

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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Poetry.

SOMEbody's MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged and gray,
And bent with the bill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncares for, said a throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
And heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Battered the children on their way.
Nay offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her and whispered low:
"Oh! help you across if you wish so."

He placed his hand on her strong young arm
And she stepped forward, without a harm.

He guided the trembling feet along,
Trod that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor, and slow."

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand."

"Ferer she's old, and poor, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was "God be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

Selections.

THE UNDISCOVERED LIFE.

There was never a more bewitching conceit than that of the Spanish adventurer who sought the fountain of perpetual youth, nor a more beautifully suggestive title than the one he gave to the land of his hope, "Florida"—the land of flowers; for a fountain that should restore both body and mind to their early vigor and expectation would make life blissful indeed. And it is just this miracle of transformation—so far as the mind is concerned—that is wrought by the influence of Christ. "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," says Paul; and the Christian enthusiasm, and zeal, and hopefulness, that worldly men cannot comprehend, come to those who have cut loose from the masked disappointments of this life and lifted their eyes towards the glories that shall be revealed.

Only when the consciousness thrills through a man's soul that "it doth not yet appear what he shall be," does he really begin to live. Handel was forty-eight years old before those grand chords were struck that awakened him to a knowledge of his own transcendent genius. Franklin was fifty before he fairly entered the mystic fields of philosophy that had no certain boundaries; and yet the real lives of these men only began when they took the first step in those paths that led them knew not whither.

It is true that "it doth not yet appear" what any man shall be, the vain and self-righteous man has no guarantee that the transformation will not utterly despoil him and change him back from a moral butterfly to a crawling caterpillar. There were rows of stately buildings in Boston and Chicago that were deftly ranked as "fire-proof," and they melted like wax in the fervent heat. The fig tree that Jesus cursed was withered from the root in the morning; and so if Christ curse a vain life, the morning of eternity will find it withered and hopeless. If it be true, however, that "it doth not yet appear" what any man shall be, then the lawless and most abused soul in which Christ dwells has an immortal promise of good that should lift it from "strength to strength" and from "glory to glory." If you are a Christian man you have a right to the anticipations that do not stop short of perfection. "It does not yet appear" what you shall

be; God is not through with you yet. You are like the canvas to which only the bold outline-strokes have been given, but you have to do with the master Artist, who will never leave a work till it is faultless. You are like the silver in the crucible, with mingled dross and imperfection; but He who superintends the discipline will never leave you till your life shall mirror his face.

This exalting truth has not, however, finished its mission when it affixes us to personal speculations of day-dreams; it also is to revolutionize our judgment and conduct towards others. If there is this inspiring mystery about our lives as well, an egg carries its hidden treasure of life, and flight, and beauty, and song, and every egg secretes life-force, as every man alike carries the mystery of an undeveloped life. It is this fact that impresses the world with the dignity and sacredness of human life. Not simply the command, "Thou shalt not kill," is a shield, but the feeling that the body is but a disguise in which an immortal and a defined presence walks gives an awful sanctity to a man. The destruction of the grandest public building, is not esteemed such a crime as to smite down the most wretched of the east; because the one is finished, but the other "it doth not yet appear" what he shall be. And so in our estimate of others, we should regard them, as Christianity teaches, not alone for the seen, but more for the hidden nature that may be revealed. We are daily tempted to pass harsh judgments upon men, because we only discover the sharp angles and rough points that conceal the fine qualities. Some of the most royal souls on earth are known only to those who have had glimpses of the real man within, as the Master was disclosed to the three disciples alone on the Mount.

