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Poetry.

AGAINST THE GOLD.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"And Peter stood and warned himself."
The very Christ of whom he bore
Such bold, brave witness but a few
Sad days ago—the Christ he knew
Had raised from death one week before,
Lazarus of Bethany—he saw
Now in the clutch of Roman law,
Dragged midst o'er the pavement stone,
Bound, mocked, forsaken of his own,
And—"stood and warned himself!"
He watched the soldiers rudely strip
Away the robe the Marys made,
And pluck the inner garment frayed
By brutal wrenchings—marked the lip
Shiver, as o'er the flesh laid bare,
Flow gusts of chilling midnight air;
Yet, by the sight not smitten dead,
Above the brazier's flame he spread
His hands—"and warned himself!"
He heard a maid say, "Here, behold,
One of this man's disciples; he
Speaks with the speech of Galilee."
Ah, then—ah, there, his blood ran cold;
And as the inspiring blaze rose higher,
Among the crowd that girt the fire,
With sharp, reiterate, angry "Nay,"
He thrust his arms and pressed his way,
And crossed, "and warned himself."
"Yes, thou art one of them." He heard
The charge come back and back again,
Tossed from the mouths of jeering men;
And as with oaths he flung the word
Straight in their teeth, he sudden turned,
And ah, that look!—it burned and burned
As if Gehenna's hottest coal
Had down into his deepest soul
Dropped, while "he warned himself."
His hands he could no more uphold;
Remorse, despair, self-loathing, woe,
Took at his heart; he did not know
If it were night—or if it were cold—
He neither looked behind, before,
Nor dared, though she who kept the door,
Said, "Surely this was he who drew
The sword on Malchus; Malchus knew
Him, as 'the worstest of us!'"
But prone upon the ground he lay,
Abject thro' horror, racked with shame,
Too stricken, to name the Master's name,
Remembering, till the dawn of day,
How thro' His mystic anguish, he
Had mingled with that company
Of mockers in the High Priest's cell
As one of them, and watched it
"And 'stood and warned himself!"
"So is it still! We skirt the
With scarce the scaffold-Christ in sight,
Nor do the wrong, nor dare the right,
Poor, trembling creatures that we are!
And while our Lord is being betrayed,
We lurk among His foes, afraid
To own Him; yet, like him of old,
We comfort us against the cold,
And, stand and warn ourselves!"
—Sunday School Times.

Selections.

THE RESULTS OF MISSIONS.

[From a lecture delivered at the Foreign Missionary Institute, Chautauque Assembly grounds, New York, Tuesday, August 3d, 1880, by Henry K. Carroll.]
Missionaries have been at work many years, and millions of dollars have been expended. The results ought, therefore, to be large, even after due allowance has been made for the preparatory stages of missions and for special difficulties. But what shall be included in the term "results"? The "results" which the churches look for are spiritual in their nature, but many desire to know the monetary value of missions. Some people cannot grasp the idea of success except in the form of dollars and cents. So much money, they reason, has been invested in missions. How much have we received in return? There is little difficulty in answering this question, because there is no doubt that missions have a value to commerce, as well as spiritual value. They have conferred great benefits on mankind in commerce, morals, politics, society, science, and education, and it is proper to include these benefits in estimating "results." Missions exert an unmeasured influence on man in all his relations in life. They have gone to the savage and degraded people of the South Seas and Africa, and wrought a revolution among them. They were engaged in wars of plunder, devastation, and slavery, without peace or security, society, or industry; now they form peaceful communities, with society and government, and follow industrial pursuits, thus contributing to and receiving from the markets of the world. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton says that most of the trade of Lagos, which amounts to \$4,000,000 a year, is due to the industry of the natives of Sierra Leone, trained under missionary auspices. A hundred years ago Capt. Cook was murdered by the savages of the Sandwich Islands; how Honolulu is an important commercial port, with a trade of

