

# THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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## Poetry.

### A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

The surging sea of human life forever, onward rolls,  
And bears to the eternal shore its daily freight of souls.  
Though bravely sails our barque to-day, pale death sits at the prow,  
And few shall know we ever lived, a hundred years from now.

O mighty human brotherhood! why fiercely war and strive,  
While God's great world has ample space for everything alive?  
Broad fields, uncultured and unclaimed are awaiting for the plow  
Of progress, that shall make them bloom a hundred years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly, in life's short narrow span,  
On golden airs to climb so high above our brother man?  
Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish homage bow?  
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause? Why dread so much its blame?  
The fleeting echo to its voice of ceasance or of fame:  
The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that dyes with shame the brow,  
Will be as long-forgotten dreams, a hundred years from now.

O patient heart, that meekly bears your weary load of wrong!  
O earnest heart, that bravely dare, and striving grow more strong!  
Press on till peace is won: you'll never dream of how  
You struggled o'er life's thorny road, a hundred years from now.

Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil that freedom, right and truth  
Alone may rule the universe, for you is endless youth!  
When 'mid the blest with God you rest, the grateful land shall bow  
Above your clay in reverent love, a hundred years from now.

Earth's empire rises, roll on and fall, like breakers on the shore,  
They rush upon the rocks of doom, go down, and are no more.  
The starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's radiant brow  
Will light the skies for other eyes, a hundred years from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eyes the past and future stand  
An open page, like babes we cling to Thy protecting hand;  
Change, sorrow, death are naught to us, if we may safely bow  
Beneath the shadow of Thy throne, a hundred years from now.

## Selections.

### HERE AND THERE.

—An interesting archeological discovery is reported from Palestine. — An Arab who was quarrying stone the other day at a place about four and a half miles from Gaza unearthed a marble figure supposed to be a colossal god of the Philistines. The dimensions of the figure are as follows: Three feet from the top of its head to the end of its beard; 27 inches from ear to ear; 13½ inches from top of forehead to mouth; 54 inches from shoulder to shoulder; 81 inches from crown of head to waist; and 54 inches the circumference of the neck. The total height of the figure is fifteen feet. The hair hangs in long ringlets down upon the shoulders, the beard is long and indicates a man of venerable age. The right arm is broken in half, while the left arm is crossed over the breast to the right shoulder, where the hand is hidden by the drapery of a cloth covering the shoulders. There is no inscription on the pedestal, which is a huge block carved in one piece with the figure. The statue was found in a recumbent position, buried in the sand on top of a hill near the sea. It had evidently been removed from its original site, which is unknown. Its estimated weight is 12,000 lbs. The Pascha of Jerusalem has ordered a guard to watch this relic of ancient art and to prevent any injury to it by the fanatics of Gaza.

—Some time ago, one of Arkansas' most widely known statesmen, who is now dead, was passing along a street in Little Rock, when an old colored man, who had once belonged to him, approached, took of his hat and passed a hand over his white wool, as he asked: "Master, gin the ole man fifty cents?" "Dan, you are a robber!" "How?" asked the astonished darkey, opening his eyes, around which roughshod age had walked. "Didn't you see me put my hand into your pocket?" "Yes, sah." "Well, you old rascal, you rob me of the pleasure of giving you money without being asked." The old man received a dollar, while bowing almost to the ground, while tears came from his eyes, he replied: "Master, wid sich a heart as you hab, and wid Abraham and Isaac and de Lord on your side, I don't see what can keep you out of heav'n."

### A SCOLDING WIFE CURED.

"Some years ago," says a recent writer, "it was my privilege to work as district visitor in one of our populous London parishes. In a cellar in one of the courts assigned me, lived a pious old soldier, who had lost one of his legs in fighting for his country. This, however, did not afflict him—no, nor yet his deep poverty, nor his dark, damp lodging; but his wife was ungodly, and this lay as a heavy burden on his heart. He had a trifling pension, which, with the scanty product of a mangle, scarcely sufficed for their maintenance; they had fifteen pence a week to pay for the cellar, where rats ran over their wretched bed at night. The simple faith and piety of the old soldier at once won my heart; I often visited him, to be refreshed and edified by his remarks while reading the Word of God to him.

