

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

RELIGION WITHOUT BIGOTRY; ZEAL WITHOUT FANATICISM; LIBERTY WITHOUT LICENTIOUSNESS.

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Poetry.

BESIDE A WEE, AND DINNA FRET.

Is the road very dreary?
Patient yet!
Rest will be sweeter if thou art weary,
And after night cometh the morning cheery,
Then bide a wee, and dinna fret.

The clouds have silver lining,
Don't forget;
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining
Courage! instead of tears and vain repining,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

With toil and cares unending
Art beset?
Bethink thee, how the storms from heaven descending
Snap the stiff oak, and spare the willow bending;
And bide a wee, and dinna fret.

Grief sharper sting doth bring
From regret;
But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present and the morrow
Nay; bide a wee, and dinna fret.

An over-anxious brooding
Doth beset
A host of fears and fantasies deluding;
Then, brother, lest these torments be intruding,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

—*Leisure Hour.*

Selections.

PERFECT PEACE.

Never to walk again! Was it strange that life looked dark and wearisome to Lillie Allen with those words sounding in her ears? Only eighteen years old, her school course just completed, with a heart full of hopes and plans for the future, doomed for a lifetime in a bed or chair; never to walk, even as far as the window on the other side of the room. Could anything be more trying to an active, lively girl?

And a single moment had brought all this sorrow. A merry party of classmates had gone out to celebrate their graduation at the village academy by a picnic excursion to Glen Crystal. The sunshine and the sparkling water were not so different from their faces as, laughing and joking, they clambered over the rocks in search of ferns and mosses. But a single careless step backward, as a companion called to her and in the midst of the sunshine and merry-making, Lillie lay helpless and unconscious upon a ledge twenty feet below. That was two months ago, and during all those weeks she had lain, weary and often suffering most intensely, but still expecting soon to be up again. But this morning, this bright August morning, the doctor had pronounced the terrible words that she would never be able to use her feet again. Kindly and tenderly had the words been spoken, and the hope had been expressed that in a few weeks a chair might be procured in which she could be made comfortable. Father had stood by her bed with a sorrowful face while the doctor talked, and only said, "My precious child!" as he kissed her. Mother had come in, and kneeling with her arms clasped around her child's neck, had wept long and bitterly. But still Lillie lay silent and wondering.

The hours passed slowly by, the dainty dinner prepared for the invalid was sent away untasted. She could see through the window as she lay, but she did not notice the pure August lilies that blossomed so beautifully by the path. The fragrance of lily and honeysuckle wafted through the window by the gentle breeze were all unheeded as those words echoed in her ears again and again incessantly. "Never walk! never walk! never!"

But now, as the shadows lengthened and the afternoon was drawing to a close, the thought began to take a more definite shape in her mind. She realized more fully what the burden was that had come to her young life, and, turning her face to the wall, she felt the hot tears roll down her cheeks upon the pillow. This was what it meant, these weeks of waiting and of pain. She had wondered much at the numbness in her limbs, at the visit of the three strange physicians a few days ago, at the evasive answers to all her questions; but never, in the most discouraged hour, had this thought even been suggested to her.

"Oh, how can I bear it? Why must it be?"

She did not see the gate open and some one come up the path to the door. She did not hear her own door open, nor was she conscious of any presence, until she felt a cool hand on her hot brow and heard a sweet voice say, "My darling Lillie!" Then turning quickly she saw dear Cousin Mabel, who had always been her coun-

dante and adviser in all school-girl joys and sorrows. Very sweet and pleasant did she look in her white dress and blue ribbons, with a cluster of pansies in her hair, as she seated herself beside the bed. She took Lillie's hot hand in one of hers, and, gently stroking her hair with the other, looked lovingly into the sad, tear-stained face.

"O Mabel, do you know?" was Lillie's first question.

"Yes, darling, I know all about it, and I can never tell you how I have sorrowed for you."

