

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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Poetry.

LITTLE THINGS.

We call him strong who stands unmoved—
Calm as some temper-battered rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shock;
We say of him, his strength is proved;
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we trace our wreath
Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,
Braves flashing gun and sabre-stroke,
And scorns at danger, laughs at death;
We praise him till the whole land rings;
But is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed
That echoes from shore to shore—
Does that, and does that nothing more;
Yet would his work seem richer need,
When brought before the King of kings,
Were he but great in little things.

We closely guard our castle gates
When great temptations loudly knock,
Draw every bolt, clinch every lock,
And sternly fold our bars and gates,
Yet some small door of wide open swings
At their tiny touch of little things.

I can forgive 'tis worth my while—
The treacherous blow, the cruel thrust;
Can bless my foe as Christian must,
While patience smiles her royal smile;
Yet quick resentment fiercely stings
His spots of ire at little things.

And I can tread beneath my feet
The hills of passion's braving sea,
When wind-tossed waves roll stormy;
Yet source resist the open sea
That at my heart's door softly sings,
"Forget, forget life's little things."

But what is life? Drops make the sea;
And petty cares and small events,
Small causes and small consequences,
Make up the sum for all and meet!
Then, O, for strength to meet the things
That arm the points of little things!

Selections.

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

There is perhaps no aspect of their work so discouraging to the ministry as the indisputable fact that the majority of congregations are not what they ought to be in point of numbers. Of all the trials the ministry are called to endure, preaching to empty pews is the most severe; yet it is one that is common to nearly all who preach. Published figures show that an astonishingly small portion of the people, especially in our cities, hear preaching, and that, though the number of church sittings is far less than the population, yet those sittings are not nearly filled.

The great problem of the average pastor is to remedy this state of things, and in some way awaken an interest in his ministry of the word. Besides his proper work, he feels burdened with the infinitely more difficult task of securing hearers from among those who feel no interest in him or his message.

The failure, in many cases, is not only a source of discouragement, but the occasion of strong temptations to resort to clap-trap, questionable methods of advertisement, a sensational style of preaching, and, gravest of all, the temptation to modify the truth to suit the taste of the multitude—to "preach another gospel" than that of Jesus Christ. These temptations are increased by the fact that some who yield to them succeed in securing larger audiences than many who adhere to the apostolic methods.

Under such circumstances, the preacher must revert to the terms of his commission, and remember that his only sure guarantee of success in the ministry is the power of the gospel. That guarantee is the power of God, and does all that Omnipotence can do to save men. It is God's chosen agency for the salvation of the world, and he stands pledged to give it efficiency wherever it is preached in its purity, saying, "It shall not return unto me void, but accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." The terms of every preacher's commission limit him to the one work of preaching the gospel of Christ. This he is bound to do whether men "will hear or forbear." He has no right to do anything else, and it pronounced "accursed" if he ventures to "preach any other gospel." He is not called to provide hearers for himself by resorting to the arts of the demagogue or the rhetorician, and catering to the low tastes and preferences of men. He is not responsible for the results of his preaching, or for the number of his hearers. He is only responsible for being personally imbued with the spirit of the gospel, and for preaching it in all fullness by his life and in his pulpit. If he is conscious that he preaches and lives "a whole gospel," he may confidently expect fruit, and has a right to exonerate himself from

all blame if men refuse to hear. He can say with the apostle: "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believed not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them. For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord."

If the gospel of power does not save men, they cannot be saved by any other means. And if the faithful proclamation of the gospel does not secure a hearing, it is not the fault of the preacher, but of those who refuse to hear. The time foretold by St. Paul has come, "when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."

The faithful minister need not blame himself for the refusal of such people to hear him, or be tempted to adapt his message to their perverted taste. There is no conceivable substitute for the plain and simple gospel of Christ, and it is gross infidelity to high calling, and utterly useless, for any minister to attempt to win and save men by any other means.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

DISABLED BEGGARS.