"One morning the post brought me a letter from a friend, to whom I had written about this aged couple. She had been interested with their history, and sent me five shillings in stamps, to be laid out for them as I might judge best. I set out at once to carry them the good news. In vain, however, did I stand at the top of the dark stairs that morning, and call loud to Mrs. G—to open the door, that I might find my way down. It was of no use; she was scolding aloud, and was deaf to every other sound. I groped my way, and, making for the door, gave a loud rap, which soon brought Mrs. G—'s voice to a momentary hush, and an expression of regret that she had not heard me. I replied, that I was greatly surprised and troubled, to find her scolding so loudly.

"It is enough to provoke a saint," she said, "to see him go on as he does." "Oh, don't trouble the lady with them things," said her husband; "let's have some of the words of God—for truly we need them this morning!" "Mrs. G—, however, was not to be so silenced; she would give vent to the anger that swelled her breast. I will relate her grievance in her own words.

"Now, here's a man for you, ma'am! without a bit of care for his wife! The other day we had only one penny in the house, and I sent him to get in a bit of bread; but instead of that, he goes and gives it away to a tramp he knows nothing of!"

"The old soldier looked deeply grieved. 'My dear lady,' he said, 'there are two ways of telling every story; and then, with much emotion, he gave me his own version. It was very true, the penny was all they had; and he was proceeding to the baker's, when a traveling man, with his wife and three children, sitting on a door step, arrested his attention. He found that, like himself, they were natives of Scotland, sick and hungry; he spoke to them words of consolation from the Bible, and found, to his joy, that they were fellow-believers in the Lord Jesus. On parting he slipped his penny with a thankful heart into the hand of his afflicted brother. It was not until he had done so that he remembered with dark forebodings, 'What will wife say?'

"Here Mrs. G— interrupted him with an exclamation that 'He must be a pretty husband, who would rob his wife to give to a stranger?' "Let me finish," said he, "and you shall see, ma'am, how the Lord returned that little offering more than tenfold." He then went on to relate, that, not daring to go back empty-handed, he walked up and down, asking the Lord to supply his need—not for himself, for he was now no more hungry, but for his wife's sake. While walking to and fro, a gentleman inquired of him the way to the post-office; the soldier offered to show him the way; and while walking together, the gentleman entered into conversation with him, and asked if he were not old G—, whom he had known years ago. G— replied that he was; upon which the gentleman put a shilling into his hand, and bade him God-speed.

"Now," added this old Christian, "is not our Master ever true to his word; and does he not bless an hundred fold all we do for his sake?" "I was deeply touched with this narrative, and felt solemnly impressed with the fact of God's individual providence, and with the wondrous links in that great chain of life, which reveal to those who look for them the unceasing care and love of Jesus for his people. I recalled to mind also the letter I had received this morning; so I inquired what was their present trouble.

"Here Mrs. G— once more broke forth in complaints. The landlady

had demanded their rent by twelve o'clock that day, as she had a payment to make up. They had but a few half-pence in the house, and the old woman was for hastening off her husband with some things from the mangle, which would bring them six-pence more. 'But I could not get him to go!' exclaimed she; 'he said he must first ask the Lord; so, instead of doing as I bid him, there he has been sitting over the Bible; and as if he had not lost time enough already, he must needs go down on his knees, and all my shaking and scolding him could not get him up till just before an hour of twelve!'

"G—, I should have observed, was standing with his stick and hat in hand, and a bundle under his arm, when I came in, as if ready to go out. 'How much do you owe?' I inquired. 'Just five shilling,' replied she; 'it's fifteen pence a week, as you know, ma'am, and it is just four weeks last Saturday!'

