

# THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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## Poetry.

### TYPE AND ANTITYPE.

Bring forth the paschal lamb,  
A victim pure and white;  
Take from the fold, beside the dam,  
The meek and gentle type.

Now draw the vital food,  
And let the hyssop tell,  
Dipped in the basin filled with blood,  
And mark where Israel dwell.

Keep close within your door,  
Ye chosen ones of God,  
And while His vengeance passes o'er,  
Ye shall not feel the rod.

The antitype appeared,  
The heavenly Lamb came down;  
"Smite!" said the Shepherd, "let him bleed  
That only can atone!"

'Twas then that meekness bowed,  
The patient Lamb was dumb,  
Till in an agony he cried,  
While on the cross he hung.

The fountain from his side  
With richest merits flows,  
Receive his mark, within him hide,  
Secure from all your woes.

—American Messenger.

## Selections.

### "AS A LITTLE CHILD."

Louis Wise sat alone, wrapped in sorrowful abstraction. The house was still, for it was midnight, and the day was the Sabbath; one full of grief to him, for in their quiet chamber his young wife lay dying. All day her cheek had burned with fever, and she had looked so solemnly beautiful as she lay thus in unconsciousness, her ruby lips parted, her brown eyes hidden by their white lids, soon to be unveiled amid the splendor of the King's palace.

Louis had been sitting by her side all day, wiping the cold death-dews from her brow.

"She will soon be gone," they had said; and with a groan of anguish he had fled away, half wishing that he might "curse God, and die."

The strong, young heart rose up in open revolt. Surely it was terrible; and as Louis cast his eyes for a moment upon the tiny girl asleep in her cradle beside him, so soon to be motherless, he clenched his teeth in very anguish, and his muscles worked hard. He turned his face away from the cradle, quaffing bitter draughts of the water of sorrowful reflection; and growing stronger for rebellion, he murmured to himself, "People speak of a 'just God'! 'A loving Father! Impossible! Very just! Very loving, to take from me that which alone could give me any joy. And yet these Christians tell me that 'God is love.' Heavens! Deliver me from this kind of love, so greedy that it robs its own offspring. 'Justice,' too; where is the justice of the act which removes from earth a sweet, innocent being like her—?" Here his heart failed him, and he wept bitterly, shedding tears of resentment and anger. Then he continued: "She was a being who loved every one; one of the few who kept this miserable world from going to destruction. I cannot understand it. I will not understand it! It is too cruel, too cruel! If the Almighty thinks to win my heart by torturing it, he is mistaken. I will never—"

"Mr. Wise, will you please step in? I think she is dying," said a low voice; and Louis stepped softly in, sitting down at the bedside.

Yes, she was dying surely. He took the thin fingers in his own, pressing them gently, and the brown eyes unclosed. He bent forward, and kissing the burning lips, he called her "his darling; his life; his all. He could not let her go. No! no."

At this the eyes swept upward a second. She knew him now; knew all; that she was going home—going, through faith, willingly. In a low voice she said, toying with her fingers:

"O, Louis, the baby; bring the baby, dear." And the nurse brought her, rosy with sleep.

Louis took the child, and the fond mother-heart made one last effort, as, laying her quivering fingers upon the silken hair, she whispered, brokenly: "Dear Louis, teach her—the Way—the Truth, and—the Life; Jesus, Jesus only. Stay the little feet upon the Rock of Ages—blessed Rock—'other refuge have I none.' Seek it, dear Louis, O, seek it, love—and come!" The brown eyes lost their love-light; there was a fluttering

sigh, and, "the spirit returned to God, who gave it."

Louis laid the child down, and throwing his arms about that quiet form, he besought her piteously "not to leave him; O, not to leave him." "O, my darling! my wife. How shall I live without you! I cannot; I shall die! God help me! pity me! It is more than I can bear." Here his thoughts reverted to God himself, and his heart hardened instantly. He arose from her side, and went out into the night, cherishing in his breaking heart thoughts of bitter resentment; and it was not until day-break that he re-entered the house.

