

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

Volume XXXIII.

SUFFOLK, VA., FRIDAY MAY 14, 1880.

Number 20.

Poetry.

SWEEP BEFORE YOUR OWN DOOR.

Do we heed the homely adage handed down from days of yore?
"Ere you sweep your neighbor's dwelling, clear the rubbish from your door;
Let no filth, no rust there gather, leave no traces of decay,
Pluck up every weed unrightly, brush the fallen leaves away."
If we faithfully have labored thus to sweep within, Plucked up every evil-speaking malice, each besetting sin—
Weeds that by the sacred portal of the inner temple grow—
Poison weeds the heart defiling, bearing bitterness and woe;
Then, perchance, we may have leisure o'er our neighbor's watch to keep—
All the work assigned us finished, we before his door may sweep;
Show him where the moss is clinging—taken ever of decay—
Where the thistles, thickly springing, daily must be cleared away.
But, alas! our work neglecting, oft we mount the judgment seat,
With his fallings, his omissions, we our weary brother greet;
In some hidden nook forgotten, searching with a careful eye,
We the springing weeds discover—some slight blenish there decay.
For his slothfulness, his blindness, we our brother harshly chide,
Glorious in our strength and wisdom, we condemn him in our pride.
Ask not why he has neglected, thus before his door to sweep;
Why grown careless, he has slumbered, failed his garden plot to keep.
On the judgment seat still sitting, we no helping hand extend
To assist our weaker brother, his shortcomings to amend;
For his weariness, his faltering, we no sweet compassion show—
From our store no cordial bring him, no encouragement bestow.
But, while busied with our neighbor, urging him to ceaseless care,
Calling to the thoughtless tillers, to their labor to repair—
Lo! unseen the Gnat has gathered, weeds are growing where of yore
Flowers rare and sweet were blooming when we swept before our door.
Ah! how easy o'er our brother faithful ward and watch to keep!
But, alas! before our dwelling hard indeed to sweep;
Harder than to share the conflict, "by the stump" at home to stay,
Easier far to sit in judgment than to humbly watch and pray.

Selections.

HERE AND THERE.

—The world judges us better than we know, for though its hands may feel the hands of Esau, its ears distinguish the voice of Jacob.
—Every man or woman who turns to Christ must bear in mind that they are breaking with their old master, and enlisting under a new leader. Conversion is a revolutionary process.
—The sweetest life is to be ever making sacrifices for Christ; the hardest life a man can lead on earth, the most full of misery, is to be always doing his own will and seeking to please himself.
—Work for souls is the grandest ever committed to man. To have a share in shaping immortal spirits, which are to live on unceasingly in happiness or misery! Can we afford to trifle with straws in this work?
—It is not in our open, exposed deeds that we need the still voice of the silent monitor, but it is in the small, secret, every day acts of life, that conscience should prompt us to beware of the hidden shoals of what we deem too common to be dangerous.
—Judson said, as he was approaching Madison University, "If I had a thousand dollars, do you know what I would do with it?" The person asked supposed he would invest in foreign missions. "I would put it in such institutions as that," he said, pointing to the college buildings. "Planting colleges and filling them with studious young men and women is planting seed-corn for the world."
—A lowly Christian woman said that she found it very easy to pray always, for everything suggested to her a new prayer. When she awoke she prayed that she might finally awake to the resurrection of the just. When she arose, she prayed that she might at last rise in Christ's likeness. When she washed, she prayed that the blood of Jesus might wash her soul. When she ate, she prayed that she might be fed with spiritual food. Thus every duty, every day, suggested a prayer.

"SENT."

"As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." John xx. 21.

