

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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Poetry.

BENEATH HIS WING.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

I come, I rest beneath
The shadow of Thy wing,
That I may know
How good it is
There to abide;
How safe 'tis sheltering!

I lean upon the cross
When fainting by the way;
It bears my weight,
It holds me up,
It cheers my soul,
It turns my night to day!

I clasp the outstretched hand
Of my delivering Lord;
Upon His arm
I lean myself;
His arm divine
Doth surest help afford!

I hear the gracious words
He speaketh to my soul;
They banish fear,
They say, "Be strong,"
They make my spirit whole!

I look, and live, and love;
I listen to the voice
Saying to me
That God is love,
That God is light;
I listen and rejoice.

Selections.

CREAM OF THE PRESS.

—We are very well aware that there are occasions when apologetic preaching is proper; but after all it is the doctrinal preaching which makes a church grow within and without.—When men are pierced by the sword of the Spirit, their doubts occupy a secondary place, and are easily dealt with. This is the teaching of observation and experience. Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses were all very well, but we saw it stated the other day that George Muller had remarked of Robert Hall (who also lived in Bristol, Eng.), that his preaching did not convert many souls. It was splendid, and Robert Hall was a true man, but it did not convince men of sin. It is not learned discourses, nor fine intellectual efforts, that do the work. It is the man as filled with the Spirit. Preaching is not discursing; it is testifying; and what reaches men is the living witness.—*Central Presbyterian.*

—Scepticism is prevented from working out its legitimate results by the prevalence and power of the truths, the principles of the Bible. The air is full of the principles of the Word of God. There can hardly be found a single man who is under the influence of scepticism who does not know and feel the power of the essential truths of Christianity. The general morality around him is that which has been produced by the Scriptures and Christian example. He is controlled by it to a large degree. The existence and nature of God, the government of God, the retributions of the future, the Cross of Christ, and all the meaning and power Christians claim for it, the work of the Holy Spirit, all these truths are known by him and have their power over him much as he may oppose and even deride them. So scepticism lives under conditions produced and maintained by the Word of God, is restrained, modified and controlled by them, and does not bear fruit after its kind.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

—How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do in planning for meals and stitching garments that will soon be rent again, and deploring breakages, and supervising tardy subordinates, and driving off dust that soon again will settle, and doing the same thing day in and day out, year in and year out, until the hair silvers and the back stoops and spectacles crawl to the eyes, and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony! But when Christ comes to the drawing room, and comes to the kitchen, and comes to the dwelling, then how cherry becomes all womanly duties! She is never alone now. Martha gets through fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus.—Now she can sing all day long—mending, washing, baking, scouring, scrubbing.—O, woman, having in your pantry a nest of boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not tried in your heart and life the spicery of our holy religion?

THE DEACON'S ROD.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child," Mr. Hardeap oracularly. He always quotes Scriptures with oracular solemnity.

"Well," said Mr. Geer, "if I had as many children as Solomon had I think I should use the rod. But with only four I can get along very well without one."

"I understand," said young Wheaton, "that to be a mistranslation. The revisers are going to change it so as to read: 'Spoil the rod and spare the child.'"

The little laugh that followed this announcement, which was made perfectly sedately, aroused Mr. Hardeap's righteous indignation. Mr. Hardeap never gets angry, at least he says he does not; but he occasionally gets righteously indignant.

"Makin' fun o' Scrip'ter ain't no argment," he said. "Any fool can make fun o' Scrip'ter."

"But, Mr. Hardeap," said Mr. Geer, soothingly, "don't you think that circumstances alter cases? Don't you think that in our highest civilization, with our better development, with parents better understanding how to manage their children, and how to manage themselves, too, and with children more amenable to reason and affection, we ought to be able to dispense with the rod, though it may have been very necessary in Solomon's time? Why, even the horsebreaker does not use the whip on their horses any more."

"No," said Mr. Hardeap, shaking his head resolutely, "I ain't no wiser than Solomon, and I don't never expect to be."

