

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY; IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY; IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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Poetry.

BRING MY HARP.

Years have come and passed away
Golden locks have turned to gray,
Golden rings once so fair
Time has changed to silvery hair.
Yes, I'm near the river-side;
Soon I'll launch upon the tide,
While my boat with noiseless oar
Safe will reach the other shore.

Chorus.

Bring my harp to me again;
Let me play one gentle strain.
Let me hear its chords once more,
Ere I pass to yon bright shore.

Oh, these chords, with magic power,
Take me back to childhood's hour,
To the cot beside the sea,
Where I knelt at mother's knee.
But that mother, she is gone;
Calm she sleeps beneath the storm,
While I wander here below,
Waiting for a brighter home.

Chorus.

Soon I'll be among the blest,
Where the weary are at rest.
Soon I'll tread the golden shore
Singing praise forever more.
Now the boat is on the stream,
I can see the waters gleam;
Soon I'll be where angels roam;
Dear old harp, I'm going home.

Chorus.

Now the trials of life are past,
I'm safe at home at last.
Now my journey is complete,
I am singing music sweet.
Oh, these angels, how they sing
Praises to their heavenly King.
And I catch the sweetest song;
Dear old harp, I've reached my home.

Chorus.

My dear old harp I need no more;
I am safe on the golden shore;
I am singing music sweet,
As I tread the golden street.

—Selected.

Selections.

HERE AND THERE.

—According to Mr. Spurgeon's Pastor's College statistics to the close of 1879, it appears that since the foundation of the institution some 472 ministers have been educated in the college, and 132 churches formed, while through its instrumentality 36,123 persons have been baptized. The students in the college towards the close of the year numbered 110, whilst the evening classes were attended by some 200 students. The weekly amount required for maintenance is \$600, a large portion of which is contributed by the congregation of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

—Hume used to go to church sometimes in Scotland. Collins insisted on his servants going to church "that they might not rob or murder him." Voltaire "built a church to God" at Ferney. Mr. Huxley wants the Bible introduced into boarding-schools. Prof. Tyndal is indignant with being charged with hostility to religion; and Mr. Herbert Spencer leaves ample space for the "unknown and the unknowable." The heart, like nature, "abhors a vacuum;" it craves for something beyond a negation, and as long as the unknown is treated as "unknown," the craving is hard to satisfy.

—Religion may be said to commence when a soul ceases to keep back any secret from God. To live always bare to the soul's core in His sight is the condition of healthful religion. To speak out in His ear what cannot be spoken in another's those communicable things which each man's own spirit knows, and which can be told even to God only in such inarticulate groans as need a divine interpreter, this is that manner of praying which is a necessity in the religious life, and which can only be reached in secret. The reason for this necessity runs down into that mysterious personality which makes every being, at the last resort, a solitude, impervious to his fellow, accessible only to his God. Largely indeed it is with sin, the peculiar consciousness of which each man takes to be an unparalleled and incommunicable experience of his own; with sin, and with the secret struggle he has to make against it, that the solitary confessions and petitions of a Christian must for the present be occupied.—Yet this necessity for solitary prayer is so far from resting on the evil state of man that it is rather found to increase as men make progress toward perfection; while the memorable example of our Lord himself, throwing back light upon His words, demonstrates how indispensable, even to a perfect Son of God, was such retirement from human sight into the solitary presence of his Father.

ANOTHER CHAIR.

Years ago there stood in one of the squares of the town of Valenciennes a fine old Gothic tower. As it was remarkably lofty, the watchman could see from its upper windows over a great extent of country, and ring the alarm bell when fire occurred in the town.

In process of time it was said the tower itself gave certain signs of decay, and that ere long it would fall. It leaned to one side; and it was feared it would fall on a row of houses which lay near. For some days passers-by had seen small portions of stone or cement detaching themselves from the tower. The inhabitants of the neighboring houses were officially informed of their danger, and received notice to quit their premises. Great was their alarm, and they gathered what they could of their goods and removed to safer quarters.

One old woman could not be induced to leave any of her furniture or clothing behind her. The tower seemed to lean more and more. Large bits of stone, under the pressure, fell down the side. Some one said that the old woman still remained in her house. Soon afterwards she was seen at her door. The crowd called to her to come away. She would not but still continued to bring out old chairs, food and clothing. A generous young man rushed to her rescue, bringing her forcibly away, with whatever of her goods he could grasp with his arms. Shouts of applause greeted him on his return from his perilous expedition.

