

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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Poetry.

LINES.

BY REV. H. B. HAYES.

Original.

How cheerless is the place,
Without Thy presence, Lord,
The tokens of Thy love and grace,
The comforts of Thy word!

But when Thy face we see,
How brilliant every line,
How quick the shadows flee away,
How bright Thy glories shine.

And when this heart lies still,
The pulse doth cease to beat,
The opening scenes of glory will
The deathless spirit greet.

Will open bright the heavenly day,
On that celestial shore,
And clouds of sorrow pass away,
And will return no more.

And then to our immortal King,
Amid the seats of heaven,
The shining hosts His praise shall sing,
And endless honors be given.

Selections.

HERE AND THERE.

—Be graceful if you can, but if you can't be graceful, be true.—*Dr. Armitage.*

—The young lady who can make a boast of her ignorance of all household duties should be allowed to become an old maid.

—He is a church member, but has not been to prayer meeting during the past year. He did not have time. He belonged to six different "societies," and they took all his nights.

—Joining in the amusements of others is, in our state, the next thing to sympathy in their distresses, and even the slenderest bond that holds society together should rather be strengthened than snapt.

—One who prides himself that "I am a plain blunt man, who always say what I mean," and accordingly goes about saying all things at all times, without regard to courtesy, discretion, or Christian kindness, is not a model of frankness, but rather a social pest.—*S. S. Times.*

—Friend or enemy, it is important to know just where your acquaintances stand. We have a great deal of sympathy with the western hunter who "observed" that "the rattlesnake is a square, honest reptile, that lets you know when he means to recon business and gives you time to step back."

—Old Phineas Rice was one of the quaint types of itinerant Methodist preachers. He had a hard patch to cultivate once, and when he made his report to the Conference following, he reported the church "looking up." The Bishop presiding expressed his pleasure, but asked for an explanation, because no one expected success in that parish. Bro. Rice was equal to the occasion, and added, "Well, Bishop, the church is on its back, and can't look any other way." There was a roar of laughter all over the Conference.—*Ex. and Chron.*

—The *Covenant* reminds Col. Ingersoll who tauntingly says that "the preachers in the United States cost us \$12,000,000 every year," that the lawyers in this country cost the people about \$7,000,000, and the criminals \$40,000,000 and that the liquor bill amounts to about \$60,000,000. According to this there are some things which cost a good deal more than the preachers, among which is the profession of which Col. Ingersoll is a member.

—There is great meaning in the words that Jesus was continually using to describe the work that He did for men's souls. He brought them into "the kingdom of God." The whole burden of His preaching was to establish the kingdom of God.—The purpose of the new birth for which He labored was to make men subjects of the kingdom of God. Is it not clear what it means? The kingdom of God for any soul is that condition, anywhere in the universe where God is that soul's king, where it seeks and obeys the highest, where it loves truth and duty more than comfort and luxury. Have you entered the kingdom of God? Oh, how much that means. Has any love of God taken possession of you so that you want to do His will above all things, and try to do it all the time? Has Christ brought you there? If He has, how great and new and glorious the life of the kingdom seems. No wonder that He said you must be born again before you could enter there. How poor life seems outside that kingdom! How beautiful and glorious inside its gates!

SUCH AS I HAVE.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

"It just makes me sick at heart whenever I think of poor Mrs. Stiles," exclaimed tender-hearted Mrs. Warren, as she turned a tea-cup in a pan of hot water before her, and then proceeded to wipe it dry.

"Any new trouble, Sarah?" asked her husband, as he turned the newspaper he had been reading.

"No, I don't know as there is; but, dear me! I don't see how the woman could live if another drop of hardship should come to her. Husband in the insane asylum; her only daughter just dead, leaving these two mites of children; one son with all that he can do to get bread for his own family; the other son in Texas or some where; not a cent hardly to spend for herself, as I happen to know. I just think it's too bad; and if ever there was a deserving creature in this world, Mrs. Stiles is one."

"That's true, Sarah; but what can we do for her? Silver and gold we have none, you know, but such as we have I am sure I would be glad enough to give her, if I only knew what we could give that would help her any."