A writer in the *Evening Standard* has given a painfully graphic account of the way the public sympathies are only too often imposed upon by the "disabled" beggar. The success of a disabled beggar, we are told, depends not only on the extent of his disability, but also on its rarity, and on the way it catches the eyes of passers-by. A man who has lost one arm is supposed to be more helpless than one who has lost one leg, and does better—quite as well, indeed, as a man wanting both legs. A man who has lost an arm and a leg is twice as valuable a beggar as the one just mentioned. One wanting two legs and an arm rates higher still. While the man who has no arms at all, when such a *rara avis* makes his appearance in the mendicant world, is above all price. He transcending as it may seem, we are assured by the writer that women that get hold of peculiarly hideous-looking beggars inveigle them into marriage if they can, in order to perpetuate the profitable connection. "I have repeatedly heard," he says, "women of the lowest class declare that for a husband they would prefer an average beggar to a day laborer, one blind or maimed to any artisan, and a singularly frightful-looking object to the general run of foremen. In consequence, the beggar is quite run after in his sphere. Some of these beggars' trulls are women with curious histories attached to them. I knew one who claimed to be the daughter of a famous French noble, and who in consequence was known in her quarter as 'The Countess.' She really had received a lady-like education. When I saw her she was about forty, and possessed the remains of good looks. I believe that up to the last she might have—I will not say resumed her former standing in society, but retired into decent obscurity, for she had well-placed relatives. Or she could at any time have earned a respectable livelihood for herself, for she was a good linguist, and skillful at embroidery, fan painting and similar work. But she preferred a life of coarse riot with one piece of deformity or another, and in the vilest haunts." With such facts as these before us, those to whom God has entrusted this world's goods need to exercise special care how they dispense them; and where they can not themselves exercise the necessary vigilance, they should rather entrust the means to experienced Christian workers.—*Night and Day.*

RITUALISM finds little favor with some English Bishops. The Bishop of Manchester, at a recent ordination, said that in Paul's time men were content to be experts in godliness rather than in controversy; to be religious rather than theological. He declared that it was impossible for him to become interested in many questions which were agitating the church; it made no difference to him what the color or shape of a vestment was, whether the bread administered in communion was leavened or unleavened, whether the wine in the chalice was mixed or unmixed. None of these things seemed to him to concern the weightier matters of the Gospel.

Wise men talk because they have something to say; but fools talk because they want to say something.

THE COST OF CARELESSNESS.

How often do we hear as an excuse for some harm done or wrong committed, "I did not mean to do it. I had no thought of causing any such trouble." Certainly, "want of thought" draws after it a great train of evils, and leaves behind it a broad trail of cost and sorrow. We see the results of carelessness in all departments of life, and in all degrees, from the most trivial, causing only inconvenience and confusion, to the most far-reaching, casting a shadow into eternity.

A nurse fell down the stairs with an infant in her arms, and fifty years afterwards there was a hump-backed man creeping about the streets. A child threw a piece of lemon peel on the sidewalk, and there was an accident an hour after, in which an old lady was severely injured—so severely that she will never be able to walk again. A switch-tender opened the wrong switch, and the heavy train dashed into a great building that stood at the end of the short side track, and lives were lost amid the wreck. An operator gave a careless touch to his instrument, and there was a terrible collision on the rail. A boy shot an arrow from his bow; it went whizzing away from the string, and a comrade is blind for the rest of his life. A woman poured oil from a can into her stove to hasten her fire, and there was an explosion, and an outburst of flame, which burned down the building about her. A young man pointed a gun, in sport, at his best friend, playfully saying that he would shoot him; and one noble youth was carried to his grave, and another goes through life with an awful shadow of memory hanging over him, which quenches all his joy, and makes all life dark to him. A druggist's clerk compounded the prescription in haste, and in an hour a sick girl was dying in terrible pain and convulsions from the poison in the prescription. A beautiful young lady danced at a party one chill midnight, and then raised a window in a side room to let the fresh air fan her hot cheeks; and in a little while they followed her to an untimely grave.—*What long chapters of accidents are every year recorded, all of which result from carelessness! A little careful thought on the part of the responsible persons would have prevented all of them, with their attendant horrors and their long train of suffering and sorrow.*