Every moment the final crash was expected, when suddenly, while all eyes were fixed on the tower, the old woman made a rush at her house. "I will have another chair," she said, and rushed inside her house. At the same moment, the tower, with an awful crash, fell, and crushed almost to powder the row of houses and all they contained. The old woman was never seen again.

We call her a fool, and doubtless she was; but was this woman upon whom the tower of Valenciennes fell, more foolish than hundreds of others who lay claim to wisdom and intelligence? The world itself passeth away and the lust thereof. Like a leaning tower it is tottering to its overthrow, and it needs but the jar of the coming earthquake to lay its glory in the dust; and yet men cling to this world, to its honors, its pleasures, its treasures, and its joys, and hesitate to break from its enchanting wiles. But this is only for a little while, the day of desolation will come already the great God has given warning to men and has told them of the frailty of all things earthly, of the brevity of life, the fleetness of time, and the certainty of approaching doom; but yet they refuse to heed the warning, and dread not the approaching calamity. At last the hour will come, when with flame and fire, with scatterings and tempest and hailstones, the enemies of the Lord shall be beaten down, "in the day of the great slaughter, when the towers fall." Isa. xxx. 25, 30. But beyond that hour of convulsion and calamity, there shall dawn a day of peace for those who have heeded the warning given, and have fled for refuge from the coming crash, when "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound."

OUR OWN.

BY MARY R. BALDWIN.

There are heads of families who, time and again, have read, "He that provideth not for his own is worse than an infidel," and have boldly faced what they supposed was the only truth they taught—the providing for physical wants.

I believe there are men by the score who would scorn to neglect the provision, even in the smallest detail who, nevertheless, are starving the soul of a wife or child.

"I have been thinking," said a sweet-voiced woman, as one spring morning she sat upon the porch, looking out with wistful eye upon the glad surprises of the opening season, "I have been thinking how sweet it would be to have one of the old surprises of my girlhood. I believe I have a weakness for them—at least my husband used to say, in our early married life, that when he gave me a surprise in the shape of some little pleasure trip, the effect was quite electrifying, it brightened me up so." "Why, then, does he not try it now?"

"Well, you know, as we get on in life we are absorbed in its cares, and do not see the wants of those who are nearest us, even."

That very afternoon I went to see a friend who was an invalid. She was afflicted with one of those obstinate nervous diseases so hard to cure, so little understood by those who have not suffered from them.

"I have had a horrible day," she said, "if I could make you understand, but I can not, I fear, just now I suffer."

"The shutting of a door, the sound of a footstep, the murmur of voices, have caused me almost an agony. My sisters do not understand it; they never did! and for years I have felt within myself that I was slowly but surely drifting to this."

"There have been times when I would have given worlds for just a few words of sympathy for my condition, but I had to do without them. When little events that the others did not seem to mind have sent me unnerved to my bed, I have been asked sarcastically: "Do you think you were born more sensitive than the rest of us? why can not you rise above these things as we do? I never tell my troubles now, and they kindly leave me to myself. They are not to blame, you see," she said in apology; "we are not alike, that is all, perhaps I am daring to hope this new treatment will make me nerve strong, like the rest."

"The new treatment may help her," I said, as I slowly walked home, "but who shall take away the scar of thoughtless, unsympathetic words?"

Will that husband ever open his eyes wide enough to see his wife faint before his eyes? and will he redeem the time, and bring back the light of her girlhood through a few of the old time surprises?

Will the sisters, through a gentle touch, a tender look or a sympathetic word, take one thorn from the memories that may torture them when perhaps, the revelation may come all too late, that they have shown cruelty even at their own fireside?

How careful we are to observe the courtesies of life with our neighbor, our friend, while we wound those who have the first demands upon us only because they are of our own household.—Church and Home.

A SCENE ON AN OHIO RIVER STEAMER.

BY REV. M. D. GAGE.

It is nearly twenty years since the following incident occurred. The occasion was one of deepest interest, showing the contrast between two widely different types of human character. On the same steamer were gathered a number of Christian ministers, on their way to the May anniversary of their denomination, at Cincinnati, and an equal number of professional gamblers.

As the boat glided onward through the ever-shifting scenes of the beautiful Ohio on a lovely morning, the sky began to assume the aspect which indicates a coming storm. The clouds rapidly gathered, and a violent wind arose, which swept furiously up the river, lashing the water into fury, and causing great loss of life and property, especially on the numerous flat-boats and coal-barges descending the stream. Many steamboats were placed in great peril, among them that of which I have spoken.