"Silver and gold wouldn't come amiss, I'm pretty sure," rejoined the good wife. "I can't tell any more than you what we've got that would do her any good; but she shan't lack for a comforting word once in a while. I couldn't sleep last night, just for thinking of her."

There is a power of good in a little thing sometimes," remarked Uncle Jacob, who had been listening attentively to the conversation. Uncle Jacob, as he was called by all the Warren family, was Mrs. Warren's only brother, who recently had returned to their Ohio home after having lived several years in California and Colorado. "That winter I was down in that Colorado mining camp, shut in there with all those rough men, I thought more of a letter from the folks at home than I did of silver or gold; and once when I got one from Mary that had one from Willie in it, I just went away from the men and cried. You see, when Willie found out that his mother was writing to me, he wanted to write a letter too; so Mary gave him a piece of paper and a pen, and he went to work to write papa a letter. Great work he made of it, to be sure, for he wasn't three years old; but Mary sent it just as he folded it, and I tell you that piece of paper, all blotted and crumpled, was worth more to me than a bank note; and no bank note could buy it now."

Tears came to the eyes of more than one member of that household, for Uncle Jacob's wife and baby Willie both had died the previous year.

Nelly Warren wiped her eyes, and leaned forward to stroke the cat, attempting at the same time to choke back a sob. Pussy jumped into her lap, and the little girl sat a long time stroking the soft fur and thinking.

"And the King shall answer and say unto me, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

This was her "quarter verse." The teacher of the Sunday-school class to which Nelly belonged gave to each of her scholars on the first Sunday of every quarter a verse, the teaching of which she desired the scholar to apply specially to her character and life during that quarter. Nelly had at once memorized her verse, and was on the alert for opportunities of doing something for Christ by helping people about her.

"Remember, Nelly," her teacher had said to her, "that Christ takes note of every little thing; and if you can do nothing more than speak a kind word to a schoolmate, or gladness of some heart by the gift of a flower, if you do it for him he will accept the service as done to him."

"What can I do for poor Mrs. Stiles?" was the question she was trying to answer, as she sat there almost unconsciously stroking the back of the drowsy cat.

The question was still unanswered when the clock announced her bed time; but as she went to her room she said to herself: "I'll go and see Mrs. Stiles to-morrow, and I'll ask the Lord before I go to show me what I can do to help her."

"Mother, may I use the new scrap-book you gave me yesterday just as I want to?"

"Why, I think you may, Nellie, of course. I got it for you to keep those clippings in you think so much of. Don't you want to use it for that?"

"That's what I intended to do, but I have a new plan now. When I

heard what you said last night about Mrs. Stiles I thought I'd like to do something to bring a little sunshine into her life, so I stopped there just now on my way home from school, and I asked the Lord to show me if there was anything I could do for her and I think he answered my prayer right away. When I went in, Mrs. Stiles was reading a letter she'd just received from Bob Mason. You know she always thought a great deal of him, and he calls her 'mother' when he writes to her, and she says his letters are a great comfort to her and he always sends her some little poem or some other good thing he has cut from the papers, and you know how fond she is of such things. In the letter she got to-day, he sent a little poem about 'Trust,' and she said it did her so much good she was more willing than ever to put her hand in God's hand and let him lead her. Then she showed me a little box with a good many scraps in it which Bob had sent to her; and she said since she had been obliged to give up the religious paper she had taken for years, she just reads over and over those clippings Bob sends her, and now some of them are getting quite worn. I thought, if you'd let me, I'd fill that big new scrap-book about half full with my clippings, and give it to Mrs. Stiles, and she could have the other half for those she gets from Bob Mason. It wouldn't be much to give to some folks, but she thinks so much of these things, and she misses her paper so."

Uncle Jacob had come in from the barn while Nelly was eagerly making her plan known, and as she stopped for her mother's approval of it, which she felt sure would be given, he said:

"We'll all put in the whole evening, Nelly, on that scrap-book, and if we find good things enough we'll fill the book full. I guess Mrs. Stiles ought to have a scrap-book just for those things Bob sends her. We'll get it for her in some way."