"Oh, but Mabel, how can I bear it? Why must it be? It would be so much easier to die. Why could not my head have struck the stone so that I might have been killed at once? I had so many plans and hopes. Father and mother have no one but me, and I wanted to be such a help and comfort to them now that I am through school. But I can never be anything but a burden. O dear! O dear!"

Quietly and lovingly the cool, soft hand passed back and forth over the fevered brow until Lillie's eagerness had spent itself. Then in gentle tones Mabel said,

"Lillie, darling, let me tell you some of the thoughts that have come to me about you to-day. For I have been thinking of you all day as I have been too busy to come to you, for I knew what Dr. Graham was going to tell you this morning. Do you remember that Sabbath evening last fall, the day when you united with the church, when you were telling me how bright and beautiful everything seemed to you? You said that you were so happy in Jesus' love, but you were afraid lest other things should come in and take your thoughts away from him; you had so many things to think of, your studies, your music, your school friends, and your plans for home work. You said that you almost wished that you had nothing to do but to think of Jesus. And now, dear, that our Father has taken away some of these temptations, and shut you up more to himself, cannot you trust that it all means love?"

I did not tell you then, how he taught me through a very different experience. When I first thought that I had begun to love the Saviour, I was a lazy, idle girl, with nothing to do to enjoy myself from morning till night. Such a life was not satisfying, nor was it of a kind to develop a strong Christian character. I had many doubts and fears and I used to wish for something to take my thoughts away from myself. And the "something" came, in a way that I never could have chosen. Father died so suddenly, you know, and mother was sick for so many years, and with her to nurse and all the younger children to care for, I have never known to this day what it is to be free from care. I have had to work hard and plan closely sometimes to make both ends meet, but I have learned that all of each day's care and weariness has come from God, and I think that I can trust him always. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee;" because he trusteth in thee." The peace came to me in the midst of constant work which God had appointed, and I think that he wants to teach you the same lesson in the "lying still" which he has chosen for you.

"I only long that my eyes may be steadily fixed on him, that he may guide me at his will, and that my hands may be faithful in his work, and my willing feet on his errands run, or, when he bids, stand still."

And I think, darling, that you will find work to do in your chair, that we who have to run on the Master's errands, could not do half so well."

So quietly and soothingly did the kind friend talk until Lillie's mother was through with the business that had called her away, and Mabel was obliged to return to her own home-duties.

Three years have passed since that day, and still our Lillie sits or lies from day to day, often weary and suffering, but at peace. Do not think my little story incomplete because I can tell of no wonderful physician who has wrought a miraculous cure in that sick room. Only the Great Physician is at work there and his work has been to purify and comfort the soul. These years have not been spent in idleness. Work did come to Lillie. Many of those village homes are beautified with specimens of her handiwork. Many a comfort which her parents would have had to deny themselves has found its way into their home through Lillie's means; for she is earning something by teaching a class of little boys and girls who

gather in her room every day. The sick room too is the favorite resort of her young friends who come with all their secrets and plans to this one who has had to give up all active life for herself. Her sympathy is always ready and one of these friends upon whose life many burdens have been laid, says that after a hard day's work it rests her just to look at Lillie.

It is not always easy. There come days and even weeks when the little scholars must be sent away, the crochet work and embroidery laid aside, even the precious Bible closed, and Lillie must lie in a darkened room, with eyes bandaged, in an agony of pain, with only enough of consciousness to long for release. Those who love her best can only wish for her sake, that she might be taken home, sadly as she would be missed by all who knew her. But they have learned with Lillie the sweetness of leaving all with One who knows what is best, and so they are kept in peace.

"That peace which suffers and is strong, Trusts where it cannot see, Nor deems the trial way too long, But leaves the end with Thee."

SMOOTH NAMES.

It may not have occurred to everybody to notice how much our notions of sin are warped and swayed by the soft words we apply to it. Language is more than just a mere medium of intercourse in this world. It is also the great instrument of education. It is to intellect what coin is to trade; it is hoarded as well as thrown into circulation. Now, as long ago as Isaiah's time, the power of words—the absolute force inherent in the mere names of things—was felt. That prophet was divinely commissioned to resist the fatal imposture. "Woe unto them," said he; "woe unto them that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter."