"I said nothing, but opened the letter. I read to her that portion which related to her husband, and then gave him the five shillings worth of stamps.

"It was a moment never to be forgotten. The old man stood speechless with joy, with his beaming eyes lifted up in sweet thankfulness to his heavenly Father, while Mrs. G— sank down upon a chair, and, covering her face with her hands, wept tears of shame and sorrow.

"May God forgive me!" said she; 'I am a wicked woman. Yes, I see it all now. I didn't believe it; but it's just as G—read it out of that very Bible, not half an hour back. Before they call, I will answer. Oh, I didn't believe it—I didn't believe it! May God forgive me!'

"God's love had at last melted her stubborn heart, and the overpowering sense of the fact, 'Thou, God, seest me,' made her tremble with fear for her unbelief.

"From this time a brighter day began to dawn upon old G—'s night of sorrow. His wife, so long the hinderer of his peace, and the object of his agonizing intercession, would now often sit by his side when he read the Bible, which had become more useful to him than his daily bread—accompany him to church and to the school room weekly lecture; and when I left the parish, I had the comfort of believing that this work in her heart was the work of the Holy Spirit.—John Richardson Phillips.

### SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The original object of Sunday-schools was to furnish instruction to children who had no other opportunity of obtaining it. The course included, first, some knowledge of the elements of secular education, and afterwards instruction in scriptural truths. At present Sunday-schools have widened their sphere, embracing children of all classes, who in some instances derive their entire religious education through this channel.

There is no danger that the Sunday school will do too much for children, but there is a serious danger that parents will do too little. The commandment of God to his ancient people was:—"Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Deut. vi. 4, 7.

In this way the Jewish people perpetuated among their descendants the knowledge of the true God. They were not allowed to delegate this duty to others. Parents were commanded to keep the words of God in their own hearts, and then they were diligently to teach them to their children. This was not to be the employment of a single hour in the week, but it was to be day after day, and from year to year; rising up and sitting down, they were to rehearse and impress these words upon the tender minds of their offspring. Doing this, they first of all kept God's words in their own minds, and then conveyed them to the minds of their children.

It was under such instruction as this, that Timothy from a child knew the holy Scriptures; it was this instruction that made the Word of God familiar to Israel of old throughout their generation.

No stranger can well accomplish such a service as this. No minister, no teacher can take a parent's place. They lack the opportunity and they

lack the authority which God has bestowed upon the parent. What right have parents to neglect this department of their appointed work, and instead of studying, and teaching their own children the Word of God, depend on sending them away once a week to be taught for half an hour by some inexperienced and often unconverted Sunday-school teacher, the things which they ought to learn from a father's lips or beside a mother's knee?

It may be said that parents do not and will not teach their children, and so the work must be done in Sunday-school; and this may be true. Let it then also be said that their neglect is a sin, and deserves earnest reproof from every servant of God.

We would undervalue no education that accomplishes good for humanity; but if it be found that an hour of instruction once a week in the Sunday-school, too often from an incompetent teacher, is to be substituted for the teaching of a godly father or the tender utterances of a loving mother's voice; both children and parents will lose largely by the exchange.

Parents should comprehend their responsibility to their offspring, and while children of irreligious parents may well be taught so far as practicable in the Sunday-school; and while other children may be greatly benefited thereby; yet the daily teaching of the Word of God, beneath a loving father and mother's care, can not with safety be laid aside for any other method which men, among their many inventions, have sought out.

In the second volume of Martine's Life of Prince Albert, which has been published in England, the following sentence is given from the Queen's private memoranda upon the education of her eldest daughter:—

"It is already a hard case for me that my occupation prevents me being with her when she says her prayers. I am quite clear that she could be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our heavenly Father encourages his earthly children to have for him, and not one of fear and trembling; and that the thoughts of death and an after life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding view, and that she should be made to know as yet no difference of creeds, and not think that she can only pray on her knees."