It is but common justice also that this truth should be taken into account by the community in weighing Christian men. As a rule, when every other subtlety for evading the direct claims of Christ fails, we fall back on that old moss-covered line of defense, the inconsistent life of Christian men. If Christianity professed to present men faultless and perfect here, it might be urged that the work was so poor that it would not appear what he shall be; but the humblest honest disciple shall disclose of character "when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality." One of the chief felicities of heaven will be recognition—not simply the renewing of former endearments, but the knowing of men when it shall appear what they are to be, and Christ shall "present them faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." The persecuted, the maligned, the underrated, and despised, will stand in the brightness of an eternal vindication, and the noble natures that have been hidden from us on the earth by the mists of prejudice and misapprehension, though they stood by our side, will there be claimed and loved forever when the mists shall have passed away for we shall no longer see "through a glass, darkly," but "face to face," and we shall no longer "know in part" but "even as also we are known."—*Christian Union*.

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

OR, THE PLEASURE AND THE PAIN OF GRINDING AXES FOR OTHER PEOPLE.

[Extracts from the letters of Ireneus, in the *New York Observer*, showing how it is done.]

The undersigned takes this opportunity to inform his friends and the public generally that he continues to carry on the business at the old stand. His long experience in turning the stone, and grinding axes for other people, has given him great facility; and it is confidently believed there is no establishment in the city where more work in this line is done, or better done, than in his shop.

It is hard work. He does not claim that the amount of business done, and his acquired skill in doing it, have made it any lighter. He proposes to give his patrons "who have so generously asked him to grind their axes a brief sketch of what he has done, and particularly to call attention to some of the axes he had ground to the entire satisfaction of the owner, who has made a handsome thing out of the use of it, and has never even said "thank you" to the undersigned, who turned the grindstone.

No. 1-49. The first is the same as the second, and so on to scores, but I will mention one as a specimen.

He came in from Long Island and said that he had started a new church near the seaside, and all he wanted to make it a complete success was to have people to come to it. "There were no people there except the natives, who never go to church; but he had a large tract of land beautifully lying on the coast and he would like to have me write a sketch of the country, the splendid bathing etc.—just the spot for summer cottages; there was a great boarding house there now, but he wanted settlers, permanent people, good people, the *New York Observer* sort of people, to come there and locate; and on and so on. I yielded and wrote the description, which was all true—I knew all about the region. Result: his land, that was not worth a cent, now brings \$500 an acre; twenty-five cottages have been built; he is making a fortune; his axe is grinding; and he never has thanked me. But I carry on the business at the old stand.

No. 50-59. He went out to California for the benefit of his health. Vandering from place to place, he fell upon a settlement where the mountain and the sea made a little Elysium—warm in winter, cool in summer; beautiful scenery; climate only less than heavenly. Having sought for little or nothing a large tract of wild land, he began to write of the wonderful properties of that region for invalids, especially consumptives and nervously debilitated people; he implored me, in behalf of suffering humanity, to inform the public of this delightful region. The "suffering humanity" was mainly his own impetuosity. I was prevailed upon to turn the grindstone for him; the stream began to flow to the Colorado; he prospered with the increase of consumption, and, rejoicing in the growing number of invalids, he is now a flourishing landholder and Patron. He is no longer an invalid.

This is a straightforward, honest and honorable way for every man and every woman to do business in this world. And it is the cleanest and best way. Use those means that prudent and sagacious men employ in the common pursuits and callings of life. There is a vast amount of stealing in what is called soliciting charity, or asking donations to benevolent objects. Thousands of churches, schools, and individuals "go a-begging" when they have no right to foreign help. They rob when they ask without tears.

Are you a young man, wanting an education? The way of the world is for you to look about and see who will help you to get it. That is not the right way. Look about and see what you can do to help yourself. Grind your own axe. Support yourself by honorable industry, and earn your bread while you improve the odds and ends of time in study. When you get something ahead, use it to support yourself while you learn. Ten thousand men are now serving their generation with usefulness and honor who never asked anybody to grind an axe for them.

You want to have a new church, or a school, or a college, or a fund for the support of a favorite charity: do what you can yourself. Give and work, and remember that God requires of every man according to what he hath.

