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

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Poetry.

THE YEAR OF RELEASE.

BY MARYANNE FARNINGHAM.

When the bells rang their peal through the winter air,
And startled the worshippers hushed as in prayer,
When the people turned gladly to friends who were near,
And whispered, "God give you a happy new year,"
A fiat went forth from God's chamber of peace,
"To some there is dawning the year of release."
They knew not then that was put on their brow,
These happy ones soon in His presence to bow,
When the light came in and began a new day,
They saw not the messenger placed in the way;
They said, "Will the toil and the sorrow increase?"
Nor dreamed they had entered their year of release.

With courage they patiently turned to their task,
For strength, not deliverance, dared they to ask;
They sighed as they took up their burdens again,
Of sorrow and weariness, sickness and pain,
Nor ventured to hope that their troubles would cease,
Or joy become theirs in this year of release.

Oh, could they but know what the new year will bring,
With glad songs of freedom and hope they would sing!
How willingly suffer and toil for a while,
Thinking of their Lord and his welcoming smile;
And "the patience of hope" would grow strong and increase,
As they counted the days of their year of release.

For, ere it has passed, the King's face they shall see,
And ever from sorrow and sighing be free;
The things that perplex them shall all be made plain,
And the evil of sin never touch them again,
They will gain the bright country of pleasure and peace,
Thrice happy ones living their year of release.

Who are they, thus near to the end of their way,
With glad faces meeting that wonderful day?
We know not, they know not, the Master alone
Sees who shall have rest in the joy of His throne,
We may say while our spirits grow strong in His peace,
"It may be—it may be—my year of release."

Let us live with that hope in our hearts day by day,
We can bear that which passes so swiftly away,
There is work yet unfinished, tasks yet to fulfil,
And lessons to learn of our Father's good will;
Let us spend, as for Him, the time shortly to cease,
And God make us meet for our year of release.

—Christian World.

Selections.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

With loving thoughtfulness and care God said to Israel of old, concerning the peoples in possession of the land of promise, "By little and little will I drive them out from before thee."

"Little by little" is God's law of beneficence in nature.

The light of day does not come in one magnificent burst of sudden brilliancy, flooding mountain and hill and valley with glory, but gently, gradually, "little by little," so that its faint beginning can scarcely be discerned as it touches the horizon in the east.

Not by one great hydraulic pressure does the sun force the moisture from earth into the heavens, but with ten thousand unseen forces is for ever pumping from every brook, and river, and lake, and sea, and ocean the particles of water, silently, steadily, "little by little," so small as to be invisible.

The clouds that gather over our heads empty their treasures, not by rivers, but drops; drop by drop they come, and these make the Hudsons, the Missisippis, the Oregons.

The seed that the husbandman plants beneath the soil does not bound by one leap into the harvest, but first the blade, then the stalk, and then the full corn in the ear; "little by little," until the magnificent fruitage fills our barns and granaries.

"Little by little" is the divine law of beneficence in human life.

"By little and little" the youth grows into the knowledge and control of business until in manhood he deals with millions more easily than once with hundreds. "Little by little" the student enlarges his intellectual stores, enriches the world of thought, and matures into scholarship, before which the world bows in admiration and homage. "Little by little" the artist increases in force and fulness of creative imagination, in delicacy of taste and skill of execution, until with pencil and palette he makes the painted canvas speak to our hearts, or until, with mallet and chisel, he makes the marble figure

seem almost to thrill with life. "By little and little" the statesman climbs the ladder until he stands upon the summit of distinction and honorable fame.

This, too, is God's law of beneficence in Christian work.

"By little and little" he extends his kingdom of truth and grace. The mustard seed growing into the tree, the leaven leavening the whole lump, the handful of corn on the top of the mountain shaking like Lebanon, the stone cut out of the side of the mountain filling the whole earth; these are inspired symbols that embody this law of development as it has obtained in the history of the Church of God. The little band of believing, praying ones waited at Jerusalem until they were ended with power from on high. Then they went forth to conquer the world by truth and love. The Sacramental Host, following its banner of the bloody cross, steadily, slowly, "little by little," overcome opposing hosts, and won its bloodless victories for the "Prince of Peace."

