

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

Volume XXXIII.

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Number 1.

Poetry.

WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

A certain young man who does not live very far from the SUN office has neglected to write to his mother for some time. Recently he received a letter addressed in his mother's hand writing, within was nothing but the following poem. Read and see what you think that mother thinks of her son.

Don't go to the theatre, concert or ball,
But stay in your room to-night,
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love or counsel else,
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed the eye—
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them quite:
That you deem it a pleasure when far away,
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends
Who make your past time gay,
Have half the anxious thought for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Least the letters for which you looked and
longed.

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Selectio.

CREAM OF THE PAYS.

—One by one come the desolate days. It is only to-day that toucheth thee. Look straight fore thee! Some guiding rays shine on thy path. Go on with praise the light that thou canst see.—*Wm. Gladstone.*

—When a young man has learned to wait, he has mastered the hardest lesson in life. Few truly learn, but he who does has gained knowledge of the fundamental principle of all success, and need never fear that all other things necessary will be added to him.

—There are a great many dead weights in all our churches—people who add nothing to their spiritual activity or their strength in any direction. They are barnacles on the boat. They clog the voyage they are sworn to help. What we want is, not more fruit in the garden of the Lord, but better fruit; not more names on the church register, but holier hearts among the people.—*The Interior.*

—Mr. Moody, in his late address at Tremont Temple, told a striking incident of a lady who hesitated to come out as a convert, lest she would be debarred from going to the theatre. But Mr. Moody assured her that she might do anything that did not interfere with giving her supreme love to Christ; and she came out finally on the Lord's side. Soon after she went to the theatre, but instead of any enjoyment in it she found herself so troubled that she could not stay through, and she afterward declared that the whole thing was so changed, and looked so different from what it had formerly seemed that she had no relish for it whatever. And this is but a common experience of theatre-goers who become hearty and earnest Christians.—*Congregationalist.*

—It seem to me nature designs very few people to be scholars, but when so many make a failure of life we are greatly surprised and say they had a good education when in reality it was, for them, the worst education in the world, because they were not fitted to do their work. The result of education should be to elevate one's uses, but sometime a student himself reminds one of the cheap wooden-box in which his books are packed. We certainly have different capacities for assimilation of mental food, and I think that to be gifted with a tenacious memory and a brain that is not constructive, and a little heart that will always be poor and have nothing to give is a most melancholy state of affairs. There is a certain kind of misery which if it tries to get out of its miser with its

MR. MOODY AND THE INFIDEL.

Mr. Moody in one of his recent sermons at Cleveland, gave a most interesting account of the conversion of a sceptic to Christianity. He was in a little town in Illinois, a number of years ago, and had just commenced the grand work which has since swelled into such glorious volume. "I could not preach," he modestly said, "but could get up little meetings and talk. At the close of one of these meetings, a lady came to me and said, 'Mr. Moody, I wish you would come and see my husband, and talk with him about his soul.' I consented, for the seemed greatly burdened, and asked for his name. When I heard it, I said, 'you must excuse me; I can't go to see that man, he is a booked infidel, a graduate of the Eastern colleges, and I am a mere stripling, I can't go and meet him.' 'I would like you to go, Mr. Moody,' she replied, 'and talk to him about his soul.' 'You had better,' said I, 'have some one who is older; I can't meet him in argument.' 'It is not argument he wants,' said she, earnestly; 'he has had enough of that; what he needs is

SOME ONE TO INVITE HIM TO CHRIST.

She pleaded so hard that I went down to see him. I went to his office, and after shaking hands and introducing myself, told him my errand. He laughed at me, and said I had come on a foolish errand—that he did not believe in Christ or Christianity, or in the Bible. I talked to him awhile and brought out some of his infidel views. Finally I said, 'Judge, I will be honest with you; I can't meet you in argument, but there is one favor I would like to request of you.' 'What is that?' he asked. 'That when you are converted, you will let me know.' 'Well,' said he, 'I will grant you that request, and with a good deal of sarcasm he repeated, 'I will let you know when I am converted.' As I went out of his office I heard the clerks snicker. They thought, no doubt, I had made a great fool of myself.