Who have been sent? You, you disciples, who have believed in the Lord, and acknowledge him as your Lord: you, whom he called out of the world, and redeemed from sin and death. You, each and all, he has sent. To each of you the Lord repeats the declaration, irrespective of sex, age, office, gift—"I send you as my Father sent me." The word is not spoken to ministers only—we are all his ministers. Not to missionaries alone: he intended that we each should be a missionary. He intended that every man and every woman born of the Father, would be his messenger, apostle,—that each would be a centre of spiritual life and power: that each would be a propagandist. For this purpose he taught us the truth; that we might teach the ignorant of our own social circle. For this purpose he enlightened us; that we might be the lights of our own small worlds. Matt. v. 14; Phil. ii. 15. For this purpose he implanted in our hearts whatever life and force are there; that we might be life-centres and sources of energy and fertility.

That was the Lord's plan for the evangelization of the world, and the establishment of his Church.—Not that a few salaried and ordained men should do the work, but that all should do it. We have not followed the Lord's plan. We have chosen our own methods, with what poor results is manifest. We regard with pride and complacency our societies, and alliances, and large organizations. I do not say that we should not employ missionaries and evangelists, separated and sent abroad; but for the waste lauds within the gospel's pale, or on her borders; for dealing with that ignorance and sin which, year by year, ever renews itself with the birth and growth of men, the Church ought to have trusted to the individual, personal, and direct efforts of all Christian men and women. Matt. xxv. 15; 1 Cor. xv. 58. She ought to have sent to it that each man kept his own home orderly and clean, and his own bit of garden fair and fruitful. Let us fall back on the Master's plan. Let us each remember that the Lord has sent me, even me. We have permitted that fact to drop out of memory and sight.

By whom are we sent? Not by the Church or the presbytery, or the board of missions, but by Him who is the King of glory; who is the Prince of the kings of the earth; who is "over all, God blessed forever." The glory and majesty of the Master are reflected on the servants: he gives dignity to the messengers, and divinity to their mission. We are sent by him. No man should take this office and errand on himself but he that is called of God. If otherwise, let us not wonder should our mission be a failure.
From whence have we been sent? That we have been sent into the world, implies that we have, at some period and somehow, been taken "out of the world." We have been translated into the kingdom of heaven. Like Isaiah, every true sent man has first of all been in the presence of the glory that fills the earth. Isa. vi. He has been with the Lord, dwelt with him, communed with him. Fain would we remain forever on the radiant height where we have been transfigured; but the Lord, pitying the world, crushed and torn by cruel and tyrannous sin, sends us back on missions of mercy.

We are the "sent" of Jesus Christ. That truth is true of us, if we are Christ's, whether we have wrought the truth into our beliefs and being, or not. But when it is believed, and the power of it felt, how it stirs the pulses, and braces the nerves, and makes the whole spirit glow with a vivid and joyous sense of strength and victory. We are not our own. 1 Cor. vi. 19. We are not alone. We are ambassadors of the King and the King himself is ever with us; we are his deputies and fellow-workers. With us, and behind us, are the might and resources of Almighty God. "How shall they preach except they be sent?"

RICHEST AND POVERTY.

BY DANIEL P. PIKE.

"There was a certain rich man." Christ Jesus.
His home was a princely abode, overlooking a beautiful landscape, an earthly paradise. The owner, clothed in purple and fine linen, reclined in gorgeous apartments, walks enchanted grounds embowered with the beauties of nature and adorned with decorations of art. Beautiful

flowers breathe fragrance and perfume upon the slumberous air, and water-fountains send forth silvery showers through dreamy light.
"Fared sumptuously every day." Every luxury the seasons produced, every gratification of taste, every incentive to appetite and passion which fertile, cultivated ingenuity could devise made this home one of unweary, enchanted delight.

The Bible condemns not the rich because they are rich; it does not say it is a sin to gather or hold great possessions; it does not say money is the root of evil; it throws no contempt upon inventions of genius or decorations of art. Nowhere do the Jewish and Christian Scriptures teach that the heart can be better fixed on God when the body is clothed in sackcloth or the home contains the least amount of comfort.