"By little and little" the Sabbath-school teacher, the Bible reader, the minister of God, the Christian worker of every class, carries forward the work of the Master, winning souls, inspiring enthusiasm, and upbuilding the church of the Living God.

This, also, is God's law of beneficence in spiritual life.

"By little and little" does he who has enlisted under the banner of King Emanuel, grow strong and victorious in the Christian conflict. The field of your battle, Christian comrade, is your own soul. The enemies to be conquered are self and sin, envy, hatred, malice, prejudice, pride, uncharitableness, bigotry, appetite, passion, and a host of evil things. The victory to be won is self-conquest, self-peace, the enthronement of your true manhood through riches of grace in Christ Jesus. But this result is not reached by one mighty struggle and a single grand triumph. "By little and little," a victory to-day and another to-morrow, do you become "more than conqueror;" by slow, steady progress from conversion to the consummation, when the golden crown shall be placed upon the brow immortal, and the hallelujah of triumph shall be "grace, grace unto it."

Shall we not be thankful for the little? Sometimes, it may be, you are nearly discouraged, and wonder you make so small spiritual attainments and accomplish so little in spiritual work. Remember "by little and little will I drive them out." A little victory is better than a little defeat. A little step forward and upward is greatly better than one backward and downward. Every little helps to make, and is part of the magnificent whole. But thankful for it.

Shall we rest content with the little? Nay, rather, let our conception, our desire, and our effort embrace the entireness of activity and experience and knowledge to which we must attain. "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

Shall we not carefully watch the little? Is not sometimes the heart's cry, "Oh, if I could win some splendid achievement; could do some great thing; then I should feel as if I was of some use?" Well, that is natural; yet the great may never come within your opportunity. But the little is right at hand all the time. Take care of the ever-pressing little, and you will be ready for the great, if it offers. "He that is faithful in the least will be faithful also in much." By blow after blow you must win the victory. You must take step after step and step by step if you would gain the prize.

"Thus bravely like heroic men,
A consecrated band;
Life is to them a battle-field,
Their heart a holy land."

"By little and little" is the assurance which our King hath inscribed upon our banner.—*Christian Weekly.*

WHAT WE OWE TO POOR CHILDREN.

The world owes some of its richest treasures to those who were deemed unfortunate in youth, and who looked to others at that unbelated period for pity, protection and help. America was discovered by Columbus. He was a hard worked boy, and often knew the need of sufficient food. We owe our freedom of religion, which has made our institutions what they are, to Luther. The reformer once was a hungry boy, singing ballads in the street to procure bread and the means of an education. Our advances in science with Franklin; yet the inventor ate his penny roll in the streets of Philadelphia, when a lad, and knew what it was to feel all alone in the world. We owe the beginning of our cotton mills to Sir Richard Arkwright. He was

the youngest of a family of thirteen children, and his father was a barber. The blot of slavery was removed from our land by the pen-stroke of Abraham Lincoln. He ate the bread of hardship in childhood, and went as poorly clad as the humblest child in the streets of any country village to-day. The President of the United States was once a poor, hard working, friendless boy.

The great missionary explorer of the century is Dr. Livingstone. He learned Latin from a book on his loom while at work, and he once said proudly, on completing his education, "I never had a dollar that I did not earn." Professor Heyne, one of the greatest scholars that Germany or the world ever produced, was a penniless child. "Want," said he, "was the companion of my childhood. I well remember my mother's distress, when without food for her children, I have seen her on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands as she returned home, having been unable to sell the goods that my father had made." A kind family helped him in his distress at school, and in so doing honored themselves and their country in a way they did not dream.

Some forty years ago there lived in one of the country towns of New York, a slender little factory girl. She speaks of early recollections of "noise and filth, bleeding hands, sore feet, and a very sad heart." She says, "I used often to rise at two o'clock in the morning, and do the washing for the family." She found friends. That girl was afterwards known to the world, first as Fanny Forester, the authoress, and afterwards as Emily Chubbuck Judson, the wife of the eminent missionary, Adoniram Judson.

He who protects, assists, and educates friendless children, makes the best contribution to the future that human resource can find. He builds himself a monument, not in marble but in influence. Lips will call him blessed when moss is filling the letters of his cenotaph. He lives for ends that do not terminate in himself.—*Childhood's Appeal.*

A LOST CIVILIZATION.

