

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

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

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Poetry.

IN THE NEST.

Gather them to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mean youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Pray not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run,
That they may come a time in the by-and-by,
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun.

When you'll long for a repetition sweet,
That some angel through each room
Of "Mother," "Mother," the dear love-calls
That will echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy battle and out,
And patter over head.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the unexplored shore,
Where youth and age come nevermore,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mean youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

—*Scottish American Journal.*

Selections.

WHAT A MOTHER AN DO.

BY W. S. PLUMMER, D. D.

In his admirable tract on parental obligation, Dr. Dabney says: "A church was rejoicing with its new pastor in an ingathering of souls, and among the converts was one whose appearance was so surprising that it filled them with wondering gratitude. The subject was a man of the world, who had lived past middle life, far from Christ and good. He was a man of inherited wealth and social position, generous and brave, profane when irritated, a sportsman and keeper of thoroughbred horses, a frequenter of all scenes of gaiety and worldly amusements which were not low. This man now suddenly manifested a solemn interest in divine things, was constant in God's house, and was found, before long, sitting like a contrite child at the feet of Jesus, and let it be added here, that his after life nobly attested the genuineness of the change. He lived a pure Christian and devoted philanthropist, and died in the faith.

There was naturally in the new pastor's heart a curiosity to know how so surprising and gratifying a revolution was wrought, and perhaps, a trace of elation as he argued with himself that this case must be purely a result of pious instrumentalities. So when the convert came to confer with the session, he was asked what sermons had been the special means of his awakening. It seemed hard for him at first to apprehend the drift of such a question, but at last he answered very simply that his change was not due to any sermons or recent means but to his mother. To his mother? She had been dead so long that few remembered what manner of mother he had! She had been in her grave more than forty years. The oldest elder present had never seen her; had, in fact, never heard of her. She had died in the bloom of her beauty and maturity, when he was a boy of six years. Thus the wonder grew. But he explained that she was a Christian woman, a fruit of the great ingathering of Samuel Davies in the colonial days, and she began to instruct her oldest born in the truth. He stated that now, if he was Christ, it was the power of these teachings over his infant mind, and especially of the dying scene, which was the true instrument of bringing him back; without which all other instrumentalities would have been futile. When this young mother was about to die, she had gathered her little flock at her bedside, covering like a cluster of frightened birds before the mighty harvester, Death, had prayed for and blessed them, and as she laid her dying hand upon his brow, had charged him, her first born, to fear his mother's God, and remember her instructions. This hand had been upon his head ever since, through the long years of his worldliness; he had felt its touch in the hours of business, as well as in his hours of solitude; in the heat as he was being his hands after the fox, on the race-field as he cheered his winning horse, and it was this which at last had brought him back to God.

O mothers! mothers, pray on! Hope on! Be strong in faith, giving glory to God. "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."—*Interior.*

THERE IS REST FOR THE WEARY.

Our Bessie is an unconscious missionary in the large house in which we live, a dear little instrument in the hands of the Father to give fresh hope to those who suffer, to utter just the one small word that is often needed to awake a sleeping soul. She is a merry little lassie, but she is one of the Lord's little ones, and even in infancy His own know Him and do His work.

All of us had been interested in a lady who had recently come among us; a tall, stern, reticent-looking woman she was, and yet there was a pathetic look of sorrow in her eyes that touched our hearts and made us long to comfort her, although we knew not how. One rainy day, when I was sitting busy over my sewing and Bessie was happy with her playthings in the hall just without, the ice was broken about the proud, reserved heart. For a long time there was silence, nothing but the patter of the raindrops to break the quiet, and then there broke upon the air the child's clear, sweet voice:—

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you."

was the burden of the low-toned chant. Looking up, I saw Bessie standing by the window with clasped hands, singing softly to herself and peering out into the leaden skies with a far away look on her dear little face. Almost simultaneously a door opened upon the other side of the hall, and our sad-faced stranger stood upon the threshold, but there were tears now upon the white cheeks, and the proud lips quivered.

"Will you come and see me, my darling, and sing all for me your sweet song?" she said, with a wistful look at Bessie. The child was startled at first, but after a long look at the face bending towards her, she slipped her small hand into the one outstretched to receive it, and passed from my sight into the room of the stranger. Remembering our poor mother, I wondered what fresh sermon the little one was about to preach in her unconscious way. In about an hour she stood before me.

"Poor lady, poor lady!" she said, gently fingering in her dusty way the work upon which I was busy.—

"Poor lady she repeated with a long sigh.

"What is it, Bessie?" I asked, my hand upon her golden curls.