It would be well for many mothers, if they could not bear to be absent from their children at the hour of prayer; it would be well for their children also, to learn from the mother's lips, those Holy Scriptures which are able to make them "wise unto salvation."

### WHITHER DRIFTING.

There is a serious tendency to conformity to the world, in nominally Christian circles, not excepting those of our own church. We see in it the disposition to lower the Scriptural standards of right, by adopting those that prevail in surrounding society. We see it in the inconsistency between the faith and the life. But, above all things, in the tendency to adopt the frivolous fashions and trifling amusements which prevail among people who are without a personal experience of the saving power of the gospel. As our people have grown in wealth, and have been thrown into association with wealthy people who are not Christians, there has been a strong temptation felt by the younger members of some of our families to conform to the same worldly customs, which are practiced by their genteel worldly friends.

A great many parents have their vanity gratified by seeing their children receiving attention from persons, whose pretensions, indicate that they belong to "good society." And parents of the class that "obey their children" soon begin to make excuses for their children, which are too weak to bear examination. How often do we hear such excuses as the following:—"Well, you cannot put an old head on young shoulders." "Taking a glass of wine is not a mortal sin." "There's no more harm in dancing than in many other amusements that religious people countenance." "There is less sin in going to the opera or theatre than in staying at home and backbiting your neighbors."

Now there is an element of truth in these apologies; but they are not broad enough to cover the cases to which they are intended to apply. Every one of these apologetic excuses may be true; and yet parents and children may be making a terrible mistake, in forsaking "the old paths," and conforming to the ways of the world. We cannot put an old

head on young shoulders; but "the companions of fools will be destroyed" nevertheless; and "just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Taking a glass of wine may not be a crime; yet it has been, in numberless cases the first step in the formation of a habit that has become a degrading slavery which blasted all the hopes of life. There may be greater sins than dancing; but the whole spirit that pervades the ball-room is earthly and sensual; and all history testifies that none have been successful in uniting a godly and useful life with these frivolities. It is not necessary that those who stay at home from the theatre should backbite their neighbors. It can be easily established that the fascination of the theatre and its corrupt associations have been the moral ruin of many who once pleaded the same excuse in their defence that others are pleading now. They are only apologies for a course that has acquired a tyranny over the will.

These excuses are not the real reasons which influence the conduct of those who make them; they are only the fig leaf covering to which nominal Christians resort to cover the naked worldliness of their lives. We entertain no narrow, or ascetic theories of the Christian life; but assuredly the drift of which we speak cannot spread in the church, without a great decline of spiritual power. We cannot serve God and Mammon. We cannot seek our chief enjoyment in ungodly associations and amusements, and walk in the light of God's countenance at the same time. We cannot ponder the selfish vanities of those who know not God, and grow in grace while doing this. When the light of faith burns low, and religious enjoyment becomes small, the scriptural restriction of our church discipline are felt to be burdensome; and sometimes we see people seeking a connection with some other church, where they can have the prestige of Christianity and enjoy the dissipating amusements which have become congenial to their backslidden hearts. But in such cases, the compliment is paid to the church they leave, rather than to that to which they go. One thing is clear. The present is a testing time in many of our churches. We must follow Christ fully, or fail. All attempts to unite the service of Christ with the sinful follies of the world will end in shipwreck of faith. Even now, the divine challenge is ringing in our ears, "Choose you this day whom you will serve." "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, serve Him; but if Baal, then follow him."—Christian Guardian.

### RESTORING THE ERRING.

The first step toward restoration is an acknowledgment of the error. It is useless to talk of forgiveness until there is an acknowledgment of wrong. But so soon as the frank avowal, "I have sinned," is made, at once all gracious, moral forces work for the restoration of the erring. The Lord is "not willing that any should perish," and his children share the same unwillingness. Let there be once a frank acknowledgement of error, without evasion or concealment, and as the Lord says, "Fury is not in Me," so every child of God feels the sympathy of tender Christian love going out to the broken hearted one who kneels at mercy's altar and seeks for forgiveness for sins that are past. He who will not forgive cannot hope for forgiveness. He who from the heart forgives others, can with confidence implore forgiveness at the hand of God.