"A year and a half after I went back to that city. I was the guest of a friend, and while one day in the sitting room, a servant came in and said there was a man in the parlor who wished to see me. It was the old Judge. 'When I saw you last,' he said, 'I told you, when I was converted I would let you know, and I have come to tell you that I am converted.' I said, 'Judge, I wish you would tell me the whole story.' He took his seat and said, 'Well, I will tell you. My wife and children had gone to meeting one night, and there was no one in the house but the servant and myself. I got to thinking, and said to myself, suppose my wife and my children are right and I am wrong. Suppose they are all on the way to heaven as they profess to think, and I am on my way to hell. I just dismissed that thought at once. The next thought was, Judge, do you believe there is a God who created you? Yes, I believe that. This world never happened by chance. Then came the thought, if there is a Creator, and one that created you, the one that created you could teach you. 'Well,' he said, 'that is so; the God who created me could teach me.' And he smiled and said, 'The fact was, Mr. Moody,

I THOUGHT NOBODY COULD TEACH ME!

I sat there by the fire; I was too proud to get down on my knees. I said, 'O God teach me!' It was an honest prayer. And if there is an honest infidel anywhere to-day who will make that prayer out of the depths of his heart, God will teach him more in five minutes than all the infidels can teach him in twenty years.

"He said God began to teach him, and he began to see himself in a different light. He had been, in his own estimation, one of the best men that ever lived, but now, said he, 'I began to see myself a sinner! That was something new. He felt a burden upon him, and things began to look dark. Fearful that his wife might return and see that something ailed him—that he was troubled, he went to bed and pretended to sleep. But he did not sleep a wink that night, and before morning he began to pray, 'O God save me! take away this burden—this load of sin!' But he said he didn't believe in Jesus Christ; he didn't want any daysman between him and God; didn't want any mediator; he was going right straight to the Father; was going to settle the question without God. But the load grew heavier and heavier, and he began to weep and groan, and to die, but he entered into the light

to his wife he was not feeling very well, and would not stay to breakfast. He wanted to get away, and went to his office. All the time he kept on crying, 'O God, take away this burden.' At his office men came to see him on business, but he could not do any business. He tried to tell his clerks what to do, but could not tell them. He told them they might take a holiday. Then he locked the door, got down on his knees and cried,

'FOR JESUS SAKE TAKE AWAY THIS LOAD OF SIN!'

He said a bundle rolled off when he arose from his knees, and his heart was as light as air. Said he, 'I wonder if this is not what my wife has been praying for these years—if it is not what the Christians call conversion?' He started for home. His wife saw him coming, and thought he was coming home sick. She met him at the door, and said, 'My dear, are you sick?' He looked up and said: 'No, I have been converted!' 'Mr. Moody,' said the Judge, 'twenty-one long years that wife had prayed for me, and she could not believe her ears when I told her I was converted. She said: 'Come into the drawing room.' There I knelt down, and made my first prayer with my wife, and, Mr. Moody, I have had more enjoyment in the last three months, than in all the rest of my life put together.'—*Christian at Work.*

HOW HE LED HIS YOUNG FRIEND TO CHRIST.

In the workshop of a certain man, who never troubled himself about the Christian training of those committed to his charge, there were two apprentices of very different characters. One of them, brought up at his uncle's, has learned from him to sanctify the Sabbath. It was his joy on this day to go to the house of God and to seek edification by the study of the word of God and religious books. He was also distinguished by a pious and God-fearing life. The other, the son of a well-to-do mechanic, had seen his father lead a careless and godless life. He never troubled himself about God and eternity, and devoted himself wholly to the pleasures of this world. Sunday was to him nothing but the day when he could devote himself without interruption to these pursuits. On Monday he was full of the pleasures of his Sunday, and often vexed his pious associate with his profane and taunting remarks. The latter, seeing that his friendly words of advice were of no avail, said nothing but only prayed in silence for his misguided friend. Once when the latter was making fun of the other's Sabbath-keeping, the other, while they were at work together, related to him in a meek and loving way, several examples, showing how swimmers and gamblers and bad husbands had been so changed by attending to the word of God, that they became an honor and a blessing to their families. He warmed up with his subject as he proceeded. Then he went on to speak of the persecutions and sufferings endured by the apostles for Christ's sake, and exclaimed with deep emotion, 'O how can we despise God's precious word, in which he reveals to us his wonderful love? I wish you could have seen my father on his dying bed, and heard him, as he said to me, 'My child, ever love God's word. Search the Scriptures. Follow him as long as you live. Then, like me, you will live happily and die peacefully.' I shall never forget his last words."

