

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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Poetry.

THE SILVER KEY IS LOST.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

One gate of pearl that opened to the soul
Of our dear child is shut.
The key is lost, she cannot even hear
The anguished cry I put
Up to the Father, that his dear hand may
Open the door that shuts all sound away.

She only watches me, and tries to frame
The few sweet words of speech
She learned before the silent angel came:
As one might blindly reach
For silver coin that glist and slide away,
She lost bright coin of speech from day to day.

The temple that God made is very still;
Our child can hear no sound.
She does not brighten at our evening hymn;
No half shut rose is found.
To open in her cheek with sudden start,
When words are read that should touch any heart.

I do not know this secret of the Lord's,
The anguish is so new.
I have not learned to say, "God's will be done."
And yet it must be true
That he, in loving mercy, shut the door
Of sound to that young soul forever more.

Forever must I say, "My little child,
Come lean upon my knee,
And trust me till I learn thro' mother love
How tender God must be."
I have not said, as yet, "His will be done."
Teach me unquestioning faith, my little one.

I try the words from which God's master hand
Hath taken the true key:
And when those eyes are lifted to mine own,
It almost seems to me
That those can read my face and catch my tone,
That soul can speak to soul, and then, my own.

The bitterness is gone that kept my soul
From trusting God in this,
The sorrow of my life. O sweet, dumb child;
It may be I would miss
The strange sweet tenderness that came to me
When first I learned how still thy life would be.

It lies like dew on the deep-hearted rose,
And if I keep away
This tenderness, it may be at the last
My quivering lip can say
That it was best for others I should feel
This anguish pierce my soul like the sharp steel.

Selections.

CREAM OF THE PRESS.

—Christianity always suits us well enough so long as we suit it.

—The more a man sees of the world, and the more he mingles with others, the smaller space is he inclined to claim for himself among his fellows. He sees that in the pushing struggle of life, other people's rights must be considered; and he must not take more ground than just enough to stand on. This is very marked in all crowds, and in all public places and conveyances. The man or woman who, is best versed in society makes smallest demands, and occupies least space. The persons who take more room than belongs to them are those who have been least in company, least accustomed to adapt themselves to the needs of those about them. If you want to be thought well bred, traveled, cosmopolitan, keep in your elbows in a crowd and sit close in a street car. If you want to be thought boorish and uncultivated, and to be recognized as one who was never much in good company, push both sides of you, as well as in front and rear, in a crowd, and spread yourself out in a car, or in a public hall.—S. S. Times.

—A celebrated divine wrote to a young minister as follows:

"You laid your plan well; your divisions and subdivisions were natural and proper; but there was no application of your matter till you came to the conclusion. Now, to be useful, there must be an almost perpetual application. The people need arming; they must be shown the bearing every thing has upon their particular case and thus be made to feel through the whole discourse the personal interest they have in every part."

The advice is sound and is greatly needed by many. We are not to preach before our congregations, but to them, aiming always at their hearts.—Biblical Recorder.

—No humility is perfect and proportioned but that which makes us hate ourselves as corrupt, but respect ourselves as immortal; the humility that kneels in the dust, but gazes on the skies.

—Be real men, and the Kingdom of Truth will honor you. Mighty powers will not only express themselves in your silence. Be real men, and even your solitude will be waited upon with scenes greater than all the theatres of Europe ever represented, or can represent. The eye of the world hath not seen, nor hath the ear heard, nor the world's heart conceived, what "The Spirit of Truth" will reveal you.

BARNABAS.

For the needy saints Barnabas emptied his purse and then put to sale his estate to replenish the open hand of his charity. He did not comfort the hungry and distressed with soft words only, but added substantial acts of mercy.

There was a time when Paul needed a friend. When the converted Saul returned to Jerusalem he met the scowling faces of old comrades at every turn. The church shunned him. "They were afraid of him and believed not that he was a disciple." It was a crisis with the new convert if the apostles and the brethren at Jerusalem should repudiate him, the "young man whose name was Saul," great as he was, could not easily recover from such a blow.