The Bible calls the love of money the root of all evil; but it presents money itself as a precious gift of God, to be received with thanksgiving and used in God's service with fidelity. Money is filthy lucre when it soils the hand of him who gives, gets, or holds it wrongfully,—filthy to him who stains it with pride, lust, and covetousness.

"There was a certain beggar."—Christ Jesus.
Homeless,—not an inch of land, no cottage in the wilderness; dogs were sympathizers; his poverty was a great affliction; he was a poor sufferer, helpless, destitute, waiting for crumbs falling from the lap of luxury; his poverty was extremely inconvenient; his appearance was sad, dejected; he "was laid at the rich man's gate."

There is one book that always sympathizes with the poor. It was written in palaces, prisons, cities, deserts, at home, among strangers, in the sanctuary, and in exile. Among its thirty or more authors are the mighty, the feeble, the rich, the poor, the learned, the unlettered, kings, captives, judges, warriors, shepherds, and fishermen. It was written during a period of fifteen hundred or more years. It is the first voice that ever dared to speak in loud and earnest tones for the poor and needy in a sorrow stricken world. Its denunciations of the proud, cruel and extortionate are fearless and terrible. It overflows with tenderness and pity for the poor, the needy, the dejected, and the lowly. The Bible is a fountain of justice, mercy, and love. The poor, the unfortunate, the dependent, and the afflicted are every way indebted to the Bible. It has been pleading their cause and enlisting help and sympathy in their behalf for more than three thousand years. Said the Christ: "Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come and follow me."
Richest and poverty end.

Rich and poor die. "The beggar died." "The rich man also died." The rich man was buried. The beggar was taken by angels. The beggar, says Christ, was carried into "Abraham's bosom." The rich man "lifted up his eyes in hell." The earthly was ended; the scene changed. Not crumbs from luxury's table, not sumptuous fare, but desired water from the finger's rip of even the beggar's hand. Such is the statement. Eyes to see, power to converse, and ears to hear after the burial. There was also interest for the living. Brothers were not desired to come to that "place of torment." Moses and the prophets were sufficient. It was unnecessary for one to rise from the dead. Therefore, give neither "poverty nor riches." Live for "Abraham's bosom" rather than for a "place of torment" in Hades, on the wrong side of the "great gulf."—Herald of Gospel Liberty.

GREAT MEN.

Perhaps it was Dr. Thompson who said, in substance, that all great men were great because of one of two things either, first, they are great because they are a bright anticipation of one idea; or else, secondly, they are a beautiful representation of a combination of ideas. One man is remarkable in one thing, while another is respectable in every thing and remarkable in nothing.

When the board of trustees of Antioch College were canvassing for a suitable professor, and the name of a well known minister of the Christian Church was being considered, the Hon. Horace Mann remarked that "Mr. — was respectable in all branches of learning, but remarkable in no one of them." Subsequently, when an eminent doctor came to fill the place of the great and lamented Mann, and had become acquainted with the versatile ability of this brother, he had an occasion to say that "Mr. — was 'remarkable' be-

cause of this combination of respectability." He could in a very respect able way teach any class in the college, but in a remarkable way he could teach none.

The Ptolemaic system of astronomy was an anticipation of the old system of astrology as taught by the Persians. Hence Ptoleme was a great man because of this one anticipated thought. Copernicus was a great man because he placed the last round in the ladder which reached to the stars, and thus reduced the vagaries of astrology to a well-established science.

It is to be observed, however, that these great men who strike out into the future with one idea get only about fifty or one hundred years in advance of their times. Socrates, with all his greatness, was overtaken by his lagging but nevertheless jogging compeers at the end of about fifty years. Some who helped to put the deadly hemlock to his lips lived long enough to do him the honor of laying the foundation of his future glory. Dr. Franklin was a great man in that with his long arm he smote the clouds and bottled the electric spark. But when his successful kite was brought to the ground his wits were at an end. It required the after genius of a Professor Morse to manipulate this "child of storms" into a lackey, whose mission should be to traverse sea and land, "quick as lightning," with tales of truth and falsehood. God seems to say to his child of special gift, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

But, as suggested, some men are great, not because they excel in one particular branch of business or science, but for the reason that they are the respectable embodiment of a goodly number of ideas. Washington was a great man, not because he was remarkable in any particular science, or even as a noted genius in the tactics of war. His greatness consisted not only in the fact that he was the embodiment of the spirit of '76, but he united respectable knowledge of the living questions of the day with indomitable will for honesty, truth, and the right. And these traits of character constitute true greatness in whomsoever found.

