THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

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

Volume XXXIII. SUFFOLK, VA., FRIDAY AUGUST 20, 1880. Number 33.

Poetry.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish poem.

O let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses and awake
To see how soon
Life in its glories glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

How pleasure like the passing wind
Blows by and leaves us nought behind
But grief at last;
How still our present happiness
Seems to our wayward fancy less
Than what is just.

And while we view the rolling tide
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind;
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright:
Like them, the present shall delight,
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall.
The sea of death whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, throne and crown,
And swallow all.

Alike the rivers lordly tide,
Alike the humble streamlets glide,
To that sad wave.
Death levels poverty and pride,
The rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but the starting place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal.
There all our glittering toys are brought,
That path alone of all unsought
Is found of all.

See then how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here.
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away.
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair,
Age came and laid his fingers there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay?
The step that roved so blithe and gay?
The heart's blithe one?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome and woe,
When age comes on.

Selections.

MABEL'S SECRET.

The first day of the New Year, and the children were quarrelling! A bad beginning!

"Alice and Harriet, take your knitting work. John and Henry, you may each bring nine armfuls of wood into the wood-shed. Mabel, you may take your slate and write, and I guess, if they are let alone, the two babies will take care of themselves. Now for half an hour, let us have silence. If anybody speaks let it be in a whisper."

So there was silence in the kitchen, except the noise the little mother made with her pie-making, and the occasional prattle of the two babies.

There was generally a good deal of noise at Number Thirteen; and sometimes—pretty often—it wasn't pleasant noise. The children were all young, and all wanted their own way. But they had learned to mind their mother.

Little Mabel sat with her slate on her knee, looking thoughtful. She wrote and erased, and wrote again with much pains-taking labor. At last she seemed satisfied, and going to her mother said, in a whisper:

"May I have a piece of white paper and a pencil out of your drawer? I want to copy something."

"What is it? Let me see," said her mother.

Mabel hesitated and blushed, but held it up to her, saying, "You won't tell, will you, mother?"

Her mother read it twice over.—Tears gathered in her eyes.

"You won't tell anybody, will you?" entreated little Mabel.

"No, no, certainly not! It shall be a little secret between you and me."

She got a nice piece of paper, and sharpened the pencil anew for the child, although she was pie making.

Mabel copied it very carefully, and laid it away in the bottom of her handkerchief-box, saying—

"I shall see it often there, and nobody goes there but mother and I."

But it happened one day that Harriet was sent to distribute the pile of clean handkerchiefs from the ironing into the different boxes, and as Mabel's was empty, she saw this writing. It was so short that she took it in at a glance:

"Resolved to Alwas spek plesant when Ennybody speks cros.

MABEL FORD."

Somehow it fixed itself in Harriet's mind, and that evening she was busy with pen and ink. The result was a writing in Harriet's handkerchief-box, with a resolution written more neatly, but the same in effect:

"Resolved, that I will try this year to return pleasant words for cross ones. HARRIET FORD.

It made a difference that was easy to see, when two of the children began to practice this resolution. There was less of quarrelling.

"That's mine! You better mind your own business!" said John to Harriet one day, when she took up his top and was putting it in his drawer.

"But, John, mother wants me to clear up the room," said Harriet.

"Well, I want the top to stay there!" said John, obstinately.

"Well, perhaps it's no matter. A top isn't much litter," said Harriet, pleasantly.

John was fully prepared for a contest. I'm afraid he would rather have relished one. He stared. Then he looked ashamed. Then he spoke.

"What made you say that, Harriet?"

Harriet laughed and colored a little.

"Tell me! what made you?" John insisted.

"Come here, and I'll show you," said she.

She took him into the clothes-press, where was the row of pretty handkerchief boxes, each labeled.

She opened little Mabel's and took out the clean, soft pile of handkerchiefs. "Look there!" said she.—John read.

"The good little thing! She never does quarrel, any how," said John.

"So I thought I had better put one in mine too," said Harriet, and showed hers.—*Youth's Companion.*

HIS SECOND CHOICE.

"Hester!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright, "Do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"

"What do you mean?" was the startled reply.

"He will go and marry the sweetest tempered girl he can find."

"O, auntie!" Hester began.

"Don't interrupt me till I have finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as pretty as you are, but she will be good-natured. She may not be as bright as you are, but she will be good natured. She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are, in fact I think she will not, but she will be good-natured. She may not even love him as well as you do, but she will be good-natured."