"She had a little girl just like me once, she said, and God took her. And then she cried so loud, and said, 'O dear! O dear!' And then first I didn't know what to do, but I thought I would put my arms about her neck and kiss her, and then she said if God took her little girl, what made her cry, for God was good and heaven was a beautiful place to live in. And then I said if her little girl had gone to heaven, she would never be sick or tired any more, and that it would not be very long before she could go, too, and wouldn't she be beautiful to have her own little angel meet her and show her the right straight to God. And she said her arms tight about me and kissed me, and said I was a blessed little comforter. What makes people always cry and feel so bad when their children die and go to heaven? If it is beautiful, I should think they'd be glad to have them have the best even if they are lonely."

"But human hearts are weak, Bessie, ah, so weak!" I said, as I gazed through tears at the tiny figure at the window watching the raindrops as they fell.—*American Messenger.*

THE JOY OF LIVING.

When Samuel Budgett, distinguished English merchant, was dying he said: "Riches I have had much as my heart could desire, but I never felt any pleasure in them for their own sake, only so far as they enabled me to give pleasure to others." This dying confession of a rich man is worthy of being noted and remembered by every young man after wealth. It teaches the wholesome truth that none but the most sorrowful mortals can find any pleasure in the mere possession of riches. No millionaire is happy merely because he owns a million dollars. Ordinarily, that fact excites his passions, cares and desires, which burden and disgust him. But when he has money to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, instruct the ignorant, build up the cause of Christ, (people a fountain of blessing to his heart. He is then an imitator of him who, owning all things, which he is giving—*even of God*—can receive nothing—*even of God*—which he is giving. Hence the rich man who gives grows Godlike in the act and in nature. The pleasures of his benevolence cause him to take higher delight in giving than in gaining, and his charity pierces his natural covetousness with a destroying sword. But if this right use of money be neglected, he is both rich and innocent.—*Zion Herald.*

A DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

It seemed as though I had been suddenly aroused from my slumbers. I looked around and found myself in the centre of a gay crowd. The first sensation I experienced was that of being borne with a peculiar, gentle motion. I looked around. I was in a long train of cars, which were gliding over a railway many miles in length. It was composed of many cars. Every car opened at the top, was filled with men and women, all gaily dressed, all happy, all laughing, talking and singing. The peculiar, gentle motion of the cars interested me. There was no grating, such as we hear on a railroad. This, I say, interested me. I looked over the side, and to my astonishment found the cars made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rails without the least noise or oscillation. The soft, gliding motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness. I was happy. It seemed as if everything was at rest within. I was full of peace.

While I was wondering over this circumstance, a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the road, on either side, within a foot of the track, were laid lines of coffins, and every one contained a corpse, dressed for burial, with its cold, white face, turned upward to the light. The sight filled me with horror; I yelled in agony, but could make no sound. The gay throng who were around me, only redoubled their songs and laughter at the sight of my agony; and we swept on, gliding with glass wheels over the glass railroad, every moment nearer to the end of the road, far and far in the distance.

"Who are these?" I cried at last, pointing to the dead in their coffins.

"These are the persons who went on the trip before us," was the reply of the gayest persons near me.

"What trip?" I asked.

"Why, the trip we are now taking—the trip on the glass railroad," was the answer.

"Why do they lie along the road, each one in a coffin?"

I was answered by a whisper and a half laugh which froze my blood!

"They were dashed to death at the end of the railroad," said the person whom I addressed.

"You know the railroad terminates at an abyss, which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end, it precipitates its passengers into the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are then brought here and placed in the coffin as a warning to other passengers, but no one minds it—we are so happy on the glass railroad."

I can never describe the horror with which these words inspired me.

"What is the name of this glass railroad?" I asked.

The person whom I addressed, replied in the same strain:

"It is very easy to get into the cars, but very hard to get out; for once in these cars, every one is delighted with the soft gliding motion. The cars move so gently! Yes, this is the railroad habit, and with the glass wheels we are whirled over a glass railroad to a fathomless abyss. In a few minutes we'll be there, and then they'll bring our bodies and put them in coffins, as a warning to others; but nobody will mind it, will they?"

I was shocked with horror. I struggled to breathe, and made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle, awoke. I know it was all a dream; and yet, whenever I think of it I can see the long train of cars moving gently over the glass railroad; I can see the dead in their coffins, clear and distinct on each side of the road. While the laughing and singing of the gay and happy passengers resounded in my ears, I only see those cold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted, and their frozen hands upon their white shrouds.

It was a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars gliding over a glass railroad freighted with youth, beauty and music—while on either hand stretched the victims of yesterday—gliding over the fathomless abyss.—*Wis. Free Press.*

THAT MAN IS MY THORN IN THE FLESH!