No household in the land could have been happier that evening than the Warrens. The table was left standing in the middle of the room after the supper dishes were cleared away, and about it were gathered Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Uncle Jacob, and Nelly, all interested in filling the scrap-book. Nelly brought the book and her little box of clip-pings; Mrs. Warren brought out another lot of scraps which had been accumulating for several years; while Mr. Warren brought down from an old chest up stairs a pile of old papers which had been laid away months before, "because it seemed too bad to destroy such papers." From the scraps already cut, Mrs. Warren and Nelly began at once to make selections and to paste the chosen ones into the book, while Mr. Warren and Uncle Jacob searched the papers for such tid-bits as they all knew would delight the heart of their unfortunate neighbor.

It was late when the book was filled, "but it's been a good work for us," remarked Uncle Jacob. "I've got hold of some thoughts myself to-night that I guess will help me to be a better man. This work's done me good, Nelly, if it never helps anybody else."

The next morning Mr. Warren and Uncle Jacob went down to the village, and when Nelly came in from school in the afternoon she saw on the table three new scrap-books. "This one is for Mrs. Stiles to use as she may wish; that one Uncle Jacob bought for his own use; and the other father bought for you," explained Mrs. Warren.

When Nellie took the two scrap-books to Mrs. Stiles' poor little home the good lady had gone to a neighbor's house to tea, so she wrote a note, and left it with the books just inside the door. When she returned from school the next day the following note awaited her:

DEAR NELLIE: How did you know I have been hungry for weeks for just the things you brought me last night? I can't thank you, but the Lord will repay you in some way, for I am sure he considers it a gift to himself. May he in all your sorrow send you comfort as you have comforted me. Come and see me very soon.

Your loving friend,
CAROLINE STILES.

"I think," said Nellie, as she reread the note, "the Lord has taught me that I must not wait to do some great thing for him, but that he is pleased and honored when I give willingly and cheerfully such as I have."—*S. S. Times.*

Nothing costs less, and nothing purchases as much, as a kind, respectful, courteous and agreeable treatment to others.

SAVED FOR GREAT PURPOSES.

One night in a small town in the north of England, a clergyman's house caught fire. The fire burnt so fiercely that there was only time for the family to run for their lives. Some of them were scorched and burnt as they escaped. But one child, not quite six years old, was left in the house. The light from the fire woke the little fellow up. He jumped out of bed and ran to the door, but the flames drove him back. Then he cried for help. His father heard, and tried to get up the stairs to him; but could not force his way through the fire. The father thought his poor son was lost, he must be burnt to death. But he knelt down and prayed to God for him. The little boy ran to the window, mounted a chest that stood under it, and called to the people below. Somebody saw him, and shouted, "Fetch a ladder!" But there was no time for that; the flames had seized the roof and it was plainly about to fall in. So one man leaned against the wall, and another stood on his shoulders to reach the boy down. The boy leaped into his arms and was saved "a brand plucked from the burning." I dare say most of you know who the little boy was. It was John Wesley, God had a great work for John Wesley to do, and he kept him alive to do it.

Two boys were fencing—that is preparing to fight with swords as though they were soldiers. They had real swords with a button at the point of each, to prevent their hurting one another. One of the buttons broke, and the sharp sword ran through the side of one of the boys and nearly killed him. But it just missed the most dangerous place, and the wounded lad by and by got better. Another time the same boy swimming in deep water; the ribbon which tied up his hair got loose and caught his leg. He struggled to free himself, but could not. He was about to sink, when the ribbon loosened itself, and he was safe. Another time, when he had grown up to be a young man, he was swimming in the river Rhine, which is a very broad and rapid river. He did not notice where he was going, and soon got into the very midst of its strong current. He said: "The water there was extremely rough, and poured along like a galloping horse." It carried him on till he struck against the strong timbers upon which a mill was built. The steam forced him right under the mill, and he became quite insensible. When he woke up, he found himself in a piece of smooth water the other side of the mill. Some men helped him on shore. He had been carried five miles from the place where he plunged into the water. Yet he was not hurt in the least. The person I have just told you about was John Fletcher, one of the holiest men that ever lived. He became a great friend of John Wesley, did much good as a minister of the gospel, and wrote some very useful books. God had work for John Fletcher to do, so he would not let him die.

