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

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Number 18.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

"Done, Davy Croxall," said a pleasant-looking man, who had thrown up his hat, and was looking at the stranger with a friendly smile. "I'm glad to see you, and I hope you're well. I've been thinking of you for some time, and I'm glad to hear that you're still in the boat."

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OVER-SENSITIVENESS.

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Many years ago we made a flying visit, in the summer-time, to Roanoke Island, in North Carolina. We shall never forget the flying hordes of ubiquitous and omnivorous mosquitoes. Mosquitoes to the right of us—mosquitoes to the left of us—mosquitoes in the front and the rear. We were obliged to fight every inch of our way; but it was like taking up arms against a sea of troubles, and supposing by opposing to end them. Proud of our fancied blue blood, and reluctant to have it shed in such ignominious battle, we would fain have run away, in hope of fighting another day; but noticing that the natives seemed to enjoy immunity from the winged pests, we asked one of them who proved to be somewhat of a wag, how it was that they were unmolesked; whereupon, with the utmost gravity, he answered: "Stranger, a mosquito will never bite where a mosquito has bit; and we folks that live here have been bitten all over, a great while ago." We thanked him for his explanation, but preferred not to purchase immunity at so dear a cost. And yet, no doubt, there was a deal of philosophy in the old man's reply. There is a possibility of getting toughened against the little irritations that come upon us from without. Blessed is the man who hath attained unto such a condition, that he can move through the midst of them without exasperation.

CHURCH GOING.

Rev. Prof. R. G. Hitchcock of this city, in a recent sermon, spoke in substance as follows in reference to the causes of neglect of public worship:

"A report reaches us from New England, where thirty or forty years ago every farmer hitched up his team and took his family to worship on the Lord's day, that the horse sheds are all rotten and not required for use, and well-to-do farmers lounge around instead of going to church. And so it is in a different sense in the great cities. People who go to church now-a-days dress so well—like Indians going to a pow-wow, in all the glory of paint and feathers—that those who cannot afford to dress well remain at home. Then, again, the science and revelation is a great drawback to the attendance of the masses at worship. We are now, as it were, on the banks of Newfoundland, ploughing through a heavy fog. Let us keep our steamers' head straight and we will come out all right on the other side. I do not complain of the many costly churches that are built, because nothing can be too costly that is dedicated to the Lord, but the trouble is that they are not given to the Lord when they are built, but a heavy pew rent is charged that keeps away the masses. Keep on in that way and you will shut out the masses. You build churches for the rich and chapels for the poor. You may fill your churches, but your chapels will be as empty as the cage from which the bird had flown. Then, again, large sums are expended for music, and you tax men to pay for it who have no ear for music. We are losing from our Protestant churches the masses—the bone and sinew of the nation—and the chapels won't save them to us. I don't believe in poor preaching for the poor people. You must go to the poor and bring them in with you. There is one fact you must understand, and that is, that if you don't begin to grapple with the masses they will soon grapple with you. I don't want to insult you by calling you cowards, but you must remember that there are in this country many wild Socialist dreamers, who are ready to lead the masses, who are troubled sorely, many of them, by domestic sorrows. They look at your comfortable homes and compare them with their desolate ones. They see the stores groaning under a weight of silks and satins, and have them flung in their faces as you walk the streets. Can you wonder that they grind their teeth when they remember their own beloved ones in rags? These poor dreamers will dream and dream on, but they will meet with a bitter disappointment. Do your work, then, as Christians; go out to the highways and byways and help lift up the masses."

RESULTS OF VIVISECTION.

A series of highly interesting experiments with dogs has been lately made by Prof. Mott, and in the *Scientific American* of Feb. 7 a detailed account is given. The disclosures are so unpleasant and startling, coming home, as they do, to every one, that we believe they should be given the greatest publicity. The effort Dr. Mott is making to purify our articles of kitchen use should receive the support of every thinking man and woman. There has been too much indifference on this subject—Americans earning the title of "a race of dyspeptics." Poison, year after year, is introduced into the stomach with a criminal disregard to consequences that is appalling. If every purveyor of domestic supplies will carefully consider the result of Dr. Mott's experiments, as detailed in the *Scientific American*, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of these evils will be corrected.

Dr. Mott says: "The introduction of alum in flour, for various purposes, has been a trick of the baker for the past 100 years. Fortunately for society, its introduction is limited now to a few unscrupulous bakers. In England, France and Germany it is an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment to use alum in any connection with articles of food. It is so in America."

