THE CHRISTIAN SUN

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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Hoetry.

THE TWO LIGHTS.

"When I'm a man !" the strippling cries, And strives the coming years to scan-"Ah, then I shall be strong and wise, When I'm a man !"

"When I was young," the old man sighs, "Bravely the lark and linnet sung Their carol under sunny skies, When I was young !"

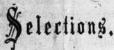
"When I'm a man, I shall be free To guard the right, the truth uphold.' "When I was young I bent no knee To power or gold."

With yonder prize, when I'm a man, Too late I found how vain the goal To which I ran."

"When I'm a man these idle toys Aside forever shall be flung," "There was no poison in my joys When I was young."

The boy's bright dream is all before, The man's romance lies far behind. Had we the present and no more, Fate were unkind.

But, brother, toiling in the night, Still count yourself not all unblest If in the east there gleams a light, Or in the west.



THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T BE WHIPPED

Gilderoy tells the following exper ience in the Nashville Advocate. It i as good for parents as children :

I may as well tell the boys now that my mother was a widiow, and a woman of great firmness and deci sion of character, and of deep piety. When she said anything she meant it, and yet she was just as gentle and tender as a lamb. One time in the fall of the year, when I was about Afteen years old, I was out in the yard trying to move a heavy etick of timber. I asked my brother, then twelve years of age, to assist, but he stood stock still and laughed at me while I almost strained my eye-balls out of my head. At last I lost my temper, grew hot, got mad, and pick ed up a switch, and gave brother a whipping. That was one thing moth er did not allow-she did not permi one child to whip another on her place. When she heard the row, she came out of the house and gave broth er a good thrashing, and made him help me put the timber in place, and then said to me :

"Now, my sou, I am going to whip you for whipping your brother."

I had not had a whipping for a long time, and had begun to feel like a man. In fact, I waited on the girls now and then, and some white, downy-looking stuff had begun to grow upon my lip and chin, and I felt large over the prospect of a beard at no distant day. I had no idea of taking a whipping-none in the world I had violated one of my mother's rules, but the provocation had been a great one to a boy. True, if I had gone five steps to the door, and told mother, she would have adjusted matiers and made brother do what 1 wanted him to do. Instead of this, I had assumed authority, had taken the law into my own hands, and had done what I knew my mother did not

"Mother, you shan't whip

"But I will do it, my son," she re plied, and started towards me, with a purpose in her eye. I got out of her way, and, bad boy that I was, I turn ed my back upon home and mother, and went off about four miles, and hired myself to a clever, thrifty, well to-do farmer for five dellars per month. I told him what had occur ed, and how I had been outraged at home, and that, too, by my mother. He told me that I had done wrong and that I ought to go back home, and he proposed to go with me and intercede for me. I had too much of my mother in me to yield just then. I went to work, but was not happy. I lost my appetite and could not sleep. I grew worse and worse, but hoped all the time that mother would send for me, and apologize, and take me back "scot free," but I heard nothing from her. I began to feel that I needed mother and home more than mother and come needed me-a les son most boys do not learn until it is Saturday morning, I told my employ-

igal son," do not know what an ef a mile long. If it had been night, Connecticut river valley." and no lights burning, so mother have been; but there it was, a beau iful sunbright day in the calm, cool light makes a guilty heart look! The tast hour before day is said to be the darkest hour. When I got near enough to hear, mother was singing-

'Jesus, loverof my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly.

Ah! that song! what mingled feel ugs it stirred in my heart, and how appropriate it was. Hope and shame uad a struggle, but, thank God, bope prevailed just as I reached the kitch n door, where mother was setting the table for dinner.

"Good morning, my son," she said, just as pleasently as I had ever heard er speak in all my life. "Come in," he continued; "have a seat," setting chair for me. "I hope you are well ny son ?" That word "son," how it aurt me. I was not not worthy of

"Very well, I thank you"- I did not venture to say "mother." "Are all well to

"Well, I thank you, my son," and she went on chatting away just as pleasantly as if I had been a neigh oor called in. I wanted to tell her my sin and shame; but did not know where or how to commence. Dinner was soon ready, and mother asked ne to dine with her, with all the po iteness and deference due a visitor. When seated at the table, mother

"Will you please say grace for us?" That was awful. The words chok ed me, though I had been accustom ed to asking a blessing for a year or wo. I could not eat: I was too ful already. Mother hoped I was well I told her I was.

When dinner was over Lsaid, "Mother, what work do you wan me to do ?"