"That man is my thorn in the flesh!" exclaimed an exasperated young Christian, when some careless delay on the part of a fellow-worker had caused unusual trouble. "Make him a means of grace, then," was the cheerful answer. Most of us, in home or business life, are daily pricked by the habitual carelessness, ill-temper or selfishness of some associate. The Christian philosophy teaches that the very existence of these buffeting thorns points them out as means of grace.

OVERWORKED WOMEN.

Here is a woman who from dawn to dark is busy with the actual work of a household, with its cooking, sweeping, dusting, mending, and general toil. There is never one consecutive working hour in which she can, without a sense of neglected duties, rest absolutely. She spends day after day in the seclusion of home without anything sparkling and merry to inspire her, with no very ennobling thoughts, except in the direction of religion, and her religion is top often a compound of ascetic self-denial and sentimental fervor, rather than of high principle and holy love. When she is unequal to the performance of her tasks, she takes tea, and as her nerves become more diseased, more tea. With neuralgic pain often seizing her in the beginning of that slow decline which saps the life and happiness of so many of our women before they reach the middle age, she is irritable. Little trials cause her torture, and she sees herself constantly falling below her ideal; she loses heart, thinks herself a miserable sinner, and very likely doubts her claim to the name Christian. Doubtless she will get spiritual help by praying, but she had better confess to a physician than to a clergyman. She does not bear petty crosses with unflinching sweetness, and perhaps says a hasty word for which she repents, only to repeat the fault again and again, despite her prayers and struggles. What ails her is not temper, but tiredness and tea, and too hot rooms, and a lack of variety and cheer in her life. Doubtless God could keep one in a holy and patient frame of mind who constantly violated every law of health, but there is not the least warrant for believing that he ever will do so, because if human suffering means anything, it means that we are to learn by it, not only spiritual truths, but that the soul and body are like yoked oxen—if one lies down the other must too or be sorely cramped. No delusion is more common than that illness is conducive to saintliness, and that God sends sickness upon us to make us holy. On the contrary, sickness is the penalty of wrong-doing, either by ourselves or our ancestors, and in many cases should make us ashamed and truly penitent. The most devout Christian will have the nightmare if he eats half a mince pie before going to bed, and a crusty temper next morning, and his spiritual agonies will not save him in the future, unless he adds to his faith knowledge.—*Women's Journal.*

GIRLS IN SOCIETY.

That would be a very one-sided society which was composed wholly of one or wholly of the other sex. In fact we cannot conceive of the best kind of society as existing in that way.

At colleges and schools there are, very properly, large communities of young men, who, having plenty to do, and preparing for the hard work of future life, have not much time for mere enjoyment. They get along very well with the business for the time, without each other's company, though in some quarters co-education has been found desirable. Still, even there it is well for the boys and well for the girls to have occasional evenings for parlor diversion. Each set can contribute to the other, and the presence of the one stimulates the other to do well.

There are some girls who do not take any pains to be agreeable, however, when only their girl friends are with them. They are as dull and stupid as you please, and you cannot imagine their being either bright or charming. But let a gentleman, ever so young, make his appearance, and lo! a change. They are animated and entertaining directly. Some girls are always seeing a possible lover in every new acquaintance, and so they lose the advantage and pleasure they might have in knowing their friends, brothers and cousins.

It is rather curious that these young ladies, so ready to appropriate attentions and invite affection, are seldom attractive to the persons they so desire to please. It is man's prerogative to woo; woman's to be won; and she should not be won too easily or too soon.

While you are dignified and above even the most refined flirtation, it is not necessary that you should be needlessly prim and austere. Enjoy conversation, and music, and excursions with your friends, and in the thorough trust of friendliness, and take the sweetness of innocent hours with those young like yourselves. But, in all things wherein you have a doubt—in all questions of propriety—take counsel of your mothers.—*Young Folk's Rural.*

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH.

How much are you worth? Do you mean how much money have you? No: I mean how much are you worth?

Perhaps you have not thought, my friend, how valuable you are. When this question has been asked, "how much are you worth?" you have thought how much your farm is worth in bank, or in stocks. Perhaps you are poor, and in answer to the above question you would answer, "I am not worth anything." Now let me tell you what you already know, your money isn't you.

How much, I again ask, are you worth? If you have never thought, let me tell you, you are immensely valuable. We may make mistakes and pay more for an article than it is worth. We may be cheated, but God knew how much we were worth when he bought us; for we must never forget we are bought and paid for. And in this case we may estimate the value by the price.

