

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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Poetry.

BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!
Who is there?
'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kindly,
Never such was seen before;
Ah! sweet soul, for such a wonder
Undo the door.

No! that door is hard to open;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken.
Bid him go.
Wherefore with that knocking dreary,
Scare the sleep from one so weary?
Say him—no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!
What still there?
O, sweet soul, but once behold him,
With the glory-crowned hair,
And those eyes, so strange and tender;
Waiting there!
Open! open! Once behold him—
'Tis so fair!

Ah, that door! Why wilt thou vex me,
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is rusty,
And the bolt is clogged and dusty,
Many fingered ivy vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine;
Weds of years, and years before,
Choke the passage to that door.

Knocking, knocking! What? still knocking?
He still here?
What's the hour! The night is waning—
In my heart a deep complaining,
And a chill, and unrest!
Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me!
Scare my sleep with dreams unrest!
Give me rest;
Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, he brings to thee.
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure—
Dreams of gifts and golden treasure—
Dreams of joys in the sleeping,
Waked to bewilderment of weeping—
Open to thy soul's out-cry,
And thy night of dreams is over—
The true gifts he brings have seeming
More than all they faded dreaming.

Did she open? Doth she? Will she?
So, as wandering we behold,
Grows the picture to a sign,
Pressed upon your soul and mine;
For in every breast that liveth,
Is that strange mysterious door;
The forsaken and forsaking;
Duty, rest, and forgetting—
There the pierced hand still knocketh;
And with ever patient watching,
With the sad eyes true and tender,
With the glory-crowned hair,
Still our God is waiting there.

Selections.

THEATER-GOING.

There are many professing Christians, in all our churches, who make a practice of attending the theater, and some of them vigorously contend that the drama is not only an entertaining but instructive; and that as a school of art it is worthy of patronage. There are many persons, and some of them well informed upon the subject, who entertain a very different opinion. The declaration of one of the most celebrated actors in the country, and whose attempt to maintain a pure drama resulted in financial failure, that he would not allow his wife or daughter to attend the performance of a play that he had not first examined, coming from one who knows whereof he speaks, is very damaging to the modern theater, and should possess great weight with all candid and sincere persons. Many ladies laying claim to modesty and refinement, will listen to utterances in the theater, which would not be tolerated for a moment from their companions in their own homes.—Profane, indecent, and even obscene allusions, calculated to blunt every refined moral taste are listened to until the mind becomes familiarized to them, and they cease to be repulsive. The fact is, it is the most objectionable thing in modern plays, that make them attractive to the masses. The managers care only for the money, and they consult the popular taste, which is a corrupt one, and if others will attend, they must do so at the risk of having their finer feelings shocked, or of becoming assimilated to the character of those around them.

Not only are the plays corrupt, but the actors, as a general thing, are morally impure, and the better class who witness their performances would not for a moment think of receiving them into their personal society as social companions. As an illustration of this, we refer to a single instance. The celebrated Sara Bannard, noted for her beauty and her accomplishments as an artist, and who has attracted so much attention among the aristocracy in England, is reported to have been secured by a theatrical manager in New York city, for an engagement for sixty nights at six hundred dollars a night. The announcement, it is said, has created

THE HIGH MOUNTAINS.

Mr. Moody says in one of his sermons: "There was a story going through the American religious press that touched my heart as a father. It was about the death of a little boy. The mother thought him safe in the arms of Jesus—she thought he was trusting sweetly in Christ." He then went on to say that as Eddy drew near to death, his mother found him gazing from the window, and he asked her to carry him over some dark mountains which he saw, beyond which angels were calling him. The mother said: "Christ will be with you, he will take you safe over the mountains." She then prayed with her child, and said: "Eddy you must take your eyes off your mother, and fix them on Jesus. He will help you." She prayed again and again; until finally, after Eddy had prayed for himself, he said: "Good bye, mamma; Jesus is coming to carry me over the mountains" and then he died.

Now this is a very pretty and impressive story, and there is only one trouble with it—it is not true. But no wonder that Mr. Moody had it wrong. It has, as he said, been going on once or twice only, through the American press; and everybody that chose to do so seems to have taken the liberty to alter, or add to, it.