Not that the calling of things by exactly opposite names changes their character. God is not deceived by mere perversions of the dictionary. But this base interchange of terms is sure to produce a laxity of moral sentiment. Such a process of softening adjectives and milding epithets vitiates the mind of any man; it dulls the delicate edge of his discrimination and hardens his heart.

Begin with denominating a man's oaths his slips of the tongue; call his filthy songs and stories his indelicacies; call his vices his peccadilloes; call his bad habits his failings; call his dissipation his wild oats; call his indiscretions his freaks of galantry; call his gambling debts debts of honor; call his debauches high living; when he throws dice say—he plays; when he thieves from trust funds in order to bid on stocks, say—he speculates.

Keep this up a while, and then say how long will it be before his conscience will be seared as to all legitimate and unalterable distinctions between eternal right and eternal wrong? It is mockery thus to trifle. Names are things. No less an authority than Lord Bacon has said: "Men believe that their reason is lord over their words; but it happens, too, that words exercise a reciprocal and reactionary power over our intellect. Words, as a Tartar's bow, shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest, and mightily entangle and pervert the judgment that is not on its guard."

Is it not high time for us all to become thoughtful? Where are we, as a community, going? The revelations of crime which are made to us every morning are more and more multiplied, more and more shocking. We can hardly believe that an end to it will ever be reached. Some will laugh and trifle as long as the world stands. "Through thou shouldst bray with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

But to men yet gifted with some remains of sense—to women yet loving their homes and remembering God—is there not a call to seriousness? The summons to Waterloo met many of Napoleon's officers in the midst of an assembly. They were dancing giddily; but the sound of cannon brought them to their arms. Is there not now and riot enough around us now.—*Ch. Weekly.*

WHEN the mind, like a pure, calm lake, reflects back the light which is shed from heaven, the image of God is upon it commensurate with its capacity, for the tiniest drop of dew images forth the true though not the full radiance of the sun.

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WHAT TOTTY TAUGHT THE DEACON.

Carefully Totty stepped along the street. It was the first time in all her life that she had been to the minister's, and Totty felt grown up indeed.

But to tell you what she had in her basket, and why she is going to her minister's I must go back a week or two. Three weeks before, Mrs. Dallas (Totty's mother) was very ill, so ill that the doctor said she might not get well, and Mr. Duncan the minister, came to see her. Now Mr. Duncan had children of his own, and knew how lonely the poor little girl whom he saw standing at the sitting room window, as he rang the door bell, must feel when her mother lay ill up stairs and no one had time to notice the child. So, as he came down stairs, he said to the nurse who was to open the door for him, "I would like to see the children."

"Oh," said the woman, "there is only one; I think she's there," and she opened the sitting-room door.

It was growing dusk, but Mr. Duncan saw a little figure in one corner, and saying, "You needn't wait," he closed the door and went to the child. Poor Totty! she was standing in the corner with her face to the wall. "Come and sit on my knee, my child," said a kind voice, and Totty saw the great tall minister bending over her. She was a shy child, yet she was glad to get on any one's knee—she was so lonely.

"Why did you stand in the corner, Totty?" said the minister, after he had learned her name.

"Cause I'd been bad, and mother would"—and the sad little voice broke down.

Mr. Duncan understood at once. The child had tried to do good, and, failing, had punished herself as her dear mother would have done, long- ing for even the mother's punishment in her loneliness.

Mr. Duncan talked to the little girl about God's love for her mother and for her, talked of heaven, till Totty felt ashamed to wish to keep her mother from such a lovely place, and then he put her down, and kissing her good-bye went away, saying, "You must come and see me, Totty, by and by."

Strange to say Mrs. Dallas grew better, and the little girl was sent away to Aunt Mary's to stay till mamma was well. Just two days, Totty had come home, to find her dear mamma up, and to tell her all about that "good, kind Mr. Duncan."