And there are other illustrations. Millions of letters every year go wrong, fail to reach their destination, and find their way to the dead-letter office, because the writers carelessly misdirect them. The execrations that are uttered against the government being nearer home. A colored boy charged a hotel clerk with giving him only one dollar in change for a fifty dollar bill. He was ready to swear that it was a fifty dollar note. The case grew exciting, and then an honest washerwoman came, saying that the boy had given her a fifty dollar bill for a one. A gentleman lost an overcoat. His suspicion fell on a neighbor, and a trap was laid to detect his guilt; but after a great deal of wicked feeling the coat was found precisely where the owner left it. Many a servant is abused and wronged and cruelly treated on charges with similar ground. A Boston man coming home rather late, in a drenching rain, felt for his watch at his door-step, to see the time; but it was missing.—He had been robbed. He remembered it all—just a few doors back a man rubbed against him in passing. He was the thief. He flew after him, overtook him, raised his umbrella, and demanded his watch, or he would strike. The terrified man handed it to him, and the good citizen went home proud of his courage and success. The morning paper told of a bold highway robbery, a most daring affair. The robber lifted an enormous club and was about to kill the quiet pedestrian. It happened just close by this gentleman's nose. "That is strange," he said, as his wife read the account at breakfast; "I was robbed of my watch and overtook the thief at that very spot and recovered it." His wife assured him there must be some mistake, as he had left his watch at home the morning before, and she had since noticed a strange one on the bureau. So it turned out that he was the robber.

There is a great deal of the same want of carefulness in other ways, whose consequences are not so manifest, and yet are no less painful and destructive. A man speaks light and careless words, perhaps in humorous mood, perhaps in impatience or irritation; and while the laughter goes round, or the fever of anger burns in

his breast, a heart is writhing in agony, pierced by the cruel barb. He did not mean to give pain to that tender friend; he would not do it intentionally for the world; but he has left a wound and a pang there which no after kindness can altogether heal and soothe. There is a manifold ministry of pain and wrong wrought thus by carelessly uttered words. Some persons appear always to say the very things they ought not to say. Hawthorne says that awkwardness is a sin which has no forgiveness in heaven or on earth. And surely carelessness is laden with the guilt of countless griefs and sorrows, which no after penitence can ever remove, or even palliate and soften.

A person's name is mentioned in a certain circle, or in a quiet conversation, and the most inexcusable liberties taken in speaking of him—his character, his business, his acts. No one means to do him harm or injustice, and yet, in the guise of confidence, words are uttered which are like so many cruel stabs. Few habits are more common than this, and yet what right have we to say one defamatory word of another, or start even by a hint a suspicion of him? We may plead that we had no intention of injuring him, but the plea avails nothing. We are responsible not only for our deliberate, purposeful acts, but just as much so for the accidental and unconscious efforts that go out from us. They say that every word spoken into the air goes quivering on, in undying reverberations, forever. Whatever we may say of this statement, as a scientific fact, we are well aware of the infinite and far-reaching consequences of the smallest words, as moral forces. The poet's fancy is not a mere play of imagination. The song we sing, and the word we speak, we shall indeed find again, from beginning to end, somewhere in the eternal future, stored away in the books and cranies of other lives, and influencing them for good or ill, for pain or pleasure.

"We satter seed with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years,
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Of life's store."

There is no part of this life we are living day by day that is not vital with influence. We call certain things small and infinitesimal, and indeed they seem so; but when we remember that there is not one of them that may not set in motion a train of eternal consequences, dare we call anything insignificant? We are evermore touching other lives, often unconsciously than consciously, and our touch to-day may decide a destiny. Our silent example, as well as our words and deeds, is vital, and throbbing with influence. There is need, therefore, for the most unwearying watchfulness on every act and word, lest in a moment of unheeding we start a train of consequences that may leave sorrow and ruin in its track forever.

"SOBER BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT."