Our country and our churches, our pious people, are fast becoming filled with a miserable feeling of dependence on the help of others. It is a paralyzing sentiment. It makes everyone who indulges it a beggar. It is not an American sentiment. It comes from foreign lands, where patronage and protection and support are considered the duty of government and the rich. In this land the people take care of the government and themselves. But there is a spirit insinuating itself into our people that asks, "Who will help us?" "Who will support our society?" "Do some thing for us and charge us nothing!"—"Who will grind our axe for us?"—*Lenaxus*.

Get at the root of things. The gold mines of Scripture are not in the top soil; you must open a shaft. The precious diamonds of experience are not picked up in the road way; their secret places are far down. Get down into the vitality, the solidity, the veracity, the divinity of the Word of God, and seek to possess with it the inward work of the Spirit.

It is not for me to determine whether the danger to the Gospel be greater or less by my life or death. The wrath of God is a rock of fear, placed for the falling and rising of many in Israel.—*Luther*, 1516.

TRUE POLITENESS.

It costs us nothing to be polite, and it is as easy to say a kind word as it is to speak harshly or impolitely. True politeness is essential to success in all the vocations of life. Take a list of professional men; glance over them and note the successful ones, and see if true politeness is not one of the virtues with which they are all adorned. Who ever heard of a successful merchant who cared not whether he was polite or impolite?

I could cite a number of stories with True Politeness as the hero, but shall content myself with noticing only one here. It is told of Stephen Girard that he was on one occasion walking through one of Philadelphia's grandest parks, arrayed in a very common attire, and suddenly confronting two young men, he asked their opinion in regard to the weather. One of the young men answered with a slang phrase, but the other spoke as a gentleman should. The contrast between the two men struck the banker so forcibly that he was desirous of finding out more about them and by inquiring he found that they were both in search of employment. Happening to want a clerk just then, he determined to teach this rude young man a lesson in politeness; so after delivering a short lecture on politeness, he chose one of the young men to be his clerk, and made himself known to the two. It is needless for me to say which he chose, and it is natural for us to suppose that the rejected young man felt a sense of deep shame and regret for his unbecomingly conduct toward one whom he supposed to be unworthy of politeness.

We should not only be polite for the sake of success in temporal affairs, but also from a sense of the knowledge that it is right for us to be polite. The Bible enjoins it upon us, and, in fact, it is one of the Christian Graces.

We should be polite for the sake of our parents and teachers, since this is the method by which strangers determine our training. Who is so cruel and hard hearted as to hear his parents or teachers slandered for a lack of a little politeness on his part.

Now let us, as students of the Suffolk Collegiate Institute, vie with each other in cultivating true politeness. Though our rewards may not flush upon us like some brilliant display of heavenly bodies, yet, when we enter the actual business pursuit of life, the impressions made here may prove the stepping stones to success; and more than this, to be truly polite will only show the outside world that our teachers are well worthy of the positions they hold. As I have headed this article True Politeness, it becomes my duty to say what true politeness is:

"True politeness is to say the kindest thing in the kindest way."
—*I. W. P. in Institute Jewel*.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

"BUT SPEAK THOU THE THINGS WHICH BECOME SOUND DOCTRINE."

This direction was given by Paul to Titus. From the notices found in the epistles of Paul, we learn that Titus was of Gentile origin, and was an attendant upon the apostle, employed under his direction in the ministry of the Word. He was with Paul at the assembly of apostles and elders in Jerusalem, and was sent by Paul to Corinth to attend to the collection in the Corinthian Church for the poor at Jerusalem, and also to ascertain the state of things there. Titus is mentioned in II Tim. as having gone to Dalmatia. From the present epistle we learn that Paul had been there with Titus for the purpose of founding new churches, or strengthening those already existing. He had been compelled, from some reason unknown to us, to leave before completing his intended arrangements. This epistle seems to have been written after his first imprisonment. Paul knew from experience that it was necessary for Titus to speak only those things which should prove to be true. This was not only a command, to Titus, but it is a command for us to obey. Men very often get into trouble by speaking those things which are untrue. Let us be careful that we obey this command. It is a command of God, and whatever command comes from God let us be sure to obey. If we obey God we have a home promised us—a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. What a blessed thought, that we have a home promised—a home in heaven—where there will be no weeping, nor sorrow, but all will be joy and peace and happiness.—*A Student in Institute Jewel*.