The real story is much more remarkable and impressive than any of those that have been manufactured from it. I give it, in brief, below. I was the writer of the story, giving it as I had it from the mother of the child, a friend of mine yet living. This mother was not one who believed in early religious instruction, commonly so called. She said: "Wait until the child is able to understand something of what you mean, before you try to get ideas of sin and redemption, or of heaven or hell, into his mind."

Had she seen a darling babe of two years old watching the heavens, as I heard him, murmuring softly to himself "God lives far up above the pitty bu sky; but he sees baby;" she might have felt differently; but her ideas were very firmly fixed, and she acted upon them. She did not know that Eddy, up to his sixth year, had so much as heard of heaven—and the name of "Jesus" he clearly did not know.

At the age of six he was taken sick; and lying near to death, on his bed, with his eyes fixed on a corner of the ceiling, he asked: "Mamma, what country is it that I see beyond the high [not dark; there was no darkness to the little, ransomed one] mountains?" The mother replied: "There are no mountains here, Eddy you are with your parents in this room at home." But the boy insisted that he saw a beautiful country, children were playing and calling to him; but said he: "I cannot get over the mountains. Mamma, papa, won't you carry me across?"

Then the mother wept, for in her heart she felt that her child was called away.

"What country is it, mamma, that I see?" he repeated. The mother, not knowing what else to say, asked: "Is it heaven, Eddy?" She told me she did not know that the word would carry any meaning to the child's mind; but he caught it instantly, and answered: "Yes; it is heaven. O, who will carry me over the mountains the high mountains?" The distressed parents tried to quiet their little one, asking him if he wanted to leave papa and mamma, and home. He lay still and silent for a time, and they, anxiously watching him, hoped that the trouble was past.

The trouble was past. Eddy had never in all his little life said the dear word "mother;" but suddenly he turned his face to her, and with his eyes bright with more than mortal light, and with a voice clear and strong as when he was well, he said: "Mother, mother, don't you be afraid. The strong man has come to carry me over the mountains."

And thus Eddy died. No chance here for any to say: "Influenced and deceived by human teachings." How beautiful most heaven be, with its countless hosts of little children, redeemed out of every nation and kingdom and people under heaven. These are they that are without fault before God, that serve him day and night in his temple.

And if no adult, scarred and stained and blasted by sin, is ever counted worthy to obtain that life and the resurrection from the dead, as sometimes seems must be? Christ, when he looks on the innumerable multitude redeemed from the earth before they were transgressors of his known will, will "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied."

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.

There is no invitation so common, and none so seldom accepted, as this free and easy tender of one's home to a guest. From the way in which many people conduct themselves in their own homes, what with their peevishness, tardiness, slovenliness, and the dreadful necessities—shouldn't care to have the invitation taken very literally by them in any home in which we have part or lot; but it is not practicable, and would it not be pleasant around, to have agreeable people feel more "at home" than they often do in their friends' homes?

All visitor's feel that in some places there is an atmosphere that is congenial and pleasant, and conducive to freedom and enjoyment, while in others—though the welcome be just as warm and the friends no less kind and dear—they are never unconsciously that they are visitors. The house is in an abnormal condition of spick-and-span orderliness, to start with; and one feels that in no home are the papers and books always picked up, the work put out of sight and everything kept with its best foot forward. In most sensible, not to say cultivated families, the essential vulgarities of loading down the tables with an unusual and unnecessary variety of food, because a friend chances to be present, is no longer seen; but in too many the entire matter of the family eating is made to turn upon the guest's appetite or readiness. How entirely "at home" one feels ("this is write ironical," as A. Ward used to come down to breakfast a quarter of an hour late and find *pater familias* reading the advertisements in his crumpled morning paper, with one eye wandering to the clock; the house wife with the shadow of a frown upon her politely unpecked brow, and the children palpably cross from waiting!

The guest shouldn't be late of course, but he often takes that liberty when at home, and would feel much better to find the family at the table than waiting for him. The consciousness of throwing everything out of gear in the family machinery makes one realize very uncomfortably that he is not "at home."