over \$3,000,000 a year. Other islands, which used to be the terror of shipwrecked sailors, are now valued for their commerce, and it is estimated that every additional missionary sent to the South Seas is worth \$50,000 a year to British commerce. Commercial enterprise follows closely after the Central African missions, to which the thrifty merchants of Scotland and England gave liberally, believing that the money was well invested. A merchant urged the missionaries in New Guinea to push forward as rapidly as possible, in order, he said, to develop trade. The missions in India have been repeatedly recognized by Indian statesmen as of the utmost value to the government. Lord Lawrence, who was governor-general of India, said that the missionaries had done more than all other agencies combined to benefit India. Lord Napier said missions "go hand in hand with the government in raising the intellectual standard of the Indian people and in forming for the service of the state a body of public servants of intelligence and morality." In Turkey the civilizing and elevating influence of Protestant missions, affirmed by every intelligent observer, is immeasurably great. The same is true of other mission fields. The gospel everywhere makes moral, intelligent, industrious, and useful citizens. There is another class of results—the advantages which science has received from the labors and observations of the missionaries. If Sydney Smith were alive to-day, he would see the men of whom he spoke so temptuously as "consecrated cobblers" receiving high honors. He would find in nearly every issue of the two leading English literary weeklies (the *Athenaeum* and *Academy*) notices of missionary travels and exploration. He would observe how frequently missionaries appear in the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, as authors of papers or as recipients of honors. The bones of a missionary, known wherever books are known, for his labors and travels in Africa, lie in Westminster Abbey, and his monument in Edinburgh is not needed to perpetuate the memory of one of England's noblest citizens, David Livingstone.—The contributions of the missionaries of geographical knowledge have been numerous and important; but they have also furnished copious and valuable materials for the students of philology and ethnography. They have reduced many unwritten languages to writing and compiled numerous dictionaries and grammars. These works, which are indispensable to the study of the history, separation, and migrations of the great human family and the kinship of peoples and tongues, are now easily accessible. All these and other material results, which alone would justify the existence of missions, the Church of Christ looks upon as incidental. The single aim of missions is the conversion of souls, the value of which no man can estimate. They were bought with a price which would not have been paid for all the universe besides; and all the money which has been spent on missions is as nothing, in the sight of God, compared with the worth of the soul of the most degraded heathen of the wilds of Africa, the jungles of India, or the icy solitudes of Greenland. If missions have brought one soul to the knowledge, love, and worship of the one true God, they have done that over which the angels in Heaven rejoice. But the fruits of missions are not few or hard to find. Every mission and every mission station that has been planted bears them. In India, which has been, perhaps, the hardest field of all, there are about 95,000 native Christian communicants; in Africa, 80,000; in Polynesia and Australasia 73,000; in Madagascar, 68,000; in China and Japan, 18,000; in Burma 20,000. In these fields alone there are upward of 350,000 communicants. The total in all fields is, perhaps, over half a million, besides the adherents (those who have renounced heathenism or other native religions and accepted Christianity), who are more than twice as numerous. There must be fully 1,700,000 souls who, as members and adherents, own and glorify the name of Christ. But these are not all the fruits. Thousands, having lived the life of the righteous, have gone to receive the reward of the righteous.

And what shall I say more? For the time would fail me to tell of Madagascar, and of Fiji, and of Hawaii, and of Burma, and of peoples who through faith and the preaching of missionaries subdued the kingdoms of darkness and superstition, wrought righteousness, quenched the violence