The heart of Barnabas was wiser than the wisdom of the apostolic college. The instincts of the kindly Jesus were broader and braver than those of the hesitating church. But Barnabas took him and brought him unto the apostles. That noble act was oil and wine on the sensitive and wounded spirit of Paul. Barnabas was not of the ignoble sort that edge away from a brother under a cloud or in stress of evils. He was ever ready to champion the cause of the friendless.

Paul preached in Jerusalem. He was well-known to the people in authority. He didn't keep back anything and in his "disputings with the Grecians" he was not to be sneered away, so they went about to kill him.

The brethren sent him off to Tarsus. When the great revival began at Antioch, the church dispatched Barnabas to conduct affairs there. He took in the situation better than the brethren in Jerusalem. Antioch was a great shipping centre. The gospel, once firmly rooted there, would send out by ships and caravans its influence far and wide.

Barnabas knew his own powers.—In that busy mart where the coins and traders of every nation met and mingled, the advocates of every superstition also were contending for the mastery. He doubted his own skill to cope with them. He had heard Paul "disputing with the Grecians," in Jerusalem. The wise Jesus knew who was the man for Antioch. The church had sent him, but he saw that a master spirit was the need there. The grand man without a thought for his own reputation, set out to find Paul, now somewhat in obscurity in Tarsus. It is recorded that Barnabas "Exhorted" the Christians and then left for Cilicia in search of one who could meet the foes of the Church at the gates. "And when he had found him, brought him to Antioch, and for a whole year they taught much people."

The mention of the two now is, "Barnabas and Saul." In a chapter or two it will be "Paul and Barnabas." The noble Levite "must decrease," but not a pang of regret ever smote his breast. Lowly in heart as Saint Paul was, he did not care to be considered a whit behind the foremost of the apostles in labor and success.

And these two men—high and pure after long and severe campaigns together, were to part rather rudely. It was the sympathy of Barnabas for a suspected disciple that first brought the two together; it was the sympathy of this "Son of Consolation" for another under injurious surmise, that divided the two asunder. The young Mark had forsaken Paul and Barnabas in one of their perilous missionary excursions. The boy came back to his home. His mother was a saint and her house the meeting place for the brethren. Mark's behavior hurt the good woman, and soon he was heartily ashamed of it. He craved an occasion to redeem himself. He heard of a projected expedition of the two evangelists. He went all the way to Antioch to join them. Paul refused to allow the deserter to go with them. Mark had run away once, and that was a crime unpardonable with Paul. "He went not with them to the work" Barnabas took the part of the penitent youth. He wished to give him another chance. Paul was fixed.—Barnabas honored and loved the great apostle, but he would not sacrifice the boy that stood pleading for his sympathy and protection, even for the friendship of Paul. Barnabas, too, was unyielding. "They departed asunder, the one from the other."

And here, too, the great heart of Barnabas proved the surer guide.—Mark never turned back again. Paul made a mistake. Barnabas was right and saved to the church one of the truest men that ever honored its service. Tradition tells us that after long companionship with Mark, in

many toils, bitter persecutions, and in glorious achievements for the Master, the tender and heroic Jesus, worn out,—died on the island of Cyprus which he had redeemed from paganism. Mark received his dying counsel. The old saint besought him to seek out Paul and give himself to the work in company with the great apostle.

And he broke away from a faithful colleague rather than campaign with a doubtful auxiliary has left on record the highest testimony to the fidelity and courage of the youthful deserter of Perga. Mark is mentioned by Paul as his fellow laborer and messenger to the church. When dangers thickened around the imprisoned apostle and death impended, the most trusty began to waver. Demas, who had been true up to this crisis, now fled. There is a shadow even on Titus. The old man, Paul aged, in bonds, sadly says, "Only Luke is with me." He writes for Timothy and Mark. He could trust them. And it is likely enough that Mark was near by when Paul fell under the Roman axe a blessed martyr.

The Scriptures bring out the traits of Barnabas, unselfishness, tenderness, courage and discretion "a good man, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Such a soul was fitted with a worthy body. At Lystra they mistook the two apostles for heathen deities.—They called the quick, smaller man and spokesman Mercurius, but to the stately, benignant and noble Barnabas they gave the name of the chief of the gods Jupiter.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

LETTER FROM ELDER TIMOTHY HAY.

