

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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Poetry.

IF WE DIE SHALL WE LIVE AGAIN?

BY MRS. HARRIET WARD HOBSON.

The earth seems dead, as cold and white
It lies beneath my feet;
The waters seem transfixed with fear,
Their voices hushed, once soft and clear
In murmuring music sweet;

The flowers too have disappear'd,
Buried from out my sight;
Their graceful forms as we are fled,
Their name and fame are with the dead,
Enwrapped in death's cold night.

The song of birds no more we hear
From out the leafy grove,
Whose warbling anthems fill'd the air
With music sweet beyond compare,
Of ecstasy and love.

The trees who hung their banners out
In soldierly array,
Their uniform of living green,
And glossy, bright, resplendent sheen
Has faded all away.

The pretty fruitful vines are dead,
And withered is the grass
That lifeless rustles in the breeze,
And moans amid the leafless trees
Of winter's storms that pass.

I know that Spring again will come
With all her brilliant train,
And trees, and flowers, and singing birds,
And vine and grass, and flocks and herds,
With gently falling rain.

But man, whose days are spent in toil,
In sorrow and in pain,
When he is called from this low sphere,
And those to him than life more dear,
Will he return again?

May we believe Thy Word, O Lord;
When free from this low sod,
Through merit of Christ's dying love,
In faith arise to heaven above,
And dwell for aye with God.

—Selected.

Selections.

CREAM OF THE PRESS.

—Don't spend money before earning it. In other words, don't run in debt.

—In our thoughtlessness we are apt to connect reward only with activity. But Christ has connected it with character, and that is at once indicated and strengthened by suffering and by patience, as well as by work.

—How many good sermons are smothered in thick utterance, or starved in a thin one, or drowned in a bellowing one. A good sermon will no more go at its full value without an equal utterance than a good song will.

—Many a Christian trusts Christ to carry him through the valley of the shadow of death, who does not rely upon him to take him through the dread to-morrow. If you are Christ's, you have no right to worry. He is a safe pilot. You can trust him in the shallow, quiet river, as well as in the sea beyond.

—It is not good to be angry even with those who may seem with malicious intent to assail our most cherished beliefs. A few burning weeds may produce smoke enough to light the stars, but the stars are shining all the same. It is not wise to vex and weary ourselves by angry denunciations of the smoke, which will soon pass off without our labor.

There is a demand sharpening in the church that students for the ministry shall be more severely examined. And one of the most needed directions is this: "Can he talk?" He may write like Goldsmith, but if he talks like Goldsmith too, he is a poor preacher. Preaching is not intellectualizing in a study. It is moving an audience, and the voice is one of the instruments through which the moving is effected.

—The great want of the ministry is a thorough religious experience, a deep and prevailing spirituality. My sun of life is waning to its setting, and I take this occasion to testify my belief in the old Wesleyan doctrine of Christian perfection. The work of sanctification begins when we are converted; the work of entire sanctification follows.—No man can succeed in the ministry unless he throws himself full length into it.—Bishop Doaggett.

We know of an old colored lady who, when for prudential reasons she wanted to compliment her pastor, could think of no more superlative expression of compliment than this: "You was 'spired, yesterday—know'd you was, and said so. What a great brazen face you had, and what a big, roarin' voice!" The ministry sneers at that kind of preaching estimate, not knowing, apparently, that it is not by any means confined to colored ladies or to ignorant people.—Interior.

THAT DREAFFUL BOY.

He was going from Boston to Old Orchard with his mother. I was sorry to be in the same car with them. His mother seemed to exist only to be worried by this uneasy, distressing boy. He had only one fault—he was perfectly insufferable.

If I say he was "an unlicked cub" I shall offend your ears. Lick is an old English word that means either to lap or to strike. Shakespeare uses unlicked as applied to the cub of a bear; there was a notion that the whelp was at first a formless thing that had to be "licked into shape" by the mother's tongue. So it came to pass that the vulgar expression, "an unlicked cub," was fittingly applied to a boy whose mother never gave him the culture essential to make him presentable, or even tolerable, in the society of well behaved people. The two meanings of the word are not very diverse.

This boy had never been licked into shape. He needed licking. I use the word in its two senses. And the use, if not elegant, is intelligible and expressive, perhaps graphic also. The mother besought him to be still for a moment, but the moment of stillness never came. He wanted something to eat, got it; to drink, and he kept a steady trot through the car; the anxious mother prayed him not to go to the platform; not to put his head out of the window; not to climb over the seats; all in vain. She might as well have entreated the engine.