of war, escaped from idolatry and barbarism, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the army of aliens which had encompassed them. That they might obtain a better resurrection, they have had trials of mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonment; they have been tempted, cast off by family and friends; they have been destitute, afflicted, tormented, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.
As the constraining love of Christ shall run from heart to heart, like celestial fire, melting away the masses of pagans and unbelievers, the time of the fulfillment of the prophecy of John will be near at hand, when it shall be said: "The kingdoms of the world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever."
ROBERT RAIKES OF GLOUCESTER.
Whether or no Robert Raikes was the first man to gather children together for instruction on the Lord's day may be questioned. It would not be right to affirm that the germs at least, of what we know as the Sabbath-school, are not to be found long prior to his day. Indeed, not without success are those germs traced at least as far back as the Jewish synagogue. But it is due to Robert Raikes that we have to-day that institution which we call the Sunday-school, and which has been and is so mighty an instrument of good.
Robert Raikes was born in Gloucester, England, Sept. 14, 1735. This beautiful cathedral town, somewhat famous for the names it has given to English history, was his home through the whole of his life. His father was the proprietor of a newspaper of considerable importance and influence, the "Gloucester Journal," and Robert, who was brought up to the printer's trade, succeeded him in the control of the paper.
Raikes seems to have been a born philanthropist. Long before he commenced his Sunday-school work he had been doing what he could to reform Gloucester jail, where the condition of the prisoners was most pitiable. His labors here earned for him the title of "Teacher of the Poor." Of the condition of society some idea may be formed from a paragraph in Raikes' Journal of June, 1783, which says, "The prison is already so full that all the gaoler's stock of fetters is occupied, and the smiths are hard at work casting new ones." Another paragraph shows the direction in which his mind was turning: "The ships about to sail for Botany Bay will carry about one thousand miserable creatures, who might have lived perfectly happily in this country had they been early taught good principles, and to avoid the danger of associating with those who make sobriety and industry the objects of their ridicule."
His labors among the prisoners turned Raikes' attention to the young. Seeing some wretchedly ragged children playing in the street, and learning of the noise and riot which made the Sabbath hideous, he engaged four women, who kept what were known as "dame schools," to teach such children as he should send to them on the Sunday. These teachers were paid a shilling per Sunday for their services.
The first school was started in the house of a Mr. King, in July, 1780. Raikes established a second one immediately in his own parish. All the conditions that he required of the children were, "clean faces, clean hands, and hair combed." They were instructed in reading and writing, and in the catechism. The results were soon seen in the change for the better in the streets of Gloucester.
This work of Raikes was very different, as is at once apparent, from our modern idea of the Sabbath-school, particularly as developed in this country. But the work grew. Raikes advocated it, with singular self-forgetfulness, but with much force, in his Journal. The numbers of schools in Gloucester multiplied, and the idea was taken up all over the kingdom, so that in 1789 there were no less than 300,000 Sabbath-school scholars in Great Britain. The system everywhere commended itself. Even Adam Smith said, "No plan has promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity, since the days of the apostles."
The Wesleyans are said to have originated the idea of conducting Sunday-schools by unpaid teachers. All the Nonconformists were ready to recognize the value of voluntary Sunday-school work, and gradually this method entirely superseded the earlier one, and gratuitous instruction became the universal rule.

Robert Raikes was a man of great ability, and at the same time of firmness. He was singularly modest, but without possessing of strength of character and practical tact. He is described as "rather tall, somewhat portly, of fair complexion, and most benevolent expression of countenance." At the age of sixty seven he retired from business with a competency. He died at his residence in Gloucester, April 5, 1811, in his seventy-sixth year.
The commemoration of the anniversary of the formation of Raikes' first Sunday-school, took place in London, occupying the week from June 26 to July 3. On the last day the Raikes' memorial statue on the Thames Embankment was unveiled. The whole occasion was one of great interest.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*
THE PRECIOUS BIBLE.
We are begotten by the word of God; it is the instrumental means of regeneration. Therefore love your Bibles. Keep close to your Bibles. You seeking sinners, you who are seeking the Lord, your first business is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; but while you are yet in darkness and in gloom, oh, love your Bibles and search them! Take them to bed with you; and when you wake up in the morning, if it is too early to go downstairs and disturb the boys, get half-an-hour of reading upstairs. Say, "Lord! guide me to that text which shall bless me. Help me to understand how I, a poor sinner, can be reconciled to Thee."
I recollect how, when I was seeking the Lord, I went to my Bible, and to Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," and to Allen's "Alarm," and Doddridge's "Rise and progress;" for I said in myself, "I am afraid that I shall be lost; but I will know the reason why. I am afraid I never shall find Christ; but it shall not be for want of looking for Him." That fear used to haunt me; but I said, "I will find Him, if he is to be found. I will read. I will think."
There was never a soul that did sincerely seek for Jesus in the world, but by-and-by he stumbled on the precious truth that Christ was near at hand, and did not want any looking for; that He was really there, only they, poor blind creatures, were in such a maze, that they could not just then see Him. Oh, cling you to Scripture! Scripture is not Christ; but it is the silken clue which will lead you to Him. Follow its leading faithfully.
When you have received regeneration and a new life, keep on reading, because it will comfort you. You will see more of what the Lord has done for you. You will learn that you are redeemed, adopted, saved, sanctified. Half the errors in the world spring from people not reading their Bibles. Would any body think that the Lord would leave any one of his dear children to perish, if he read such a text as this,—"I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand?" When I read that, I am sure of the final perseverance of the saints. Read, then, the Word, and it will be much for your comfort.
It will be for your nourishment, too. It is your food as well as your life. Search it, and you will grow strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.
It will be for your guidance also. I am sure, those go rightest, who keep closest to the book. Oftentimes, when you do not know what to do, you will see a text leaping up out of the book, and saying, "Follow me." I have seen a promise blaze out before my eyes, just as when an illuminated device flames forth upon a public building. One touch of flame, and a sentence or a design flashes out in gas. I have seen a text of Scripture flame forth in that way to my soul; I have known that it was God's word to me, and I have gone on my way rejoicing.—*Sprague.*
THE TENDERNESS OF CHRIST.
Here is another! He is the most bruised and broken of all; one who had imagined himself strong in faith, giving glory to God—but one who had ignominiously bent before the blast of temptation and had denied his Divine Master with oaths and curses. Can there be aught of tenderness manifested towards the renegade apostle? Surely he has placed himself, by his heinous guilt and craven cowardice, beyond the pale of forgiveness. No; when we might have thought the heart he had ungenerously wounded was alienated from him forever, there was first a "look" of infinite love—a melting glance, which