Sir William Jones, in his voyage to India, found in the Island of Jorhanna, a secluded speck in the Atlantic off the coast of Africa, this inscription in Arabic, above the door of a mosque:

"The world was given for our edification; not for the purpose of raising sumptuous dwellings.

"Life, for the discharge of moral and religious duties; not for pleasurable indulgence.

"Wealth, to be liberally bestowed; not avariciously hoarded.

"Learning, to produce good actions; not empty disputes."

The people who were guided by these maxims, if any people ever were, certainly exhibited a high degree of civilization. It seems a great misfortune that they should have perished from the earth. Yet if such a race existed now, and they possessed a country worth anything, some Anglo-Saxon race would kill them off, or drive them out, and take possession of their lands, and whatever else they might have worth stealing.—*Selected.*

GIVING IS BETTING.

One of the plain paradoxes which is of widest application in the realms of mind and of matter, of nature and of grace, is, that true gain comes only through loss; that hoarding is impoverishing; that there is no way of keeping one's hold on a desired good, like parting with it; that acquisition is a result of expenditure; that dividing is multiplying; that scattering is increasing; that spending is saving; that giving is getting. This paradox it is which our Lord Jesus enunciated when he declared "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and which Paul had in mind, when he urged the remembrance of these words of our Lord. The paradox which is thus affirmed in revelation, is confirmed in our every day experience; and unless we realize its truth, and act on it unvaryingly, we shall so far fail in securing and holding the truest material, mental, and moral treasures possible to us.

Bodily strength comes from its expenditure, not from its hoarding. Every wise use of a muscle adds to the power of that muscle. An arm carried in a sling for its preservation stiffens and withers. An arm which swings a great hammer takes on largeness and vigor with every generous sweep through the air. Keenness of sight and quickness of hearing comes from the constant taxing of eye and ear, not from their shield-

ing. An Arab of the desert can see and hear with ten times the acuteness and discrimination of a monk of the convent; because the one has kept in play those senses which the other has permitted to remain inactive. And when bodily strength or life seems failing, the truest way of its regaining is often by its increased outlay. A quick walk in the cold, bracing air of a winter's morning will warm the chilling blood for the whole day as no covering over a blazing fire will do.

"Numb and weary in the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe the frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow."

It is the use not the possession, of any material treasure, that gives it its highest value. Merely to have it, bears no comparison in pleasurable-ness with its right employment.—Food is absolute worthless except for eating. The man who starves at the open door of his full larder, is even more of a sufferer than he who famishes without the sight of food. Well-filled library shelves are of no benefit to their owner, so long as the books remain there unopened. But the best volume on those shelves would have an added value to its user, if it were "read to pieces." Money gathered and kept for its own sake increases the discontent and cravings of its holder: while money sought and handled for its beneficent uses, gives pleasure and satisfaction to him who employs it. As a rule, men and women of ample means shrink more from the outlay of money for their personal convenience and enjoyment, or for the giving of pleasure to others, and really have less of the delights which money using might secure than persons of more limited income who have no desire for money as money; no wish to be rich, in comparison with the thought of living and doing richly. Straightened circumstances are quite likely to increase with growing accumulations of wealth; and unsatisfied cravings for riches are exaggerated by every effort at their satisfaction. "There is"—indeed there is—"that withholdeth more is meet but it tendeth to poverty." And the pinch of poverty itself can never nip so sharply as the pinch of withholding avarice.

Our mental faculties gain through their using, and have power in proportion to their expenditure. A good memory is a memory that is taxed heavily; and the heavier the burdens which are laid on it, the greater the capacity for burden-bearing. The imagination is cultivated by allowing it play, not by holding it in check. Giving out thought in speech or writing increases one's treasures of thought, as well as one's ease and power of expression. Indeed, it is only by giving out that one fairly gets anything, in the line of mental furnishing. This it is that makes it impossible to gain knowledge while merely a passive recipient of instruction. It is as though the cells of the mind had doors that opened only outward. An attempt to push them in, by a teacher who comes with information worth leaving there, may seem for the moment to be successful; but the next moment the rebounding doors fly back to their place again, sweeping away the stores which had been pressed against them. It is only when the mental doors are opened from within, by the asking of a question, or the restatement of a received truth, or by some active out-giving of the intellectual faculties, that there is full access to the mind's treasure-house for it added furnishing. It is not until we have said a thing that we are sure of it; and by every fresh giving away of a thought we are getting a new hold on it.