One of the clergymen on board describes the scene which ensued as the most impressive he had ever witnessed. As the storm broke in its fiercest violence upon them, threatening all on board with instant and inevitable death, the group of ministers stood erect on deck, their cheeks pale with the effect of conscious peril, calmly trusting in him who stilled the raging Sea of Genesareth, and confidently committing their loved ones, whom they expected to see no more on earth, to the hands of a covenant-keeping God, while the whole company of terrified gamblers, who had rushed from their places at the gaming-table on the sudden approach of danger, fell upon their knees in prayer for mercy, in agonizing tones of voice pleading for deliverance from peril or for pardon of their sins. No pen can describe the scene, and imagination alone can draw the picture of those hardened wretches thus suddenly brought face to face with death, as contrasted with that of Christian men calmly awaiting their fate.

The struggling steamer creaked and groaning at ever joint as the storm grappled with its sinewy form, an on seeming on the point of yielding the unequal contest, and then summoning all its power of resistance to repel the assaults of wind and wave. At last the crisis came and went, leaving the imperiled passengers and crew to experience that peculiar sense

of deliverance from imminent danger which none can understand who has not personally realized it. But in the moment of assured safety there was a most signal manifestation of the characteristics which marked the two groups of men in the steamer's deck.

No sooner was the danger past than the terrified gamblers rose from their knees, their fear of death being suddenly changed to fear of man, and with one consent they began to make mutual apologies for their weakness in the hour of peril. At the same moment, those Christian ministers, who had stood up bravely to meet death, fell upon their knees, and poured forth their grateful thanks to God for his preserving mercy. As the gamblers rallied from their terror and resumed their course of sin, the voice of song broke forth from a chorus of voices attuned to the praise of God, and there was a striking embodiment in real life of the ultimate state of the righteous and the wicked as foretold in the closing scene of the apocalyptic vision, Rev. 22: 11, 14, 15: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

SUCCESS IN PREACHING.

The want of success in preaching is not the criterion to encourage or discourage the minister. The present age is one of restless activity; we travel by steam, we write by telegraph, we talk by telephone. We desire to carry the same speed into our religious life, and because we cannot succeed with the same activity, we become restless and are ready to say all our religious efforts are failures. To check this impatience about success in religious matters, we should remember that God did not create the world in one day, that it takes now the same time for the earth to produce its fruits that it did before the flood. The husbandman must still wait for the precious fruit of the earth, and must have long patience for it until he receives the early and the latter rain. We must still continue to sow the precious seed, to water it and depend on God for the increase. It is not the learning of Paul, or the eloquence of Apollonius that secures the end; these are the instrumentalities ordained of God but the increase is of God.

The duty of the minister is to preach the Word in season and out of season, to rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and leave the result with God, and we have His promise that His word shall not return unto him void, but that it shall accomplish His will and prosper in the thing whereunto he sends it. The world will not be converted in a day, it will take time to do this, the Gospel must be preached among all nations for a witness to the truth that Christ is the only true and living way to the Father, that there is no other name under heaven given amongst men whereby we must be saved; and in many instances this gospel will be hid to those in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ should shine unto them.

The good seed sown was only productive in the proportion of one, in the good ground, to three. Noah was a preacher of righteousness, and labored for one hundred and twenty years while the ark was preparing, still there is no evidence that a single man believed his message and fled from the impending danger. Moses complained against Israel that they were a stiff-necked and rebellious race. Elijah was discouraged and supposed that he only was left of the true worshippers of Jehovah. Isaiah cries, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed." Christ was in his public ministry for three years, and the number of the disciples on the morning of the day of Pentecost was one hundred and twenty. Paul was greatly discouraged at Corinth, but the Lord spake to him in a vision by night, "Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace, for I have much people in this city." When ministers become low spirited and discouraged on account of apparent failures, they should reflect on these examples and facts as they are recorded in the Scriptures. God has a people in the world; He has ordained that by the foolishness of preaching He

will save them that believe. When we let fear of failure drive us from our post to seek some other place may not God in His providence say to us, as He said to Elijah, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"—Christian Observer.

A MURMURING MOTHER.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. It had always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie didn't want a cake, or a piece of paper to scribble on, or a bit of soap to make bubbles. "I'd rather be in prison," I said one day, "than have my life teased out so," as Jamie knocked my elbow, when I was writing to a friend.

But a morning came when I had one less plate to wash, one chair less to set away by the wall in the dining room; when Jamie's little crib was put away into the garret, and it has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with him that damp May morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience than at any other time. By and by he was singing in another room.