Canon Farrar, D. D., in his recent address entitled "Temperance and legislation" just published by the National Temperance Society, referring to the cry so often made that "You cannot make people sober by act of Parliament," says:—

"Gentlemen, it is not true that you cannot to an immense extent make people sober by act of Parliament. You can; it has been done over vast tracts of America. It is being done in wide areas of our colonies. It is done in hundreds of our English parishes where the land owner has the wisdom to shelter his people from crime and pauperism by the simple rule which he, on his single authority, can make, and make unquestioned, but which hundreds of poor men and poor women and poor children on his estate cannot make, however passionately they desire it, and however deeply it affects their social, moral and religious welfare—namely, that there shall not be a single liquor shop on his estate. Nor make people sober by act of Parliament! Why, at this very moment, to their own immense benefit, you are making 20,000 people, among whom are the very worst drunkard in England, not only sober by act of Parliament, but absolute teetotallers by act of Parliament. Who are those? Why they are the poor prisoners now in our prisons, not one of which from the day he enters prison is allowed to touch a drop of alcohol, and who, in consequence of this restriction are as a class, in spite of all their other advantages, no completely the healthiest class of people in England that there is a lower rate of mortality among prisoners than there is among professional men, and that as the death-rate stands highest of all among publicans who sell alcohol, so it stands lowest of all among prisoners, who are absolutely deprived of every drop of it."

A POMPEIAN HOUSE.

The Naples correspondent of the *London Daily News* writes: "The house which was begun to be excavated at the celebration of the centenary of Pompeii, and is therefore called 'Casa del Centenario,' and from which I then saw three skeletons dug out, has proved to be the largest hitherto discovered, and is of peculiar interest. It contains two atria, two triclinia, four alae or wings, a calidarium and tepidarium. It occupies the entire space between three streets, and most likely a fourth, which has yet to be excavated. The vestibule is elegantly decorated, and its mosaic pavement ornamented with the figure of a dolphin pursued by a sea horse. In the first atrium, the walls of which are adorned with small theatrical scenes, the pavement is sunk and broken, as if by an earthquake, and there is a large hole through which one sees the cellar. The second atrium is very spacious, with a handsome peristyle, the columns—white and red stucco—being twenty-six in number. In the centre is a large marble basin, within the edge of which runs a narrow step. On the pedestal at one side was found the statue of the Faun lately described. The most interesting place in the house is an inner court or room, on one side of which is the niche, with tiny marble steps, often to be seen in Pompeian houses. The frescoes on the walls are very beautiful. Close to the floor runs a wreath of leaves about a quarter of a yard wide, with alternately a lizard and a stork. Above it, about a yard distant, droop, as if from over a wall, large branches of vine or ivy and broad leaves like those of the tiger lily; and very freely, naturally, and gracefully drawn. At each corner of the room a bird clings to one of the branches. Then comes a space—bordered at the top by another row of leaves—in which is represented a whole aquarium, as if the room were lined with tanks. There are different sorts of shells and aquatic plants lying at the bottom of the water, and swimming in or on it all kinds of fish, jelly fish, sepias, ducks and swans, admirably sketched with a light yet firm touch. The ripples made by the swimming ducks are indicated, and one duck is just flying into the water with a splash. On each side of the niche this amusing aquarium is enlivened by a special incident. To the left a large octopus has caught a monstrous murena (lamprey) which turns round to bite—in its tentacles, to the right a fine lobster has pierced another murena through and through with its long hard feelers, or horns. These creatures are painted in the natural colors very truthfully. On the left wall of the room, above the fishes, are two sphinxes supporting on their heads square marble vases; on the brim of each of which sits a dove. Behind the niche, and on the left side of the room, runs a little gallery with a corridor underneath, lighted by small square holes in the border of hanging branches. The wall of this gallery behind the niche is decorated with a woodland landscape, in which, on one side, is represented a bull running frantically away with a lion clinging to its haunches; on the other, a horse lying struggling on its back, attack by a leopard; all nearly the size of life. On each side of the doorway is painted respectively a graceful doe and a bear.