One evening we were seated in the parlor, in little groups, conversing. Into the room rushed the dreadful boy pursued by another whom he had hit, and both were screaming in play at the top of their voices. As he was passing me I seized him by the arm with a grip that meant business, and said: "Here, my boy, we have stood this thing long enough; it has come to an end." An awful silence filled the room; his mother, frightened, sat pale, and not far away, while I held the culprit and pursued the lecture—"if you do not know how to behave in company, let me tell you the parlor is no place for such romps as we have suffered from you; go out of doors and stay out for such games, and when you come in here, sit down and be quiet." He wriggled to get away, but I led him to the door and left him on the outside.

The next day I was sitting on the beach under a sun umbrella, when a party of ladies and the dreadful boy were in sight, and sought seats near me. I offered my seat to the mother, but she found one at hand, thanked me, and said:

"I am under great obligations to you, sir, for taking my boy in hand last evening.

"It is rather in my place," I made answer, "to apologize for laying hands on the child of another; but I saw he was regardless of authority, and thought to give him a lesson.

"Thanks; but I would like to tell you of him; he is a dear child, an only child, and his father often and long away from home on business, has left his education and care to me entirely. I have the impression that the strongest of all influences is love, and that none is so strong as a mother's love; I never speak to him but in tones and words of affection; I never deny him any indulgence he asks; I let him have his own way and never punish him, lest he should be offended with me. I wish that he may not have any other thoughts of his mother but those of kindness, gentleness, and love. Your sudden and decided measure last night startled me, but its effect on the child was remarkable. He has not yet recovered and this morning he spoke to me of it, as if a new sensation had been awakened. Will you tell me frankly what your opinion is of the probable result of the system of instruction which I am pursuing?"

"It is not becoming in a stranger," I said, "to speak plainly in regard to the domestic management of another, and I hope you will excuse me from expressing an opinion which it would not be pleasant for you to hear."

"But I want to hear it; the good of my child is the dearest object in this world; I have nothing else to live for; but it seems to me that the more I love him, the less he cares for me or my wishes, the more unruly and troublesome he becomes. Your decided dealings with him has frightened me in regard to my course of training."

"Rather you should say your 'want of training him.' Do you not read correctly the words of the wise man, 'Train up a child, &c. You are letting him grow up without training, and my fear is that he will be hung—' Hung! hung! what do you mean?"

"Only this, that you are allowing him now to be a lawless, selfish, domineering, disagreeable boy; he has his own way always; he tramples on your wishes now; and will tread on your heart soon and love to do it; such boys are bad at home and worse out of doors; growing up ungoverned, he will defy authority, be hated by his companions, get into trouble, become turbulent, riotous, perhaps an outlaw, and will come to some bad end, I fear the rope's end. This plain talk offends you, I perceive."

"No, it does not; I am thinking, but I am not offended. I asked your candid opinion and have received it, and it has made me anxious lest I have already done an irreparable injury to the dear child. Do you believe in the corporal punishment of children?"

"It is sometimes a duty. You may restrain the waywardness of some children without actually whipping them, and if you can, by all means do so. But the first duty of a child is to obey its parents. Your boy never obeyed you since he was born!"

"True, very true; he has always had his own way."

"Yes, and is therefore never happy; he would cry for the moon, and fret because he cannot have it. He is no comfort to you, and is a torment to all about him. If you would make him happy, you will make him mind, and especially to obey his mother. I do not believe that you will succeed."

"Pray, why not, sir?"

"Because, madam, you have views that are opposed to these. You believe only in moral suasion, in the largest liberty, and you cannot break away from your opinions and surroundings, and persistently, steadily, and faithfully pursue a new line of life with that boy."

"God help you, madam, and you will need his help, for you have a long struggle before you. But the prize is worth it, and I wish you success with all my heart. Your child will love you ten times more if you teach him to respect you; he will not love you while you let him defy and despise your authority as he does now. Soon he will love you, and love to obey you, and then he is saved. Solomon was a wise man, and spoke divine wisdom when he said: 'He that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.'"

The madam had a smile of contempt on her face, and said, "I don't think much of Solomon."

"Probably not," I replied; "did you ever read the Apocrypha? those oriental writings are not inspired, so you need not be afraid of them."—she laughed,—"and will give you the sage advice of the Son of Sirach:

"Indulge thy child, and he shall make thee afraid; humor him, and he will bring thee to heaviness. Bow down his neck while he is young, and beat him on the sides while he is a child, lest he wax stubborn and be disobedient unto thee, and so bring sorrow upon thy heart." Which means teach him to obey, or he will govern you and break your heart."