It is thus possible for every man to become truly great. All men can get to be great in the riches of this world. Comparative poverty seems to be the natural birthright of many. All men can not, in the very constitution of their minds, excel in any particular science or branch of business. These must come by birth as well as effort. Nor have all the ability of respectable combination of the world's great thoughts. But all can submit themselves to the law of Christ, and thus become honest, truthful, and loving. And then whatever the world may think, in the eyes of the great God we shall be looked upon as the peers of poets, philanthropists, and the good and great of all times and countries. The time draweth nigh when true greatness will be better understood than now. Hence every honest, truthful, and loving soul can well afford to wait.

THE AWAKENING OF THE EAST.

The following is part of an editorial in Zion's Herald, of February 5. It should stir thought and quicken our missionary zeal. The Herald says:

"We are accustomed to consider the Asiatic world as stagnant, or asleep, except so far as its interior military disturbances are concerned. Our travelers and missionaries know better. If you magnetize one end of a needle, the other end becomes so by induction from the atmosphere, or other environments. While the chief impulses forward, now acting on humanity, seems to be in the Western world, the old, dead East is becoming galvanized into energy and motion, and at a rate which hardly seems to be apprehended by the West. At a late meeting of the British Evangelical Alliance, in Edinburgh, Rev. Dr. Mitchell said, in an eloquent speech, 'We speak of the "awakening of the nations" in the West. But the great awakening of the nations is to be seen yonder, in the distant East, where more than half the human race is beginning to shake off their immemorial sleep.' We all know how it is in Japan; and yet Japan seems an anomaly to us in this respect; as if all the laws of traditional influence were there suspended or reversed, and we wonder what the strange national eruption can come to, though we see that every new tendency is upward. Japan does, indeed, move faster than the rest of the East; but all the East is in more or less similar motion. The early civilization, and then the strange arrest of all progress, in China, are two of the most anomalous facts in history,

and have been insoluble problems to Western thinkers. When all the West was in the night of the Dark Ages, China had the mariner's compass; had gunpowder, investing civilization with military superiority over savage warfare; had paper, for literature; had the art of printing; had, in fine, the most advanced civilization then in the world. By some mysterious cause she suddenly paused, and we have long considered her stagnant, if not dead.—But China has entered the race of nations, and the awakened spirit of the age has broken into China; and she can hardly remain behind Japan in progress and innovation. Like Japan she is now opening all her interior to Christianity. At least two-score of her great cities and nearly four hundred of her towns and villages have become mission stations. There are 25,000 of her children in mission schools; and some 1,300 missionary laborers, male and female, native and foreign, are abroad in her immense fields, preparing to reap the harvest. Her language has the whole Bible, and thus affords it to at least a third of the population of the entire world.

"Asia is thus astir in the East, and meanwhile European ideas are invading it, by the British domination in the south, where 30,000 English foreigners govern more than 240,000,000 of natives; building railroads, extending telegraphs, multiplying newspapers, establishing schools and universities, and above all, converting to Christianity thousands and sometimes tens of thousands a year, by missions. Russia is also bearing European ideas into the very heart of Asia, from the west, by the conquest—slowly, indeed and by the barbarities of war; but God overrules the worst policies of man. St. John, in the Apocalypse, saw an angel leading the great dragon by a chain. All these causes are shaking the Asiatic world to its very foundations; and Dr. Mitchell is not far from the truth in saying that 'Yonder in the distant East is the great awakening of the nations.'"

