

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

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

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Poetry.

NOT KNOWING.

I know not what shall befall me;
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And so at each step in my onward path
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy he sends me
Comes with a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future his mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stop to drink,
Or if I reach must be March,
He will stand beside the brink.

It may be He is keeping
For the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips will only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh, restful, blissful ignorance,
Thou blessed not to know;
It keeps me so still in those arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom that loves me so.

So I go on not knowing;
I would not let it might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light.
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than go alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back
With the whispered words,—He knows.

—Selected.

Selections.

FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

Ambition, give it what specimen you will, is the sworn enemy of all virtue, the source of the most dangerous and detestable vices, every one being disposed to gratify it in his own way. It is forbidden by nature and religion.

Virtue and ambition are absolutely incompatible. The glory of virtue is to descend. Observe how Jesus Christ reprimands his disciples, when they ask who should be first among them. He takes a little child and places him in the midst. Ah! when he recommends the humility so suitable to our frail and miserable condition, it is because he did not consider that power, even supreme, was capable of constituting our happiness in this world. He did not confess the superiority over the rest on that disciple whom he loved the most; but as a reward to the love of him who had been faithful unto death. He bequeathed to him with His dying breath his mother as a legacy.

A pretended emulation instilled into children renders them for life intolerant, vain glorious, tremblingly alive to the slightest censure, or to the meanest token of applause. They are trained to ambition we are told, in order to their prospering in the world; but the cupidly natural to the human mind is more than sufficient for the attainment of that object. Those who are incapable of rising by their talents, endeavor to insinuate themselves into the good graces of their masters by flattery, and to supplant their equals by calumny. In these means succeed not, they can conceive an aversion for the objects of their emulation, which to their comrades has all the value of applause, and become to themselves a perpetual source of depression, chastisement and tears.—St. Pierre.

"When virtue is banished ambition invades the hearts of those who are disposed to receive it, and avarice possesses the community."—Montesquieu.

Did our young readers ever think how little it takes to stain their character? A drop of ink dropped into a tumbler of clear water blackens the whole; and so the first oath, the first lie, the first glass—they seem very trivial, but they leave a dark stain upon one's character.—Look out for the first stain.

"This little fellow," said Martin Luther, of a bird going to roost, has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding with his little twig, and leaving God alone to think for him."

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CROSS CHRISTIANS.

"What a fine thing it is to feel good natured." This was said to me by a brave, loving, overburdened young wife and mother. The quivering lip and moistened eye with which it was accompanied told a story of a struggle despite the smile that shone through the mist. When I threw my arm around her and said, "You dear little woman, your poor nerves are just worn out; you must rest," the shorn came, and as soon as it held up, she said, "I'm afraid I'm cross all the time." Her only remedy was rest.

But it is a fine thing to feel good natured. There is no denying the fact that there is much to cross us in this wrangling world. Leaving out the common causes of troublesome children and incompetent servants, the lesser annoyances of life are legion. The omissions and commissions, the derelictions and peccadilloes of our dearest friends and constant companions are a fruitful source of distress or discipline, according to the use we make of them. We submit to a great sorrow, but do we consider from whose hand these petty trials proceed?

Sometimes we begin the day with an unaccountable degree of irritability, and if we were frank would say, as did the candid little three-year-old, "I don't want to be good; I'm going to be bad to-day." We feel confessedly cross. We may search out the cause. Our diet, in quantity and quality, may have affected the system just enough to put the heart out of tune. Then must the soul be doubly on guard, for there will be need of watching and fighting quite as much as praying.

"What becomes of all the amiable young ladies?" asked a querulous bachelor, "mothers and wives are so ill tempered."

Cross parents are in danger of garnering an unsightly crop by another, when the reaping comes. Better scatter seeds of kindness.

"I never suspected myself of bad temper till I had a half-grown, headstrong boy to contend with." Is the possession of another parent. There it is, the cares and crosses of life, shake out our better impulses, and we are surly instead of sunny. Thus we fail to adorn the doctrine and to recommend the religion of the One al together lovingly.

In grace at fault? No; it is all efficient even for this. We do not forget the great natural differences of temperament and constitution. "Grace grafted on a crab stalk" is no often productive of luscious fruit. Yet we must grow in grace and graciousness despite of difficulties, God helping us. We have no right to be crabbed. We must esteem it a sin to exhibit crossness laying our weaknesses of body and mind, our causes uncontrollable and uncontrollable, at the feet of Him who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. Can we not be kind and pleasant for Christ's sake? It is the genial, sweet-tempered Christian that is attractive and influential. It is the wisdom of sunny cheerfulness that winneth souls and urneth many to righteousness.—American Messenger.