The Royal Baking Powder Company, of this city, a long established corporation celebrated for the absolute purity of their goods, some time ago commenced a vigorous warfare against many of their competitors who were indulging in hurtful adulteration. The contest excited great interest in scientific circles, in which Prof. Angell, Dr. Mott, and other leading lights took a very prominent part. The experiments of Dr. Mott are a result of this discussion, and go to prove conclusively that the most dangerous adulteration that a community has to guard against is alum in baking powder. In his paper, the Doctor says: "It was with difficulty I found a suitable place to conduct the experiments so that the animals would not disturb the neighborhood but, through the courtesy of the Commissioners of the Dock Department, I secured a shed on their premises, foot of Sixteenth Street and East River. This shed I had completely remodeled into a suitable house, having the dimensions of about 16x14x12 feet. Sixteen stalls were made inside, having the dimensions of 3x2x2 1/2 feet. The bottom of each compartment was covered with straw, making a pleasant bed for the dogs. I then secured 16 dogs from the Pound, which were all carefully examined to see if they were in a perfect state of health. None but the strong, healthy dogs were selected. The breed, age, food, color, and weight of every dog was carefully noted. Each dog was then confined to a stall and securely chained, and they all received a number, from one to 16. I commenced my experiments on the 9th of September, and finished Dec. 3. My assistant was with the dogs from morning until night, and revealed the animals without first securely bolting and locking the dog-house. No stranger was allowed to enter the house unaccompanied either by myself or my assistant, and the dogs never received a mouthful of food or anything else from any one except from my assistant or myself. I will not detail the result of my experiments."

power of the gastric juice. In order to obtain some pure gastric juice, a curious device was resorted to. Dr. Mott sent several dogs to Prof. Arnold, Medical department of the University of New York, who inserted a small metallic tube directly through the skin and into the stomach of each one of them, when the dogs were in a perfectly healthy condition. Prof. Arnold sent to Dr. Mott some gastric juice, which was produced by tickling the lining of the stomach of the dogs with a feather or glass rod, which caused the gastric juice to flow out of the tube into a receptacle placed underneath the dog to receive it.

Dr. Mott, aided by Prof. Schedlar, then began some experiments with the four samples of gastric juice, which he had received from Prof. Arnold, to discover the effect of the gastric juice in which alum had been dissolved upon fibrine, a white, very easily digested substance having a basis of coagulated blood. The fibrine was imperfectly digested, and the experiments were very important as showing that alum can check the digestion of so easily digested a substance as fibrine. They indicate, therefore, how dangerous it is to introduce these two salts into our stomachs, if we do not wish to excite indigestion and dyspepsia. Further experiments showed that the digestive power of the gastric juice is entirely destroyed by alum, so far as its power of dissolving the more indigestible substances, like the boiled white of an egg is concerned.

Dr. Mott then determined to learn whether alumina could be found in the various organs of the body if a dog was fed with hydrate of alumina. He found a considerable quantity of the stuff in the blood, liver, kidneys and heart.

The Doctor goes on to describe the different symptoms exhibited by these dogs as they passed through almost every phase of animal agony until they were left in a complete state of physical prostration. To those specially interested in the details of this subject, the article in the *Scientific American* will give most complete information, and we will spare the symptoms, under the account of the sufferings of these dumb brutes.

Dr. Mott's conclusion, after making these experiments, are of vital interest to every one who either makes or eats bread, and therefore concern all. "These experiments," said he recently, while speaking before the American Chemical Society, "clearly demonstrate that the salts left in the biscuit when a cream tartar baking powder is used are perfectly harmless, but when alum baking powder is used are very dangerous, for in every case when dogs were fed with biscuits made with such powders the dogs were made very sick, causing them to vomit profusely lose all energy, and show weakness in their limbs."