We were gathered around the stove in the church lecture room, after the prayer meeting, at which the topic had been the training of children. These supplementary prayer meetings are often better than the main meeting which precedes, as they say a lady's postscript is often better than the letter. There is more in it, and fewer words.

"Well," said the deacon, who had hitherto stood an observant but silent listener, "I agree with Mr. Hardeap; I believe in the use of the rod."

"Why, deacon?" It was a whole chorus of voices that uttered this exclamation.

"I do," said the deacon, "and I have a rod; a good big one; as big as my middle finger. And I use it pretty much every day."

Amazement defied expression. The notion of the good natured deacon beating one of his children with a hickory stick as big as his middle finger took away our breath. We waited developments.

"Though," continued the deacon, "it is true I only use it on one of the children."

"Worse, worse! Oh, deacon, how can you?"

"Which one is it, deacon?" said I.

"Jemima Poppenhansen," said the deacon.

"Jemima Poppenhansen," exclaimed two or three voices simultaneously.

"Jemima Poppenhansen," said Mr. Hardeap, trying to work up a little righteous indignation, but without success, and ending by breaking out into a smile (Mr. Hardeap never succeeds very well in working up righteous indignation against the genial deacon). "Jemima Poppenhansen; why, the deacon hain't got no such child. It's just one of the deacon's games."

"Jemima Poppenhansen," said the deacon. "She is the only bad child I have. All the native depravity of all my children is concentrated in her. If anybody cries, it is Jemima Poppenhansen. If anybody won't go to bed, it is Jemima Poppenhansen. Tot never cries; Tot is never cross; Tot never gets balky over her spelling lesson; Tot never gets so tired that she cannot go to bed without a cry; Tot never gets wilful at the table, and puts and breaks out into a cry because she cannot have her own way. Not she. Whenever any of these disasters happen, Tot has gone away and Jemima Poppenhansen has taken her place. And then the rod comes out of its place in the corner. It was Tot's own plan. She said one day she hated Jemima Poppenhansen, and that she wished I would get a stick and beat her whenever she came to the house. So when Tot disappears, and Jemima takes her place, sometimes we give her the stick, and she drives Jemima out of the room, flourishing the stick bravely after her, and coming back from the victorious onslaught, her little tearful face wreathed in smiles. Sometimes the mother gets the stick and pokes Jemima Poppenhansen till the cry turns into a laugh. Sometimes we simply put Jemima Pop-

penhausen by herself, with the stick, in the study, and pretty soon Tot comes in with the stick over her shoulder, declaring that she drove Jemima Poppenhansen up the chimney or out of the window. I really do not know what we should do without that rod."

"Do you think that is right?" said Mr. Hardeap. "Isn't it kinder makin' a sport of sin?"

"The Apostle tells us," replied the deacon, "to overcome evil with good. And if I can overcome a cry with a laugh I think it is better than to overcome it with another cry. If I can pacify the pride and self-will, and petulance and anger, and put them all in an imaginary Jemima Poppenhansen, and teach Tot to hate them all, I think I am doing her more good than by simply teaching her to be afraid to show them out before me. If I can get her to drive the devil away I am doing a great deal better by her than if I merely drive it away, or repress it myself."

"That is what you might call the scientific use of the imagination," said Mr. Geer.

"I don't know," said Mr. Hardeap, "about making some make-believe child the scape-goat for a real child's sin."

But the scape-goat was a Bible idea," said the deacon. "The Lord used the imagination a great deal in dealing with the Israelites. When He wished to give them the idea that they had completely gotten rid of their sins, He told the priest to tie a scarlet thread on the head of a goat and lead it off into the wilderness. It was a rude sort of object teaching, but it accomplished the purpose. Tot dislikes a pouting, crying, sulky child as much as you or I do, but we never dislike our own sins while we are committing them."

"I don't believe that," said Mr. Hardeap.

"Then why don't we stop?" said the deacon.