Perhaps you have never been in such danger as Moses and John Wesley and John Fletcher were. But you must remember God keeps you alive every day and every hour. Any day an accident might happen to you, or you might be taken ill and die. God keeps you alive, and guards you from all harm, because he has work for you. Will you ask him, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" And will you try to live so that when you see what he wants you to do, you may be able to do it? But remember, the very first thing God wishes in those who serve him, is that they love him. And then, though he may not give you quite as grand and well-known work as he gave Moses, John Fletcher, and John Wesley, you can all be as holy. And God will find you the work you can do best.

DYING WORDS.—It is probably natural that at the last the scenes which have made the strongest impressions in life should be recalled by memory. The old mountaineer, when he comes to die, with his last whisper, says his snow shoes are lost; with the stage driver he is "on the down grade and cannot reach the brake; the miner cannot get to the air-pipe; the sailor says eight bells have sounded; and the gambler plays his last trump. A little girl died a few years ago, and as her mother held her wrist and noted the fainting and flickering pulse, a smile came to the wan face, and the child whispered: "There's no more desert here, mamma, but all the world is full of beautiful flowers." A moment later the smile became transfixed. In an Eastern city, not long ago, a Sister of Charity lay dying, and at last from a stuper she opened her eyes and said: "It is strange; every tear that I have shed, has become a living flower around me, and they bring to my senses an incense ineffible."

EXECUTION OF RIDLEY AND LATTIMER.

In turning round, however, Ridley saw Latimer coming up behind him in the frieze coat, with the cap and handkerchief—the work-day costume, unaltered except that under his cloak and reaching to his feet, the old man wore a long new shroud.

"Oh! be ye there?" Ridley exclaimed.

"Yea," Latimer answered. "Have after as fast as I can follow." Ridley ran to him and embraced him.

"Be of good heart, brother," said he; "God will either assuage the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it."

They knelt and prayed together, and they exchanged a few words in a low voice, which were not overheard. Lord Williams, the Vice-Chancellor, and the doctors, were seated on a platform close to the stake. A sermon was preached, "a scant one," "of scarce a quarter of an hour," and then Ridley begged that for Christ's sake he might say a few words. Lord Williams looked to the doctors, one of whom started from his seat, and laid his hands on his lips.

"Recant," he said, "and you may both speak and live."

"So long as the breath is in my body," Ridley answered, "I will never deny my Lord Christ and His own truth. God's will be done in me. I commit our cause," he said in a loud voice, turning to the people, "Almighty God, who shall indifferently judge all."

The brief preparations were swiftly made. Ridley gave his gown and tippet to his brother-in-law, and distributed remembrances among those who were nearest to him. To Sir Henry Lee he gave a new gown; to others he gave handkerchiefs, nutmegs, slices of ginger, his watch and miscellaneous trifles; "some plucked off the points of his hose;" "happy," it was said "was he that might get any rag of him."

Latimer had nothing to give. He threw off his cloak, stood bolt upright in his shroud, and the friends took their places on either side of the stake. "Oh, Heavenly Father," Ridley said, "I give unto Thee most humble thanks for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee even unto death. Have mercy, O Lord, on this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies."

A chain was passed round their bodies, and fastened with a staple. A friend brought a bag of powder, and hung it round Ridley's neck. "I will take it to be sent of God," Ridley said. "Have you any more for my brother?"

"Yes, sir," the friend answered. "Give it him betimes, then," Ridley replied, "lest it be too late."

The fire was then brought. To the last moment Ridley was distressed about the leases, and bound as he was, he entreated Lord Williams to intercede with the Queen about them. "I will remember your suit," Lord Williams answered.