"Why, auntie—"

"That isn't all," continued Aunt Susan. "Every day you live you are making your husband more and more in love with that good-natured woman who may take your place some day. After Mr. and Mrs. Harrison left you the other evening the only remark your husband made about them was, 'She is a sweet woman.'"

"Ah, auntie—"

"That isn't all," composedly resumed Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was half across the kitchen floor bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look up and say, 'There, Will, just see your muddy tracks on my clean floor. I won't have my clean floor all tracked up.' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. One day you screwed up your face when he kissed you because his moustache was damp, and said, 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything you tell him not to spill it, when he lifts anything you tell him not to break it. From morning till night your sharp voice is heard complaining and faultfinding. And last winter, when you were so sick, you scolded him for allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said, 'I was so anxious about you that I could not think of the pump.'"

"But, auntie—"

"Hearken, child. The strongest, most intellectual man of them all cares more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in the world, and without this the cleverest woman and the most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affection in time. There may be a few more men like your Will, as gentle and loving and chivalrous, as forgetful of self, and so satisfied with loving that their affection will die a long, struggling death; but in most cases, it takes but a few years of fretfulness and faultfinding to turn a husband's love into irritated indifference."

"Well, auntie—"

"Yes, well! You are not dead yet, and that sweet-tempered woman has not yet been found, so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better-tempered woman in existence."—*Advocate and Guardian.*

THE PRINCE OF MISSIONARIES.

When in obedience to the commission of Antioch, Paul separated himself to the work of foreign missions, he inaugurated a movement which was not only absolutely novel but also brave. Even now, in these days when our missionaries have the advantages of steamships and telegraphs, and, above all, the endorsement of Christendom for their work, it is justly thought a heroic thing to become a foreign missionary. But how much more heroic it was in those days of an infantile Christianity and a pigmy sense of brotherhood, especially when the mere fact of recognizing the equality of the Gentiles seemed to subvert the foundations of a divine and exclusive religion already two millenniums old. In fact, the mission of Paul was a reversal of the mission of Abraham. Great was Abraham's call; but it was a call to become the founder of a single nationality and an insolated religion. Greater was Paul's call; for it was a call to become the founder of a universal brotherhood and a cosmopolitan religion.—He himself was the first conspicuous illustration of the parable of the Good Samaritan. According to this parable, neighborhood does not consist in local proximity: it is not a matter of ward, or city, or state, or nationality, or kinship, or political party, or religious denomination: it is a matter of the possibility of relieving distress. According to this world's teachers, it was the Jewish priest and Levite who were neighbors of the Hebrew traveler to Jericho. According to the Teacher from heaven, it was the Samaritan foreigner who was the real neighbor of the waylaid Jew. That is to say, every human being who is in distress, and whom I can practically help, whether he lives in Philadelphia or in Calcutta, is my neighbor. And of this doctrine of neighborhood or universal brotherhood, Paul was the first superb illustration. Being Christ's chosen vessel, to convey as in an elect vase his name before Gentiles, he magnified his office, feeling himself a debtor to every human being, whether Greek or barbarian. And he illustrated the Master's doctrine of neighborhood because he had caught the Master's own spirit. For the Son of God himself was time's great foreign missionary, commissioned by the eternal Father to our far-off and alien race, that he might bind up the wounds of a waylaid and bleeding humanity, and convey it to the inn of his own redeeming grace. As the Father has sent the Son into the world, even so did the Son send Paul into the world. Nobly conscious of this divine commission, he recognized in every human being, however distant or degraded, a personal neighbor and brother. And so he won for himself the glorious title, "The Apostle to the Gentiles." And for this sublime vocation he had been in an eminent sense very especially fitted. By birth a Jew, he was familiar with the living oracles. By citizenship a Roman, he was allowed a freedom throughout the imperial empire which would have been denied him as simply a Jew. By culture a Grecian, he had the ear of the nations; for Greek was the cosmopolitan tongue. If ever there was an instance of divine election, it was the choice of Saul of Tarsus to become the prince of foreign missionaries.—*S. S. Times.*

CUPS OF BLISS.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

I heard this pleasant story the other day of an eccentric but very popular and pleasant old Dutch Reform Doctor of Divinity.

In a village where he was preaching as supply, while the settled pastor was absent in Europe, he was invited to attend the weekly receptions at a fashionable boarding school where two or three of his granddaughters were among the pupils.