Two days later, and all was over. The voice of him who stands between the living and the dead had uttered the august, solemn words, "Just to dust, ashes to ashes," there to lie in hope of a glorious resurrection.

Now the house was empty, and the very silence spoke of her that had gone forever. The babbling of the little one, the twining of her fingers, her smile, all were agonizing to him. He must go away; he would take his child, and go to his distant city home to his mother.

Ah, the going forth, the last glance around the darkened rooms; the touch of old, familiar objects, objects that seem now to hollow your hand by contact; and written everywhere the grand, awful words of the resurrection angel: "He is not here."

Louis gazed around him until hard, passionate thoughts crowded his brain, and then looking backward, he said once more:

"Yes, if the Almighty thinks he will win my heart by this means, he will find that he will fail. I will never, never yield;" but as he adjusted the little one within his arms, the words of her who now lay, with closed lips, under the shadow of the old church spire, came back to him: "Teach her 'the life, the truth, the way.' Jesus only. Stay the little feet upon the blessed Rock of Ages." He gazed upon the child, and with a rain of tears he cried: "O, Mary! My darling, where shall I look? What shall I do? Life is too much for me. Out of the unknown Somewhere, come to me, help me, teach me. God knows I cannot teach our child!" Here the baby laid her soft hand upon his cheek, and wiping away his tears, he passed down the grass-bordered path, opened the gate and was gone. At dusk he took the train in which he was to pass the night, expecting to reach the city in the early morning.

Baby had been well fed, and was now awake, in high glee, her pretty face full of dimples. Louis dreaded the long night journey, and longed for the morning. Night came on, and when the lamps were lighted, baby was all the more wild and joyous. Nothing escaped her. Louis knew that a reaction was sure to succeed; these wild fits of glee were almost invariably followed by long seasons of fretfulness ere sleep came. It grew late, and baby grew quiet; the steady motion of the train seemed like that of a mammoth cradle, and Louis hoped that the blue eyes would soon close, when suddenly the cars stopped, nearing a station, and the conductor informed them that they had received orders to wait half an hour. What confusion filled the air, and amid all, baby Marion opened wider her blue eyes, and sat up on her father's knee. Louis gave a sigh, thinking of the consequences. Like Ishmael, thinking of the soon "spent," and she grew cross. The poor child had cried for her mother until she was hoarse, and now uttered a sharp, disagreeable cry, growing more and more vehement. Louis was in utter despair, for the child now shed great tears, with nervous pain and fear.

The passengers began to be annoyed, and Louis looked out, but alas, it was now raining, and he could not take her out into the shed-station. In vain he strove to quiet her, and finally he, safe, in tones of patient sorrow: "My dear, motherless child, what shall I do with you?"

His remarks were overheard by a quiet lady in heavy mourning, who sat in front of him, and beside her a little girl. Looking around upon the sad-faced stranger, the lady said gently:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but will you trust the child to me? Perhaps I can help you."

He looked up to her in thankfulness, and laid the child upon her outstretched arms. "Dear little birdie," she said, pressing the little one, "other refuge have I none." "Hush, little one, hush," and in soft mother-tones she soothed the child, until the shrill screams ceased, but died

away into a low, worrying cry, and the loving effort seemed almost vain.

The child at the lady's side seemed trying to quiet the little one too, for casting a bright glance into the face above her, she exclaimed, softly: "O, I know. Sing; sing to her, mamma, please."

The modest lady glanced hastily around the car. It was nearly empty now; but could she sing? Dare she try? Certainly anything were better than this; she would try. She strove to recall an air, but could not, and in a low voice she said: "What shall I sing, dear?"

The little one whispered: "Please sing dear papa's hymn—if you can, mamma," she added.

A rush of memories swept over that widowed heart; but pressing the restless little head close to the soft pillow of her mother-bosom, she answered: "I will try, darling."