"None at all, my son; I do not ex pect visitors to work for me," she an

"But, mother, I have come home and I want to go to work and qui his foolishness," I said.

She replied firmly.

"Well, my son, to be candid with ou, if you will now take a whipping you can stay; but if not, you ca have your clothes and leave."

I jumped up and pulled off my coa and vest, and sat down with my face toward the back of the chair, and my back toward mother, and said:

"Well, mother, I will take the whipping and stay at home with you So get your switch and give it to

Just then mother burst into tears aught me in her arms, and said. "That will do, my son. Let us

She led. O, that prayer, that pray er! It lingers yet like the refrain o some old song, grand with the melo dy of heaven. I then had a home and a mother, and was just about a happy as boys ever get to be in thi life. Now, boys, I am ashamed of m sin to this day; but I am so proud o my mother I thought I would tell you this story.

"WILL YOU, BROTHER ?"

By Mrs. Annie A. Preston.

One bright afternoon during th summer of 1880 a number of cheerful faced, as well as stylish-looking peo ple, were grouped on the shady side of a little country railway station in Vermont, waiting to take the next train to New York.

"I have ascertained that there ar two New York trains from here this afternoon, mother," said a tall, hand some lad, emerging from the station agent's office with a handful of tick too late. At the end of the week, or ets. "We can go as far as Spring field on the mail train, which passes e. He approv | here first, and then, after having our andly offered to supper at the Massasoit House there preferred to go we will continue our homeward my week's journey on the White Mountain' ex

never been in the shoes of the "prod- tion-agent, who was busy at his desk.

"Brother, when the White Moun fort that trip home cost the poor boy, tain express arrives here this after nor how long he was making it. noon, will you be kind enough to en-When I felt that I could go no farth gage seats in the parlor car for a parer, I would kneel down and pray .- ty of six from Springfield to New That always belped me. I felt firm York? We would like to take the er afterward. The " last hundred next train so as to have more time to vards before I got home seemed to be take in the scenery of your beautiful

"I suppose I could," replied the could not see me, how glad I would station-agent, brusquely and in an anwilling tone.

"But will you, brother ?" persisted November. Oh, how black the bright the lady in her soft, cheerful voice, which was more persuasive than any imperious manner or tone.

"Yes, madam, I will," came through the little window from the station agent, decisively, without, however. turning his head or looking up from is accounts.

"Oh, dear me, mother!" groaned he lad with a scowling visage, sit. ting down by the richly dressed and benign-looking lady, and putting an arm across her plump shoulders. "I lo wish you wouldn't call every man on are obliged to speak to, brother; it does grate on my ears so; I jusate to go on any visit or journey with you because I am sure to hear you 'brother' or 'sister' every single man and woman whom you have to utdress, and it spoils all my pleasure Don't you see how these depot loat

ers even remark and laugh about it ?" "I am very sorry, my son, to se hock your sense of propriety, as I have often told you," replied the la dy; "but I fear you will never feel my differently about it until you our rebellious will to God, your ma ser, and to Jesus Christ, your Saviour. then you will look upon every man is a brother, and the term you now consider so objectionable will spring o your lips as naturally as it does to

mine." The lad shook his head in a doubt ul way, almost contemptuously. The expected mail train rolled into the station just then, and the pleasan party were speeding away, with little hought of the lasting and salutar, impression that, during their shere stay, they had made upon two sonis

n the little Wayside passenger depot The brusque station-agent went mek to his desk, but not to write the little interrogatory, "Will you rother?" which the beautiful Chris ian lady had addressed to him in ach a fraternal spirit, had awakened nany touching and regretful memo ies. He recalled fragrant, murmur ng pines and swaying curtains o ountless white tents in a great en ampment of God's people by the sea ears ago. Again he could hear the weet tones of hymns floating up ward to the blue heavens, and en

creating voices in earnest prayer. His heart swelled again in response o that key note of memory as be once nore heard a soft voice at his side. aying, "Have you accepted Christ as our Saviour ?" and as he regretfully eplied in the negative, the voice con inued persuasively, "But, will you, prother ?" "Yes, medam, I will," he nad replied, kneeling, with a group of believers, on the smooth carpet of ine needles, in silent prayer. And low he had accepted Christ in all ove, loyalty and sincerity, and for a secame a Christian. In those far tway days it was not unusual for him to be addressed as "Brother," and the