SCENES IN MOROCCO.

On every side, as you travel through the country, you cannot help noticing the fertility of the land. Delicious fruits grow almost wild in great abundance—oranges, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, quinces, almonds, vines and fig trees. Wide fields of grain wave before your eyes, as surely they would not, were it not that the soil barely needs to be turned over; for, through all the centuries since this coast was first cultivated, not one particle of improvement do the indolent people seem to have made in their clumsy methods. When a native farmer finds he can no longer sit in the sun and postpone his ploughing, if he is to have any crop at all, he catches a donkey and a goat or a cow and a mule, or any other creature (including his wife) that will pull, and harnesses them to a plow, which would be a fine curiosity for one of our agricultural fairs, since it is simply some sticks of wood bound together so that the sharply pointed end of the main or handle piece is dragged along a little under the sod. Yet we must not forget that much nearer home a like lack of progress is seen, for, in parts of Mexico, an almost exactly similar excuse for a plow has been used for three hundred years. When the caravan reaches a town of considerable size, a stop is likely to be made for some days, in order to allow trading to be carried on. But business is not permitted to worry the traders much, and, between

entertainments of the village people and the recreations at the camp, the stranger will not lack for amusement. It is to this race, it is always to be remembered, that we owe the Arabian Nights' tales. Of these stories, our translations contain only a selection, and as you sit and sip your coffee, tea or lemonade in some little cafe of whitewashed stone, you hear the old plots and familiar names, and many new romances of the same kind, told by men who do nothing else. These tales form the treasure of a very numerous class of men and women throughout the East, who find a livelihood in reciting them to crowds never tired of listening. The public squares of all the towns abound with such men, whose recitations, full of gestures and suggestive looks, hold a circle of silent listeners spell-bound with the pleasing pictures their imaginations conjure. It is said that the physician frequently recommends the story-tellers to their patients in order to soothe pain, to calm agitation or to produce sleep; and, accustomed to talk to sick folk, they modulate their voices, soften their tones, and gently cease as sleep steals over the sufferer.

Quite the opposite of this quiet and dreamy amusement, which takes the place of our theatres, are the shows of the snake charmers, who everywhere collect pennies from admiring groups. They sit on the ground and handle the serpents in every way, allowing them to coil about their arms, necks, and bodies, and dart long, forked tongues almost into their faces, while one of the group hammers a tambourine as though his life depended on it. I cannot conceive how this so-called music has anything to do with the wonderful control exercised over the snakes by the juggler; I should think they would grow cross, rather than be "charmed" by its incessant discords.—*Ernest Ingersoll.*

THE CALL AND NEED FOR BETTER TRAINING IN ENGLISH.

Within a short time, people have partially opened their eyes to the defects of a system which crams without training, which spends its strength on the petty or the useless, and neglects that without which knowledge is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Voices have been raised which command attention. At least one school committee and one board of supervisors have moved in the right direction. At least one college has increased its force of instructors and its number of courses in English, and has done what it could to stimulate the schools; and one president of a university has gone so far as to say, in an oft-quoted sentence: "I may as well abruptly avow, as the result of my reading and observation in the matter of education, that I recognize but one mental acquisition as an essential part of the education of a lady or a gentleman, namely, an accurate and refined use of the mother tongue."

We should, however, not bind ourselves to the fact that the reform has only begun. What a recent article in *The Saturday Review* says of England is at least equally true of America: "A large proportion of our fellow creatures labor under the hallucination that they could write as well as speak, and that they could dictate to a secretary, a bookkeeper, or a clerk, if they chose to take the trouble." They are like the man who told Charles Lamb that he "could write like Shakspeare if he only had a mind to." "All he wants, you see," said Lamb, "is the mind."