The lighted torch was laid to the fagot. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," Latimer cried, at the crackling of the flame. "Play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." "In manus tuas, Domine commendo spiritum meum." "O Father of Heaven," said Latimer, on the other side, "receive my soul."

Latimer died first; as the flame blazed up about him he bathed his hands in it, and stroked his face. The powder exploded, and he became instantly senseless. His companion was less fortunate. The sticks had been piled too thickly over the gorse that was under them; the fire smoldered round his legs, and the sensation of suffering was unusually protracted. "I cannot burn," he called; "Lord have mercy on me; let the fire come to me; I cannot burn." His brother-in-law, with awkward kindness, threw on more wood, which only kept down the flame. At last some one lifted the pile with "a bill," and let in the air; the red tongues of fire shot up fiercely. Ridley wrenched himself into the middle of them, and the powder did its work.—*History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude, M. A.

A Southern physician has written a pamphlet to show that, as he believes, limestone-built cities are healthier, and have no record of malarial disease, and giving the reasons why, in his opinion, this is true of them. He asserts that "limestone is ever absorbing carbonic acid," no matter from what produced, and, "like vegetation, is ever converting said deadly poison into pure oxygen."

Farm and Fireside.

THE APPLE.

The apple is undoubtedly the most valuable, as well as the most widely known of the whole family of fruits. It has been termed by the great "Fruit Man," Downing, as the world-renowned fruit of the temperate climates. It seems, too, to be a native of the larger part of the whole globe. It was well known long before the agricultural press came into existence, and is described by several writers of antiquity. Its age and general acquaintance among the nations of the world even has failed to make it the universal favorite that it should be.

The apple will flourish in a greater variety of soils than most other fruits and are more prolific as a rule. The great mistake which the average farmer makes in its cultivation is in deeming it incapable of higher cultivation. Few take the trouble to do anything to their apple trees, thinking that while all other fruits require care and attention the apple tree is endowed by nature with a supernatural vitality, which will save them all cultivation. Here lies the secret of a good apple crop. Every tree, whether cultivated for fruit or foliage, requires attention and correction, and none more so than the apple tree.

Most farmers assume that the apple orchard will take care of itself, and give it no thought. Cultivation, care and attention will do for the apple exactly what it has done for the peach and the pear, and the day will come when the ordinary market apple will command as much attention and be entitled to as much commendation for luscious qualities as the peach or pear. Our people must, however, first divest themselves of the prejudicial idea that while other fruits require attention, the apple will take care of itself.—*Exchange.*

MAKING TIMBER DURABLE.—An easy and simple method of rendering timber unusually durable, if not practically indestructible, is of the greatest value to the agricultural community. Fence posts, sills of buildings and other timber exposed to influences which cause rapid decay, last but a few years under ordinary circumstances. It has long been known that lime is an effective preservative, acting in this way by coagulating the albumen in the cellular tissue of the timber. An easy method of preparing the timber has been applied practically by a French mining engineer. A pit was made in which the timber was placed; quick lime was scattered over it, and then slaked with water.

After being exposed a few days to the action of the lime, the timber was removed and used as supports for the roof of a mine. Where unprepared timber lasted but two years, that prepared in this way has been in use for several years without the least appearance of decay. This method of preservation commends itself for its simplicity and cheapness for farm use.

BAKED APPLES.—This is a very beautiful dish, and may be made a very enticing one. Pare and core large, juicy apples, but do not break them in pieces; fill the centres with sugar, a little lemon juice and a thin bit of the yellow part of the lemon rind; put a clove in each apple; lay them in a pan with a little water in the bottom; sprinkle sugar on the tops and bake; taste them often, and when done set away to cool. Put them on ice if you can, the colder they are the better. Whip cream and spread over them thickly; send powdered sugar around with them. If you cannot get cream, content yourself by serving the apples with rich milk and sugar, or a boiled custard may be poured over them.