All was still save baby. Louis sat with his head upon his hand gazing at the child. There was a second's silence; then a silvery voice, that was full of pathos and tears, sang tenderly the sweet old words of praying saint and penitent sinner:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

The voice grew prayerful and strong, yet tender in its pleading now; and the tiny voyager over a sea of trouble felt the "Peace be still." The sobs grew fainter; the little hands folded together like flowers at evening; the silken curtains drooped low over the blue eyes, and sweet, motherless baby Marion fell asleep, just as the last grand, solemn words arose.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

The voice ceased; there were no other words spoken, and soon after the train started. But, O, let me tell you of Louis Wise, this storm-tossed mortal who had been "toiling all the night long." As the first lines of the hymn fell upon his ear, he hearkened, as he had never before done; to these words, whether in glorious temple or at the cradle side. Not one escaped him; word by word he drank them in; why, he knew not, only for her sake, whose dying words they had been; and when the sound of the last line died away, he said, again and again, to himself, "Hide myself in Thee; in Thee." "Was he hidden? and, if not, could he teach his child?" The Great Invisible pressed the question home. Great waves of feeling swept over his soul; he forgot everything in the present; life, death and eternity seemed compassed by those next hours. How he struggled. Self and Satan came up to battle with him who is not to be overcome, and the conflict raged high; but Christ was there, and, as of old, to the denying one, so now, in sorrowful, reproving love, he "turned and looked upon him;" and in deep self-abasement this man, too, "wept bitterly." But, bless God, the Comforter stood by. It was but a repetition of the scene enacted before him; for what was he, this worldly wise, rebelling man, but a poor, homesick, sorrowful child, whom the dear Father now cradled in his arms, comforting him "as one whom his mother comforteth?" Surely nothing more.

The little one slept peacefully on the love-offered mother-bosom; and Louis, like the Patriarch of old, wrestled with the Great Angel "till the break of day." Again and again did his trembling soul cry out,

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

And when along the waking east the sunbeams pierced the sky, there arose in the heart of Louis Wise—at first in faint pencilings, but finally with strong, broad rays—the glorious "Sun of righteousness, with healing in its wings." The victory was his; and lifting up his head, he wiped the tears of joy from his face.

The cars now stopped, and with a smile his precious child awoke. Pressing a kiss upon the sweet face the gentle woman delivered her charge in silence. But the heart of Louis was overflowing with gratitude. He grasped her hand, and exclaimed with strong feeling: "Madam, God alone can repay you for the blessing you have been to me and mine. Last night I was a wanderer; this morning, thank God! I am, I trust, 'hid' in that blessed 'Rock,' and my heart is filled with a new, deep peace. I can say no more but farewell, and may God keep you forever." A strong hand-clasp, and he was gone. It was a strange scene, truly.

The widow dried her eyes, for the little daughter said softly: "Don't cry, mamma. If God and dear papa are looking down, I'm sure they must be very happy, musn't they?" And

the brave heart answered, "Yes, my darling, they are glad, for he says, 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.'"

Louis stood with his tiny daughter pressed close to his strong, peaceful heart, and gazed a moment up into the clear morning sky—fit type for his soul; and gazing thus, he said slowly and solemnly: "O, my sainted wife, my blessed darling, hear me. I will teach our child Jesus; Jesus only; and by that 'Life,' that 'Truth,' that 'Way,' I will 'come.'—*Christian at Work.*

## KATY FERGUSON.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING, LL. D.

How often mighty structures have arisen from apparently insignificant beginnings! A rude basilica in a market-place of old Christian Rome, on the spot where a temple of peace stood in Virgil's time, became the Church of St. Peter, which Gibbon pronounced "the most glorious structure that has ever been applied to the use of religion." Mighty moral forces have sometimes originated in absolute obscurity; the greatest powers in nature have an invisible parentage.

Before me is a miniature, in water-colors, of the undoubted founder of the Sunday School System in the city of New York. It is the likeness of Katy Ferguson, whose works of benevolence, considering the means at her command, were marvelous. The picture was made by the writer, about twenty-five years ago, from a daguerrotype by Plumbe, who was one of the earliest American practitioners of the photographic art in that form. The daguerrotype was then in the possession of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and was taken from life for Arthur Tappan, the eminent merchant and philanthropist, and founder of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Katy Ferguson was a colored woman of very dark hue, who was born on shipboard during the passage of her mother—a Virginia bond woman—between Norfolk and New York. Her mistress, the widow of a small Virginia planter of Princess Anne county, was then returning to her friends in New York, with slender means, and this single feminine slave.