ORNAMENT IN DRESS, &c.

Dress should never be made a matter of ornament. The best style of dress is like the best style of nose—one who will attract no notice what ever.

Ornament in apparel shows want of taste. When the savage wraps himself in the gayest colored blanket—loading his ears, nose and the muscles of his cheeks with rings, jewels and colored quills; when the country belle blossoms out in a profusion of rainbow-colored ribbons, and of artificial flowers, which make the holly-hock and pumpkin blossom look pale and tame; when the "sporting man" stands on the curb-stone, with perfumed hair elaborately curled—with a vest pattern as variegated as a panorama—with rings and watch chain gorgeous to behold, and with a diamond breastpin brilliant as a cat's eye; sensible persons discern the lack of refined taste. Now, the same want of taste is shown, in its degree, by the lady who, eschewing the nose jewels, still puts rings in her ears, and who is arrayed in an attire which, though less glaring than that of the squaw or the country maiden, is yet calculated to attract attention.

It is not long since ornament in dress was deemed as necessary for man as for woman. The gallants of Queen Elizabeth's court attired themselves in rich velvets and heavy silks, trimmed with finest laces; gold chains and buckles with costly jewels ornamented their persons, while their hair flowed in perfumed ringlets on their shoulders. In Washington's "republican court" the style was still somewhat the same. Only a quarter of a century ago, stylish young men wore waistcoats and pantaloons of brilliant patterns, which to-day would collect a following of small boys on the promenade, while "soap-loops" were thought "stunning." But there has been a steady tendency towards simplicity in male attire, and to-day the dress of the finished gentleman is about as plain as it could be made. Now, no one will deny that this change has been in the direction of good taste,—that the dress of the gentleman of to-day is more becoming the true man than the gaudy apparel of the earlier time. And it would be as truly in the direction of good taste if woman's dress—which remains, in principle, the same as it was two centuries ago—should undergo the same transformation, and lay aside all which is intended merely for show.

Ornament in dress is to be condemned, not because beauty is not to be sought after, but because such ornamentation is antagonistic to true beauty. A true man or woman appears to better advantage in plain dress. Ornament in the apparel detracts from the dignity of the one, and the grace and beauty of the other.

Never lived there a people of more refined taste than the Greeks. In questions of esthetic they are an authority. And their examples testify that ornament in dress shows lack of

taste and is antagonistic to real beauty. The Greek attire—as is seen in the Niobe or any other draped statue—was rigidly plain. The Quaker's garb is not more severely simple. Their robing was graceful, but they eschewed everything which directly aimed at ornament. And the artist of to-day gives prominence to his central characters by dignity and grace of bearing, rather than by ornament in apparel. The artist makes much use of the cloak, which is the plainest of garments. Artistic taste tells us that adornment of apparel is not beautiful—that it is a deformity. When the dressmaker of the period takes a garment which, left plain, would have the grace of long lines and easy curves, and sticks it all over with bows, and ribbons, and bugles, and spangles, and gimcracks, and flummiddies—she shows an utter lack of the artistic sense. And the lady who wears the fashionable dress of the period shows that she also is wanting in artistic perceptions. In the name of good taste—in the name of true beauty, let the fashionable dressmaker be at once suppressed.

When Paul told the women to wear "modest apparel," and not "gold or pearls or costly array," he spoke like a man of esthetic as well as religious perceptions.

The cost of ornament in dress—not merely the cost in money, but the waste of a woman's time in working over trappings which, after all, serve only to show her want of taste,—this cost of ornament is another reason why it should be discarded. And, furthermore, it is unbecoming the dignity of a woman to ask to be judged, not by what she is in herself but by the dressmaker and jeweler's work she has on.

It is nonsense to say that ornamented dress is worn by women to please the men. Do sensible men think more of a woman for seeing her mopping up tobacco spit in the street with a silk shirt? Does she raise their opinion of her by contriving to keep putting a long trail under their feet? No true woman thinks less of a man for his not having on as many rings or as large diamonds as some Mr. Adolphus Nincompoop,—and no more will a true woman appear to less advantage in true men's eyes for not being dressed like an image in the shop window.