OLD FRIENDS.

"Don't forget old friends, but keep your intercourse green with little acts of kindness." While reading a recent publication, the above quotation struck us with a peculiar force. It has the right ring in it. No, don't forget your old friends; make as many new ones as you can, but don't forget those who were your friends years ago. Do you live near such a one? If you do, take some of your valuable time and make them a visit. Do you live too far from them for that? Then write them a letter and let them know that they still have a place in your affections. Be assured that such a visit or letter will be appreciated. They have not forgotten you. They are watching, with anxious eyes, your progress in the world. They are praying for you. The time may come when these new friends may turn away from you; then you can go to these friends of your childhood—to these "old friends"—and pour out your tale of sorrow to them, and receive that sympathy that you will so desire, and that will prove so sweet in such an hour. You may move in a higher circle than they do, but this should make no difference in your feelings toward them; you are still trying to reach that city where there will be no distinction, "whose maker and builder is God." Then let us cherish these old friends, if for nothing else, for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne."—*Ernest Eraccliff, in Institute Jewel*.

ENTERTAINING COMPANY.

The whole philosophy of hospitality is summed up by Emerson in the following: "I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman, who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar in the village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your look, in your accents and behavior, in your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price, at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread, the bed be dressed or the traveler, but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these things. Honor to the house which they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds." One of the greatest comforts of having a home should be that in it we have a place for friends, and even strangers—rooms, more than supply the needs of the family and extra "leaves" to the extension table. The secret of true hospitality, as Emerson has stated, is in its coming from the heart.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send them for their coffin, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to annoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

A white garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments when much soiled; so a little fault in a good man attracts more notice than great offences in bad men.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury begins on his part, for the kindness to begin on ours.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadow.

Farm and Fireside.

SAVING LABOR.

Labor is money or its equivalent, and ought to be so considered on the farm as in the workshop. Even the farmer who does the work has need to economize in labor as much as though he were hiring. If an hour is lost it should be estimated at its full value. When we speak of an hour lost, we do not mean lost on account of absence, but for any cause whatever. If ten hours are consumed in doing work, which, with better tools, could have been done in nine, the hour is lost, and not only that hour but many others, because better tools would be continually saving time. If a farmer employs ten men at one dollar a day to perform the work that two men at one dollar and a half each, and two mules at one dollar each, would perform in the same time, one half the expenditure is thrown away. In certain crops farmers often employ a good many hoe hands, and keep them busy for a week or ten days at a time chopping grass, when half the money spent in judicious plowing would do as much or more good.

There is no doubt of it that the value of labor is too carelessly estimated—few farmers save as much in labor as they might. Many object to labor-saving implements on the plea that they have to employ negroes to do their work, and the negro must be kept employed, and would not take care of the new implements and keep them in order if he had them. To some extent this is true, still the freedman can be instructed, if the employer will try; and there is always work on the farm that hand could be engaged in profitably, if this could be found for it. By careful saving of labor this might be done. A great deal of the fault that is found with colored labor is due to the poor implements he is provided with. A reasonable man should expect them to do as much with poor tools as with good ones. Good labor-saving implements would almost double the work of each hand, so that the farmer could find plenty of time for other jobs, or else dispense with part of his hands. Farmers should have none but the best implements and the most convenient appliances of every sort. The work would not only be executed in better style but in shorter time, and this money would be saved, and farming would be pleasanter and more profitable.—*Rural Messenger*.

A SIMPLE TEST OF OLEOMARGARINE.