"I want to show him that I love him, mamma. I want to take him something nice."

Mrs. Dallas felt so thankful for her recovery that she too wanted to show her gratitude, so she said:

"Well, Totty, I will let you go to see Mr. Duncan on Thursday, and you may take him something nice."

"May I take him something of my own?"

It was winter time, and eggs were very scarce. Totty had a dozen hens, and papa bought all her eggs, which gave Totty quite a nice little sum of pocket money. She ran to the cook.

"Oh, Nancy, has my hens laid eggs while I was away?"

"Yes, Miss Totty, your pa's took six and there's twelve left."

Totty danced for joy. Mr. Duncan should have all her eggs. Mrs. Dallas was glad to humor the little girl and with her husband's help she made one of Totty's eggs a really valuable present. For, after blowing the egg empty, she carefully worked in a fifty dollar bill, and laid a note in the bottom of the basket to say it was a thank offering for her recovery.

By Thursday Totty had twenty eggs, and started off in her Sunday dress to call at the minister's. Now, just as she tripped around the corner, and came in sight of the church and the minister's house, Deacon Sharp came up to her. The deacon was a good man and helped the minister in his church work, but he never had thought of giving him an extra present. "We pay his salary," as it was small it was pretty well up to the minute.

"Well, little one," said the deacon, "you look as fresh as a posy. 'How's your ma'?"

"She's most well, thank you."

"Where are you going to and what have you got there?"

"I'm going to the minister's, and these are eggs—my eggs. I want to give 'em to him."

"Why, what are you givin' him eggs for?"

"Oh, he told me about heaven, you know, and was so kind and—I love him so much. Don't you always give things to the folks you love?"

The deacon went on and left Totty

at the minister's door where she was warmly welcomed and petted, and Mr. Duncan told her he should paint one of the eggs, and always keep it to remember her love for him. You may be sure that pleased Totty.

The next day, just as the minister was thanking God again for that money, which was sent in such a wonderful way, Deacon Sharpe's market wagon drew up. "Mary, dear," calls the minister, "see here, darling, all that fifty dollars for groceries. I told you not to fret—look at the deacon."

It was a funny sight, but very pleasant to a poorly paid man, with three big boys to feed. Why the deacon didn't ring the bell, I can't tell. He pulled out a barrel of potatoes, then another; then came apples, and, as he landed these, one or two rolling off the deacon picked one up, took a bite, nodded his head eagerly, as much as to say, "Them's good," and looked with great approbation at the barrels. But there was more to come; turnips, carrots, and a couple of bags of some kind of grain. "Corn meal, dear, I do believe," said the delighted wife, "and with the eggs I'll give you such a johnny-cake to-night!"

At last, carrying a couple of turkeys in hand, Deacon Sharpe rang the bell. Mr. Duncan himself opened the door. The deacon was a man of few words.

"Mornin', sir. Can your boys give me a hand to roll in these things?"

"I'll help you, with a right good will, deacon. Who told you what we needed?"

Deacon Sharpe had reached the potatoes, and leaning hard on them he exclaimed, "You don't mean to say you needed them?"

"Certainly. You see we haven't a big farm like you. Didn't you bring them because we needed them?"

"Mr. Duncan, I brought you them things because I was ashamed that a little bit of a girl should be more thankful to you than I'd ever been. You've driven out to our place time and again when Sairy Ann was sick, and had prayer meetings at our house, and taught me a lot o' good—made me a better man I hope; and yet I never did the least extra thing to show my thanks to you—as that little mite said—that I loved you. This taught me a lesson, and these things sha'n't be the last to come from Briars farm for you. As to your needing them, I own it's a new idea, and I feel pretty cheap when I think on it.—*The Canada Caselet.*

PRAYER EXPENSIVE.

BISHOP J. WEAVER, D. D.