Then the children are often kept on "dress parade" during the presence of transient guests. It causes pain to a child loving and sensitive man to know that the children are debarred of their natural blessed freedom by his presence. His own little ones at home climb to his back or knee, tease for stories, play games and have a good time after supper; and while the average parent doesn't take so much interest in other people's children, no one not so utterly selfish that his comfort does not deserve to be considered, likes to see children robbed of any of their little rights and customs by a stupid conventionality, requiring them to be dressed up and kept still.

It may further be truly said of hospitality, that as a rule "entertaining" does not entertain. Public men are not the only people who like plenty of letting alone.

The friend into whose home our visit means only an extra plate and a chair at the table, and room at the bedside; whose easy chair is ours for reading, resting or chatting; whose home circle is enlarged, not broken up by our entrance; whose greeting shows that he is conscious of receiving as well as imparting pleasure; who preserves his own individuality, and recognizes ours; over whose roof tree waves the flag of freedom—isn't this the place we all love to go—Golden Rule.

THE IMPERATIVE MOOD.—Mrs. L. H. Tutbill, a lady wrote several charming books for young women, one said, in speaking of good manners, that "human nature resented the imperative mood."

Think of this, girls. If you ask a child to wait on you, say "Please." Be polite to servants and inferiors. Be courteous even to the cat. Why push her roughly aside or invite her claws? If kind, good nature, and gentleness ruled in every home, what sunlight would home enjoy! A great deal depends upon the girls—the sisters, the daughters.

A STRING OF NEVERS.—Never talk slang. Never say you have been dished, when you mean you have been disappointed. Never say you have been sold, when you mean you have been cheated. Never say a thing is "too thin," or "that's the worst I ever heard," or "tell that to the marines."

Never say awful for very, and try never to exaggerate. Never slam the door.

THE BIBLE.

I believe in the grand old Bible from its Alpha to its Omega—the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible.

I do not believe in your trying to get as little of God in it as you can, explaining away this miracle and that miracle, representing the pool where the angel came down to trouble the waters, as a sort of Harrowgate springs.

I believe in going for it as the great and only revelation that we have of our great God. The infidel has been at his work for these six millenniums—"Yea, hath God said it?" This is the root of all. That was said by the first infidel, and he will be last. But where are all the infidel works? Where are all the works of men? Three fifths of them never pay for the paper or print. The man has to pay it not the book. And a thousand part do not survive a century. But the infidel has fought against this blessed book from the beginning.

He has brought his mightiest intellect to bear upon it; he has examined every manuscript and translation, and taken it to pieces as no other book ever was tried. Why, he has brought the very chemistry of the age to see what kind of ink it is made of, and he takes a microscope to see if the ink will stand it. But microscope and chemistry, and all his logic, and all his want of logic, and all his power, and all his weakness—we defy it all.

We say to him, "Come on. If you have a thousand more tests, or ten thousand times ten thousand more, we will submit the Bible to all of them; and the wreck of literature, and in the wreck of the whole world, when heaven and earth shall pass away, and not only the Alexander Library, but the British Museum will be burnt up, and all we have of wrong will be burnt up; and we will be glad to see the blaze; the Word of God endureth for ever."—W. P. Mackay.

TRACKS.

One winter morning, after a snow-storm, a father took his hat for a walk to attend to some farm affairs requiring attention. As he started, his little boy of five summers also snatched his hat, and followed his father with mock dignity, and an assumed business like air. When they reached the door the gentleman noticed that no track or path had been made in the snow, and he hesitated about letting his boy follow him. But the soft, fleecy snow looked so tempting, so purely white, that he concluded to allow the child to walk after him. He took short strides through the untrodden snow, when, suddenly remembering his little boy, he paused looked backward after him, and exclaimed:

"Well, my son, don't you find it hard work to walk in this deep snow?"

"Oh! no," said the boy, "I'm coming, for, father, I step in all of your tracks."

True enough, the dear child was planting his tiny feet just where the parent's feet had trodden. The child's reply startled the father, as he reflected that thus would his child keep pace with him, and follow in his tracks through life.