"Because—because—we don't want to," replied Mr. Hardeap hesitatingly.

"Exactly," said the deacon. "Now, if I can get Tot to look at herself when she is pouting, or sulking or cross, if I can get her out of her passion long enough to see what an unlovely thing it is, I have won half the battle; and if I can get her to go after it with a stick, and drive it away, I have won all the battle. And in using the imagination I am only following the example God has set me."

"Well," said Mr. Hardeap, "I am going to try the deacon's stick right away."

"One thing said the deacon, "if you do, you must keep perfectly good natured yourself. A little righteous indignation in your own heart and tones of voice will ruin the charm."

For myself, I am not sure how the deacon's stick would do in other hands. But in the deacon's hands it has helped to bring up as delightful a family of children as it is not often one's good fortune to meet anywhere.—*Lucius, in the Christian Union.*

THE WORRY OF LITTLE THINGS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM AIKMAN, D. D.

We stood on the church-porch after all the congregation had gone out, and were talking for a few moments in the line of the sermon. It had been about the cultivation of our spiritual nature, and how the mass of men forget and neglect it, and live largely and often as if there were no such things belonging to them. Said my friend, as a tear glistened in her eye, "Does it not seem strange that so much of our life should be wasted in the perpetual thought of little things, while we have no time or strength to give to the larger ones? How many are toil-worn, their life one long struggle barely to live, the one supreme and necessary endeavor being to get enough to eat and be clothed with, or to feed or cover those dependent upon them! And then how this perpetual pursuit and occupation with small things sometimes seems to make us grow small."

"Yes," I replied, "it does appear so at times. To be watching the pennies, to be calculating whether you can afford to spend or not this quarter of a dollar, does, at first glance, seem as if it would make us grow little in soul. But look at it all around."

"Life is made up of little things—small breaths and short heart-beats. Food and drink are necessary, and morsels make them. Yet it has often grieved me to spend on a piece of beef large enough to feed the family while would have been sufficient to buy a book full of noble thoughts—the one to vanish from human sight, the other to live for-

ever. But the book cannot be eaten and the beef must be bought: so I have put the grief aside, paid the price of the dinner, and seen the great thoughts all lost in the merry chat of the table from which the beef has disappeared.

"But who shall say, after all, this is not best? Dealing with larger interest does not make one grow large. A man who is in the habit of dealing with tens of thousands, and has no need to watch a penny, often does watch it with keener interest than even you or I ever regard it. Somehow, the large dealings have not made him large; he even seems to have shrunk as he touches them."

"And freedom from these little things of life, and leisure to give one's self entirely to higher things, do not practically tend to form nobler character nor more beautiful lives. Look at monks or nuns. They have no care for what they shall eat or what they shall drink; the prior or abbot will take care of all that. They do not even have to think of what they wear; their clothes are provided for, and the fashion never changes. They have plenty of time to give to religious things, and yet how small they grow! Very much smaller than we who are thrust out into the small worries of life."

"Nor does contact with these little things dwarf us. All is in the way we handle them. I think that I have seen greater things through my microscope than I have through a telescope."

"The little things, after all, have a lifting power. They are very small but they are many a time so heavy that all we can do is to totter with them to God. They come so frequently that we have to carry them often, and so we are often brought near to Him. They have brought us Surely this is something. And we would not have this experience so often if it were not for the little things. To be brought near to God is not to be made small but great."

"So I think that it is just as well as it is. Let the small things come, but let them beckon or even force us toward our Father in heaven. They are perpetual, and so they will make us perpetually near. We shall in that all-blessed contact expand; we shall not contract as we are concerned with them."

"God give us grace for that," my friend said as we left the church porch.

A BOY ALL OVER.

As I was sitting in my friend's room the other day, some one came up the stairs, whistling a jolly air.

"There comes Ned," said a lady in the corner of the bay window, busy with the worsted work, "and now everything will be topsy-turvy. You may as well finish your story another time, for there is no use trying to do anything when that boy is 'round."