At the first of these brilliant and select gatherings which he dignified with his presence, Miss Bliss, the assistant preceptress, a lovely little lady, presided at the tea-urn. The guests went to her to have their shell-like China cups filled or replenished, and sat or stood about the handsome rooms, sipping their tea, nibbling a sandwich, a tart or a bit of cake, and laughing and chatting in the delightfully informal way that made the "Locust Hill Seminary" teas the most popular social events in the village.

When tea was announced the fine old gentleman, who as usual had been making himself generally agreeable, stationed himself beside Miss Bliss, and, as each cup was filled, took it from her hand and passed it with a pleasant word to the waiting guest. After a while, having turned all eyes in his direction by a witty repartee, and while every one waited with attent ears to catch his next words, he said:

"At first thought it would seem to be quite an exhibition of generosity on my part for me, before I am served myself, to take these cups of Bliss and pass them on until this whole large company is supplied; and it would be a generous act, were I not sure that a sufficient quantity for the needs of all present was back of the fair dispensing hand."

His listeners all laughed at the pretty and apt play upon the name of the lovely young lady behind the tea-urn, but the aged minister continued gravely:

"It is just the same with the message of salvation which I am holding out to you all, week by week. Was there only enough for the saving of one soul in this township, human nature is so weak that I might be tempted to retain that portion for myself instead of offering it for your acceptance; but I know there is an inexhaustible supply, so I have no temptation to be selfish in the premises, and am only influenced by my desire for your highest good. The message reads, 'He, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters'—all you have to do is to come, without money and without price, and partake that your souls may live."

Then, in a deep voice, he continued, "What strange ideas of politeness govern society! What one of you is there, who would come here and offend your hostess by refusing the delicate and delicious refreshments provided for your entertainment.—Yet day by day for years you do not hesitate to grieve your Maker by refusing the cup of Eternal Life, which is being continually held out to you by the hands of His servants."

A gentleman who was present said the effect of these unexpected words, as expressed upon the faces of the gay company, was startling. It was putting an old thought in a new light, and when one sweet young girl standing near the speaker said in a trembling voice:

"I believe, sir, that we would all gladly accept of that cup, if we had you to offer it to us and to tell us about it"—others clustered eagerly about him; and the result was, the tea ended by the offering of a fervent prayer, followed in the days to come by a general awakening of religious life among both teachers and pupils in the gay, fashionable, worldly young ladies' seminary, and a permanent and most happy change in the tone of the school.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE *Northern Christian Advocate* gives the following occasion of an incident of an interesting account recently had in Syracuse, N. Y.

The meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in the First church on Monday afternoon. The meeting was largely attended and full of interest. Bishop Peck presided. After the report by Mrs. J. L. Willard was presented, Rev. Dr. Reid made the first address, speaking words of encouragement to the noble women of the church. Dr. Reid was followed in a beautiful address by Mrs. J. Easter. Mrs. J. L. Humphrey, late returned missionary, gave a thrilling account of her experience in the work in India. Toward the close of the services the Bishop asked the two ladies who are about to embark for Japan, to address the meeting. Mrs. Long, wife of Rev. Mr. Long, of the Holsten Conference, the made first address, relating her convictions in regard to the step she was taking. In a very tender and womanly way she made the impression on all hearts that she was truly in the line of her duty. Miss Myra Haven, daughter of Chancellor Haven, stated also with much clearness and force her own struggles and convictions in coming to the conclusion she had formed. She had consecrated herself to the Lord, inquiring, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Then she had gone to her closet, and with her Bible before her, asked God to reveal to her His will. Every passage on which her eyes fell pointed to the mission field. The Spirit enforced the Word, and now the transaction was done, and she felt that Japan was her adopted country. She should give it her life, be it long or short, for she felt it was the will of God. All eyes were wet with tears as these dear daughters of the Church related in their simple and beautiful way their convictions and experiences. The report of Mrs. Secretary Willard, gave assurance that the ladies of Syracuse are not unmindful of their obligations, while these new bonds just formed will only inspire great zeal in the cause of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in future.

A CHINESE TEMPLE TURNED INTO A "JESUS CHAPEL!"—A large Chinese heathen temple has lately been turned into a Christian place of worship in the north of China. At a place called Shioh Chia Tang, the missionaries Stanley and Smith looked at the gulley where, at dead of night, the gods were hustled in. The summer rains had caused a bit of a large god to crumble off. The men call it "Divine Mud!" as the missionaries took up a handful of the moistened clay, and threw it down, saying, "Dust to dust, mud to mud!"