The mother was silent a moment, and then spoke with quivering lips: "Did you ever read Patmore's lines—'My Little Son'—no? well, I will say them, for they are on my heart:

"My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him and dismissed."

With hard words and unkind's;
His mother, who was patient, being dead,
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.

And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two french copper coins ranged there with
careful art,
To comfort his sad heart,
So, when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said:
Ah, when at last we lie from traced breath,
Not vexing thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say,
I will be sorry for their childishness."

"Thank you," I said, as she paused, her eyes filled with tears,—"thank you; no child should be 'struck in anger and dismissed with hard words.' Punishment in love and justice breaks no child's heart; that father was all wrong."

"I see it," she answered, "and I begin to feel it also."

We exchanged cards, and I hope to hear of the dreadful boy again.—New York Observer.

HIDDEN ROCKS.

The world is continually startled by moral wrecks occurring on every hand. Men esteemed, honored and trusted, go down to utter ruin in a day; without a moment's warning, they drop out of view, and leave no memorial save the ripples and bubbles which rise where they went down.

There are many wrecks because there are many rocks; and the wrecks are sudden because the rocks are unseen. The policy of cloaking iniquity, conniving at fraud, compounding felony, and covering up villainy, which has prevailed so long and so widely, bears very bitter fruits. The wickedness which have been so carefully concealed at last flame out into iniquities which it is impossible to conceal. The mantle of charity is stretched to cover wrongs until it can cover no more, and at last comes the dreaded yet expected issue, and ruin overwhelms those who perhaps by timely and faithful admonitions might have been rescued from so dire a fate.

The world is full of concealments, but he who trusts in concealment is sure to be disappointed in the end. There is nothing secret but is liable to be brought to light, even in this world. He that covereth his sins shall not prosper. The day of uncovering will come, and its revelations shall be dark and dire and terrible.

The man who puts a lighthouse on a dangerous coast, or who sets a buoy above the sunken rock is esteemed as a benefactor to his race. The man who undertakes to call attention to the rocks on which men are wrecked, is often regarded as a foe. There are, on some dangerous coasts, men banded together for unlawful purposes, who hate lights and lighthouses, buoys and alarm bells. They live by plundering the wrecks which drift upon their rockbound shores, and they regard any man who gives a warning or utters a note of alarm as an enemy who interferes with their chosen means of livelihood; and who must at any hazard be silenced or put out of the way. So there are men in this world whose success depends upon the absence of the light, men who live and thrive by secret arts of craft and deception; men who are ruined when their character and conduct are revealed, and who only succeed so long as they can conceal their acts and deceive others regarding them. Combinations exist which prey upon the unwary; which afford advantages to the few at the expense of the many; and which are sources of profit so long as their true object is unknown. A revelation of their arts and aims puts a period to all their undertakings. They thrive in darkness; in fair, open competition they are invariably defeated; but by secret combinations they gain and retain an advantage.

Of course this advantage is apparent rather than real; it is temporary rather than permanent. By and by comes the day of reckoning and of revelation, and then the winds blow and the rains descend, and the house goes down in utter ruin. He who would serve his fellow-men must be ready to lift the warning voice. If he gives warning of rocks he may save men from wrecks. If he neglects to do this shall not blood be required at his hand!—The Christian.

FACTS ABOUT HYMNS.

"THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH."

Addison is not the author of the hymn, though from its appearance in the *Spectator* very many have supposed him to be. The hymn is also erroneously credited to him in very many hymn books. Andrew Marvell is the author. And who is Andrew Marvell? A lawyer who would never try a case opposed to his conscience. He was called "the man who dared to be honest in the worst of times." He occupied a mean lodging in the Strand.

There lived he jocosous,
And his thoughts were roses all.

When Charles II. attempted to bribe him through Lord Danby, he replied that he "could not accept the offer without being unjust to his country by betraying its interests." He refused a gift from his majesty of one thousand pounds, and then borrowed a guinea from a friend. "His heart was not buried in the rubbish of this world." Andrew Marvell died in the year 1677. What a pleasure to look through the murky atmosphere to-day and see such a giant! There is as great a demand for such men now as ever.

"GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY."
—William Cowper.

The original title of this grand old

hymn,—"Light Shining out of Darkness," had reference to its remarkable origin. When under the influence of the fits of mental derangement to which he was subject, he most unhappily but firmly believed that the divine will was that he should drown himself in a particular part of the river Ouse, some two or three miles from his residence at Olney. He one evening called for a post-chaise from one of the hotels in the town, and ordered the driver to take him to that spot, which he readily undertook to do, as he well knew it. On this occasion, however, several hours were consumed in seeking it, and utterly in vain. The man was at length reluctantly compelled to admit that he had entirely lost his road. The snare was thus broken. Cowper escaped the temptation. He returned to his home and immediately sat down and wrote this hymn, which has ministered comfort to thousands, and will probably yet afford consolation to thousands of others even for generations to come.