"I want to be an angel!" and presently rang out that metallic croup cough. I never heard that hymn since, that it does not cut me to the heart; for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse towards night, and when my husband came home he went for the doctor. At first he seemed to help him, but it merged into inflammation, croup, and was soon over.

"I ought to have been called in sooner," said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash the dishes now; and when a visitor comes I can sit down and entertain her without having to work all the time. There is no little boy to worry me to open his jackknife, there are no shavings. The magazines are not soiled with looking at the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading table, just as I leave them.

"Your carpet never looks dirty," say weary worn mothers to me.

"Oh, no," I Mutter to myself, "there are no muddy little boots to dirty it now."

But my face is as weary as theirs' weary of sitting in my lonesome parlor at twilight, weary with watching or the little arms that used to twine around my neck, for the little curls that brushed against my cheeks, for the young laugh that rang out with mine, as we watched the blazing coal fire or made rabbits with the shadows on the wall, waiting merrily together for papa to come home. I have the wealth and ease I longed for, but at what price?

Reader—young mother, you may be—had you heard this mother tell her story you would have felt disposed with the writer to say, "I will be more patient with my little ones I will murmur less."—Selected.

NO SECRETS.

The moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age, the better. It is almost a test of her purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest.

In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother; do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush. When you are married never, never, never conceal anything from your husband. Never allow yourself to write a letter that he may not know all about, or receive one that you are not quite willing he should read. Have no mysteries whatever. Tell those about you where you go and what you do. Those who have the right to know, I mean, of course.

A little secretiveness has set many a scandal afloat; and much as is said about women who tell too much they are better off than women who tell too little. A man may be reticent, and he under no suspicion; not so a woman.

The girl who frankly says to her mother; "I have been here. I met so and so. Such and such remarks were made, or this or that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right no fault will be found. If the mother knows out of her greater experience that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition.

Some mothers when they discover that their girls are hiding things from them, rebuke or scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not know, girls, just what is right—just what is wrong yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes, but you will never do anything very wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.—Pres. Journal.

Farm and Fireside.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

To whiten ivory—boil in time water.

To clean zinc—rub on fresh lard with cloth and wipe dry.

Never put a pudding that is to be steamed in anything else than a dry mould.

Paint splashed upon a window glass can be easily removed by a strong solution of soda.

Old potatoes may be freshened up by plunging them into cold water before cooking them.

The water used in mixing bread must be tepid. If it is too hot the loaves will be full of holes.

To give stoves a good polish—rub them with a piece of brussels carpet after blackening them.

A mixture of oil and ink is good to clean kid boots with; the first softens and the latter blackens them.

Two ounces of permanganate of potassa thrown into a cistern will render the foulest water sweet and pure.

New linen, may be embroidered more easily by rubbing it over with fine white soap; it prevents the thread from cracking.

A flannel cloth dipped into warm soap suds, then into whiting, and applied to paint, will instantly remove all grease.

BUCKWHEAT FOR BEES.

A good deal has been said for and against, as regards buckwheat being a good honey plant, and whether it paid to litter up a farm with the ineradicable stuff, for the sake of breeding a few bees. Recent experiments by prominent and extensive apiarists in this and neighboring States, satisfy us without doubt that buckwheat is valuable as a honey plant. It was found in these experimental beds that the silver hull variety has more flowers on the plants, and yields more to the acre. The honey is dark, but is preferred to all other kinds by some people. It blooms from four to six weeks after sowing.

It will do fairly well on any soil, but thrives best on rich soil. It should be sown broadcast, three pecks to the acre. It is usually sown here late in July, but for bees it had better be sown early in June, then it will bloom "the middle of July," when bloom is usually absent, and will, we think, yield just as well; though we judge simply from observing small plants. The cultivation before sowing should be deep and thorough. It is safe in estimating that each acre of buckwheat sown within 1½ miles of any apiary is worth \$100.—Minnesota Farmer.

Reader—young mother, you may be—had you heard this mother tell her story you would have felt disposed with the writer to say, "I will be more patient with my little ones I will murmur less."—Selected.

ERRORS IN THE MANAGEMENT OF POULTRY.

Because the largest and finest specimens of young fowls are the most desirable to kill off and the small and inferior ones and the old hens are saved to lay eggs and raise chickens. The repetition of this plan from year to year is the most effectual one on earth to degenerate the flock unprofitable for eggs, the old hens becoming worthless and diseased, and the young ones will be dwarfed and feeble.