To offer effectual prayer, a man must realize his own absolute nothingness, except as God helps him. He must be ready to acknowledge his own utter imperfectness, and be earnestly desirous of the divine mercy. The man who has a disposition to cover up his sins—to make them less than they really are in number or enormity—must be rid of that disposition, for the reason that God dwelleth only with him that is of contrite spirit. If we come before God in the spirit of penitence for wrong doing, and say, "Father, forgive me," or, despairing of our own strength, cry, "Lord, save, or I perish!" there is no earthly parent that is half so eager to bless and strengthen us.—But this is the feeling that must animate our hearts when we come before God—the feeling of humble dependence upon His mercy; a willingness not only to acknowledge where in we have done wrong at any time, but a purpose, by the grace of God, to break off our sins by righteousness. Such a prayer as this is sure to command God's blessing.—Zion's Herald.

SHORT RULES FOR HOME USE.—Pat self last. When others are suffering, drop a word of sympathy. Tell of your own faults rather than those of others. A place for every thing and every thing in its place. Hide your own little troubles, but watch to help others in theirs. Take hold of the knob and shut every door behind you without shamming it.

A DIVE FOR LIFE.

"VAN BIBBER'S ROCK" AND ITS THRILLING STORY.

Just below Kanawha falls, in West Virginia, is an overhanging rock of immense size jutting out about one hundred feet over a seething whirl pool, and it was once the scene of a remarkable adventure.

The Indians were in hot pursuit of Van Bibber, a settler and a man of distinction in those early times. He was hard pressed, and all access to the river below and above being cut off, he was driven to this jutting rock, which proved to be the jumping off place for him. He stood on the rock, in full view of the enemy above and below, who yelled like demons at the certainty of his speedy capture. He stood up boldly and with his rifle kept them at bay. As he stood there he looked across the river, saw his friends—his wife and her babe in her arms—all helpless to render assistance. They stood as if petrified with terror and amazement. She cried at the top of her voice,

"Leap into the river and meet me!" Laying her babe on the grass, she seized the oars and sprang into a skiff alone. As she neared the middle of the river, her husband saw the Indians coming in full force and yelling like demons.

"Wife, wife!" he screamed, "I'm coming; drop a little lower."

With this he sprang from his crag and descended like an arrow into the water, feet foremost.

The wife rested on her oars for a moment to see him rise to the surface, the little skiff floated like a cork, bobbing about on the boiling flood. It was an awful moment; it seemed as if she would be ever free—her earnest gaze seemed to penetrate the depths of the water, and she darted her boat further down the stream. He rose near her, in a moment the boat was alongside of him, and she helped him to scramble into it amid a shower of arrows and shot that baffled the Indians poured into them—the daring wife did not speak a word; her husband was more dead than alive. And all depended upon her strength being maintained till they could reach the bank. This they did just where she had started, right where the babe was still lying, crouching and laughing. The men pulled the skiff high on the land, and the wife slowly arose and helped to lift Van Bibber to his feet. He could not walk, but she laid him down by his side, and then seating herself, she wept wildly, just as any other woman would have done under the circumstances. That babe is now a grand father, and that rock is called "Van Bibber's Rock" to this day.—Golden Days.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE AND LIGHT.

In one of my early journeys in Africa, I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange river. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four remaining buttons left on my jacket for a little milk, and was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. When the twilight drew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, till affectionately entreated to give us a reason for such unlooked for kindness to strangers. Then the tears stole down her sable cheeks, and she replied: "I love Him whose servants you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place."

On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in her soul in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm when in his school, some years before. "This," said she, "is the fountain from whence I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp to burn." I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of our heavenly Father.—Rev. Dr. Moffatt.

THE READY HAND.

A Sunday school teacher was out looking up an absent scholar. With neatly clad feet she was picking her way over the muddy crossing. Just before her was a young girl carrying a pail of water. A blast of wind swept around the corner, and snatching her shawl from her shoulders, held it fluttering behind her. She set down her pail at the curbstone, to wrap it again about her. The lady behind her reached out her hand, and laid it over her shoulder, saying kindly, "Wait a moment and I will find you a pin."