This is a subject for the thoughtful consideration of "women professing godliness," who, by reason of wealth and social position, have an influence in moulding the customs of society. If they will be true to the apostolic idea that dress is intended for covering and not for ornament,—that mere ornament is as much out of place in a woman's apparel as in a man's—an advance will be made in the direction of good taste, and much will be done in stopping a waste of the wealth of our land.—*Elder Timothy Hay in Religious Herald.*

THOMAS CARLYLE.

The two most extraordinary men now living in Great Britain are W. E. Gladstone and Thomas Carlyle. The one is a genuine Scotchman, and the other has Scotch blood in his veins, for Sir John Gladstone came from Glasgow to Liverpool where his brilliant son, the future premier, was born 1809. Gladstone is a public character living in the face of the sun and every step is read and seen of all men. But Carlyle, the farmer's son from Ecclefechan, is a recluse and always has been. Not one in fifty thousand of his readers has ever seen him. When I first went abroad, fresh from college, thirty-five years ago, I had a desire to see Carlyle, Wordsworth and Macaulay. With the sweet poet of Rydal I spent a delightful morning. Macaulay I missed and shall never cease to regret it. But one day I received at my lodgings in London a queer note which closed as follows, "you will be very welcome to me to-morrow at two o'clock, the hour at which I become accessible to my garret here. Yours sincerely, T. Carlyle."

In the same small brick house, No. 5, Great Cheque Row, in Chelsea, the scraggy and sturdy Scotchman lives to-day, and there I saw him six years ago. His garret was a plain substantially furnished library on the second floor, an apartment which Goldsmith or Johnson would have danced for joy to have owned. Mrs. Carlyle, a modest, quiet woman, was the mistress of her gift home and the daily sunshine of her husband's life. She kept him well appareled. As he came forward to welcome me he was neatly dressed in a long black frock coat, with scrupulously clean linen, polished boots and the general air of a Scotch country preacher. He was busied over a large German book with a portrait of Oliver Cromwell

behind him. Almost his first remark was, "I had a visit yesterday from your Professor Longfellow. He is a man skilled in the tongues." In broad, racy Scotch dialect he talked for an hour with most characteristic wit and humor. When I urged him to visit America and observe for himself the prosperity of our working classes, he shrewdly replied, "Oh, yes, you may talk about your dimocracy or any other crazy or any kind of political trash, but the secret of the happiness in America is that ye have got a vast deal of land for a vera few people." Carlyle talked with great gusto about his boyish passion for Burns. "When I was a boy," said he, "I used to go into the church yard at Doonfries and find his grave among the poor artisans and laboring folk, and there I used to read over his name, 'Robert Burns, Robert Burns.'" He pronounced the hallowed name with deep enthusiasm. When I told him I had just been to the land of Burns, and that the old man who kept the poet's native cottage at Alloway had ended his days by drinking to Burns' memory, Carlyle laughed immoderately and exclaimed, "ah, a wee bit drop will sometimes send a man a long way." After our talk Carlyle took his hat and cane and we walked together as far as Hyde Park corner. As I bade him adieu he was stalking away with a sturdied stride, the very picture of an old Puritan in the days of Cromwell.

Six years ago I paid another visit to the old philosopher of Chelsea who had almost reached his fourscore. I found the house and library unchanged. But thirty years had made a wonderful transformation in the man. His wife was dead. His toilet showed sadly the need of a woman's oversight. Wrapped in a long, blue flannel gown the aged man walked feebly into the room. His gray hair was unkempt, his clear blue eye still glowed as a live coal and a spot of red shone on his thin, wasted cheek. His hands trembled so that he told me he had almost given up the use of the pen. But what a talk he poured forth, or rather what a volcanic eruption of denunciation upon the degeneracy of the age. "All England," he said, "was gone down into an abominable and damnable cesspool of lies and shoddies and shams." Since the Iron Duke of Wellington had died he had but a poor opinion of Parliament. He pronounced the debates an "infinite babblement of wind, and endless grinding of mere hardy gards." He gave me a very ludicrous account of an argument he had with John Bright, while the Quaker wife sat and listened to the fray. "I tell you," he said, "Bright gat as good as he gie." (I have no doubt of that.) Carlyle then broke into an eulogy of Cromwell as a "man who could penetrate into the veritable core and heart of the fact." Finally he wound up by declaring that everything was "ganging down into a bottomless pit of everlasting damnation, whatever meaning ye may gie to that word." This astounding harangue was delivered with the most ludicrous twistings of the countenance and an arch expression of face as if he were making sport for my entertainment. It was sad and yet it was infinitely entertaining. Grand old man—the last of the giants. There is a wonderful Scotch grit in him yet, and I hope not a little Scotch grace in his heart. He was nurtured on the West minister catechism and the Bible. In his old age he is coming back to the sweet strong savory faith of his childhood. I firmly believe that he will pillow his dying head on the promises and fix his eyes on that Divine Lord who was the joy and strength of John Knox in his dying hours.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