In came "Ned," and embodied breeze, one of those fluttering, fragrant, saucy summer breezes, that scatter your manuscript leaves over the lawn, as if they were so many rose leaves—pray Heaven they may be as sweet!—that toss your hair, and flutter your ribbons, if you happen to be of the ribboned sex, and play the mischief generally with whatever airy possessions you chance to have around you. I say Ned came in like just such a breeze. Everybody in the room was a little afraid of him, yet the sound of his footsteps, the echo of his merry whistling, the ring of his boyish voice, brought smiles to every lip, a quicker beating to every heart; in short, his coming brought life into the room. In the course of a minute Ned had stepped into his mother's work-basket, had tossed his aunt's ball of pale, pink worsted to the ceiling, had pulled the cat's tail and teased his little sister till she "wished boys wouldn't bozz;" then he sank into a chair and began to beg pathetically for his dinner. But at the sound of a comrade's voice he dashed out of the room again, dragging his mother's knitting after him, and breaking the yarn by a vigorous kick as he shut the door."

"I should think you would send that boy away to school, if you are going to," said Aunt Grace, taking a false stitch in her crocheting, and making a very bad place. "I would as soon live with a whirlwind."

"Ned has wonderful spirits," said the mother, joining her severed yarn.

"Truly wonderful," replied the aunt, in tones of quiet sarcasm; "so wonderful that I wouldn't like to be responsible for his future if they are not toned down pretty soon."

"I think you are a little hard upon Ned, sister. He is generous and brave and truthful, and—"

"And utterly inconsiderate of eve-

rybody's feelings or comfort," interrupted the aunt. "What do you think he did this morning? Came pounding on my door at five o'clock—after paper for his kite; and he knows what a poor sleeper I am, and how much I depend upon my morning nap!"

"He knows, but he forgets," said the mother, gently.

"I suppose he forgot when he dressed up that bolster, and set it in the corner of my room, and frightened me nearly out of my wits—me with such nerves that it is all I can do to get along under the best circumstances."

"Oh, that was—"

"The mother's speech was interrupted by what seemed a miniature hail-storm, but seemed to be a shower of pebbles thrown against auntie's window, giving the good lady a sad "start." Mamma looked grieved and anxious, and I took up the cudgels for "that young good-for-nothing."

"I think, auntie," I said, "that you are a great stickler for the best of its kind in everything."

"Of course I am," replied the irate lady, the flash of annoyance fading from her thin cheek.

"Well, then, you ought to rejoice in Ned, for you must admit that he is a boy all over, from the crown of his cropped head to the soles of his mud-tracking feet—no adulterated article there."

"What of that, pray?"

"Why, everything. Real boy, real man. All this mischief and noise and nonsense means courage, enterprise, will, perseverance—a joyous, irrepresible temperament, that sheds troubles and trials as a duck's back sheds water. Effervescence never means fullness by and by. Your jovial frolicsome boy, provided he have a sound, warm heart, and a good brain, becomes the powerful, genial, useful man, with not only the wish, but the force, to do his part toward setting the world right."

Ned's mother smiled and drew a long breath as I finished my little speech.

"I am glad to hear you say a good word for Ned," she said.

"I don't wonder," said auntie, somewhat softened. "Somebody is always complaining of him, and wishing he would go to school; and yet I don't know what we should do without him! Many a mother, and many a sensitive, fastidious aunt, rubbed and jarred and fretted through the childhood of their boys, depriving them of much rightful sunshine, much needed companionship. How true to the flag were those blustering, careless, troublesome boys. What courage, what endurance, what splendid manliness they showed! How patient were they in prisons, how dauntless on the field! The irrepresible force that their friends and guardians sought to bottle up found, in the right time, glorious use."

The patience of kindly hearts can no longer avail for those boys. They jar upon no sensitive nerves, they disturb no quiet. But others fill their places—boys as full of possibilities, aye, and every whit as trouble some as they. They are here, because big-hearted, hot-headed fellows. Often you are at loss to know what to do with them, but what could you do without them.—*Mrs. M. L. Butts.*

TRUSTING GOD.