We cannot see how people at all familiar with the taste of genuine dairy butter can be deceived by any artificial product; but, as a guide to those whose senses of sight, taste, and smell, are deficient, we give an infallible test, both simple and reliable. Persons familiar with the process of manufacture of oleomargarine are aware that it is subjected to heavy pressure to express all extraneous matter, consequently when ready for sale it presents a perfectly compact, homogeneous mass. In order to detect the fictitious take a smooth blade and cut oleomargarine, it will present where cut a perfectly smooth, compact surface, while genuine dairy butter, when cut with a knife, does not present such an appearance, instead you will find water oozing out, and numerous small holes will appear. With this simple guide no one with their senses about them need be deceived.—*Ex*.

CLEAN THE CHURN—Much of the bad flavor of butter proceeds from the neglect to properly cleanse the churn, pans or other utensils used, from the sour milk. I have known churns to become so saturated with it, that sweet butter could not be made in them. A churn should frequently be filled with lime water or lye to sweeten it and eradicate the bad odors that have become mixed into it, or left in some corner of the churn or dash. All pans and dishes at the bottom joints should be discarded or the crease soldered, that the foul stuff may not secrete there to taint the new milk. Stone pans are excellent, and also the frequently found butter to taste as dish water smells—imperfect washing of pans may be the cause.

I NEVER knew any one that was too good or too smart to be a farmer. The blue sky, the balmy breeze and green fields, and the waving of the man's morality or wisdom, or the man's intellectual ability.

SELECTED RECIPES.

See that your stock has good water and plenty feed.

DIARRHEA.—For looseness of bowels in horses, give one ounce of castor oil to each, every day until cured. Apply Camellia Balmum upon the largeness on cheek bone.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Make a batter not very stiff, with one quart of milk, three eggs, and flour to bring it to right consistence. Pare and core twelve apples, and chop to about the size of small pears, and mix them well in the batter. Fry them in lard, and pour doughnuts. Sprinkle with powdered sugar over them.

HARD SOAP.—It is splendid for chapped hands, and will take out machine grease and not leave a stain. Three pounds of fresh lime, 6 pounds of sal soda, 7 pounds grease, 10 gallons of water. First slack the lime in the water and let settle, then all together for an hour or two.

RECIPE FOR REPAIRING AND SHOES WATERPROOF.

Three ounces wax, Burgundy pitch 2 lbs, tannin, of each two or three ounces. Rub these into the leather, and it is as often used as perfectly saturated.

Winter Goods.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut up the pumpkins, after it is cut in two, allow one quart of water to each pound of pumpkin, a pinch of salt, a spoonful of an assortment of spices, such as cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, and allspice, are, Crochery, etc. etc. may be used.

QUARTZ HORSE BARBER.

To save your horse, so much before the pliers. I do not ask anything, but if you will not be offended if you order from W. M. ELLY, JR., West LING MACHINES, a full list of best money can buy. The remedy LIGHT-RUNNING WHITE, best on coil and attachments, for all kinds of engines, pumps, and water works, is superior to any other. It is also necessary instructions for its use. I also repair old machines at a reasonable part payment for new ones. H. C. MOORE, Proprietor, Opposite "Herald" Office, Suffolk, Va.

NEW STORE OF NEW GOODS.

A well beg to remind numerous friends that having completed a new building on Washington street, next to the Exchange Hotel, I have made a square, next to that location, of five acres, and with the best of timber and cover to keep in it. Strain and add seven pounds dissolved in hot water; three parts of ground rice, boiled to a paste, added hot; half pound Spanish S AND G, and one pound clean glue, previously dissolved to a thin paste; mix five gallons hot water, and UBS whole; cover it and keep in a pint cover. LOWEST MARKET.

PAINTS. When cows are in milk, the digestion of the milk is impaired, and it is arising from this cause, it is difficult to restore the natural condition of the milk, if it is used for a large cow, the third day, as one drop of sulphate of iron and ground ginger, and UBS, food, or with some week or ten days.

A lady says she cured her feather plucking by pouring in sour milk, before, and after, of salt then, but soon she plucked the blood relation. How?

Very few know how to care for their flocks. The blue sky, the balmy breeze and green fields, and the waving of the man's morality or wisdom, or the man's intellectual ability.