GRAFTING WAX.—As the grafting season is at hand, and so many inquiries are made about grafting wax, we give an approved formula that has ever given satisfaction: One pound rosin; one-fourth pound bees-wax; one-fourth pound tallow. If the weather is quite cold, substitute two ounces linseed oil for the tallow. This amount—the half of it, or any multiple of it—may be made, provided the proportions remain the same. It may be applied to a cloth with a brush when quite warm, and allowed to cool, when it is cut in strips an inch and a half or two inches wide. Common field clay of tenacious quality bound around the scion answers every purpose.

THE actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most agreeable in them.

THE FEEDING VIRTUES OF BRAN.

In an article under this heading in the *N. Y. Times*, Alexander Hyde shows, from the analysis and manufacture of bran, that it is a very high value for stock feeding, and that Graham flour, (that is, flour retaining the bran) is a more wholesome and nutritious food than flour when bolted. In concluding an elaborate article on the subject, he says:

The conclusion is irresistible that bran has not been sufficiently appreciated as food for stock in past times, and that Dr. Graham was right when he recommended unbolted flour as the best for bread making. Graham flour is specially adapted for children as it furnishes the material for making bones and developing good teeth. Some objection is made to the use of bran by farmers, as it has a laxative tendency. This is due to mechanical, not chemical, influences the coarse particles, when fed alone, often irritating the intestines, especially at the first feeding, if given in large quantity. This may be obviated by feeding bran gradually at first, and in connection with hay. A slightly laxative condition of the bowels is far heavier than one of constipation; and if children are troubled with the latter, Graham bread is just the food they need.

One great recommendation of bran as food for stock is that it makes the manure pile so rich. A large proportion of the inorganic matter (ash) in bran is composed of the various phosphates, just what most old soils need, these salts having been carried off in the milk and meat sold. We have seen wonderful changes produced on old farms by liberal feeding of cows with wheat bran. The pastures in a few years have renewed their age. Rye bran is not quite so rich in ash as wheat, but it makes an excellent food for producing milk, as it contains over 12 per cent. of protein compound, just the thing for cheese-making, and over 2 per cent of fats. Indeed, dairy farmers generally give the preference to rye bran, and one reason is that it is finer, and does not induce such a laxative condition of the bowels.

HOW JAPANESE KEEP MEAT.—The Japanese keep meat fresh in hot weather by placing the raw flesh in porcelain vessels and pouring on it boiling water, whereby the albumen of the surface is quickly coagulated and forms a protection against the further action of the water. Oil is then poured on the surface of the water so as to prevent the access of air and consequent putrefaction of the meat.

COLD SLAW.—Cut the slaw up fine, take a teaspoonful of vinegar, with a little salt, pepper, mustard and sugar, a lump of butter about the size of a walnut, 3 teaspoonful of sour cream, 1 egg beaten up and mixed with the rest, set on the fire to boil, stirring it occasionally; pour it hot over the cold slaw, cover up the dish till ready for the table.

GERMAN COFFEE CAKE.—Take bread dough the last time it is to be mixed, spread thinly on a buttered tin; let it rise; indent the top deeply with your finger; sift sugar and powdered cinnamon over and dip on a little sweet cream. Bake immediately. It makes a splendid breakfast dish with coffee.

STALE BREAD.—A nice way to use stale bread is to fry it, simply dipping it in cold water before putting it in the buttered frying pan. It will brown nicely and is liked by many as well as if dipped in beaten eggs. The latter makes a nice change in the bill of fare.

MARSHALL B. SHAW, of Chesterfield, N. H., had one ewe that gave birth to three lambs, all ewes. Before the lambs were a year old each had a lamb, while the old ewe brought forth twins, making a flock of nine from one mother within a year's time.

TO CLEAN SILVER.—Never put a particle of soap on silverware if you would have it retain its luster, soapsuds make it look like pewter. Wet a flannel cloth in kerosene, dip it in dry whiting and rub the plated ware, let it dry on it and then polish with a Chamois skin.

A FARMER should always think in advance of his work. The whole plan must be laid out in the head before the hands are put to it.

PLOWING should be done only when the soil will crumble loosely; when the plow smears the upturned surface the soil will be injured.