To believe that the Lord is at my hand, and at the hand of the men whom I most fear or most love, influencing them and me, connecting all business and acts, working together with men for grand results, which are to so affect society a thousand years to come, what an antidote to fretful carelessness is this! When you have striven to train your child as an heir of immortality, with what freedom from care you can hand him over to the Lord. When you have been diligent in business all day, neglecting nothing, hurrying nothing acting as an agent for the Lord, leaving all your books and transactions to his inspection and protection; when you have had intelligent, faithful, trustful carefulness all day, how free from fretting care you ought to be at night! When I have prepared my sermon for you, thinking carefully, reading discreetly, earnestly striving to find what is the mind of the Spirit in the Word of God, and then have delivered the sermon, how free I should be from distraction of spirit, for was not the Lord near me in the study, and "at hand" in the pulpit! To be wisely spiritually minded is to be serenely lofty.—*Dr. Deems, in Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.*

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Farm and Fireside.

SELECTION OF SEEDS.

It is always important that the farmer should select the best seeds for planting that he can procure, and this year especially we hope he will give it earnest attention. Farmers must make every effort this year to increase the yield per acre of their crops, and the best seed is a very essential element to that end. Experiment has time and again demonstrated that some sorts of seeds will yield a larger harvest than others, all other things equal, showing that there is greater virtue or vitality in some. This fact makes the selection of seed a thing of the highest importance. All plants are subject to this law, therefore farmers ought to take pains to procure and plant none but the best they can get. A difference of a few bushels or pounds to the acre in yield decides the question of profit—loss, many a time; and this year, when the greatest effort is to be made by all to increase the yield per acre and reduce the costs of production, the farmer cannot afford to overlook or ignore the character of the seeds that he plants. The soundest and heaviest seed should be selected, for these contain the largest amount of vital energy, and great care should be exercised that they are pure and true to name. In planting for grass, oats, and garden trucks this is especially necessary, as adulterations and frauds in these kinds are often very great. No farmer has ever yet taken as large crops from our lands as they are capable of bearing, and imperfect and mixed seed have been one great cause of the failure. The farmer should practice every known method of testing seeds, that he may be well satisfied of the character of what he plants before he plants it. Casting on a hot shovel, in which the germ of some will burst out; throwing in water, in which the best of most sorts will sink to the bottom and only the light and chaffy that are unfit for seed will float; placing for a day or two in moist sand in a hot room, or in a hot-bed, when the germ of the good will begin to develop; steeping in water near a hot stove over night, when the same effect will occur; planting a few in the open ground in advance of the season; splitting the seed and examining the germ with a glass, are some of the methods for determining the quality of seeds. It is not a difficult matter if the farmer will have the patience to attend to it in the right way. This is what is needed. Farmers lack the patient plodding "slow but sure" policy that is ever at work and ever advancing. More thoroughness in all things is what is needed now.—*Rural Messenger.*

LET THE BEDS BE AIDED.—It is a

bad plan to make up the beds immediately after breakfast. The sleeping apartments in the house should be aired every day. Beds should be opened every morning to the sun and to the atmosphere. Do not be in too much haste to get the chambers in order. Beds should be spread over separate chairs, the mattresses lifted apart, and the pure morning air be allowed to get into every nook and cranny of the room before the beds are made up. Better to endure a little delay in getting the house in order than loss of health.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH DRIED BEEF.—Shave the beef very fine;

put a table-spoonful of butter in frying pan; set it over the fire, and when hot put in the beef; heat a few minutes, stirring constantly to prevent burning; beat up the required number of eggs and stir in with the hot beef; stir altogether until the eggs are cooked. Serve immediately.

Said a Baptist to a Methodist: "I

don't like your church government. It isn't simple enough. There's too much machinery about it." "It is true," replied the Methodist, "we have more machinery than you, but then, you see, it don't take near so much water to run it."