It is a clear and triumphant corroboration of the assertions of the Royal Baking Powder Company, and entitles them to the gratitude and support of the community they are endeavoring to protect. As they claim, and Dr. Mott has shown, bread made of alum is totally unfit for human or animal food. 'Tis true, in the bread of domestic consumption there may not be as large a proportion of baking powders as was in the bread used by Dr. Mott, and that accounts for the fact that the symptoms in the reader are not so well defined as they were in the experiments in question. How many there are of our immediate friends suffering from this evil, scientific investigation will alone reveal; but many a lingering and suffering invalid, with no defined idea of his trouble, can easily trace it to its source by stopping the use of alum powders, substituting some brand like the Royal Baking Powder, whose manufacturers have a competent chemist in their exclusive employ, who rigidly analyzes every ingredient before its incorporation into their powder. The old cry of "honesty is the best policy" may be worn threadbare, but its truth will hold forever, and while adulterations and short weights abound, it is a pleasure to see at least one in the trade strenuously endeavoring to give full weights and pure goods.—*New York Tribune*.

JOY COMETH.

"He will be our guide even to death," said a pleasant-looking man, who had thrown up his hat, and was looking at the stranger with a friendly smile. "I'm glad to see you, and I hope you're well. I've been thinking of you for some time, and I'm glad to hear that you're still in the boat."

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Selections

HERE AND THERE.

—Most of our misery comes from our fearing and disliking things that never happen at all.

—A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch girl. When her class was examined, she replied to the question, "What is patience?" "Wait a wee, and dinna weary."

—The people who go to hear a sermon, without a preparation to hear aright, are but little less guilty of wrong than the minister who enters the pulpit to preach without preparation. The same is true of the Bible scholar and Bible teacher. "Take heed how ye hear." "Hear, and your soul shall live."

—When oppositions arise within the church let them be met in the spirit of Thomas Scott, who, when the Board of the Lock Hospital censured his evangelical doctrines as chaplain, said, "You possess authority sufficient to change me for another preacher, but you have no power to change me into another preacher."

—I once visited a man of intense business enterprise and activity, during his sickness. His limbs had become motionless; his speech was hardly articulate. In speaking of the contrast between his condition then and when upon the street he said, "Now I am growing. I have been running down you thin by my activity. I am growing in the knowledge of myself and of some things which most interestedly concern me."

—A Universalist asked Rev. Mr. W. "If God were willing all men should be saved?" Mr. W. replied: "Do you believe God is willing all men should live moral and virtuous lives in this world?" The man answered: "Yes." Then Mr. W. said: "Do men live thus?" After a little hesitancy he was answered, "No." Mr. W. then proceeded: "According to your own reasoning the will of God is not accomplished."

—"I'm tired to death!" So you have said very often, yet you are still alive and well. "I had not a wink of sleep all night." And yet your bed fellow heard you snore many times. "I would not do it for all the world!" And yet you have done many things equally bad for a penny. "We were up to our knees in mud!" You know very well that the dirt was not over your shoes. Be correct, truthful and moderate in your speech.

—The trouble of many anxious souls is, How can I overcome my sins? This can only be by the Holy Ghost dwelling in the heart. We cannot subdue ourselves by ourselves. Religious services may soothe for a time, but they cannot subdue. Like the music of David's harp, they may calm the evil spirit for a while, but they cannot break its power. But the first thing with you must be pardon. And if you really hate and deplore your sins, if you honestly want to be freed from the iron fetters that bind you, there is no difficulty about that. Pardon is through faith in the cleansing blood of Christ. Pardon is freely given to and really received by those who in their hearts believe on Christ. And when you have received this forgiveness, hold it fast. Do not let it go. Keep on looking still, looking always, looking only to the one great sin offering, Jesus Christ. As the work continues, the pardon will catch hold of, so how could I save

Selections

"Dear me! dear me!" said the stranger, very much distressed. "Is there no other packet? Is there any small boat that will take me? I must go to-night."

"No other packet," said Davy; "passengers do go over sometimes in small boats, but there doesn't seem to be any now but mine and he hesitated, and added: "You see, I've been out all day and all night, too, and I want to get home."

"I will pay you handsomely," said the stranger, "if you'll take me."

"Oh, I should be glad of the job," said Davy; "only when one's had work enough, you see—"

"It's of the greatest consequence," said the stranger earnestly. "If I don't get across to-night I shall miss the mail; and my little boy, my only child, is dangerously ill."

"Oh, that alters the case," said Davy. "I suppose you want to get to him, then?"

"I do," said the stranger, with agitation.

"Well, I'd rather take you for nothing, then, as there's nobody else, than hinder you. So here goes!" and he went towards his boat, and very soon he and the stranger were out at sea.

"I've seen that twink' o' light, sir," said Davy, as they rounded the corner of the bay, "high up on the cliff! That's my home. They've put that bit o' light in the window for me, ready against it gets dark, in case I shouldn't be come home."