Farm and Fireside.

HAVE YOU GOT A BRIER-HOOK?

If you have, now is the time to be using it with the greatest advantage to yourself and farm generally. First grind it sharp and then take it out to the ditch sides and fence corners, and cut away the briars, weeds and shrubs that have sprung up during the present year. They are soft and easily cut now, and the work of clearing the ditches and fences can be done in shorter time and with less labor than at any other period of the year. No other implement we ever saw is so good as the brier hook for this work—work that is so generally neglected because it is such an unpleasant job at other seasons and with other implements. Every farmer ought to have one or more brier-hooks, and he should be seen using them about this time annually. He can accomplish as much in a day at this season with this tool, as he can in half a week in winter with the grubbing or hilling hoe. Every ditch side and fence hook on the farm should be neatly cleared of the intruding bushes and thorns. The fences will last longer for having the sun and air let in to them, and the farm generally would wear an improved appearance for having this work done now.
On many farms, no doubt, there is also a wilderness of weeds about the grounds and out-buildings that ought to be removed. As it is they harbor insects, vermin, snakes, &c., shade and rot the fences, and are a nuisance generally. The brier-hook is just the implement to cut them with, after which they may be taken to the farm yard or compost heaps. Grass about the lawn and yard has grown long and unsightly also. The same implement, made sharp, will shave it off at the surface very neatly, if rightly handled. Cut it at once and cure it for hay.
Thus this implement, employed at the right time and in the right way, becomes one of the most valuable and necessary upon the farm. Strange it is that so few farmers own one. Good management on the farm consists in knowing when to do a job to the greatest advantage. It does the work easily, quickly, and in small jobs, as the right time for doing them comes around. Bear this fact in mind, and mind also that you do not forget the brier-hook and that now is the time to use it.—*Rural Messenger.*
TANNING SHEEPSKINS.
The following directions are copied from the *Country Gentleman* of August 31st, 1871:
"Take two long-wooled skins; make strong suds, using hot water; when cold wash the skin in it, carefully squeezing them between the hands to get the dirt out of the wool; then wash the soap out with clean cold water. Now dissolve alum and salt, each half a pound, with a little hot water sufficient to cover the skins, and let them soak in it over night, or twelve hours; then hang over a pail to drain. When well drained, spread or stretch carefully over a board to dry. When a little damp have one ounce each of saltpetre and alum (pulverized), and sprinkle flesh side of each skin, rubbing it well; then lay the flesh sides together, and hang them in the shade for two or three days, turning the under side uppermost every day until perfectly dry. Then scrape the flesh side with a blunt knife, to remove any remaining scraps of flesh; trim off projecting points, and rub the flesh side with pumice or rotten stone, and with the hands."
COWS.—Treat them generously and kindly but do not keep them fat, unless they are turned off into beef. A cow is a machine, a laboratory for converting raw material into milk. If little is given little will be received. All animals should have exercise especially those kept for breeding. Some of them are naturally lazy, but they will be better for stirring about in the open air. It is cruel to keep animals tied up or shut up for days at a time. They need light too. Direct sunshine exerts a powerful influence for good on animals as well as on plants. Do not overlook a good supply of pure water two or three times a day, or good ventilation and proper cleaning of stables. When the ground is frozen and covered with snow, it may be well enough, on pleasant days to scatter the fodder and allow the stock plenty of room to pick it up; but when muddy no one but a sloven will feed fodder on the ground. Good racks should be made for the sake of convenience and economy.