The other rooms are also very beautiful; one with a specially elegant design on a back ground; in another a small fresco representing a man pouring wine out of an amphora into a large vessel. The bathrooms are large and elegant, the cold bath spacious and of marble. In one room a corner is dedicated to the *lares* and *penates*, and in the fresco decoration, among the usual serpents, &c., I noticed the singular figure of a Bacchus or baccante, entirely clothed with large grapes. In one of the mosaic pavements is a head of Medusa, the colors very bright and well preserved. As some of the rooms are only excavated to within two or three feet from the floor, it is possible that many valuable ornaments or statuettes may yet be found, as everything indicates that this splendid house belonged to some rich citizen."

MANY a Christian trusts Christ to carry him through the valley of the shadow of death, who does not rely upon Him to take him through the dread to-morrow. If you are Christ's you have no right to worry. He is a safe pilot. You can trust him in the shallow, quiet river, as well as in the sea beyond.

Subscribe for the Sun.

Farm and Fireside.

COMPOSTING COTTON SEED.

Superphosphates are good fertilizers for turnips and fodder corn, cucumbers, melons and cow peas; also for garden peas and mustard. Ashes are good for potatoes, onions, beets and earing corn. A combination of the two in a proportion of 100 pounds of 12 per cent. soluble phosphate of lime to 50 pounds of nitrate of potash—250 pounds of the acre—will immensely help to make 50 bushels of corn. If 300 pounds of cotton seed be well wetted, and then mixed with 4 bushels of hard wood ashes, and permitted to ferment, all the time kept moist, and turned several times, they will form a compost that will saponify the oil in the cotton seed, break down the hulls, and reduce them to a pulpy mass of most wonderful fertilizing properties. Then mix this mass with one ton of well rotted stable manure; let the whole stand three weeks; turn it twice; keep all the time under shelter, and it will be fit for use. I consider this quantity equal to 400 pounds of guano and it will bring as large crops as can be gotten from that quantity of guano applied to an acre in the drill.

The practice of composting cotton seed with phosphates and manure is objectionable, and such is my experience. The following are the reasons: The cotton seed are made dry and hard, the hulls are not broken up; the benefits from the seeds are not obtained on these accounts. I have noticed the seeds entire two years after using the compost, showing they had not given up their valuable properties to plants. The phosphate forms an insoluble fatty acid with the oil in the seed, which coating defies rot and prevents decomposition. To avoid all these inconveniences, I prefer composting the cotton seed with an alkali, so as to form a soap, as this will break up the hulls, and permit the valuable fertilizing properties of the seed to be readily surrendered to the plant for food. Ashes contain the cheapest alkali for this purpose; 100 pounds of ashes will saponify 300 pounds of cotton seed, and reduce them to pulp. Hence the above compost is recommended, which has proved eminently valuable in my experience.

I have found that by applying this compost to the surface of the hill, letting the rains carry the soluble parts down, and the cultivator mixing it with the soil during the progress of growth and cultivation, the most profitable crops of corn and sweet potatoes can be raised. When phosphates are to be used, I prefer using them in the drill by themselves. When the drills are opened to receive the corn, I scatter 100 pounds per acre of 12 per cent. soluble rock phosphate, then drop the corn, covering lightly with a harrow and cultivator, and on the top of all drop the compost at the rate recommended. If the corn is planted early in March, which it should be, there will be ample opportunity for the spring rains carry down the soluble parts of the fertilizer to the corn roots.—*J. A., in Country Gentleman.*

FIG PICKLES.—Gather the figs when ripe and not much opened. Put them in strong salt and water for twelve hours; then drain off the brine. Scald it and pour over the figs hot and again let them stand twelve hours. Then drain off all the brine and wash them well in vinegar, and let them stand in it several hours. While soaking, prepare enough spiced vinegar to cover them, adding one pound of sugar to a gallon of vinegar, or more, if you prefer the pickles pretty sweet. Bring the spiced vinegar to boiling heat and strain. Drain off all the vinegar the figs were soaked in, put them in jars, and pour the spiced vinegar, boiling hot, over them. Use the best cider vinegar; fill each jar two-thirds full of figs, the balance with vinegar.