THOSE who make candles will find it a great improvement to steep the wicks in lime water and saltpetre, and dry them. The flame is clearer and the tallow will not run.

A crop of 25 bushels of wheat to the acre removes from the soil 22 pounds of potash, 18 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 39 pounds of nitrogen.

LAMPS will have a less disagreeable smell if you dip your wick yarn in hot strong vinegar and dry it.

ABOUT HOGS.

The old practice is done away with. It pays no longer to keep over winter any hogs except those specially intended for breeding. The most acceptable breeds now can be made to mature in eight or ten months. If one man can make hogs weigh three hundred pounds in ten months, all can. Pigs should be given all they will eat, and of the best kind, from the hour they begin to eat until they are taken to market. They need no time of rest, like some of the plants of the vegetable kingdom. Rush them right through. Never keep what are called stock hogs. They should and must be all fattening hogs. It is the worst kind of waste to let pigs get poor at any stage of their existence. Besides, a warm weather is the best time to fatten pigs. With warm quarters they can be safely fattened until February, and in five cases out of six that is the best month to sell in. But it is better to keep hogs too cold than too hot in their quarters. Keep them from the cold and snow. Keep them out of straw stacks and manure piles. With sulphur and coal oil keep them clear of vermin. Feed and water them regularly, so that they will lie down most of their time. Give them all the surplus ashes from the house. But keep, if possible, no hogs over the entire winter. Hogs pay, and pay largely, when managed right.—*American Stockman.*

WOOD ASHES.

The value of ashes as a fertilizer, depends principally upon the Potash and Phosphoric Acid they contain. The percentage of these varies largely, in ashes from different woods, varying from 10 per cent. to 24 per cent. for the former, and 4 per cent. to 12 per cent. for the latter. This would give not far from four to five pounds of potash to a bushel of ordinary mixed unleached ashes, which, reckoned at 4 cents per pound—the present market value of potash in the commercial fertilizers—would give the value of a bushel at from 18, to 22 cents. With due allowance for the phosphoric acid and the lime—the latter making up the largest part of the ashes—it may be seen that a bushel of unleached ashes, is worth from 25 to 30 cents at the present time. Ashes, to secure the best results, should be thoroughly mingled with the soil. In this way, the best physical, as well as chemical effects are obtained. It is self-evident that crops requiring large amounts of potash, will be the most benefited by the application of ashes, as the root crops, cabbage, tobacco, etc. Forty to fifty bushels per acre, is a good application.—*American Agriculturist.*

PUDDING WITHOUT MILK OR EGGS.—Make a dough as for biscuits

or to every pint of flour, one teaspoon baking powder, half tablespoon melted suet or butter, saltspoon of salt water or sweet cream to make a soft dough; roll half inch thick, cover with fruit of any kind, sprinkle with sugar and roll, pressing the edge down and ends together; lay a cloth in a steamer, place the dough on it and steam an hour. If dried fruits are used, they should first be stewed. Serve with sauce. This may be warmed over by steaming. Excellent and may be made with chopped suet and steamed three hours.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup butter,

four eggs, two and one-half cups sugar, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, a little nutmeg; flour enough to roll. Cut in any shape desired. Have the lard, (or fat from fowls,) hot enough for them to rise to the surface as soon as put in. The recipe for "Surprise cake" makes good doughnuts, with a little less butter than the recipe calls for.

FOR BROWN BREAD.—Three cups

of corn meal; three cups of rye meal; half cup of Graham flour or wheat flour; two-thirds cup of molasses; one teaspoonful saleratus; one quart of water, half cold and half hot; mix thoroughly together and bake carefully in iron pan, three hours.

BREAD PANCAKES.—Cut bread dough which is ready for baking into strips of fancy designs, and drop into hot lard. When they are a fine brown, drain them well, and send to the breakfast table very hot. To be eaten with syrup.

RIBBONS of any description should be washed in coal soap-suds and not rinsed.

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