"WHEN ISRAEL OF THE LORD BE-LOVED."
—Walter Scott.

This poem first appeared in "Ivanhoe." Rebecca, a Jewess, had been falsely accused of witchcraft and condemned to die. She is in prison awaiting her execution, when she is represented by the author as singing these beautiful lines.

"PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL, THOU NEEDEST NOT FEAR."

Rev. James Huxley, about the year 1866, was sent by a Methodist Conference to itinerate as a missionary in Louisiana, then chiefly inhabited by French Catholics. Jimmy, as he was familiarly called, had small expectation of comfort without payment; and he seldom possessed any money. He was one evening reduced to the very verge of starvation; he had spent the preceding night in a swamp and had taken no food for thirty six hours, when he reached a plantation. He entered the house and asked for food and lodging. The mistress of the house, a widow, with several daughters, and several negro children playing about, recognized his calling and insultingly refused his request. He obtained, however, permission to warm himself a few minutes before the fire. As he sat thus, he felt the demands of hunger and sleep, and looked forward to another night in the swamp. Feeling this might prove his last night on earth, he thought sweetly of the celestial city to which he felt he was traveling; his heart swelled with gladness, and he cheerfully sang one of his favorite hymns:—

"Peace, my soul! thou need'st not fear:
The Great Provider still is near."

He sang the whole hymn; and when he looked around him, the mother, daughters, negroes, were all in tears. "Here, Sally," said the mother, "get the preacher a good supper. Peter, put up his horse; he shall stay a week if he pleases." Thus, in many instances, truth goes through the ear to the heart in the chariot of song, when its other approaches have been utterly resisted.—Many converted souls can say, like the enemies of Luther, "By their songs we are conquered."—Wesleyan (Canada.)

ALPHABETICAL MAXIMS.

Attend carefully to details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right. Fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.
Go not into society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation in business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not from any consideration.
Make a few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to every man a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragements.
Zealously labor for the right, and success is certain.

Farm and Fireside.

FARM ITEMS.—Guinea fowles will keep all bugs and insects of every description off garden vines. They will not scratch like other fowles, or harm the most delicate plants.

The average butter yield of the Ayrshire cow is one pound from twenty to twenty five pounds of milk. From the Jersey it is one pound of butter from eighteen pounds of milk.

Turnips are healthful for horses. These should be cut in slices, or, what is better, pulped finely and mixed with a little meal and salt. Rutabagas are better than white turnips.

A cellar that is cool, dry and dark, and yet well ventilated, is the best place for preserving potatoes in large quantities. When small quantities are to be preserved there is nothing like dry sand. The same may be said of fruits and roots of all sorts.

Plant tansy at the roots of your plum trees, or hang branches of the plant on the limbs of the trees, and you will not be annoyed with curculion. An old, successful fruit grower furnishes the above, and says it is the most successful curculion preventive he ever tried.—Exchange.

CULTIVATING THE SOIL.

The surface of the soil cannot be too frequently stirred. "If I had to preach a sermon on Horticulture," says Downing, "I should take this for my text: 'STIR THE SOIL.'" As soon as the plants are well above the ground, they should be thinned out, so as not to interfere with each other's growth. At the same time, the soil may be loosened a little about them, so as to break any crusts that may have formed, without injury to the young plants; and the weeds may be removed. A little later, stir the soil with a narrow hoe, taking care not to cover the young plants. Every weed should be cut down or pulled up, no matter how small. It is not enough to keep the weeds down; digging deeply among the plants admits the atmosphere, and actually manures the young plants. In dry weather it is very essential that the soil be stirred often. The air waters the fresh-dug soil much more effectively than we do. A man will raise more moisture with a spade and a hoe in a day, than he can pour on the earth out of a watering-pot in a week. If the ground be suffered to become close and compact, the cool surface exposed to the air for the reception of moisture is smaller, and what is deposited does not enter into the earth far enough to be appropriated; but if the soil be loose and porous, the air enters more deeply, and deposits its moisture beneath the surface. Almost any soil in which a seed will germinate, may be made, by continued hoeing, to produce a crop. Above all, *cut away every weed that appears.* "One year's seeding makes seven years' weeding." The only use of weeds is to make a necessity of tilling the ground more frequently. Weeds will come up in spite of our care, but much can be done to prevent their spreading or maturing.—Ferry & Co's Seed Annual, 1880.