At that time slavery had a legal existence in New York. The necessities of the widow compelled her to sell the mother of Katy when the latter was eight years of age. She was taken to Virginia, and mother and child never met again on the earth. The mistress was a kind-hearted Christian woman, and was like a mother to the little orphan. She often took Katy with her to the house of prayer, the church of Dr. John Mason, the elder, where, as the child grew toward womanhood and the truths of the Scripture became clear to her understanding, the preaching of the good pastor made a deep impression on her mind and heart.

Katy never learned to read, but her retentive memory became a storehouse of Scripture texts and religious truths. When she was about sixteen years of age, her mind became perplexed as she thought on the mystery of life and her own destiny. In much mental trouble and anxiety, she ventured to call on Dr. Mason, one evening, for advice and consolation. Timidly she applied the knocker; and when she entered the good pastor's study she stood in silence, her face wet with tears.

"Well, Katy," said the Doctor, in his kindly voice, "Have you come to talk about your soul?"

The question took a burden from her spirit, and she left the presence of the good man satisfied and full of joy. Vague fears, born of uncertainty, were replaced by faith, and she longed to be an active Christian woman, like her mistress.

It was at about that time that a benevolent woman purchased Katy's freedom for two hundred dollars. One half of that amount was raised by Divic Bethune, the philanthropic merchant, and father of the late Rev. Dr. George W. Bethune, of Brooklyn. Katy remained in the service of her good mistress until she had refunded, from her wages, one-half the purchase money. At the age of eighteen she married, and was ever afterward known as Katy Ferguson. She had two children, and lost them. Her husband also died, and Katy became a professional cake maker, and was soon famous as such. Older citizens of New York who lived in the vicinity of the City Hall forty years ago may remember this well-known cake-maker, whose services were sought whenever a wedding or

a fashionable party was to occur. She was then, as I remember her, a stout, elderly woman, with bright eyes, a face full of tokens of a benevolent nature, a voice musical and winning, and her ways ever motherly. She lived in a one-story and a half frame house, in Warren street, near Church street; and there might be seen every Sunday a gathering of the poor and outcast children of her neighborhood, white and black.

Katy was too young to understand the full significance of the parting with her mother; but human nature was severely wounded, and the memory of the anguish of that moment never faded. It implanted in her bosom an irrepressible desire to help the poor and distressed; and when she had buried her children and her husband she began the blessed work of doing good to poverty-stricken and desolate children. She made no distinction, saying, "They are all God's lambs." In her humble dwelling, wherever it might be, she gathered them from her neighborhood every Sunday and instructed them in religious knowledge. Her demeanor was so sweet, her piety so earnest, and her care (of which every attendant was sure to have a piece) was so delicious, that these poor waifs on the surface of society, all loved Katy Ferguson—"Aunt Katy," as they affectionately called her, for they regarded her as little less than an angel.

Feeling her own weakness, Katy often asked white people to assist her in her blessed work; and the sainted Isabella Graham, the grandmother of Dr. Bethune, who opened a school in New York soon after the close of the Revolution, frequently invited Katy and her Sunday pupils to her house, when she imparted to them religious instruction and wholesome advice concerning conduct in life. Mrs. Graham walked daily among the poor and benighted, and fully appreciated the work in which Katy was engaged, and at length, when the Rev. Dr. Mason the younger, son of the good pastor who was instrumental in Katy's conversion, was ministering in his new church in Murray street, she called his attention to the labors of the good woman. On the very next Sunday, Rev. Dr. Mason called on Katy while her school was in session.

"What are you about here, Katy?" asked the pastor. "Keeping school on the Sabbath?"

Katy was badly troubled, for she thought the question implied reproach.

