse for self-abasement. The Sunday School ought never to go a begging.

Then the church ought to provide the school with teachers. Not by suffering a supervising elder to come round once a month and play the part of a pious Paul Pry; but by stimulating its members to offer their services as recruiting officers in the field or drill officers in the drill-room. Some active Sunday School worker ought always to be a member of the Session or the Examining Committee, partly to give the church information respecting cases of religious interest in the school, partly to impress into the service of the school new members as they come into the church.

If the church furnishes the teachers, and the church furnishes the funds, it will find no difficulty in exerting a moral control over the administration. It will have earned the right to do so, and that fact will be recognized. It has no rights that it does not earn. A mere landlord has no right to intermeddle with the domestic concerns of his tenant, even though the landlord is a church and the tenant is a Sunday School.

What as to the relation which the pastor should sustain to his Sunday School?

The ideal pastor is its chief executive. He may not be, *eo nomine*, its superintendent; but the superintendent will really be his adjutant. This is the relation, if we mistake not, sustained to their Sunday Schools by the two Tyngs, father and son. This was the relation sustained by Mr. Moody to his. But to fill this relation the minister must be an ideal minister, a man of real executive ability, a

judge of human nature, able to control, without seeming to do so, skillful, tactical, wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. If he is wise as a dove or harmless as a serpent he had better leave the Sunday school alone.

The pastor may be a teacher; but in that case he ought to be a teacher of the school rather than a teacher of it. The teacher in it must be subordinate to the superintendent. The superintendent must be subordinate to the pastor. They will both be rare men if they can live in reserved relations, each the head. If the pastor is "apt to teach" it is better for him to give ten minutes to the whole school than half an hour to the Bible class; or an evening to the teachers' meeting than a Sunday afternoon to a class in school.

Or he may be content to be simply counselor. In that case he will be generally wise if he reserves his counsel till it is asked for. Unasked advice is always liable to be resented as unauthorized assumption.

Finally he may have no relation whatever to the Sunday School. This is perhaps the most common relation. And where it exists, or where with a previous pastor it has existed, a change must be managed with delicacy. Revolutions are likely to be accompanied with riots. It takes time for things that have been wrong to grow right. Marriage without previous courtship is apt to lead to divorce.

All rules have their exceptions. These rules have many. But they may suffice, if not to answer the inquiries of inquiring friends, at least to set them on the road to answers of their own.—*Christian Union.*

### MINISTERIAL FLATTERY.

Few there are who had the good fortune to be settled under the ministrations of the late Dr. Bethune who do not cherish peculiar as well as precious memories of this gifted man. Sometimes his peculiarities flash across us so vividly that involuntarily the smile will form upon the lip or the tear gather in the eye. One such remembrance comes to us now with unusual freshness.

He, like every other faithful minister of God's word, delighted to have his people tell him when a sermon had proven a comfort or a help—while he turned with aversion from fulsome flattery or adulation.

Well can the writer recall his beaming smile, when, on a certain occasion, after delivering a deeply thought out and carefully-written sermon, she approached him with a few words of earnest thanks, for a sermon so well adapted (as she thought) to one of his hearers, for whom she had long prayed, and who had become imbued with German skepticism.

"Thank you—thank you," was the glad reply. "That sermon had been prepared with the utmost care, and while delivering it, it appeared so heavy, I thought no one could be helped thereby, and now you make me very happy."

But to my story. He always gathered around him once a week a ladies' Bible class, and the instructions there received we think will never be forgotten. After the class was over, he would chat familiarly with us in little groups.

One afternoon a good woman, though something of a flatterer, approached him saying, "O doctor, what a charming sermon you gave us last Sabbath, it was beautiful, everybody said so!"

No reply was given, but simply raising his eyes, which seemed almost hidden beneath his massive brow, he looked across the room and motioned for a very bright but plain-spoken lady to come to him.

"Mrs. C.," he said in a loud tone, "what did you think of my last Sunday morning sermon?"

"If I must answer frankly, doctor," was the reply, "I think it was miserably poor."

Then turning to the writer he said, "And what did you think of it?"

"Pretty much as Mrs. C. did," we answered.

"Well," he said with a peculiar smile playing about the corners of his mouth, "that was just about my opinion of it."

And without further remark of any kind he turned away.

Not easily will the impression made upon the mind of the writer or the lesson learned thereby be forgotten: namely, that God's faithful ministers prize a word of true sympathy a thousand times more than fulsome flatteries.—*Ch. Weekly.*

It is a proof of our natural bias to evil, that gain is slower and harder than loss, in all things good; but in all things bad, getting is quicker and easier than getting rid of.

### "LOOK AT MY EXPECTATIONS."

I was riding home on Monday morning, a distance of several miles, from a town at which I had been preaching on the previous Sabbath; but during the night a severe snow storm had set in, partially blocking up the roads, and the large flakes that continued to fall made the progress of my horse very slow and very unsatisfactory. I pitied him and myself, too; but buttoning up my thick overcoat, I tried to make the best of it; and the remainder of the way was beguiled by hope and prayer concerning the ministry of the past day, and bright visions of a cheery fire and warm welcome to my home.

Suddenly I was startled by the click of a stone breaker's hammer in one part of the deserted looking road; and, as I turned in the lane, I could dimly discern a stooping figure, which, as I came nearer, proved to be that of an old man, sitting at the lee side of a heap of stones, busily at work, but so whitened by the snow that he might have been hewn out of a block of white marble. I ceased self-pity then, and began to pity this poor laborer who, then in his old age, and in weather to which I was unwilling to expose my horse, had to spend hours in such a position of wearisome and benumbing toil. He raised his head at my approach, and as I stopped my horse opposite him, he rose with difficulty and came slowly to my side.