He was not a friend to Jesus, not a man of prayer, and not a Christian; and well might he pause and tremble, as he thought of his child, ever striving to "step in all his tracks," onward, through life's mysterious mazes and myths, toward eternity! The little boy's reply brought that strong, stubborn hearted man to think, when even the preached word of God had no impression upon him.

Finally, he repented, and sought and found peace in believing in Christ. We believe he is now making such tracks through life that at some day that son may be proud to say, "Father, I step in all your tracks."

AMONG the last words written back by Dr. Bushnell, the African missionary, when on his voyage from England, were the following:

"I am going back in infirm health, after thirty-six years of toil, to be the only ordained missionary, till some one hastens to my assistance. The days of miracles are past, and I have no reason to expect to be able to bear the burden of cares and toils alone with the aid of lay and native helpers. Who will consecrate themselves to this work?"

BETTER fail a thousand times, and in everything else, than attempt to shape for yourself a life without God, without hope in Christ, and without an interest in heaven.

Farm and Fireside.

MANURES.

Anything which, being added to the soil, directly or indirectly promotes the growth of plants, is manure. Manure directly assists vegetable growth, either by entering into the composition of plants, by absorbing and retaining moisture from the atmosphere, or by absorbing from it nutritive gases. Manure indirectly assists the growth of plants, either by destroying vermin or weeds, by decomposing in the soil, by protecting plants from sudden changes of temperature, or by improving the texture of the soil. The manure from cows and all animals that chew the cud is considered cold and suited to a light soil; that of hogs, horses and poultry is hot, and best suited to a cold, heavy soil. All new and fresh manure engenders heat during fermentation, and has a tendency to lighten the soil, while old, rotten manure is thought to render it more compact and firm. The manure of birds is richer than that of any other animal. Three or four hundred weight of manure, fowls, turkeys, etc., is equal to from fourteen to eighteen loads of animal manure. A thick coat of hog pen or barn yard manure spread on the garden and turned in every spring, will enrich, warm, and lighten the ground better than any application of other manures. The principal animal manures are those of the horse, the hog, the cow, and the sheep. Of these, the horse is the most valuable, in its fresh state, but it should be exposed as little as possible, as it begins to heat and lose its nitrogen immediately, as may be perceived by the smell; mix it with other manures, and cover it with absorbents as soon as possible. That of the hog comes next in value, while the cow is at the bottom of the list. The richer the food given to animals, the more powerful is the manure. If animal manures are employed in a fresh state, the manure should be well mixed with the soil, and given to course feeding crops, such as corn and the garden pea. Nearly all plants do better if the manure is composted and fully fermented before use. Bone dust mixed with ashes or pulverized charcoal and sown broadcast over the ground at the rate of three bushels per acre, is very beneficial, and the most valuable for turnips, cabbage, etc., and the quantity needed for an acre is so small that the expense is less than almost any application. Common salt, at the rate of six bushels per acre, sowed in the spring, on lands distant from the sea shore, not only promotes fertility, but it is very useful in destroying worms and slugs. Marl, where it can be obtained, may be applied with advantage. Soot is excellent to drive off insects and vermin. Very little of this can be obtained, but it should be carefully preserved and applied in small quantities to cabbages, turnips, cucumbers, melons, squashes, and all plants infested with insects. Charcoal renders the soil light and friable, and gives it a dark color and additional warmth for early crops.—Where composted with night soil it becomes *pondette*, and is second only to guano as a fertilizer.

Leaves and straw rubbish thrown together and moistened with a mixture of lime and salt, if kept damp and undecomposed, form the best manure for trees and shrubs. Swamp muck, mixed with lime, or leached ashes, is of value where it can be obtained, but of still more value is the leaf mold, or black surface soil of the woods. For the vegetable garden, it is best composted with fresh animal manure, but can be applied directly to most plants in the flower garden, many of which will not flourish unless this material is present in the soil. Tanbark, decayed chips, saw-dust and shavings, covered with soil, are of great advantage to potatoes. Wood ashes, leached or unleached, may be used with decided benefit as a top-dressing to most growing vegetables, especially onions and turnips. Plaster sown upon growing crops is good for turnips, cabbages, beans, cucumbers, squashes, melons, and broad-leaved plants.—*Dirie Farmer*.