As the search went on, in a free, pleasant way she said, "As I came on behind you just now, something made me think of a woman who went to draw water from a well nearly two thousand years ago, and found something very precious there."

The pin was found, and the kid covered hands were put out to gather together the edges of the faded shawl. The pale face of the girl was lifted in amazement to the lovely countenance so near her own, but the kind voice went on: "I have a beautiful card at home with the picture and the story upon it. Will you tell me where you live, and let me bring it to you when I come this way next week?"

"Yes, miss," said the girl in a timid voice, giving her name and number.

"Very well; I shall not forget you but will certainly bring it to you the next time I come." The girl carried the water into the house, with a dash upon her cheek and a flutter of joy in her heart. There was but little in her hard life to make it bright or pleasant, but this thoughtful act and kind word and promise of the lady, seemed to create a little rill of joy which flowed through her heart and made the week, until the promise was fulfilled, quite unlike the ordinary weeks of her life. Nor did the week end, for her wonder at what the story might be proved a good preparation of the heart to receive it. Like the woman of Samaria, she, toiled to draw water from this wonderful well, and the lady, in lessons of kind and patient instruction, at length led her to the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."

How rich was the harvest of her "little deed of kindness," her "little words of love!" Did she think when she scattered these tiny seeds that she should reap pearls so soon? We do not think she ever thought of a harvest; her heart was so full of love, kindness that it could but express itself thus. If the heart be full of love, the lips will be ready with loving words, the hand with kind deeds and generous gifts, which are fitting ornaments of the Christian at work.

BROTHER, CONSIDER!—That by your absence from Divine Service you influence others to be absent, and you injure the sacred cause which you are sworn to sustain. That by your freedom of criticism on church matters you discourage your rector and weaken the energies of the church. That because you cannot give to the church as much as your neighbors because you are poor, it does not follow that you are not to give at all for God judgeth a giver not so much according to the amount which he offers as the spirit in which the offering is made.

That in the matter of religious duty you are not to think so much of what you have done, but of what you leave undone. In this way only can you preserve an humble spirit and grow in grace.

That no gain is made by brooding over past troubles and failings. The only course is to rise above them and make another effort.

That wherever you are the church is your home, and though oftentimes among strangers, yet in God's house you cannot be a stranger.

That if we wish for strength to endure and patience to endure, they can come only by asking of God our Father, through Christ who is your Elder Brother.

It is narrated by the great sculptor, Michael Angelo that, when at work, he wore over his forehead fastened on his artist's cap, a lighted candle, in order that no shadow from himself might fall upon his work! It was a beautiful custom, and spoke a more eloquent lesson than he knew! For the shadows that fall on our work—how often they fall from our selves!

Good examples proceed as naturally from good thoughts as roses from their bushes; and bad actions proceed as naturally from bad thoughts as weeds from the impure places of the earth.

I DON'T CARE.

Some years ago there was a bright, talented boy, coming late out of school. He had been kept in by his teacher for bad conduct. As he stepped into the street, a friend of his—a noble man, and one who always delighted in helping boys—said to him: "I am very sorry to see you coming out of school so late." The boy replied in a careless, ungentlemanly way, "I don't care."

Now, remember that I was intimately acquainted with this lad. I knew his father and mother. They were excellent people, and denied themselves many things that they might give their son the advantages of a good education. This boy was talented—no one in school more so. He could stand at the head of his classes whenever he tried to, but he didn't care.

This spirit of "I don't care" grew upon him, and at last his father took him out of school and put him into a store. But he failed there, for he didn't care whether he pleased his employer's customers or not. After remaining in the store a short time, he was dismissed. He didn't care, but father and mother and sister cared, for they shed many tears on account of his failure.

Some years after this I saw him driving a dirt cart, in trousers and shirt, and barefoot; but he didn't care.

For several years I did not hear anything from him. One day, I ascertained that he had shipped as a common sailor for a foreign port; but on shipboard, as everywhere else, he didn't care, and when the ship reached her harbor, the captain kicked him off the ship. After wandering about a few months on a foreign shore he died of fever, and lies buried thousands of miles from his home. Upon his tombstone, truthfully might be inscribed these words:

"Here lies a once noble talented boy, who came to an untimely grave, because he didn't care."—Youth's Visitor.

CHILDHOOD SHOULD BE REVERENCED.