In our moral and spiritual nature, the same principle prevails as in our bodily and mental natures. It is the using, not the having, of our powers, that makes them a source of enjoyment to us. The more affection we lavish, the more affection we have remaining. Indeed, there is no such thing as affection except in outgoing; in giving. True affection is never selfish; it cannot be. Here is the difference between affection and desire; between loving and craving. As President Hopkins has said: "It is of the very nature of the affections that they give; and of the desire that they receive. The affections . . . are disinterested; they flow out from us; they give, and appropriate nothing. That is not affection, which is not disinterested." The exercise of affection is ennobling, enlarging, exhilarating. Desire brings discomfort and unrest. Affection brings enjoyment and content. Hence it is that there is a delight and a blessing in giving, which there cannot be in receiving.

When a child receives gifts, or selfishly employs what has been given him, his desires are exercised, and by their very exercise they are strengthened and intensified. But when the child gives to others, it is his affections which are exercised, and which are enlarged by their exercise. By the one course, he is narrowed and shut in on himself; by the other his heart is expanded, and made glad in its larger freedom and its greater play. As with the child, so with those of us of any age. Only as we give, do we get anything that is worth getting. Only in our enjoyment in social life and in all our friendships hinges on our power to give help or happiness to delight in the intercourse. If we find that our affections, our ministry, our presence, is a source of comfort or pleasure, we recognize a blessing just there. But if we cannot give helpfully in that direction, nothing that we there receive can compensate for our failure to impart good gifts.

Our enjoyment in the truths and the duties and the privileges of the Christian life is made dependent, in the plan of God, on our making use of them for others. It is our praying and trusting for some one else, that we find the fullest gain of prayer and faith for ourselves. We get a new hold on every Bible promise or inspired word of cheer that we press on our needy fellows. A good teacher is sure of getting knowledge through his efforts at giving knowledge, whether his scholars are gainers or not. He will help himself in his very trying to be a help to them. It is only when our religious activities are in generous self-forgetfulness, that we experience their highest personal benefits.

"Is thy cruse of comfort wanting? Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine, it shall serve thee and thy brother.

"Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two;

"For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain.
Seeds, which milder in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain."

—S. S. T.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

How different men's ideas of success! How differently a man's life is estimated by his contemporaries and by future generations! Paul the apostle is now regarded by the world as one of the greatest men that ever lived, and it is conceded that he did more than anybody else to establish and extend the church of Christ. But what did his old neighbors of Tarsus think of him? When they heard that he had joined the Nazarenes, did they not say to each other, "Saul has gone crazy; he has thrown himself away?" And when reports came from time to time that he had been mobbed or scourged or imprisoned in various places, didn't they say again, "I told you so. What a fool that Saul is! He is a splendid scholar, and might have become a leading member of the Sanhedrim if he had stayed in Jerusalem and kept his senses. But now he goes about raving about Jesus of Nazareth, until he gets arrested and punished as a disturber of the peace—fine business that for one so well born and educated as he!" No doubt they looked upon him very much as we should look upon one of our very best citizens who should suddenly embrace some new-ism and go preaching it in our streets. And when these Tarsus people and the people in Jerusalem, who knew him when a student there, heard that he had been beheaded at Rome, they all thought and said: "What a failure! He had great ability and grand opportunities, but he sacrificed them all because he had a sun-stroke on his journey to Damascus."

We may imagine a party of fishermen on the sea of Galilee, talking about Simon, the son of Jonas. They say: "What a fool Simon is! He had a good boat and was doing well. He used to take more fish to the Capernaum market than any of us. But now he has gone after that crazy carpenter who has turned street preacher, and is tramping all over the country like a beggar." And when the old men, who were boys with him, heard that he had been crucified, they said to each other, "just what I expected. Simon had better have stayed at home and attended to his business. If he had, he might have done well."

And so we may imagine that the Greeks in Antioch talked about Dr. Luke. He had just commenced practice. He was talented and could have become eminent in his profession, but that mad Jew, Saul of Tarsus, came

along, and he went off with him.—How strange that he could be so foolish!