The words of sympathy that were on my lips were almost driven back by the sight of his face—it was so calm and satisfied. A venerable monarch stepping forth from the splendor and luxury of his palace could scarcely have worn a more benignant and thankful expression than shone in the face of that storm-beaten old stone breaker. Living epistles are not always so easily "known and read of all men" as might be wished; but in this case the writing was so distinct and clear that I felt sure that he was a Christian, before a word had been exchanged between us; and the result proved I was not mistaken.

I opened the conversation by offering him a tract, and saying: "I dare say you will be glad of something to read."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said he with glistening eyes; "we are quite out of the way of such things, for our little place is at the foot of that hill over there, and there is not another house within a mile of us. I'm not much of a scholar myself, but my old woman can read quite well, and she'll read it to me next Sunday."

"Do you often go to a place of worship?"

"Oh, yes; at least I go regular when the roads are anything like passable; and my wife goes, too, whenever she can move about, for the rheumatics. It's the matter of a good mile from where we live, but it's full payment for all the trouble, to hear such comfortable words about the blessed Saviour that shed his own blood to save poor sinners like us."

"And you trust in this Saviour? I asked though I felt the question scarcely necessary.

"Oh, yes, I've done that for years," he answered, simply, "ever since I felt that I was a sinner, and the minister preached from, 'This Man receiveth sinners.' It went straight to the heart, and I knew he would receive me, and I've had nothing but good times ever since; there's been such a heaven of peace in my soul."

"And are you obliged to work here every day?" I asked. "It certainly does not seem fit for you to be out in weather like this."

"It's either working or starving, sir," he said, quietly. "I can earn a shilling a day at this job, and I can't afford to lose one shilling out of the six, as you may suppose."

"And you never murmur, my good friend?" I said, looking almost with envy at the placid face before me.

"Nay, master, why should I? I've got a peaceful home and the best of wives, and I have my health pretty fair, considering the risks I run with it, and then look at my expectations! I was just thinking as you rode up, I shan't be breaking stones here all ways; my blessed Saviour has something better laid up for me than that! Just to think of his own word!

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gate into the city! Oh, but it warms my old heart to sit here and ponder it all over what that city is like, and know that it will be my home. Surely, sir,

The thoughts of such amazing bliss should certainly further create."

After some further conversation, I rode away, thinking not of the storm,

but glorying as I had never done before, in the power of divine grace, that could make its possessor triumph thus over circumstances which without it would have seemed gloomy and sad indeed. Surely, that happy old stone breaker might, in some measure, have joined in the apostle's challenge: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."—*From one of the Publications of the American Tract Society.*

### THE DEBT PAID.

The eminent statesman, Henry Clay was at one time considerably annoyed by a debt of ten thousand dollars due the Northern Bank of Kentucky at Lexington. Some of his political friends in different parts of the Union heard of his condition, and quietly raised the money and paid off the debt without notifying Mr. Clay. In utter ignorance of what had been going on, he went to the bank one day, and addressing the cashier, Matthew T. Scott, so well-known to commercial circles at that time, said:

"Mr. Scott, I have call to see you in reference to that debt of mine to the bank."

"You don't owe us anything," replied Mr. Scott.

Mr. Clay looked inquiringly at him, and said:

"You do not understand me, Mr. Scott. I came to see about that debt of \$10,000 which I am owing the Northern Bank."

"You don't owe us a dollar."

"Why! How am I to understand you?"

"A number of your friends have contributed and paid off that debt, and you do not owe this bank a dollar."

The tears rushed to Mr. Clay's eyes, and unable to speak, he turned and walked out of the bank.

This is a faint image of what Jesus Christ has done for us. He has met our immense obligations to God's law. He has purchased eternal life for us. Blessed Saviour, we cannot express our sense of the greatness and tenderness of thy love. Let our tears, our sighs, our sobb, let our utterances and our self-reproaches tell thee what our lips cannot speak. We are bought with a price; therefore may we glorify God with our bodies all our powers.—*Presbyterian.*

THE Lord has arranged things wisely for our mere physical delight. He has not planted all the violets in the world in one place, neither has he fenced in the roses between particular lines or parallels of latitude. But we go carelessly along, and we get a whiff of the violets down there in the grass, and the lilacs over yonder in the field and the roses in the fence corner—and they all go along to make up the fragrance and the beauty of the day, though we had not been looking for any of them. It is the indirect ray from everything, whether it be the sun or the drop of dew that unravels day and makes visible the beauty of the world!

AS EXERCISE quickens the pulse and diffuses a healthy glow over the physical system, so acts of religious duty increase our Christian vitality, and develop within us that fervency of spirit which enables us to serve God all the more acceptably in proportion to our usefulness to our fellow men. Mere theory in religion, however orthodox, avails little without corresponding practice. Hence, many in the church become weak and effeminate. What they need is to exercise themselves into godliness, and to bring forth the fruits of holy living.

CHRISTIANITY is made up of the religious ideas and feelings made or expressed by the leader, Jesus Christ. All those laws of action which seem to have come from God rather than from society or nature, laws of the spirit revealed or repeated in Christ, make up that best shape of religion. Imperfectly as the word may be defined, yet the heart comes very near knowing what religion means, and with this approach we must rest content.

BE civil and obliging to all, dutiful where God and nature command you; but friend to one, and that friendship keep sacred, as the greatest tie upon earth, and be sure to ground it upon virtue; for no other is either happy or lasting.

OUR chief want in life—is it not somebody who can make us do what we can!—*Emerson.*