The scepticism on this point which used to pervade the high places of education still haunts the low ground and must be extirpated before a healthy state of feeling can exist. So long as people think literally skill easy of acquisition, they will be unwilling to have their children spend time in acquiring an accurate and refined use of the mother tongue. To render the movement in favor of those things which make for good English of much practical utility, it must spread widely and penetrate deeply; every school committee must insist that, whatever else is done or is left undone, a serious effort shall be made to teach boys and girls to use their native tongue correctly and intelligently; all our colleges must put English upon a par, at least, with Latin and Greek, and must provide their students with ample opportunities for practice in writing and speaking the language they will have to use all their lives. If the school in the lot are several very fine mares. Also, a fine lot of MULES. Now is the time to secure Great Bargains.—How is your horse? GEORGE NURNEY. FOR SALE.—A fine black mare, six years old—a splendid harness and farm animal; second-hand Toy-Eton Wagon, a splendid Stryx Wagon, and a No. 10. These are all of which will be sold low. Apply to J. T. Nurney.

Farm and Fireside.

GOOD FENCES.

Fences are still the fashion, and will, we suppose, remain so for generations to come. Be it so; they suit some districts best, whether stock are to be fenced in or out. Perhaps nothing not directly connected with tillage has so much influence on the prosperity, peace and order of a community as the fences. If the fences are good, there is prosperity and good order; if they are bad, property is unsafe and society often disturbed. A neighbor who habitually keeps sorry fences is a public nuisance. He does not prosper himself, and he ruins the character of all his neighbor's stock that runs at large. If he shoots or maltreats stock for getting to his crops over bad fences, he makes enemies, and renders intercourse between his family and other families unpleasant. He loses in a pecuniary and social way much more than good fences would cost him.

It is plain that there should be good fences or none. It is a public necessity—one that the law has recognized and made provision for—but which, like many other laws, is not enforced as it should be. Every farmer has an interest in all the fences of his neighborhood, and he ought to let his example and counsel be found on the side of good fences. There is room for much improvement in the fences of our State. There are numberless fences that are absolutely unsafe; some are high, safe and strong; and occasionally, we see one that is not a repulsive object in the landscape. But the number of neatly kept, attractive fences is remarkably small. Too often a wide border of briars, thorns, trees and bushes marks the line of the average fence. They become a wilderness for the harbor of vermine and "varmints." It should not be. Besides the great waste in land, they are unsightly and extremely awkward to repair. It does not show well for the good management and taste of the farmer; such fences rot down sooner; they are sooner destroyed in case of fire; and they are generally unsafe for turning stock, especially hogs, as many a small break and weak place is hid from the eye of the farmer that hogs are sure to find. There is need of reformation in regard to the fences. Let us have good ones or none: let the public sentiment demand it; and let each individual farmer resolve to have as good fences as any of his neighbors. It will be a vast stride toward the good times we are all striving for.—*Rural Messenger.*

WATCH YOUR BIRDS.

Keep a good watchful eye to your birds and for their comfort and well being, and they will amply repay you for your care and attention. A careless or indifferent person is sure to lose, during the season, many a fine and valuable bird, and often the breed is condemned as being so liable to sickness and disease as to be practically valueless, when the real blame for the undesirable result should be attached to the careless owner of the birds. In the fall of the year there is always more or less sickness amongst poultry, on account of the sudden changes in temperature, from warm to cold, and the prevalence of warm days and cold, damp evenings and nights. If the birds are not carefully housed and protected, they are apt to contract some of the disorders incident to poultry, and then the breeder has to pay for his neglect. Doctoring sick fowls is generally very unsatisfactory, for it is too often the case that the sick birds die before the remedies applied can be made to reach and cure the disease. Aside from this, a sick bird is so apt to infect the other members of the flock that it is generally best to kill the sick fowl and thus save the rest from infection. Cures may be good enough; but then preventative in the shape of good care and management, beats them every time.—*American Poultry Journal.*

ES! HORSES!