If you have done wrong make haste to wright the wrong. Let no false modesty or false pride delay for an hour an honest confession of your fault. Do not spoil your confession with too many "ifs and ands," nor with too many excuses. You confess your fault, and leave the excuses to others. You will be astonished to see how soon troubles can be healed, difficulties settled, and enemies reconciled by confession and prayer.

All heaven is on the side of the man who asks forgiveness and the man who grants it. Heaven is against the man who will not ask it or who will not bestow it. God is the greatest forgiver in the universe.—Let his children seek to follow his example, forgiving the erring even to seventy times seven.

What better is the Christian who gets no personal communion and help from his Father than the heathen who has no God? If it be answered, better in knowledge and a possible access to God in need, it must be added, worse in responsibility that comes from the opportunity unimproved and known duty not done.

## Farm and Fireside.

### HARROWING YOUNG CORN.

It is an excellent plan to run a light drag or harrow over the corn rows just before the corn comes up. It helps in several ways—it makes the surface loose and gives the corn a better chance to grow—it interferes to some extent with the work of the cut worm—it puts the ground in better tilth and makes easier work for the first plowing—and it retards the growth of the grass that is springing up around the corn. Close, stiff land that has a great tendency to get hard on the surface is especially benefited by having the harrow run over the rows, much more of the corn will come up and make strong plants in consequence,—and it would be a benefit on land of any description. It takes but little time and light labor to run once over the rows, and several acres can be dragged over in a single day. Any one of the benefits named above would pay for the trouble.

Crops need the most and best attention when young. It is important to give them a quick and vigorous start at the outset—this the harrowing will help to do, and help better perhaps than any other working that could be given at this stage. Of course care must be taken not to allow the hoes to reach too deep, or many of the young corn plants might be destroyed. This the workman can easily prevent by arranging his drag or harrow to do shallow work. It is only wanted to loosen the surface and remove the big clods, turf, &c., from impeding the growth of the corn. The harrowing will be almost equal to a working with the plow, and will defer the time for the first plowing several days.

Those who have not tried this plan are recommended to test it now. If doubtful of its utility, try a small area only and note the result in comparison with other parts of the field. This is the way the farmer should test every new scheme, or thing that may be new to him. No man should surrender entirely the old and tried practices he has followed till he has proven the new to be better. Try harrowing the corn and see if it does not work well.—Rural Messenger.

POULTRY HINTS.—Spring wheat is the best of all grain for making eggs plenty.

Dust baths are highly essential where fowls are restricted to limited space, at any season.

Eggs for sitting are best not over a fortnight old. If much older they are longer in hatching, and the chicks are not so thrifty.

Sitting hens, turkeys, ducks, or geese all incline, when "broody," to seek out retired places in which to commence this operation.

If the purchaser of valuable eggs would always perform his duty as faithfully as he expects the seller to perform his, we would hear less charges of dishonesty, less fault finding with express companies, &c.

TOMATO.—The soil best suited for the tomato, is a light sandy loam. A little quick, fine manure in each hill will hasten forward the plant. Trans plant when about two inches high and set out four feet apart each way. To hasten the maturity of the fruit, market gardeners pinch off the extremities of the tops, all secondary shoots which afterwards appear above the flowers. Trellises of stakes and hoops form a good support for the plants. The south side of a fence is a good place to plant them, taking them up as they grow.

CHICKEN BROTH.—Wash half of the breast and one wing of a tender chicken; put in a saucepan with one and a half pints of water, tablespoon of rice, or pearl barley, let it simmer slowly and skim; season to taste.—When the chicken is thoroughly cooked, take it out and serve the broth in a bowl with a bit of dry toast or crackers. If barley is used it should first be cooked several hours.