SELECTED RECEIPTS.

SOAP FOR WASH.—A piece of white Castile soap is better than wax for smoothing white sewing cotton, and is especially good for the very young seamstresses who have not learned to keep their small fingers quite clean. The blackest seam will be white after one washing, if soaped cotton be used.
GENUINE BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Sift together three teacupfuls of Indian meal, two of rye meal (not flour), one of wheat flour, a teacupful of syrup or molasses, a teacupful of salt; mix with one quart of sweet milk, in which one tablespoonful of soda has been dissolved. Bake four hours in a moderate oven in a covered pan.
A FINE BREAD PUDDING.—Take three pints of milk, boil and sweeten it with half a pound of sugar; add a small grated nutmeg and half a pound of butter while it is warm. Pour it boiling hot over twelve ounces of graded bread crumbs, and cover it up for a time. Beat up ten eggs and mix all together, and then bake in a dish or pie-plate lined with pastry.
FISH FRITTERS.—Take the remains of any fish which has been served the preceding day; remove all of the bones, and mince fine; add equal quantities of bread crumbs and mashed potatoes; stir in two beaten eggs; season with pepper and salt; add enough cream to make the mass of the proper consistency to mould into little balls, and fry them in boiling lard.
STUFFING FOR FISH.—Chop a small onion and fry it in a tablespoonful of butter; when turning yellow add three ounces of bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of water, pepper, salt and a little chopped parsley; stir all well together, then take from the fire and add the yolk of a beaten egg. If the bread is very dry it can be soaked for a few moments in cold water; then squeeze dry.
CHICKEN CROQUETTES (DELMONICO).—Two sweetbreads, boiled; one teacupful of boiled chicken, hashed; one boiled onion, one teacupful of bread and milk, quarter pound butter, salt and pepper. Chop chicken and sweetbreads very fine, mix in well the other ingredients, shape into rolls, then dip in the yolk of an egg, then in cracker dust; drop into boiling lard and fry brown.
TOMATO MEAT PIE.—Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with bread crumbs, then make a layer of cold roasted mutton chopped fine, then a layer of tomatoes sliced, then another layer of bread crumbs, another of meat, and another of tomatoes, then cover with bread crumbs and bake until the crust is done brown; season as you put the different layers in with salt, pepper and small pieces of butter; it will bear high seasoning. Serve hot.
CORN MEAL PUDDING WITH FRUIT.—Three pints of new milk, one heaping cup of corn meal and one even cup of flour; four beaten eggs, one cup of white sugar; two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; one-half pound of raisins cut and seeded; one teacupful each of salt and cinnamon; three teacupfuls of baking powder sifted with the flour. Scald the milk and stir in the meal, then add the sugar, beaten eggs, butter, spice and fruit, well dredged with flour. When well mixed sift in the flour and beat fast for two minutes. Bake in a buttered dish in a well-beated oven. It will be done in from forty-five minutes to an hour. Should it brown too fast cover with paper. Eat as soon as done with creamed butter and sugar.
APPLE SHORT CAKE.—Stew tender, juicy apples in a very little water until they are smooth and then season them with sugar, a little butter and a pinch of salt. Make short cake of a pint of flour and two teacupfuls of baking powder and a little salt. Rub a piece of butter half the size of an egg into the flour and mix it into a dough with sweet milk, about a cupful. Divide the dough into equal parts; take one of the so-called floured board and roll out a piece as little as possible into a medium-sized round. Brush the surface with melted butter; then lay the first piece. Bake until done, then divide the dough, where it was spread, lower half and spread the second layer of the same. Put on the balance of the dough; butter and serve.