Now, my friends, do you not think it reasonable that the one who bought you should have you? After you pay for an article, do you not say, it is mine! Now God's word is, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." God gave the greatest price he could pay. You were so valuable, and he so wanted you, that he gave his only son to die for you, that you might not perish, but have everlasting life. And you must now choose whether you will let God have what he bought at such an immense cost, or you are lost forever. There is no other way of escape; and for you to be lost—such costly property, is a greater loss than for this world to be sunk into ruins. A never dying soul! Say this moment, I will give God what belongs to him; and because Christ has died for me, I belong to God! I am the Lord's! And thus believing, you are saved.—*Everybody's Paper.*

THE PALM TREE.

The Scripture says: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree. Let us see what this comparison means: 'The palm grows not in the depths of the forest or in a fertile loam, but in the desert. Its verdure often springs apparently from the scorching dust. It is a friendly light-house; guiding the traveler to the spot where water is to be found.' The tree is remarkable for its beauty, its erect aspiring growth, its leafy canopy, its waving plumes, the emblem of praise in all ages. Its very foliage is the symbol of joy and exaltation. It never fades, and the dust never settles upon it. It was, therefore, twisted into the booths of the feast of tabernacles, was borne aloft by the multitude that accompanied the Messiah to Jerusalem, and it is represented as in the hands of the redeemed in heaven. For usefulness, the tree is unrivalled. Gibbon says that the natives of Syria speak of 300 uses to which the palm is applied. Its shade refreshes the traveler. Its fruit restores his strength. When his soul fails for thirst, it announces water. Its stones are ground for his camels. Its leaves are made into couches, its boughs into fences and walls, and its fibres into ropes or rigging. Its best fruit, moreover, is borne in old age; the finest dates being often gathered when the tree has reached 100 years. It sends, too, from the same root a large number of suckers, which, in time, form a forest by their growth. What an emblem of the righteous in the desert of a guilty world! It is not unconstructive to add that this tree, once the symbol of Palestine, is now rarely seen in that country.—*Ex.*

CARELESS WIVES.

It is very common to hear the remark made of a young man that he is so industrious and so economical that he is sure to be thrifty and prosperous. And this may be very sure of him so long as he remains single. But what will his habitual prodigality avail him against the careless waste and extravagance of an uncalculating, unthinking wife? He might as well be doomed to spend his strength and life in attempts to catch water in a sieve. The effort would hardly be less certainly in vain. Habits of economy, the way to turn everything in the household affairs to the best account—these are among the things which every mother should teach her children. Without instruction, those who are poor will never become rich, while those who are now rich may become poor.—*Selected.*

SUNDAY is the golden clasp that binds the volume of the week.

Farm and Fireside.

THE STUDY OF SOILS.

The successful farmer must necessarily devote some of his time to the study of soil, whether he does it in a so-called scientific way or not, for he knows that soils of different character and texture require different modes of treatment. The owner of a light and porous sandy soil may dispense entirely with subsiding and under-drainage, defer plowing till late in the spring, and save manure by applying it only in the drill. Fall and winter plowing of such land is often a decided disadvantage; and mechanical and fermenting manures are not necessary to mellow and lighten a soil already fully enough so, hence there is little sense in broadcasting manures. But the owner of a heavy clayey soil, or one with a clay sub-soil only a few inches from the surface, must, in the first place; ditch or under-drain to get rid of the superabundant moisture of winter and wet seasons generally,—to provide against heavy falls of water and get it to soak up speedily without washing away the cream of the soil, and to help in the improvement of the land in a general way, he will often find it desirable to use a subsoiler also,—and the better and quicker to improve the mechanical texture of the ground and open it up to the action of light and air, he must apply manures broadcast and use a good deal of animal deposits and other fermenting stuff, whose action within the soil is similar to that of leaven in the roll of dough. Some very stubborn soil require a great deal of such treatment to make them reasonably and freely workable before plow or hoe. Much land of a medium texture, and from that approaching light, needs much less of these ameliorating treatments, but it is certain that a very large proportion of this sort never gets the little it should have. It is for the latter class of farmers mainly that we are now writing.

We remember having read some years ago, in the Patent Office report for 1849, a long and somewhat elaborate paper on "The Study of Soils," and if any of our farmer readers have the book lying around they would do well to hunt it up and peruse the said article. It contains, of course, the usual array of scientific terms, but according to our memory there is much in it that could not but be of benefit to any one interested in the matter and engaged in the work of improving his soils. It opens up an extensive field for mental research, and one that farmers generally ought to cultivate with a great deal more assiduity than is now apparent on the face of things. The soil is the medium through which organic and inorganic nature acts. It is, in short, the parent of life, and of course its health and vitality, so to speak, is a matter of the first importance to all engaged in the production of food.