The temple looks very pleasant, in its changed character. The two large bells now call the people to worship the living God, instead of recalling the idol, as they supposed, from his feats and slumbers. In the front temple quaint pictures of flying spirits and genii, painted on the walls, still remain. The larger temple makes a very neat mission chapel, with its whitened walls and scarlet-painted post and beams. The wooden incense-table has been cut down into a preaching-table, and the benches are made from the platform which supported the larger idols. On the temple front hangs a large tablet, with "Jesus Chapel" in beautiful Chinese characters, replacing the old Taoist sign.

This temple now stands as a distinct witness to the truth that God is a Spirit, and from time to time his glorious gospel is proclaimed in it. The villagers and way-side travelers have as yet much of the truth to learn.

FATALISM ILLUSTRATED.—A Hardshell Baptist minister, living somewhere on the frontier of Missouri, was in the habit of saying to his family and to his church: "Friends, you need not take any unusual care of your lives; the moment of your death was written before the foundation of the world, and you cannot alter it." His wife observed when he left on Saturday, to meet one of his frontier missionary engagements, that he dressed the flint of his rifle with unusual care, put dry powder, fresh tow, and took every pains to make sure that the gun would go off in case he came upon an Indian. It struck her, one day as she saw him in the saddle with his rifle on his shoulder that his conduct contradicted his teaching, and she said to him:

"My dear, why do you take this rifle with you? If it was 'writ' before the foundation of the world that you were to be killed during this trip by an Indian, that rifle won't prevent it; and if you are not to be killed of course the rifle is unnecessary; so why take it with you at all?"

"Yes," he replied, "of course my dear, you are all very right, and that is a very proper view; but, see here, my dear—now—really—but then you see, my dear, suppose I should meet an Indian while I am gone, and his time had come and I had not my rifle with me, what would he do? Yes, my dear, we must all contribute our part toward the fulfillment of the decrees of Providence.

NO MAN ever conquered the world by pining for its riches, honors, or amusement; neither can one overcome it by talking against it, or by groaning beneath the burdens, afflictions, and disappointments which are inseparable from the earthly life. But this is "the victory that overcometh the world even our faith"—the faith by which God is made our trust and heaven our treasure. With such a faith one can be happy whether he be rich or poor. When Wilberforce saw his wealth melt like snow in spring, he did not torture his soul with useless regret, but turning his eyes away from his wretched estate, said, "I know not why my life is spared so long, except it be to show that a man can be as happy without a fortune as with one." He was able to make this sublime exhibition because in losing his worldly sustenance he still retained his chief treasure which was laid up in heaven and was daily foretasted in his spiritual fellowship with the living Jesus. Happy Wilberforce! And happy, too, is every man who constantly prays with St. Augustine: "Lord, let my soul flee from the scorching thoughts of the world, under the cover of Thy wings, that being refreshed by Thy shadow, she may sing merrily. In peace I will lay me down and rest.—*Zion's Herald.*

Farm and Fireside.

NEEDED IMPROVEMENTS.

There is hardly a farm in the land that does not need some improvement of one or another sort, either in buildings, ditches, fences, arrangements, &c., &c. The present seems a proper time to attend to it. Few farmers have shelter room enough to protect all their crops and stock as they should be; now is a good time to erect more. The farmer must prepare for the rainy days, as well as the snows and storms of winter. It does not pay to house crops *out of doors*, as many farmers still continue to do. If you need any house or shelter of any sort better set about building them while there is a little leisure from more urgent work.

Again, many farms are not as well ditched as they ought to be. No land can be made very productive that is not sufficiently drained, and while some farms require none or very little of it, yet a majority of fields would be greatly benefitted if only a little better drained. Look after this matter at once, and if your farm needs more ditching mark off and have them cut before the autumn rains begin. As much as possible avoid many open drains. They waste land and are much in the way. If you can afford it lay tile in all but the main drains, and if you cannot, make them of poles or plank.

Perhaps the arrangement of the fences is very defective and expensive. Look around and see if this cannot be changed to advantage. Generally there are more cross fences than are necessary to keep the stock from the crops. These are only in the way, and are expensive to keep up. Better remove them and make the outside fences secure and strong. The shape of the field sometimes requires more fencing in to enclose them than would be needed if they were of a different shape. The square form is most economical, and should be adhered to even though some woodland is also enclosed. This subject needs much looking after; our section is notorious for bad fences; many a reputed good farmer ought to blush for the state of his fences.