"This must not be, Katy," continued Dr. Mason. "You must not be allowed to do all of this work alone."

Then he invited her to transfer her school to the basement of the Murray Street Church. It was done. Assistants were provided for her, and the children of the congregation gradually enlarged the school until it became notable throughout the city. Such was the humble origin of the Murray Street Sunday School, and it is believed that Katy Ferguson's was the first Sunday School ever established in the city of New York.

The late Rev. Dr. Ferris, chancellor of the University of the city of New York, told me, many years ago, that his first extempore expositions of the Scriptures, while he was yet a theological student, were made in Katy's Sunday School of the Murray Street Church; and several men, afterward distinguished in mercantile and professional life, acknowledged that their first abiding religious instruction was obtained from the lips of Katy Ferguson.

The labors of that good woman in the field of practical benevolence were not confined to Sunday School instruction. That was really a comparatively small part of her active Christian work. For about forty years she was in the habit of gathering every Friday evening and Sunday afternoon, the poor and outcast children and adults of her neighborhood, white and black, into her narrow dwelling, and always secured some good man to conduct the services of a prayer-meeting. There several persons, theological students or callow pastors, perhaps, who afterward became distinguished divines, found an excellent training school in exhortations. Katy's good influence was always palpable. Tract distributors uniformly testified that wherever Katy Ferguson was the neighborhood improved. Her last and longest residence was in Warren street, where she kept up her religious meetings and religious instruction until a short time before her death.

Nor were purely religious meetings and religious instruction the only field of Katy Ferguson's benevolent work. The recollections of her own

orphanage kept her sympathies keenly alive to the distresses and perils of uncared-for children. She remembered, with the most profound gratitude, the kindness of her mistress, which overshadowed her, and kept her from temptations, when neither father nor mother could protect her; and she felt that she owed a debt to humanity which she might never repay. But she did what she could. Though always laboring for her daily bread at small remuneration, she cheerfully divided her pittance with others less favored. She always had one or two children under her care and sustenance, which she had taken from the almshouse on Chambers street, or from dissolute parents; and during her life, she brought up to young manhood or womanhood, or kept until she could procure places for them, no less than forty-eight destitute children, twenty of whom were white. Many years ago, one of the latter, then a prosperous merchant, owning ships at sea, and an exemplary deacon in a Christian church, told a friend of the writer that he was snatched by Katy Ferguson from dissolute parents, cared for by her more than six years, and by her instrumentality, under God, had his feet placed in the pathway to earthly prosperity and eternal salvation. "Because of the care of that poor old colored woman," he said, "I am, today, what I am." It is proper to say that the last days of Katy Ferguson were made happy, and without care for temporal wants, through the steady bounty of this grateful merchant.

Katy Ferguson died of cholera in New York, on the 11th of July, 1854, when she was about seventy-five years of age. Her last words were, as she reviewed her past life, "All is well!" Who may doubt it? Who can estimate the amount of social blessings which have flowed from those labors of love of a poor, uneducated, colored woman, born a slave, made an orphan when eight years old, and living and dispensing bounties all her life through the daily ministrations of the labor of her own hands?

"This poor widow," said the Redeemer, in the presence of proud and rich Pharisees at the contribution-box in the synagogue—"this poor widow hath cast in more than they all; for they did cast in of their abundance, but she, of her penury, hath cast in—all the living that she had." Ought not the example of Katy Ferguson to be a powerful sermon of reproof to us, uttered, as it were, with a tongue of fire, that should make our cheeks tingle with the blush of shame, because of our remissness in duty? The example of such a life ought not to be lost. It is worthy to have its record made in letters of gold, or in living sunlight, for the benefit of the Christian world. Happy will it be for each of us, if, at the final earthly reckoning, and in full view of the balance sheet of life's transactions, each of us may be enabled to say, with joy, as did Katy Ferguson, the philanthropist of the truest stamp, "All is well!"—*Sunday School Times.*

GOD will have honest dealing. We cannot sell brass for gold, nor pewter for silver in his market. We must come down to the actual facts in every case. No shames are accepted, no deceptions countenanced, no hypocrisies tolerated. He desires the truth in the inward parts. If God cannot make a man honest, he has no place for him. Heaven is no home for hypocrites. All guile and hypocrisy must be laid aside, with all malice, if we will be followers of him "who did no sin, neither was any guile found in his mouth," and who desires to present us before the presence of his father's glory, "faultless and with exceeding joy."—*The Christian.*

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

"OUR life is made up of little things." Our attention to them is the true index of our character, and often the balance by which it is weighed.