MY COMPANY.

I have read (said Mr. Spurgeon) of one who dreamed a dream, when in great distress of mind, about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven, and he saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory; and they passed by him through the gate, and when they vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"They are the goodly fellowship of the prophets, who have gone to be with God."

And he heaved a deep sigh as he said: "Alas, I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there."

By-and-by there came another band, equally lovely in appearance and equally triumphant, and robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard within.

"Who are they?"

"They are the goodly fellowship of the apostles."

"Alas," he said, "I belong not to that fellowship, and I cannot enter there."

He still waited and lingered, in the hope that he might yet go in; but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of martyrs. He could not go with them, nor waive their palm-branches. He waited still, and said that the next was a company of godly ministers and officers of Christian churches; but he could not go with them. At last as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously, and in front walked the woman that was a sinner; and the chief that died upon the cross hard by the Saviour,—and he looked long, and saw there such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were, and he thought,

"There will be no shouting about them."

But to his astonishment, it seemed as if all heaven was rent with sevenfold shouts as they passed in. And the angels said to him,

"These are they that are mighty sinners, saved by mighty grace."

And then he said,

"Blessed be God! I can go in with them."

And so he awoke.—Exchange.

Farm and Fireside.

HOG CHOLERA.

CURE AND PREVENTIVE.

We are informed by one whom we deem a good practical farmer, that the common poke-root (*Phytolacca de-candra*) is an almost infallible cure for the hog cholera. His mode of preparation is, to boil it with the feed or separately, and add a liberal quantity of salt to the mixture. It will suffice to boil it with whatever vegetables can be had at this season, and add meal or bran to the liquor after the mess has been cooked. This gentleman noticed that his hogs, when taken sick with cholera, seem very voracious after the root of the poke weed, and those which could get it usually recovered in a few days.—Here is, then, a common natural remedy for that scourge of the swine on every farm, and it is seen that there are other uses for the despised poke weed than those we before knew of. We doubt not that there are natural remedies for every disease of man and beast at our very doors, if we only know what they were.

But it is much better to prevent this malady, if possible, than to cure it, for it is said, with good reason we think, that no hog once attacked with cholera is ever so good a hog after it. For prevention we believe in giving frequent messes of cooked food—vegetables, with bran, &c. At this season a liberal use of onions for this purpose would be very good, and should form a part of every cooked mess.—Besides being in themselves very nutritious, they seem possessed of medicinal qualities of high value that gives tone, strength, and elasticity to the system, and enables it to ward off disease. Every farmer ought to have a large boiler for cooking a quantity of stuff at a time, and then the corn and all other feed could be cooked even daily without great trouble or expense. Red pepper, sulphur, copperas, and any medicines, as calomel or quinine could then be easily given the animals in their feed as often as might be deemed necessary, and thus all diseases would be stayed off and the farmer would have healthy animals and healthy pork.—Rural Messenger.

CULTIVATION OF ONE ACRE OF PEANUTS.

Spread forty cart loads (or more will not hurt) of woods mould. Fallow or flush as for corn. Sow broadcast twenty bushels of agricultural lime, and harrow in well. Lay off in furrows with shovel plow three feet apart. (This is to break the ground for roots to strike in.) Then, with single turning plow, run on each side of furrow about six inches from it to make a ridge, open ridge, as for corn from one and a half to two inches deep. Drop two shelled kernels eighteen inches apart. Care should be taken, in shelling the nuts not to break the thin skin. Cover lightly. Plant between the 1st and 20th of May. The drier the land the better.

1. Cultivate when peas show one and a half to two inches above ground. Side down with single plow as close as can be done without cutting roots of plants.