I plead for a loving reverence for childhood. If the Lord uses the weak and lowly of man, and if he is engaged to win his ultimate victory over the devil by feeble man at his feeblest, then God blessed the children! It seems to me that in the Lord's battle there is always a babe in the forefront. The armies of olden times placed a high champion in their van, like Goliath of Gath; but it is not so in God's army; there a baby leads the way. Pharaoh oppresses Israel, and crushes the people down till their cry goes up because of their over bondage. God is going to deliver them. How does the work begin? Here is the opening of the campaign: "And the daughter of Pharaoh went down to the river to wash herself, and there she spied a little ark made of bulrushes, which she sent her maid to fetch, and there was a Hebrew child within it. "And behold! the babe wept." Thus was the champion of Israel introduced upon the scene; the goodly child whom his parents in faith had hid from him was he by whom God would break Babab in pieces. The still softer story of the battle of the Lamb opens in like manner: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given."

"She brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger." That was the signal for the heat of the conflict; that babbled the way, the holy child Jesus is at the head of all our marches. One may well honor infancy and childhood since his is the case.—Examiner and Chronicle.

TRUTH.—"As I was riding in the cars, not long since," said the pastor his morning, "I overheard a conversation between two men. One was explaining to the other how he had settled some difficulty, and remarked, 'I had to be a little, but I fixed up a nice job.' Ah! did not that man know that in thus welding links of steel he broke links of gold? Didn't he know that, in mending one wretched rag of a garment, he had stripped himself naked of the goodly raiment of truth? Did he not know that, in fixing up that 'nice job' with an untruth, he was planting barbed arrows in his heart that would produce 'moral death'?" Far better that the difficulty had remained unsettled than that a lie should have been told.—Ez.

A promise is a just debt, which should always be paid for honor and honesty are its double security.

Subscribe for the SUN, A. M. REY, SMITH, WEBB, Cotton Mills.

Farm and Fireside.

PLASTER.

A free use of plaster on the farm would be worth many dollars above the cost of the articles in the course of the year. Not only on clover, wheat, and other crops in spring, but on many garden crops and corn, &c., in dry or wet summers it would be found profitable. But above all as a deodorizer about the stables and cattle sheds, and on decaying organic manures and compost heaps to prevent the escape of ammonia, &c., would it pay the farmer to use it freely. While it is an article cheap in itself, it requires but a small quantity for deodorization or fertilization, a very few bushels being enough to apply on a whole acre of any crop; and a very light sprinkling of it in the stables, &c., will lay the odor and render the rooms sweet.

Its power of arresting and fixing escaping ammonia, gives this article its chief agricultural value, and its affinity for that gas is so great that it attracts to it the ammonia not only of the earth and of manures, but of the air also. As a top-dressing for young and growing crops, as well as of newly plowed soils, it is therefore invaluable, and it also furnishes to the soil some lime and a little sulphuric acid—both important elements in the production of crops. In view of all these qualities, we find land plaster to be one of the most essential and valuable fertilizers the farmer can employ. Its use is far too limited, and we would urge every farmer who wishes to improve his land rapidly, and make good crops at little cost, to keep a supply of plaster always on hand. In spring on wheat, oats, rye, barley, clover, any of the grasses or hay, and in short on almost any crop, he will find it imparting a beautiful green color and promoting rapid growth; and for preventing the loss of the most valuable elements of organic manures while undergoing decomposition, there is no other article at all equal to it for practical purposes. Every barnyard, stable, cow shed, hen house, pigsty, and compost heap should have a sprinkling of it once every week, or as often as the odor becomes apparent to the smell. The use of it for this purpose would cost but a trifle during the year, and would pay for itself many times in the richer character of the manures saved. If you have never used it, make a test of it and prove its value.—Rural Messenger.

HINTS FOR OCTOBER.

Live Stock.—A little extra feed brings cattle and horses to the beginning of winter in good order. The tops of carrots, beets and turnips may be fed to good advantage, and there is a great deal of sweetness in the October pasturage. Where much corn is planted, there will always be soft ears and "nubbins" which are best fed to horses and pigs.

Swine.—Pigs will fatten nearly as fast on potatoes this month as on corn next. They do best on cooked feed, and the grain ought to be ground.

Sheep.—This month we speak for March lambs. Half-fed sheep are often run into market from sections where food is scarce, and it pays well to secure such to feed for the winter, turning them off fat in the spring. The feeder should be satisfied if by so doing, he works up his wheat straw and corn into manure, getting pay for his grain and cash outlay, and that only.

CORN COBS.