We must love our friends as true amateurs love paintings; they have their eyes perpetually fixed on the good parts, and see no others.

THE richest persons are not those who possess most, but those who make most use of what they possess.

SICK CHILDREN.

Sickness and illness may make a child fretful and selfish, and the people about a sick child may spoil it by giving up everything to it, and encouraging it to ask for everything.— But it may also teach a child to be patient and considerate, and grateful for all the care it gets; and then, instead of being a source of sorrow and vexation in the household, it becomes a source of instruction and comfort to all.

There were two boys of Scotland, and both became famous in after life, and many of you have heard of their names. One was Lord Byron (Lord Byron's mother was a Scotch heiress, but he was born in London), the other was Sir Walter Scott. Well, both these boys had the same misfortune. Both Lord Byron and Walter Scott, from their earliest years, were lame. Each of them had what is called a club foot, or something very like it. But now what was the different effect produced by this lame foot on the two boys? Lord Byron, who was a perverse, selfish boy, was made by his club-foot discontented and angry with every one about him. It went like iron into his soul. It poisoned his heart. It set him against all mankind, and injured his whole character. He had a splendid genius, but amid many fine qualities it was a genius blackened and discolored by hatred, malice, uncharitableness, and the deepest gloom. Walter Scott, on the other hand, never lost his cheerfulness. His lame foot made him turn to the reading of good old books and to the enjoyment of the beautiful sights and sounds about him, and he, too, grew to be a great poet and writer of stories which will live in every age and in every country. But in him the lameness, which he had borne patiently and cheerfully in childhood, never interfered with his kindness and his good humor to those about him. He was a delight to all who came across him, and even when he was at last overtaken by heavier misfortunes he never lost his loving, generous disposition.

It is in the lesson which I would wish to teach to all children who are sickly and suffering; or who may become sickly and suffering; Do not think that you cannot be useful, do not think that everything has gone against you. No. It is well with you; you can be most useful—you can be the useful child; and when you grow up you can be the useful man or woman in the home. You can arrange plans of amusement for the others who are too busy to arrange them for themselves. You can show by your constant cheerfulness that happiness does not depend on the good things which you eat, or on the active games which you play, but on a contented, joyful heart. You can make them feel that there is a better world above, where you have hope to be. And you children who are strong and healthy, remember that to you this little sick sister is a blessing that God has given you. It is well for you to have them. They may not be able to share in your games; you will often be obliged to be quiet in their sick-room, or when they come among you. But that is good for you, because it makes you see very early the joy, the happiness, the usefulness, of having some one weaker than yourselves when you are put out—some one in pain or suffering to whom you can minister like a ministering angel. Do not be hasty or angry with a deaf brother or sister, or with a lame or deformed brother or cousin or companion, because they cannot take an active part in your amusements. No. They cannot do this; but they can do much better than this for you, because they make you feel for deafness and blindness and lameness, everywhere.— When you have seen it in those you love, you will be reminded of it in those you do not love.

Learn to be tender to your suffering brothers or sisters. You who are sick or weakly, always keep up that fellow-feeling. It will make your weakness or illness a blessing and not a curse. You who are well and have sick friends, you, also, try to keep up that fellow-feeling.—*From a Sermon to Children by Dean Stanley.*

BEER is not a good drink. Why not? Because it contains alcohol, the poison which makes people drunk. It is the alcohol which gives the sharp taste to it which people like. But for that it would be no better than dirty water, and no one would wish to drink it. And this is which causes all the mischief that comes from drinking it. Oh, how much better it would be for every one to let it alone.