The Scriptures abundantly teach that we must pray—pray always; pray without ceasing. Whatever we need for time and eternity will be granted to us in answer to fervent prayer. "If ye abide in me and my words in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." Few persons, however, have ever thought that it was sometimes expensive to pray. It is not expensive to repeat words and call it prayer; but to pray acceptably is often very costly. Many a prayer has gone unanswered because the person praying was not willing to pay the price.

There came a young man to Christ and said, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" Jesus said, "Keep the commandments." "All these," said the young man, "have I observed from my youth up. What lack I yet?" Our Lord loved that young man because he was sincere. At the same time he knew what the trouble was and said, "If thou wouldst be perfect, sell what thou hast." Now, it is not a *si per se* to possess even largely upon this world's goods. But in the case of this young man nothing would do for him but to dispose of his worldly goods, because heart was set upon them, and the Lord knew it. He could have been made perfect that day if he had been willing to pay the price. But he went away sorrowful. It would have cost too much.

In a little town far out in the West there lived a family, the husband at one time had been a minister, but for some cause had been turned away from Christ and became exceedingly wicked. His wife continued faithful, praying night and day for the return of her erring husband. He became so desperately wicked that he sought every means to disturb his wife during her devotions. But she was not to be turned away from her purpose, and like Daniel, who knew that the writing was sealed, went to her chamber and prayed as aforesaid. She finally became so

in earnest that she brought her all and laid it at the Master's feet, entering into a solemn covenant that she would give all she had, even life, if need be, if he would answer her prayer. Not many days after, their little son, a very interesting little boy, while riding along the street in front of their house, was thrown violently to the ground. They brought him in; but he was a corpse. They sat down by the side of their dead boy with sorrowing hearts. As they sat there weeping she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder and said, "My dear husband, will you come back to Jesus?" He looked first at the pale face of his boy, and then at the sorrow stricken wife, and after a moment's silence said, "The Lord being my helper, I will return to the path I have forsaken." With a throbbing heart the wife said, "My prayer is answered, but it cost me the life of my boy."

God will answer prayer. But he must have his own time. He works by means. And when we put all into his hands for him to use as in his wisdom he may think best, he will grant us all we need.

How many have asked to be made perfect and wondered why their prayers were not answered. There was something in the way—something they would not part with. They would not pay the price. There is but one way to insure an answer to our prayer, and that is by putting all on the altar and letting God use whatever in his wisdom he may think best. He will not take from us anything only what he sees we would be better without. No matter what he takes, he will see that it is more than made up in some other way. What if it should cost us all we have to be made perfect. Would that not be better than to have all the world and die out of Christ?

Christian, would you be willing to give up fashion, pleasure-seeking, worldly goods, honor, friends, and even life itself to be made perfect? God may not require all these, but we must be willing to give up all for Christ. Paul counted all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. We cannot be made perfect until we give ourselves wholly to Christ. All for Christ. A wicked man after having turned to Christ, was asked by a friend if he had counted the cost. "Cost," said he, "I am going through, cost what it may." That is the language of a consecrated man. To him eternal life is worth every thing. Home, friends, the world—all go if need be. A skeptic asked a simple hearted Christian lady what she would take for her soul. She modestly replied, "I will take heaven for it; nothing more, nothing less."

We are not fit to have our own way. God knows what is best for us, and he must and will have his way. He sees what is in the way of answering our prayers. If therefore we put everything in his hands he will take care of it, and us too. Our first prayer should be for grace to consecrate our all to Christ. This done, then "ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." But mind this, a soul wholly given to Christ never wills to ask anything not in harmony with the will of Christ.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

A missionary tells a beautiful story. He had been reading the tenth chapter of John, and after he had finished he went out to walk on one of the mountains near by. There he heard a shepherd calling his sheep by name. He went up and talked with the man. The poor man was not a Bible reader, but if you could only have heard what he said to the missionary, you would have thought he knew the tenth chapter of John all by heart.

"Do you name your sheep?" asked the missionary.

"Yes; and they all know their names."

"What do you call the one just over there by itself?"