TO CURE HARD CORNS.—Hard corns may be treated as follows: Take a thick piece of soft leather or felt, cut a hole in the centre. Upon going to bed at night fill the hole in the centre of the leather with a paste made of soda and soap wash it off in the morning, and repeat the same process for several nights and the corn will be removed.

A FARMER should look ahead, think in advance of his work, and have his plans well laid.

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### HOUSE CLEANING.

In the spring women's thoughts turn to house cleaning; and where there are not many hands to make light work of it, it is indeed hard work; and it will pay well to hire a woman to help with the heaviest part of it, such as the washing of windows, paint, bed spreads, blankets, and the like. The men ought to be willing to lend a helping hand in putting down the carpets, as well as in shaking them. It is not needful to take up all the carpets; only those rooms that are in constant use require such thorough cleaning. In the other rooms, if moths are to be feared, it is well to loosen all the edges of the carpet and sweep out all the dust that has collected under them, and wash the floors with strong soapsuds, in which a little coal oil has been mixed, and then tack down the carpets, keeping the windows open until the disagreeable odor has vanished. The moths will not attack the carpets this year, when thus treated.

It is in the corners and along the edges of the walls that their attacks are always to be dreaded; and if the millers can be kept away by any pungent substances, such as red pepper, powdered camphor, borax, or alum, there need be no fear of them. Upholstered furniture can be kept free by washing out the concealed parts, where the backs and seats meet, with strong alum water, and it will also brighten the color of the greens and reds. But before the coverings are washed they must be thoroughly cleansed from all dust and smoke by brushing them well with a stiff brush, wiping off the dirt with a damp cloth. Boiling hot alum water can also be used to scrub carpets that are infested with moths, and it will surely kill all larvae. Straw matting can be made to look fresh and clean by sprinkling corn meal over them, then sweeping up, and afterwards washing the breadths with a woolen cloth, wrung out in strong salt and water.—Selected.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Burnt coffee is one of the best disinfectants.

If you would avoid sickness the coming summer, clean up and drain all standing water.

In cooking cabbage, change the water when the cabbage is half boiled, and it will emit a pleasanter odor.

Be careful to keep your cellar aired if you wish milk and butter free from bad tastes. Air in the morning.

To stop bleeding at the nose, insert in the bleeding nostril a pinch of fine salt, it will be said instantly stop the flow of blood.

Cold boiled potatoes used as soap will clean the hands and keep the skin soft and healthy. Those not over-boiled are the best.

Blowing out a candle: There is a correct way to do everything. If this be done in an upward direction the wick will not smolder away, and the next time it is wanted it will be in good condition.

One of the most refreshing drinks in warm weather is lemonade, but it is said that the great secret in making it is to use boiling water and let it become cool, when plenty of crushed ice can be added.

Children should not sleep with people advanced in years. For reasons which will naturally suggest themselves, such a domestic arrangement should be carefully avoided. The older system draws vitality from the more youthful one always.

White flecks in butter are nothing but bits of curdled milk, caused by the acid in the cream, and no one ever saw them in butter made wholly from sweet cream. Butter is never good when the cream is allowed to get sour enough to form these flecks.

The following is said to be an excellent furniture polish: One-third of spirits of wine, one-third of vinegar and one-third of sweet oil—rather more of the last. Shake the bottle daily for three weeks; it is then fit for use. Use every three or four months. For dining tables and sideboards use every week; it makes them beautifully bright.

MAN may be happy without a garden; he may have a home without a tree, or shrub, or flower; yet, when the Creator prepared a home for man, made in his own image, he planted a garden and in this placed the noblest specimens of creative power to dress and to keep it, and there man remained during his life of innocence and happiness. And, in all parts of the civilized world, the refinement, and innocence, and happiness of the people may be measured by the flowers that make one of the few pleasures that improve alike the head and the heart. This is a pleasure that brings no pain, a sweet without a snare.