But, as we have said, soils are very diverse in their character, calling for quite dissimilar treatment on the part of the tiller. The farmer must understand his soil before he can begin the work of amelioration with intelligence or with success. And it is safe to say that the modes of treatment are almost as diverse as the number of fields. Scarcely and two farms be worked exactly alike. We have but intimated some of the most patent differences—there are a thousand other modifying influences and conditions which the intelligent farmer must in his own case trace out. The present seems a fit time to give this subject some thought. Turning in green crops and fall and winter plowing are of priceless value to all close hard soils. If your land is of this sort you must begin now to prepare it for next year's crops. Turn in all the green matter you can within this and the next month, or break deeply as soon as present crops are off, and refallow in the spring, and if the drainage is good, you may safely count on paying crops.—*Rural Messenger.*

ROOTS FOR STOCK.

Sameness falls upon the appetite; a variety of food encourages it. A good farmer loves to see his animals eat, and the more they eat and healthfully digest, the greater are the owner's profits. Cut or pulped roots will be found the best basis for winter feeding, and with these, corn fodder and oat straw may be given liberally, saving the hay until the early spring.

LEMION JUICE.

Will allay the irritation caused by the bites of gnats and flies.

DISTRIBUTING MANURE.

It is still the practice to a great extent to draw out manure and leave it in heaps, where it remains till plowing necessitates its spreading, or rather throwing of the heaps apart, making an uneven distribution, some none at all. Besides, there are lumps, more or less dry; those on the surface are of little more when turned under, unless the cultivator is used to break and distribute them in the soil, which is not often done. The whole proceeding is a bad one. The manure should have been spread carefully and evenly when drawn; not plowed under at all for general cropping, unless very shallow, or cultivated in. Where the manure is spread from heaps in the spring, the harrow, weighted, should be passed over, which not only fines and distributes the manure more evenly, but mixes it with the soil, making a mellow surface fit for a sea-bed, or, if turned down, improving the soil below. Farmers do not sufficiently realize the benefit of mellow soil turned down. There are those who use a cultivator or harrow on their stable land before they plow it, not plowing deep; then reduce the upturned soil to the same condition. This is one of the advantages in a fallow. If manure is used before and after plowing, with sallow treatment, the poorest land can be made to yield well at once; better still, if the manure each time is permitted to be spread till the rain has washed out the soluble parts.

COTTON MILLS.—The establishment of cotton mills in North Carolina is paying most handsomely those who invested in the enterprise. According to the *Star*, the mill at Windsor, which uses two of the Clement attachments, is working fourteen hands and yield a daily net profit exclusive of interest on capital, insurance, etc., of \$22.10, but they make enough otherwise to cover the expenses not included.

From ten to twelve thousand dollars is the capital required for one of these mills. This factory, says the *Kaleigh Observer*, is a great success, and three others of the same kind are now being, or soon will be built in the State. This is very cheering news from North Carolina, and that State is setting an example that will be extensively followed in Virginia.—*Ledger.*

TO CLEAN CORSETS.—Take out the steels at front and sides, then scrub thoroughly with tepid or cold lather or castile soap, using a small scrubbing brush; do not lay them in water. When quite clean let cold water run on them freely from the spigot, rinse out the soap thoroughly. Dry without ironing (after pulling lengthwise until they are straight and shapely) in a cool place.

REMEDY FOR FLIES.—It is claimed that if a couple of handfuls of the common blackwalnut leaves are put in a vessel of water all night, and next morning boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes; then when cold take sponge or rag and moisten the eyes, neck, legs, etc., of a horse, the flies will give those places a wide berth. In some cases this application may be valuable.

PAINT applied to the buildings in autumn or winter give them more durability and last longer than when painted in early summer or in late fall. In the former case it dries, for this town, it caps becomes hard like a glazed body has been tried, not easily affected afterwards. TOM SMITH, weather, or worn off by the

SOFT SOAP.—Take six gallons of water, add three of best hard soap, cut fine, on sal soda, four table-spoonsful of horn; boil the whole till solved; pour into vessels, cold it is fit to use. This is W. L. Daugherty's pounds of fine jelly soap.

A LUMP of bread about the a billiard ball, tied up in a line and placed in the pot in which are boiling will absorb the steam which often times send such

ONION PEELING.—In peeling slicing onions, it is said, that holding between your teeth scissors, a steel knife, or iron or steel substance, and retail at be shed during the operation.

To stiffen a crape veil for the destruction of Peat folded and pressed in a book, and when it is then shaken it dries, & press.

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JOS. P. WEBB.