Corner Washington Market, Main Street, cracker. se19 FRUIT JAR of hens will pay for them, they are one year old, fully cared for. MARKET BASKETS, little soap to the hinges, doors cracking. BASKETS. Every housekeeper should have one of these useful articles market house on the

FRENCH PAN-CAKES.

Ingredients: Two eggs, one-half pint milk, two ounces granulated sugar, two ounces butter, flour and jelly. (1) beat the butter and sugar to a cream; beat the eggs separately, the yolks to a cream, and the whites to a froth, and add the yolks to the butter and sugar; (2) stir the milk into these ingredients; (3) butter six tin plates; (4) butter six tin plates; (5) sift two ounces of flour with a teaspoonful of baking powder, and stir it quickly into the above-named mixture, with the whites of the eggs; put the butter quickly upon the buttered plates, and bake the pan cakes brown in a quick oven; (6) dust them with powdered sugar, lay them one over the other, with a little jelly between; dust the top with sugar, and serve them hot.—*Juliet Corson.*

HOW TO MEASURE THE HEIGHT OF TREES.

When a tree stands so that the length of its shadow can be measured, its height can be readily ascertained as follows: "Set a stick upright, let it be perpendicular by the plumb-line. Measure the length of the shadow of the stick. As the length of its shadow is to the height of the stick, so is the length of the shadow of the tree to its height. For instance: If the stick is four feet above the ground and its shadow is six feet in length and the shadow of the tree is ninety feet, the height of the tree will be sixty feet; (6:4::90:60). In other words multiply the length of the shadow of the tree by the height of the stick, and divide by the shadow of the stick."

FOR WEAK EYES.

Bathe the eyes in soft water that is sufficiently impregnated with spirits of camphor to be discernible to the smell,—a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor to a tumbler of water. For inflamed eyes use milk and camphor, adding a little more of the camphor than above. An excellent lotion, commended by a leading Boston oculist, is a solution of 10 grains of borax in the official "camphor water (not the "tincture of camphor)." This is safe and beneficial as an application in any slight weakness or inflammation of the eyes due to exposure or weariness. In serious cases professional advice should always be taken.

TO SOFTEN HARD WATER.

Take two pounds of washing soda and one pound of common lime, and boil in five gallons of water for two or three hours; then stand away to settle and dip off the clear water from the top, and put into a jug. Can be used for washing dishes or cleaning, and one teaspoonful in a boiler of clothes, put in after the water is hot, will whiten the clothes and soften the water, without injury to the hands or clothes. I use an old iron pot to make it in.

TO TELL A HORSE'S AGE.

"After a horse is nine years old a wrinkle comes in the eyelid, at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well defined wrinkle for each year of his age over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles he is twelve; if four, thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine and you will always get his age."

KEEPING SHEEP IS PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE IF ATTENDED TO PROPERLY.

Wool is a sure thing every year, and brings cash. It has its ups and downs, but let any man make up his mind that none but his wife or his administrator shall sell his wool for less than fifty cents per pound, and he will come out all right.

EVERY MAN SHOULD BE HIS OWN OVERSEER.

His eye should scan the whole area of labor and no detail should escape his observation. He should commend the deserving and reprove the lazy. So far as possible he should lead and not drive.

IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT LEATHER SHOULD HAVE LIGHT.

In the care of harness do not enclose in a dark closet or room. Of course harness should be oiled three or four times a year, first washed with soap and water.

A SLOW MILKER MAKES A COW IMPATIENT,

which causes her to hold up her milk. The strippings are the riches part, and if a cow is milked quietly, as well as quickly, there will be more, as well as richer milk.

NEW LINEN MAY BE EMBROIDERED

by rubbing it over with soap; it prevents the cracking.

FRUIT JAR

A large supply of Gem and Lined Fruit Jars, quarts and pints, and for sale low at WEBB'S MARKET BASKETS.

MARKET BASKETS

Every housekeeper should have one of these useful articles market house on the

Apply to J. T. Nurney.