He brought his life to a later period. uess ? t was not long ago when the railroad corporation, of which he had been for many years an employee, sent him up iere to the terminus of the line, where there was no church in the vicinity; where, if there were any Christian people, they did not let their light hine before men. So he had hidden ais feeble light under a bushel, au now for two whole years to be attended the public wir Pir nor a prayer-megyland

read a religious

like lead in my pocket, and grew "Delightful!" exclaimed a blithe. record since his conversion, he thought heavier and heavier as I got nearer sweet voiced lady, who seemed to be it was a dark one for a professed dishome, till finally I pulled it out and the roling spirit of the party in her ciple of Christ. Had he kept his threw it as far as I could send it into own gentle way. "One gets such an faith alive by good works, he might the woods. I didn't go home in a excellent and dainty meal at the have been largely instrumental in orburry. It was four miles and I was 'Massasoit :' and then we can speak ganzing a church of Christ here in four hours on the way-and mortal for seats in the parlor cars from this little village surrounding this hours they were. I hesitated and Springfield to New York while we station ere this. At least he could turned back, and resolved and re-re- are waiting here, can we not, my son?" bave held religious services. Biblesolved. The better thing in me said, and crossing the passengers' room readings and a Sunday-school here in "Go home, and yield to your mother over to the little pigion-hole window the waiting-room of the station on and obey her :" but some other thing which opened into the ticket office, Sundays, and so stayed the tide of said, "I'd die first." Those who had she called out pleasantly to the sta Sabbath desecration, profanity and impurity that was poisoning the moral atmosphere of the village. No doubt he could have awakened a goodly interest at first among the women any children, had he shown his colors like a loyal, valiant soldier of his King.

> Thus the sad retrospect of these fruitless, dismal years went on until the evening shadows that now gathered about the little railway station, reminded the station-agent's assist unt, the telegraph operator, who had been sitting with his elbows on his table and his head in his hands, that it was time to lock the doors of the now deserted building, and, with the agent, go home to supper.

"Wait a moment, John !" suddenly ried the remorseful man, awaking rom his painful reverse. "Wait a noment, I must tell you what a miserable, mean, traitorous Christian I have been all these years, hiding myself away under my cross, instead of -tanding up like a man and bearing it, while with my daily life and with my lips I proclaimed Christ's undying ove and recommended His loving

"I can sympathize with you with ill my heart," replied the assistant. 'That good woman calling you 'Brother' a little while ago, stirred me all ear of your ridicule.

"Oh, how wrong, how wrong we oth have been !" moaned the station, agent. Let us get right down here and ast Gell to forgive as a our eves at last."

That was the beginning of a revival up there in the vicinity of that ittle railway station, but he dear ister who dropped the tiny park by which a great, most salutary

THE CRY OF A CHILD It is easy to be disturbed by the

ay of a child in a public conveyance or in a public assembly; and expressions of impatience or of disgust are very common to those who are thus listurbed. But a child's cry is one of the most potent forces in all na ure. How it takes hold of a mother's heart! And who has power like mother? How it takes hold of any rue heart, when it really comes iome as a call to that heart? It was he cry of a child, which, humanly speaking settled the fate of Moses and of Israel. When the daughter of Pharaoh saw the Hebrew babe in its cradle of rushes, "behold' the babe wept; and she had compassion on him." And because of the potency of that cry, Moses was brought up as king's son, and became "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds," and did a work for God as the leader of Israel and the founder of its commonwealth, when otherwise he might have perished by the river side .-And our Lord seems to represent the guardian angels of little children as always having the Father's ear when orief, joyously-memorable period of the objects of their care cry for help its life he had walked and talked as ... Take heed that ye despise not one the equatorial line, and said to an of these little ones," he says; "for I old sailor, "Jack, will you show me say unto you, that in heaven their the line when we cross it?" angels do always behold the face of familiar, kindly salutation always my Father which is in heaven." It orought a grateful warmth to his God is always ready to listen to the responsive heart. And now that dear cry of a child, ought we to feel above Christian lady had just accosted him at ! And is not this potency of a litis if he were now-indeed a brother in the one's cry, in the ear of our heav- it to me ?" Christ, and walking worthily in His enly Father, a source of comfort to each of us in our personal helpless-

"For what am 1? An infant crying in the night; An intant crying for the light And with no language but a cry." -The Christian.

GET at the root of things. The gold mines of Scripture are not in top soil; you must open a shaft. The perience are

SOMETHING TO SHOW.