It seldom pays to keep hens the third year. With age, they become great eaters, fatten, stop laying, get diseased and die. They may not entirely stop laying, but are not profitable layers. To improve the flock pursue the opposite course from the one first mentioned. Select for the market all the old fowls and the inferior specimens of young ones. Especially avoid the great error of in-and-in breeding.

Change the cockles every year either by purchasing or exchanging with a neighbor. In doing so never select an inferior specimen. Pure breed fowls being more potent are the most desirable.—Stock F. & H. Weekly.

It is a waste of capital to buy expensive animals and undertake to keep them upon poor pastures or poor hay. To attempt to make up the difference by feeding upon grain will take off all the profit, and the animals will inevitably deteriorate. There is no food that can be profitably substituted, in the long run, for grass and hay.

The loss yearly to the people of the South by the ravages of the cotton worm is estimated to be \$12,000,000, which is increased twice and one half as much in extremely bad years.

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SELECTED RECEIPTS.

FOR SORE EYES.—Take two tablespoonfuls of honey, tablespoonful salt, tablespoonful tincture of balsam buds, tablespoonful gum pine. Make a paste and put it over the eyes. A thin cloth to go on the eyes first.

RELIEF FOR DYSPEPSIA.—Drun alum until the moisture in it is evaporated; then take as much as you can put on a dime, about half an hour before eating. Three or four days will probably answer, but take it until cured.

SALVE FOR CUTS AND BURNS.—Drun alum until the moisture in it is evaporated; then take as much as you can put on a dime, about half an hour before eating. Three or four days will probably answer, but take it until cured.

TO PREPARE AN EGG FOR AN INVALID.—Beat an egg until very light add seasoning to the taste, then steam until thoroughly warmed, but not powdered. This will take about two minutes. An egg prepared in this way will not distress even very sensitive stomachs.

CORK FOR SCOURING.—Having tried several different things—a bit of cloth, part of a potato, &c.—none of which were quite satisfactory, I think I can now exclaim, Eureka! I have found that a large cork (an inch jug cork, costing one cent) is very nice, being both stiff and flexible, and the knives are polished with very little exertion.

BAKED MEAT WITH POTATOES.—Pare nice potatoes, cutting large ones in two, and place them in a dripping pan. Take a good roasting piece of either beef, mutton, pork, or veal, season well with pepper and salt and put it atop of the potatoes, and bake in a quick oven. The meat should be fat enough to make sufficient drippings to baste with, otherwise butter or good lard should be added. No water is needed until about ten minutes before the meat is done, when a little should be put in the pan, and the meat should be dredged with flour. After the meat and potatoes are disbed, a nice gravy should be made from the drippings in the pan.

The sowing of clover seed, I think, is one of the most important and profitable things that is done on the farm; for, in my opinion, clover is our main reliance in keeping up the tith and fertility of the soil on our large farms. Clover is the only grass that we raise for hay that does not exhaust but continues to improve the land as long as it grows. The roots of the clover plant, penetrating very deep into the soil, loosening and enriching it with its different elements of fertility, it is said by practical farmers, enrich the soil fully as much as the tops of the plant. I think with a proper rotation of crops that with clover alone land can be kept as rich as you might desire it; but you must have your land rich enough, in the first place, to produce and grow clover, for it is useless and a waste of money and time to sow clover seed on poor land.

I think that the best time to sow clover seed in the spring is from the 15th of March to the 1st of April. Seeded earlier than this, I have known it to be killed by slight freezing of the ground. The young clover plant, before it has four leaves, is very tender, and is easily killed by slight freezing, as I know from my own experience. A few years since, I seeded clover and orchard grass on a piece of rich lowgrounds, upon which I had just seeded oats. The land was in fine condition to receive the grass seed. It was the 1st of March, and the weather continued good and mild until the clover and orchard grass came up. I examined it, and never saw a better stand of grass. In a day or two there was a heavy frost and slight freeze, and more than half of the young clover was killed out—the orchard grass was not hurt, and I cut several fine crops of hay from the land.

After seeding the clover seed one and a half gallons on lowgrounds, and one gallon on highland, I run a two-horse harrow directly after the hands who are seeding. This secures a much better stand of clover, and is very improving to the wheat. If the wheat is very thin, and the ground cloddy, I prefer to run a roller, as the harrow in that case would be apt to cover and pull up too much of the wheat. I think that thick seeding is very necessary on our lowgrounds to keep down the growth of other grass and weeds.

T. M. DEITRICK.

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