Did you ever, I ask you, hear a religious man say, as years went on, that his religion had disappointed him? Nay, the life of our God is continued even now upon earth; and where that life is, there is the full, unending, irresistible power by which God will lead us from strength to strength, until at length we come to appear before our God at Zion. We worship no absent God. We serve no lifeless abstraction. We devote ourselves to no more idle idea. We are buoyed up by no mere inflated enthusiasm. We serve a God living—a God present—a God who loves—a God who acts—a God who bids us trust Him to the uttermost, as we patiently pursue the path from whose end, even now He is beckoning to us, "suspending to us the while, as our minds are dark, and our hearts are cold, and our fears are great, these rich words of most abundant promise, 'I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now.'"

Farm and Fireside.

THE CHANGES OF EXPERIENCE.

A whole treatise on farming might be written in three words—*plowing, sowing, reaping.* This is all there is about it. The details of modes, seasons, and methods are all that make the difference. Each spring the farmer starts anew on the same old track he did the year before—he begins by plowing, and ends by reaping, varying his practice it may be a little from the old only as experience and observation has shown him a better way. If he does not vary his practice a little from year to year, it is an evidence that he is making no progress—that his knowledge remains at a stand still. He is a very poor farmer that does not make some advances on his former methods. Experience does, and even accident of ten does, show a better way. There are easier and cheaper ways of doing almost every work of the farm, and thought—if farmers would only think as they should—would soon find them out. A progressive practice must necessarily vary—farmers have not learned one-half of the art of successful cultivation yet, and never will till they employ more brain work. The farmer must study his farm as closely as the diligent scholar his book. He must learn new facts as fast as possible and change the details of his work to correspond with them. Even nature varies her methods in obedience to the law of progress. There is money—yea, and health and happiness too, in the soil for any industrious man who will employ his brain fund as he may. There is no better place for developing the qualities of a good and useful citizen and neighbor than a good farm,—and if men would but bring to bear upon their work all the resources of a determined energy and resolute will they would succeed much better, and there would be far less croaking and creaking. Let the man who owns a farm make up his mind that he is going to stay there during life, and then let him set to work to develop out of that, it may be rugged, home his ideal of a good and pleasant resting place. Let him be constantly on the lookout for new facts that may help him, and make his routine of labor bear the marks of a constant progress to better things.—*Rural Messenger.*

GRASS AND CLOVER.

In preparing land for seed, let every farmer in this section be sure to reserve at least two or three acres for clover or grass. For home purposes nothing is so handy to have on the farm as a bountiful supply of good clover, or sweet, well-cured hay. It is but little trouble, and assures you that all the year round the work animals will have an abundance of food, and it also enables the good wife to have a little home dairy from which to supply herself with those indispensable for good living—pure milk and sweet, yellow butter.

It is always best where the largest results are expected, and a good "catch" is essential to this, to mix several varieties of grass seed with the clover seed. Orchard grass grows finely in this section, and so does "red top." Both are excellent for pasture, and they are ready for the scythe at the same time with the clover.