HOW TO MAKE THE HORNS OF CATTLE SHORT.—W. L. Waring, Jr., in the *American Breeder and Planter*, says: When the calf is four months old, cut its horns as close to the as you can get it. It can be done with a pocket knife. At that age the lower part of the horn is nothing more than a gristle. It bleeds a little, but we never knew a calf hurt by the operation. It is rare that the horns grow to over five inches long. It makes a harmless cow and a much prettier one than with long horns.

It is a very poor house that will not carry his oats.

LIME IN AGRICULTURE.

The "Journal of Forestry" briefly sums up many of the uses of lime when applied to the soil. The effect of lime, as will be seen, are in part mechanical and in part chemical.

1. Upon deep alluvial and clay soil it increases the crop of potatoes, and renders them less waxy. Sprinkle over potatoes in a store-heap it preserves them, and riddled over the cut sets it wonderfully increases their fertility.
2. Lime eradicates the finger-and-toe disease in turnips, and gives greater soundness to the bulbs.
3. It gives when applied to meadow land, a larger produce of more nutritious grasses. It also exterminates coarse and sour grasses.
4. Upon arable land it destroys weeds of various kinds.
5. It rapidly decomposes vegetable matter, producing a large amount of food for plants in the form of carbonic acid gas.
6. It destroys or neutralizes the acids in the soil; hence its adaptability to sour soils.
7. It acts powerfully upon some of the inorganic parts of the soil, especially on the sulphate of iron found in peaty soils and the sulphate of magnesia and alumina.
8. It proves fatal to worms and slugs, and the larvae of injurious insects, though favorable to the growth of shell-beaters.
9. Shaded lime added to vegetable matter causes it to give off its nitrogen in the form of ammonia; combined with acids, it sets free the ammonia which is seized by the plants.
10. Its solubility in water causes it to sink into and ameliorate the subsoil, when the soil contains fragments of granite or trap rocks, thus hastens their decomposition and liberates the silicates.
11. Its combination with the acids in the soil produces saline compounds, such as potash, soda, etc.
12. Strewed over your plants, it detests or drives away the turnip fly.
13. Worked in with grass seeds, the beneficial effects of lime, chalk, manure, and shell-sand have been visible for 30 years.
14. Applied to the rot heap, lime effectually destroys the seeds of weeds.

GREEN MANURING.

Soils are enriched by ploughing under plants that grow upon it. Plants which grow most rapidly, and which produce the largest amount of stocks and foliage in the shortest time at the expense for seed and labor, are the most valuable for the purpose of green manuring. Plants that grow quite high are not desirable ones to raise for the purpose of ploughing under, as it is difficult to cover them. If vegetation is covered very deep, it will rot slowly and be of comparatively little value to the next crop planted on the land.—A crop raised for the purpose of being ploughed under benefits the soil in other ways than by enriching it. It keeps it shaded during the hottest portion of the year, and shade acts to increase fertility. It also keeps weeds in check, and so insures not only a rich soil, but one comparatively free from noxious vegetation. Soil, if rightly managed, may be made the means of adding to its own fertility. Left to the operations of nature, soils do improve, but their production may be increased much faster by the expensive means pointed out as above.

SWEET PICKLES.—These are made from peaches, and peaches, plums, apples and other fruit, also from water-melon rinds, the fleshy part of ripe cucumbers, etc. The material is cooked in water until soft enough for straw to pass through easily, and, when cool, placed in a jar with a few cloves stuck in each. To each seven pounds of fruit, take three pounds of brown sugar, one quart of vinegar, four ounces cinnamon and two ounces cloves. Boil the vinegar, sugar and spices together for a few minutes, and pour over the fruit. Repeat the boiling for three days in succession, and put away for use.

Wagons or carts with broad tires may be drawn over newly ploughed land without cutting in, and on muddy roads they are pulled with greater ease than narrow tires, because the soil is packed down and not cut up. The popular prejudice in favor of narrow tires is a strange one, as it is impossible to keep roads in repair where they are used.

WORK for your church paper.