2. Weed with hoe as for corn when necessary.

3. When plants begin to run, throw earth to them with double shovel plow, running once on each side of row.

4. Run tooth cultivator between rows, as occasion may require, to keep down grass.

5. Haul earth to each bunch with hoe before peas begin to run too much, and have grass taken from around the plants by hand. Run single plow between rows to drain off water from the peas.—Religious Herald.

In sections of Georgia the people practice the following plan of preventing the loss of fruit by late frosts, with success: While the ground is frozen or rendered cold by winter the ground around the fruit trees is covered with straw to a sufficient depth to prevent the sun, during the early warm days of spring, from warming the ground, and thus starting the sap. In this way they keep their fruit back until there is no longer danger of frosts.

BOILED ONIONS.—Peel either out of doors or near the stove, or hold under water, cut half way through the stem end, parboil, then boil in milk and water; when very soft, drain, add a little cream, butter and salt.

STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE.

For several years past I have wished to give my method of making strawberry short-cake to the Home Department of *The Farmer*, and each year have forgotten it, until I was in the act of making one myself, and then of course it was too late to be useful for that year, and if sent then it would probably fail to make an impression that would last until the following strawberry season. This I trust will be just in time to catch the attention to some practical purpose, I hope the sickening mixtures of sweet-cake and custards interspersed with strawberries, and miscalled "strawberry short-cake," will not have brought the real article into so great disfavor as to prevent at least one trial of the simple directions below:

Make a light rich short-cake of almost any kind. I prefer the soda-biscuit recipe with a little more shortening added. Roll the dough rather thicker than for biscuits, and shape it to fit your baking-pans. Have ready a quantity of strawberries, the more the better; two quarts will make it very good, with the quantity of dough made from two quarts of flour. Mash the strawberries, make them quite sweet, (of course with white sugar; add to this a pint of rich cream.

When the pans with short-cake are taken from the oven thoroughly done, split them open; butter each half liberally with good butter; lay one upon a large dish; spread the mashed strawberries thickly over it; lay the other half on the top of this, buttered sides up of both. Again spread thickly with the mashed fruit. You may, by having the baking pans of uniform size, make it with as many layers as you like. I prefer only two or three, as the pieces can thus be kept in better shape when divided. A little pure cream added after dish-ing out is an improvement, but not at all necessary. Eat it while hot.—*Ceres, in Am. Farmer.*

FEEDING CHICKENS.—For the first few days of their existence young chickens should be supplied with bread crumbs. After that keep wheat screenings scattered over the ground where they run and they will thrive. Hard grain appears to be the natural food for fowls. Don't, under any circumstances, feed corn meal it is heating and not proper food for them; it is fat producing, while wheat, oats, etc., make bone and muscle. The best remedy for slight ailment, is a pill made of moist bread and cayenne pepper.

SODA FOR BURNS.—All kinds of burns, including scalds and sun-burns, are almost immediately relieved by the application of a solution of soda to the burnt surface. It must be remembered that dry soda will not do unless it is surrounded with a cloth moist enough to dissolve it. This method of sprinkling it on and covering it with a wet cloth is often the very best. But it is sufficient to wash the wound repeatedly with a strong solution.

ACID STOMACH.—Acidity always arises either from eating too much food or of a quantity of which the stomach could not dissolve. The remedy is, eat less and less each meal until there is no acidity, then you know how much your stomach can manage. To eat the same amount and as regularly take something to correct the acidity, is certain to cause dyspepsia or some other form of disease.

REMEDY FOR THE POTATO BUG.—A farmer who had ten years experience in Colorado, claims to have found a sure remedy for the potato-bug scourge. His plan is simply to plant one or two flax-seed in each hill of potatoes. He says that the bugs will shun it every time; and for ten years he has thus been successful in raising potatoes while others have failed.—*Troy Times.*

We loosen a wet soil to facilitate evaporation and roll or otherwise compress a dry soil to retard it.—When hoeing to destroy weeds be careful to lighten up your own footsteps or you will find the weeds quickly germinate there. The soil being compressed retards moisture and facilitates germination.

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.