PARSNIPS, carrots, Swedish turnips, and especially mangel wurzel, will all fatten pigs. The roots ought not to be given in a raw state, but always cooked and mixed with beans, peas, Indian corn, oats, or barley, all of which must be ground into meal.—When pigs are fed on such cooked food as we have stated, the pork acquires a peculiar rich flavor, and is much esteemed, especially for family use.

SELECTED RECIPES.

TO CLEAN silver, use aqua ammonia and pulverized chalk or whiting to the consistency of cream.

OPENING the eyes and submerging them in clean salt water, has been found beneficial to those whose eyesight begins to fail.

TURNING A HORN.—Rasp the horn on the outside if you wish to turn the horn in. It will give life to that part and increase its growth wonderfully on the side rasped. You can give the horn any shape you please by scraping.

FED horses according to their age and work required of them. Full feeding and little work disorders the digestive organs. Select only such hay as is the best quality, that of inferior quality is dear at any price, as there is no proper nourishment in it.

FRIED CUCUMBERS.—Cucumbers, that have grown too large to use in the ordinary way, even when they begin to turn yellow, may be sliced and treated in the same way as egg-plant, but it is not necessary to salt them first. Many are very fond of them cooked in this manner.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Grate the corn from four good-sized ears; add one pint of milk, two well beaten eggs, and a piece of butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Stir three tablespoonfuls of flour in a little cold water, add it to the rest, beat all well together, and bake an hour.

A FRENCH paper relates the following experiment: A cow was milked three times a day for eleven days, and yielded 170 quarts of milk. Who two milkings daily, she gave only 146 quarts in the same number of days. Analyses moreover showed that the milk in the first case was richer in butter globules by more than one-seventh than in the second case.

NEVER water a horse directly after feeding him, especially if he is fed on corn. Thirst should be allayed before the feed is given and if any water is allowed after, it should be merely a mouthful until the lapse of two or three hours' time has been had for gastric digestion. Many valuable animals have been lost by allowing them to drink freely directly after eating.

FLEAS.—A simple and a very effective remedy is the barking of pine poles and placing them under the horse or shed infested. Fleas most always hop on things that are white, either to satisfy their curiosity or for other motives, and when they hop on a freshly barked pine pole they generally stick, and never hop any more, as the poles are covered with sticky resin that exudes as soon as the bark is pared off.

POLL EVIL.—This trouble is an abscess at the back of the head where it joins the neck, and is not serious unless it reaches the bones or joints of the neck. The remedy consists in opening the abscess, to allow the accumulated pus to escape, after which the cavity is dressed with a solution of half a drachm of chloride of zinc, to a quart of water. If the neck becomes stiff before any remedy is applied, the animal is in many cases beyond help.

THE ROUP.—Roup is caused by dampness. The symptoms are running from the nose, very foul breath, comb dark, and drooping manner, with refusal of food. Take the sick fowl at once from the others, and place it in a warm (stove if necessary) dry place, and give it a teaspoonful of a solution of chlorate of potash, which is prepared by dissolving a teaspoonful of chlorate of potash in a glass of water. Give three times daily, and pour a little in the trough where the other fowls drink. It is one of the best remedies known, cheap, and a sure cure if used on first appearance of the disease.

SOWING RYE IN CORN.—If farmers will sow one-half bushel of winter rye to the acre in their corn, and plow it in the last time, it will not only have a tendency to choke out the weeds that start up afterwards, but there will be no danger of dry murrain among cattle from eating too freely of dry stalks, as the rye will remain green through the winter and will be eaten by stock in preference to the corn fodder. It makes a desirable feed for all kinds of stock, and aids materially in the quality and quantity of milk produced, besides proving a saving of from one to two tons of hay for every acre sown; and last, but not least, it affords a green crop to plow under in the spring, which will renew and enrich the land.—*Rural World*.