Our simple object is to urge this matter on our farmers, as is our usual annual custom. We do not forget the fact that timothy is grown to great advantage in Norfolk county, by several enterprising gentlemen, but we do want to get all our truckers and farmers in the habit of raising at least sufficient forage for their own cattle, although many of them will continue the ruinous practice of buying bacon, lard and butter for their home consumption.—*Norfolk Ledger.*

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—What is it and how to cure it, that's the question, and it will be for years to come. I do not know of any sure cure but one for a clear case of cholera, and that is to cut the head from the sick chicken and plant it and the body in your manure pile. You at least gain something by so doing, while if left with the other chickens, the disease soon spreads all through the flock.—Cholera and the bulk of diseases which chickens are subject to are caused from neglect. Keep your fowls warm and clean, feed your chickens regularly with good nourishing food, and they will be free from disease, lay more eggs, and be more profitable in every way.—*Exchange.*

OATS—SOW NOW.

While September and October are the proper months to sow fall oats, now is the time for spring oats. No general crop is worth as much in proportion to the cost of production; and none so convenient to "meet the next crop." All the labor of cultivation is in sowing, which involves no more work than simply preparing the land for corn. The food value is greater than that of corn; oats being more cooling, and muscle-producing, and therefore better as a spring and summer feed for work stock. We can raise in our climate and soil as many bushels per acre as corn; and with rust-proof varieties we need not apprehend rust. There is no crop on which fertilizers will tell more, especially ammoniated potash or superphosphate; fifty bushels of cotton seed (\$5 worth) will improve the yield fifty per cent. If the ground is not too rough, oats can be sown without the land being previously broken, and covered with a single turning plow or light, or two-horse plow on heavy soil. But the surer plan is to break the ground first, then sow the seed and cover by cross breaking and afterwards run over with a harrow; with little manure added to this process, the yield will be doubled, and pay magnificently. Oats will soon be regarded the great food crop of the South for working animals.—*Dixie Farmer.*

REMEDY FOR SCRATCHES OR GREASE.—Take one pint of fish oil, one ounce of verdigris, one tablespoonful of salt; heat well and stir thoroughly; then add two ounces of white hellebore powder, and three ounces of sulphur; stir as it cools. Then rub in with end of the fingers, filling all cracks. After a day or two wash thoroughly with castile soap, and rub nearly dry, when fill all the hair as well as the sore with dry sulphur. Use the salve until all the scabs come off, when only the sulphur need be used. If scabs show again, use salve again. Whenever the legs are wet, dry with the sulphur.

LOAF CAKE.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, half a pound of chopped raisins, half a pound of citron, and four spoonfuls of yeast. Let it stand in a warm place and rise till quite light. Then add four well-beaten eggs and one grated nutmeg; stir well, and pour into deep dishes. Let it rise a second time; then bake quite quickly. A sure test to determine when all kinds of cake are done, is to take a medium-sized knitting needle and insert it in the centre of the cake; if it comes out clean the cake is done; if the dough sticks to it, it must be baked longer.

CORNING HAMS.—For one hundred pounds meat, take ten pounds salt, four pounds sugar, four pounds molasses, four ounces salt petre, four ounces pepper, two ounces soda. Dissolve the salt in four gallons water; boil and skim, then add the other ingredients; pour on while warm. In six weeks they will be ready for smoking; some prefer to take them out in three or four weeks. Smoke with corn cobs or hickory chips.

STRINGHALT is an affection of the nerves, and is incurable. It is caused by a loss of power of the nerve which controls the muscles by which the leg is lifted; the action is then spasmodic, irregular and excessive, causing the high lifting in this disorder.

Remember that the first spark buries down the house. Quench the first spark of passion, and all will be well. No good comes of wrath; it puts no money in the pocket and no joy in the heart. Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance.

CREAM CAKE.—One cupful of sour cream, two cupfuls of sugar, three of flour, half a cupful of butter, one teaspoonful of extract of lemon, and one teaspoonful of soda. This is a quickly made, cheap cake.

He who travels with his eyes open cannot fail to see that others, as well as himself, have their discomforts and drawbacks, and he will thus be all the more disposed to meet his own with a brave spirit.

A stock-keeper reports curing many bad warts on cattle and horses, during several years, by application to each of "one good daub of tar."

There is one kind of work in which we ought to never want to take a vacation. That is, the constant endeavor to do what we ought to do.

If one marches abreast with our mate men, who will rush on guns, spikes, he must share the consequences.