There are a good many persons who are anxious to do work that will show: when their work is done they want to have something to show for it. In some cases the show is a big church. a high steeple, or a new bell; something which everybody sees, and which stands as a memorial of the toil and diligence of the earnest worker. But there is other work done which,

though apparently invisible, may show by and by. You may have seen invisible writing, where a whole page was covered with characters which could not be seen, and yet the work was done, and when by and by the sheet was submitted to the proper processes, the writing would shine out, visible to all. There is much good work done in this world which is invisible here. The men who love the chief seats in the synagogues are sure to have their doings duly chronicled and published; but there are others who work lonely, unseen, and ciously used, and can be had without often sad; whose work is no less real and useful. On board of an ocean steamer there are officers in uniform moving about the deck, or standing where they can see and be seen, and their position and occupation is of great importance. But there are other men, blackened and grin med. who toil in the depth of the vessel's hold ruseen, unnoticed, and unknown throughout the whole voyage, who feed the devouring furnace, and maintain the glowing fires, without which the boilers would grow cold, the steam go down, and the vessel would roll helplessly amid the storms, or sit 'Idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.'

The toil of the unseen workers lies at the very foundation of all success: ip. But I had no idea that you were and without the grimy fireman the Christian. Had I known it I should steamer could never make her voy not have read my Bible in secret all age. So there are many who are hese months I have been here for working to day unseen and unknown but God sees and knows the work they do, and in the great day he shall bring it forth to view. In the light of the great white throne many lines that are here invisible shall be

then be found that those who have made the least show have acrow plished the greatest amount of per mangut work. Steeples may totte toyers may fall, and palaces may be ire was life to some great heap of brick and which a great, most salutary life to some great neap of bird kindled, will not know of all the mortar may see it tumble into ruin ner kindly Christian habit of special words a moment; but she would have fruits are garn.

the heart of a little child, he who has led a sinner to the Lamb of God and has saved a soul from death, he who has sought a wanderer and brought him back to the heavenly fold, shall find that the work which is thus done shall "stand as the Rock

of Ages," sure. A kind word spoken to a little child, a friendly admonition given to a wayward soul, an hour spent in patiently instructing some perplexed and doubting disciple, a stern re proof of some wrong which needs cor rection, or an honest word for some right which needs defence, these lit tle things which the world may nev er know or notice, may in their re sults out-weigh, out measure, and out last all that millionaires can ac complish with money, or that osten tatious givers can do to be seen of men. Whatever work you can do for God, in accordance with his will and word, you may be sure there will be something to show for it; some thing in time, something in eternity Men shall bless you for your faithful ness in this world, and God shall bless you evermore in the world to come. - The Christian.

"CROSSING THE LINE."-A bo who went with his father on a voyage to South America, was anxious to see "Oh yes, my boy."

After a few days the boy asked whether they had crossed the line The old tarsaid, "Yes, my lad." "Why didn't you tell me and show

The sailor replied, "O, my lad, w

always cross the fine in the dark." Moderate drinker, you always cross the line between moderate and immoderate in the dark. Mental and moral night settle down on you as you cross the line between moderate drinking and inebriety, binding you to the awful facts or ruin and death only a little way farther on in the road you are travelling .- Christian

Never exhibit anger, or impatience, oftement when an accident hap-

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Advocate.

farm and fireside.

AN AGRICULTURAL CREED.

1. Do not cultivate poor land. It is a feeble mother which can give no sustenance.

2. If your land is poor, you must limit the area of cultivation to your soda. ability to manure-let it be ever so little-and you will be the gainer by

3. Exert yourself to produce manure on the farm. Such manure is the flour which makes the loaf, and a commercial fertilizer is only a leaven stop the meal and increase the br to it. Home made manure cost some A very fat milch cow is a losing pi labor and but little money, whilst commercial fertilizers will bring you in debt, and a kind of food which mother earth cannot entirely rely and faten upon. We are not their enemy, but active friend, when judiroo great strain on the farmer's cred-

4. Bring to the aid of your manure pile green fallow crops, and try to clothe the bosom of mother earth with the green verdue of grass, from every day for a short time will which live stock can be fed.

5. Keep as much stock as can ied well; for this adds to the manure pile and their increase, and a few fat carcasses afford a big interest on the nvestment. 6. Diversify crops as much as pos-

his will make your manure and la por pay a profit in some places when they fail in others. 7. Manure! manure! manure! and is before suggested, rely on the farm

principally to produce it. It will put noney in your pocket." 8. "No grass, no stock; no stock, no

nanure. No manure; no permanent improvement of the land."-Planter end Farmer.

MANAGEMENT OF A COLT.