"I'm sorry, very sorry," said the stranger, "that I've taken you out again."

"No need to mind it," said Davy; "it is just thinking of my own children that made me come. I suppose a father's heart is a father's heart, sir, whether it's in a poor man's jacket or a gentleman's; so you see I could feel for your trouble as if it was my own."

"Have you many?" asked the stranger, anxious to show his gratitude by his interest.

"Two, sir," said Davy; "and I suppose the mother thinks they're the biggest beauties in the place."

"May the Lord preserve them to you!" said the stranger.

"Amen to that!" said Davy, whose heart was in his throat at the thought of how he could do without them.

"It's a lucky chance," said he, after a moment's pause, "that I happened to come in while you were there; I doubt you wouldn't have found another boat to-night."

"Call it a merciful Providence, friend," said the stranger.

"Well, they're much the same thing, aren't they?" answered Davy.

"I know of no such thing as chance, unless it means that a thing comes unexpectedly," said the gentleman.

"Ah, yes, that's just it," replied Davy.

"But then we should remember that, though not expected by us, it is all known to God and ordered by Him."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Davy, who did not seem, however, to be much interested.

"I dare say you have had some escapes from danger in your perilous life," said the gentleman.

"I should just think so," said Davy; "why, don't you remember what weather we had about a month ago? I was capsized more than once, and one of the times the wind was blowing great guns, and it was as dark as pitch, and the sea was mountains high. I gave myself up for lost, for there was nothing I could see to catch hold of, so how could I save

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myself when he beheld the moon shine out all of a sudden. He caught sight of Tom Hawser's spirit of adoption in his heart, "A father, for, taught by his Bible, he had sought for Him in His own way, through Jesus Christ His Son."

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Oh, for some real river Styx, into which every Christian Achilles might be dipped, heels and all, and so be made invulnerable. This thing of having your nerves so close to the surface, and so morbidly sensitive, as to be cut to the quick by every little criticism, is of all things the most adapted to make one miserable, and to drive him from his work.

We profoundly pity those unfortunate people who are always getting their "feelings hurt." And yet, there are comparatively few that can sympathize with them, because they cannot understand them. We can.

Some years ago, the editor essayed to be a boy again. And so, under a scorching sun, at the sea-shore, bare-footed and bare-legged, he went wading on the flats in search of clams. For a week or two afterwards, whenever he walked, it was with shoes full of fire. And it was absolutely wonderful, how many exasperating people, as if "with malice aforethought," ran about those flats. Nobody could come within ten feet, that didn't somehow manage to collide with those two feet. We were expecting it; we knew they would; we saw the lurking mischief in their eyes; and we were never disappointed.

Bad enough, we can testify, to be thus afflicted in one's feet; but how must it be to be that way all over! And there are such sufferers, whose whole life is a sort of martyrdom.

They cannot possibly comprehend how it is—why it is—that everything should be aimed at them. There they stand, like some wretched victim of savage-torture, all stuck full of arrows, and writhing in pain as real as ever martyrs suffered.

It is this that explains the exodus of so many of our Sunday-school teachers, that did once run well. They got "hurt," and so they went away.

It is this that crows the spirit of many an earnest Sunday-school superintendent, whose super-sensitive nature followers of Him who, unmoved alike by frowns and flattery, went steadily forward in the doing of the will of his Father in heaven.

Nor is it at all in the line, or spirit of that great Apostle who said, "It is a light thing to me to be judged of man's judgment"; and on another occasion: "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus."

We are not of the number of those whose counsel is, "Never mind what people say. We say—Do mind it. If it be in the line of generous appreciation, thank God for it. If it be uncomfortable criticism, consider. Perhaps there may be good occasion for his critic's sharp reproof. Perhaps

Selections

When I consider the multitude of associated forces which are diffused through nature,—when I think of the calm balancing of their energies which enables those most powerful in themselves, most destructive to the world's creatures and economy to dwell associated together and be made subservient to the wants of creation, I rise from the contemplation more than ever impressed with the wisdom, the beneficence, and grandeur, beyond our language to express, of the Great Disposer of all.—*Faraday*.

THE WARFARE OF LIFE.—Our hardest battles are with ourselves; and our worst enemies are in our own hearts. Some, however, have no warfare of this sort, but give way to every inclination, and speak and act just alike. Can this be right? Surely not, if we go by the Bible.

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