The arrangement of farm buildings and grounds is frequently very bad, entailing much extra trouble and many extra steps as the farmer daily trudges around from one to the other. Many build without due regard to this matter, and the error remains uncorrected for years, perhaps for generations. Not only might much trouble be avoided, but the expense of building might be materially lessened by placing the farm buildings, such as barn, stables, cattle sheds, feed houses, and shelters for wagons and harness, in immediate proximity and as far as possible under the same shelter. The advantage of such an arrangement would be readily seen in stormy weather. In all cases where the farmer has to build anew we would advise him to give this topic close consideration before deciding. Much may be done on some farms merely by changing the location of houses. Now is the time to attend to it.

Thus every farmer, if he will look around, will be pretty sure to discover something that would add to the value of his farm, increase its productive capacity, or make farm life laborious and unpleasant. Neglect of these things entails many discomforts, losses, and vexations. A little change here and there would accomplish much to your personal and pecuniary benefit. Take a turn or two around your farms. See and determine what should be done, and then employ the opportunity afforded by the present leisure to do it.—*Rural Messenger.*

A CURE FOR SNAKE BITES.—As the season for snake stories and snake bites is at hand, some one advises hunters, fishermen, and all seekers after pleasure in the woods and fields to take with them on their tours a supply of ammonia, which, taken inwardly, is an almost certain remedy for the bite of the most poisonous reptiles. When taken inwardly the ammonia should be diluted with water, but taken in as large and strong a dose as the patient can well swallow without taking the skin from the mouth and throat, and it should be applied at the same time to the wound until the pain and swelling are subdued.

APPLE LEMON PIE.—Rind and juice of one lemon, piece of butter size of a walnut, two apples chopped fine, one egg, one cup of sugar. Bake with upper crust.

TREATMENT IN FISTULA AND POLL EVIL.

To cure fistula in horses, when it first makes its appearance, the following remedy will do: One-half pint turpentine, one-half pint alcohol and one ounce corrosive sublimate; shake well before using it. When applying it rub well with a cob. After the fistula has advanced several days, take one quart whiskey and one quart soft soap, put together in a kettle and make it boiling hot, and while it is boiling hot pour it gradually on the diseased part. This may seem severe, but it is a certain cure. You will have to confine the horse so he can't jump about. Rub the burn with hog's lard, and it will soon get well. When the fistula has broken, the following is a sure cure: 1 oz. bluestone, 2 oz. red precipitate, 9 oz. arsenic; pulverise well together; insert to the bottom of the fistula by means of a quill. Keep well cleaned and continue the application until the fistula will come out by the roots. Then apply mustang Liniment freely. Another most excellent remedy for the fistula is to keep the place clean and well filled with a mixture of salt and soft soap. This I am using now with good success. Bleeding in the neck in all cases is very profitable, what is good for fistula is good for poll evil.—*J. J. G., in Courier Jour.*

SINCE the heavier work of the summer has been completed, we know many progressive farmers have been busy preparing compost and other manure for future use. Some we have heard of were composting marl and muck from the swamps—or rather it was not muck, but the partially decayed vegetable matter, and in some cases peat, the accumulation of ages. This matter from the swamps in combination with marl makes a most excellent manure for almost any crop. The proper proportions are one-fourth marl to three-fourths of the other.—The two may be taken directly to the field and deposited in large heaps convenient to the ground to be fertilized. Got out now it will be fit for use in October, at which time it may be broadcast and the land plowed.—Or the heaps may be left till next spring and the compost applied at the time in the drill or hill.—*Rural Messenger.*

COOKING RICE.—Pick over the rice and wash it in cold water; to one pint of rice put three quarts of boiling water and half teaspoon of salt; boil it just seventeen minutes from the time it begins to boil; tu off all the water; set it over a mod ate fire with the cover off, to ste fifteen minutes. Take care and accurate. The rice water first poure off is good to stiffen muslins.

WASH your horses and cattle occasionally in this weather, with carboli soap; the flies are not partial to i and will trouble your animals me less. Also, don't be too particula sweep down the spider webs in y stables; spiders eat flies, and e fly caught in a cobweb is rem from all further temptation t your horse.

OKRA GUMBO.—Put in one spoonful of lard, cut up the and add he lard with a of flour; let it fry aw quart of okra cut up two spoonfuls of oni en; cook about fi one quart of wate About 15 minutes pepper and salt t

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