The following practical advice- on e management of colts is from the Lancaster Farmer : If a colt is never allowed to get an advantage, it vill never know that it possesses a lower that man cannot control; and f made familiar with strange objects it will not be skittish and nervous. and sufficient if a horse is made accustomed, from it sufficiently als early days, to have chips the out nim cen the feels, back and hips, he

out of harness, or of wagons running gainst him at any unexpected moment. We once saw an aged lady trive a bigh-spirited horse, attached o a carriage down a steep bill, with tuls in a saucepau and pour a quanti to hold-back strays upon the harness; and she assured us that there was no langer, for her son accustomed his gorses to all kinds of usage and ights that commonly drive animals uto a frenzy of fear and fright. A gun can be fired in front of a horse. An dubrella held over his head, a suffalo robe thrown over his neck, a pilroad engine passing close by, his reels may be thamped with sticks, ind the animal takes it all as a nat iral condition of things, if only aught by careful management that ae will not be injured thereby.

POTASH IN WHEAT. Why is it, when growing wheat or

ve is being struck with rust, that a ittle plot here and there where tumps, logs or brush have been burn ed to ashes, will be bright and free rom the attack of rust? Because he growing plants employ potash and silica not only to give stiffness and rigidity to the straw, but to form as it were a glass coat of mail over the surface of every leaf, glume and pepper and salt to taste. When quite straw to fortify the tender and delicate parts against the attack of spores that are floating in the atmosphere. We all know how readily snb stances in the atmosphere are turned away when they come in contact with glassy surface. Potash and sand are the essential elements of glass. The roots of growing plants have the power to employ the sharpest sand and potash to form a thin, elastic glassy covering which is spread over the sur face to exclude moisture, and to repel any attack of fungus,-Practical

In nearly all the soils ashes are ben eficial. Their action is manifold; they supply to plants inorganic elements, which they require; they neu talize acids; they act chemically as solvents upon other salts in the soil They are more beneficial on sandy half cupfuls and gravelly soils than on clay. For plants that contain a large amount of potash and phoenhoun ar as car

SELECTED RECIPES.

IF you buy carpet choose small figures.

Bruised horse radish, applied t the wrist, is recommended as a

Paint, varnish or japan may softened or easily removed from surfaces with a solution of

for neuralgia and toothoche.

Glass should be washed in cold water, which gives it a brighter and cleaner look than when cleaned with

When cows are becoming too f

To heat the whites of eggs quickly put in a pinch of salt. The the eggs the quicker they will fro Salt cools and also freshens them

In boiling eggs hard put them boiling water ten minutes, and the put them in cold water. It will pr vent the yolks from coloring black

A lemon eaten before breakfa tirely prevent the feeling of lassitude peculiar to the approach of spring.

Ink spots on floors can be removed by scouring them with sand wet in oil of vitroil, and water mixed. Rinse them, when the ink is extractsible, and do not rely on one staple. ed, with strong pearl ash water.

CLAM FRITTERS. - Twenty-five clams, chopped fine, add to these a hatter made with a half pint of the clam liquor, a heaping pint of f and two eggs well beaten, soda, the size of a pea, dissolved in try in hot lard.

If there is any farmer wit modern necessity without provid filling each year house is once p

BREAD HASH. cold meat quite fir much drydread aze When soft, drain meat; add pepp

water. The bran should be mnslin bag and kept in the night. The oat meal should be tres ed as follows: Put two tablespo ty of hot water upon and boil it a quarter of an hour; strain and mix with the water as needed.

Remove mildew from linen by wetting the spot, rubbing on chalk, and exposing it to the air. Diluted har horn will take out mildew from weol-en stuffs. A weak solution of cho-roide of lime can be applied to almost any fabric, but must be used with care, especially on some colors.

There are many farmers who have extra good butter cows who do not know it. They have poor pasture in summer and poor shelter and indifferent feed in winter. They have no conveniences for making butter, no arrangements for keeping the milk cold in summer, and frequently in winter it is exposed to the odors of the kitchen.

BUTTERED EGGS.-Break four eggs into a basin, and beat them well; put three ounces of butter, three (ab espoonfuls of cream (or milk) into a stewpan; add a little grated tongue not add the eggs, stirring all the time. Have ready some hot buttered toast, and spread the mixture over it.

Did you ever think that to make a half bale of cotton to the agre, requires the same amount of cultivation as the acre that produces a bale? To attain a bale, however, it is frequently necessary to use more average care in preparing the land, and some little extra expense in manure. All of our average yield of crops per acre, might easily be doubled with the use of small additional amount me better cultivation, requiring about the same amount of labor to perform the cultivation, and pre-