CURRY YOUR COWS.—No animal of the farm will show signs of neglect so soon as a cow. The coat gets rough and dirty, and the bones stand out with irregular and peculiar prominence. On the other hand as a matter of course, good care gives the opposite appearance, and the creature is neat, clean and plump. There is much in a good supply of wholesome food, but it, without occasional rubbing and currying, will not make the cow look and feel comfortable. "It pays to curry the cows."

A great need in the south is grass for early grazing and hay. Some of the native grasses that have been fought and struggled with for years as weeds are now found to be of great value. By smoothing off a piece of grassy land, and using some fertilizer and encouraging the growth, a home supply of hay may be secured. If it often the case that a treasure may lie neglected under our feet, and some of the Southern grasses, long neglected, can be turned to profitable use.

CORN BURNT ON THE COB, and the refuse which consists almost entirely of the grain reduced to charcoal and still retaining their perfect shape—placed before fowls, is greedily eaten by them, with a marked improvement in their health, as is shown by the brighter color of their combs, and their sooner producing a greater average of eggs to the flock than before.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SUN.

SELECTED RECEIPTS.

SNUFFLES IN INFANTS.—Try greasing between the eyes and the back of the neck with camphorated oil.

FRIED CAKES.—Two cupsful of sugar, two cupsful of buttermilk, one cupful of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda, and nutmeg.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—The white of an egg, thoroughly beaten mixed with lemon juice and sugar. A teaspoonful taken occasionally is the dose.

GINGER CAKE.—Two eggs, one cupful of sour cream, one cupful of molasses, three cupsful of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, and a little salt.

TO CURE COUGHS.—Take a piece of lard as big as a butternut, rub it full of sugar; divide into three parts, and give at intervals of twenty minutes; the cough will disappear gradually, but surely.

TO PREVENT LAMPS FROM SMOKING soak the wicks before using in either strong vinegar or alum water; dry them thoroughly, and your lamp will give a clearer light, and will not smoke or smell disagreeably.

REPELLING MOTHS.—If fine cut tobacco is sprinkled under the edges of the carpets, and under those places where book-cases, bureaus, etc., make it dark it will prevent the moths from laying their eggs in them.

STINGS AND BITES.—Carbonate of soda wet and applied externally to the bites of a spider or any venomous creature, will neutralize the poisonous effects almost instantly. It acts like a charm in the case of a snake bite.

CELERY SAUCE.—Cut a head of celery very fine, boil in very little water until perfectly tender, then add a teaspoon of milk, piece of butter as large as a hen's egg, flour to make it the consistency of cream; salt. This is very nice for fowl.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cupful of lard or butter, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of soda milk or cream, one tablespoonful of flour dissolved in warm water, and one tablespoonful of ginger; mix as soft as you can roll out, and roll quite thick.

SALAD DRESSING.—Stir together half cupful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of mixed mustard; add to this the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and half pint of vinegar; cook the whole until the egg seems cooked. When cold, pour over the cabbage, lettuce or meat. We use it mostly with cabbage, and it is excellent.

TO BAKE SHAD.—Empty and wash the fish with care, but do not open it more than necessary, and keep on the head and fins. Fill the inside with a stuffing made of bread crumbs, salt pork, an onion, sage, thyme, parsley, and pepper and salt; chop all together fine, fill and sew up the shad, and rub the fish over with the yolk of an egg and a little of the stuffing. Place it in a dripping pan with three or four slices of the pork over it and the roes at the side; bake one hour in a quick oven. If pork is objectionable, use butter instead.

TO DESTROY HOUSE INSECTS.—To thoroughly rid a house of red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, bed-bugs, and all crawling pests which infest our homes, take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water. Let it stand on the fire until the alum disappears, then apply it with a brush while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, and the like. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting or mop boards, if you suspect that they harbor vermin. Cockroaches will flee the paint which has been washed in cool alum water. If, in washing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the lime, it will also serve to keep insects at a distance.

TO BOIL BEEF.—Corned beef requires five or six hours of boiling to be good; if too salt, pour off the water after it has boiled half an hour, and put on fresh, hot water. Fresh beef requires about the same amount of boiling; let the water boil out after it has become quite tender, and if there is not much fat on it, put in a piece of butter, set the kettle on the top of the stove, and let it "fry down," turning it occasionally. To be nice the meat should be boiled so it falls to pieces; gravy may be made of the sediment by adding water and a little flour.