The man told him, and the missionary called him. He did not come.—He only looked up from the grass he was eating, and then went on as if no one had spoken.

Then the man called him. At once he came.

"He knew my voice," said the man. "He would not come to a stranger. None of them would follow a stranger."

"Do they ever go into dangerous places?"

"Often. Sometimes I follow them and find them on the edge of a precipice."

"Are you not in danger?"

"Yes; but I should get my sheep or die in the attempt."

"You would lay down your life for it," said the missionary; and then he told the man of our great good Shepherd who had laid down His life for His sheep."

CHRIST, OR THE WORLD?

Not long since a young lady was urged by a minister to choose between Christ and the world because she could not have both. She said she was determined to have both; she loved the gaieties of the world, and was resolved to have them, and yet she wished to be saved; and, therefore, she would have Christ too. She was told that it was impossible; she must choose one to have the chief place in her heart.

Then she said "I choose the world." "If that be your choice," said the minister, "take all the pleasure out of it you can; for you will have no other enjoyment to all eternity." She did so; plunged into all sorts of gaiety, and tried to find happiness in the passing hour.

One evening, in a large company, she was singing a beautiful song. It was about the parable of the foolish virgins, how they came to the door when it was shut, and could not get in. She was singing the last lines of the song—

"Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet? O let us in, though late, to kiss His feet! No, no; too late! ye cannot enter now!"—

when the thought burst into her mind. "That is just my case—it will be true of me!" She rushed out of the room, and spent the night in tears and prayer. Five days and nights she was in great distress, till at last that text came to her mind, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." It brought her peace and joy in believing. She went back to the minister who had heard something of what was going on, and who asked her what was now her choice. Her answer was—

"My heart is fixed, eternal God, Fixed on Thee; And my immortal choice is made, Christ for me!"

Be thankful to God, dear friends, that the only one door to real happiness is open, and open to you. But, oh, take care, lest you come TOO LATE.

WHAT RELIGION DOES FOR A MAN.

A man without religion is like a man living in a planet unvisited by the sun. He has trees, fruit, grass, and flowers, streams and hills around them, but they are only undulations of darkness; he has mountains, but they are gaunt gloomy crags; he has streams, but they are chilled with the touch of darkness and death; he has fruits, but they have no sweetness for ripening sun; he has flowers, cold, colorless, and dying he has trials, but they are painful aspects to be climbed with uneasy and unhelpful patience; he has work, but it is cheerless, empty, and really aimless, for the chill stream of death cuts off all; he has prosperity, but it is hollow and unpalatable; he has friendships, but they are only for three score years and ten. But religion lets a light upon all these. The sun has risen upon the mountains, and crown of glory is on their crests; the light falls on their rivers, and they sparkle back radiance, and murmur along their banks with joy; the fruits turn blushing cheeks towards the sun, and every flower robed up in beauty; the sun rises upon the life. Every trial is lightened with the light of God's love; every labor sparkles under the beam of his command and his providence; all success is sweet because it is gift; all friendship in Him is doubly dear because clad in the vesture of immortality. Yes, who will not say, indeed, that he who chooses religion has chosen the thing most needed, and the best, because he has chosen that which gives strength, beauty, and true glory to all the rest? Is not labor dignified by the thought—To this God calls me? Is not sorrow sanctified by it, for it says, "In this God is with me?" Is not success elevated by it, for we say, "He has prospered our handiwork?" Is not friendship intensified by it, for we say, "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him?"—*Quiver.*

I feel like a child casting a stone into some deep ravine in the mountain side, and listening to hear it fall—but listening all in vain; or like the sailor casting the lead at sea, but it is too deep—the longest line cannot fathom it. The ocean of Christ's sufferings is unfathomable.

LOVE finds love. The deaf and dumb child yet sees love in the mother's eye; when she becomes a mother she knows what the look of that eye meant. We are to find Him through love. Paul somewhat found this in Him, and so the Epistles are an apocalypse.

LIVE for God and gain eternal life.