The cobs of Indian corn contain a large amount of potash, its ashes contain twice the amount of that mineral than the ashes of the willow, which contains more than any other wood. Potash is one of the minerals for which the farmer pays in one shape or another large sums of money, and this frequently when there can be seen lying around his premises, economized quantities of this valuable material. When the potatoes are fed ground with the corn this, and amount of potash will be increased, as the animal excreta, the vegetable refuse, &c., might not be so. FERTILIZERS, &c., and feed the fall times, and goods offered at the FERT MARKET PRICES!

Thanks for past favors, and cordially in remembrance of the same, I am yours, respectfully,
A. S. ELEY.

FOR RENT.

The store house now occupied by Mr. J. B. Watts, Jeweler, is also the dwelling house next to W. L. Daughtrey's. Possession given June 1st. Apply to
DARDEN & ELEY.

BEDDING FOR STOCK.

It is economy to give the horse, cow and other stock housed through the winter, a good bed. It has much to do towards saving feed and keeping stock in a thriving condition, to say nothing of the obligation man is under to provide well for the dumb animals for him given to have "dominion over." Better to give stock comfortable beds through the usual season of necessary shelter and stabling, as they can be provided with very little difficulty or expense. There is usually refuse fodder, straw or other matter, which can be utilized and made into manure by this process. A large amount of the excrement, by this practice, which would otherwise be lost, can be saved. Fine sand makes a good bedding material, and a good dressing for any heavy soil. Sawdust is another article that can be used advantageously for the same purpose. There is no farmer who cannot provide plenty of litter of some kind for his stock, and this by all means he should do, and will do, if he understands his business and consults his own interests.

THE WAY TO IMPROVE STOCK.

The cheapest, best and only way for small farmers of limited means to improve their stock to advantage, is to purchase a pure bred male. Whether it be hogs, sheep or cattle, a thoroughbred male should pay for himself in a very short time. A good Jersey or short horn bull, herd registered, and well adapted to the wants of the ordinary farmer—good for all practical purposes, can be purchased at from \$100 to \$150. It no longer pays, except under very unusual circumstances, to raise common stock of either hogs, sheep or cattle. A good milk or butter cow always demands a good price, and a sorry one is hard to dispose of to advantage, and very seldom pays to keep. This the farmers all over the South are beginning to understand, and hence the improvements going on in the native herds throughout the country. Never use a grade bull under any circumstances, when the services of a thoroughbred can be procured at a moderate price.—Dixie Farmer.

TURKEY FATTENING.

There is a great difference of opinion in regard to fattening turkeys, but experience has shown breeders that the best way to get the greatest number of pounds of flesh is to feed the birds all they can eat, right from the time they hatch out until they are ready for market. While they are running at large is the time to develop them. They undoubtedly get much food in the fields, the shattered grain, the "hoppers," worms, &c., but then they must be supplemented by daily or twice daily feeds of grain at the barn. Turkeys of LS, not bear confinement, especially when in small flocks or singly, and should never be confined longer than a week, or ten days before killing. An ordinary rail pen is one of the best, the purpose, for they like to see the ground. At this time they especially on cooked or soft feed before buying. Give occasional JCS. P. WEBB. To keep the

HAT SHIRT OF MINE!

Ever since Adam was forced to go into the clothing business it has been the aim of man to have a good-fitting shirt. How often have we heard men complain of uncomfortable, bad-fitting shirts. And many is the we have seen men who are peevish and testiest, so bad.

THAT you have purged have to go. The shirt and will over the it. It has been a wonder for a long while why in old times they built the pupas so high in the churches. It was done that the good old brethren might see the preachers over their bad-fitting shirts. It is a remarkable fact that very few of the brethren their bad-fitting shirts won't allow them to bend down to the altar and fit of shirts in the last minute to fill the bill. It is entirely a new thing. Fits well, wears well, is comfortable, and will stay clean longer, and is made of the best material. You may fall down, roll over, stand on your head if you will. But the fit of that shirt will be with you still. Wives, if you love your husbands (and of course you do), come at once and buy a set of these shirts. Husbands, if you love your wives, buy a set. You had better give them money and let them buy their own and their own rigging. Now, old men, young men and boys, if you want to save money and feel good—if you want to save money and feel happy—buy ELEY'S PATENT SHIRTS of your humble agent, who is the sole agent for this section of the climate, and is what everybody has been waiting to get for years.

Good Green and Blue Grades at 75c, \$1.00