But this idea that Christian lives—consecrated lives—lives of self-denial for God and for humanity, are failures, did not end with apostolic times. We find it even in modern times and in nominally Christian lands.

Many people in Leicester, England, laughed when William Carey shut up his shop and started on a wild goose chase to India. His fellow-students at the University, who admired the genius and scholarship of Henry Martyn, shook their heads when he gave up his brilliant prospects of life and became a missionary. And when they heard that he had sickened and died in the stable of a Turkish village, they felt that he had made a sad mistake and failure.—When David Braithwaite died at twenty-nine, from hardship and exposure of his life among the Indians, many thought that he had sacrificed himself foolishly. He had talents that would have enabled him to shine in civilized society; and with a judicious care of his health he might have enjoyed an honored old age. What a waste to give up all this for the sake of eight years' missionary work in the wilderness!

Said the old politician to a young lawyer, who was leaving the bar for the ministry, intending to go abroad as a missionary: "What a fool you are! If you will stay with us ten years we will send you to Congress." That young man's reply was: "I don't intend to wait ten years for the privilege of writing M. C. after my name; I hope in three years to be an M. C. of a higher order than those who wrangle in the Representative Chamber at Washington; I hope to be a Missionary of the Cross, may, an ambassador of the King of glory to the nations of the earth."

I rode to a funeral one day with two men who seemed to have been well acquainted with him whose body was in the hearse. Said one of them: "Poor J—— he never could succeed in anything. His life was a failure!" "I don't know about that," replied the other, "I don't believe that man fails just because he don't make money. I believe that doing good ought to be an object in life, and if so, J——'s was a success. Why, sir, if it had not been for him I would long ago have been in a drunkard's grave. Now, through God's blessing on his labors, I am a sober man, with a happy home and a hope of heaven. Is it not better to have saved a soul than to have amassed a fortune?"

When human lives are reviewed in the light of eternity, the estimate of them will be far different from that of this world. There is an apparent success that involves the most disastrous of all failures; and there is an apparent failure out of which may come the highest success. The Jewish farmer who was so prosperous that he prepared to tear down his barns and build greater, was regarded by his neighbors as successful. But God said to him: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."—*Journal and Messenger.*

"PREJUDICE OVERCOME." DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., Buffalo, N. Y.: Gentleman—With all my prejudice against absorption, I must acknowledge that your Pad has done my boy incalculable good. I may add that I have tried physicians and remedies without benefit. With best wishes, A. GILBERT, Vanlue, O.

MAJORITIES AND MINORITIES.

A friend desires us to open the columns of this paper, for the discussion of certain important political questions. We do not deem it best to do this. A considerable portion of the religion of to-day, is outside of our sphere of discussion, and as for politics, while we are willing that the potsherd should strive with the potsherd of the earth, we have no call to join in the conflict. In the church, we find an abundance of profession without practice, of faith without works, and of creeds which are confessed, but not acted upon; but in the politics of the day, we find enough to disgust the honorable, to alarm the prudent, and to vex the souls of the righteous from day to day. What with fraud, and slander, and false hood, and bribery, and perjury, and intimidation, and political chicanery, and all the criminal arts and twists and turns by which villains gratify their lust of power, and introduce filching fingers into the public pocket; what with promises made only to be broken, and platforms laid down to be spurned and disregarded; what with men swearing that they will do what they never intend to do, and

doing all evil things which they declared they would not do; we find the political field altogether uninviting to our tastes. We know of no party that succeeds except by practices which are dishonorable and unlawful. Men of high professions consent to stand on Satan's level for the purpose of "fighting the devil with fire."—The whole world lieth in the wicked one; and where majorities rule, so long as the devil has the majority in this world, it is not difficult to predict the issue. Any plan of government which may be imagined or constructed, is tainted with the sin and evil which rules this present evil world.

People flatter themselves that they can do great good by entering into the political squabbles of the day. But this world never is moved by majorities; the work is done by minorities; they are the cause, the majorities come in afterwards as an effect.

Said one man to an earnest advocate of righteous principles, after the perpetration of a great wrong, "This act has put back your cause for fifty years. What are you going to do about it?" "Talk?" was the answer! and he did talk, until the voice, like that of one crying in the wilderness, was taken up and re-echoed like the sound of many waters and mighty thunderings.

The instrument for correcting abuse and rectifying wrong in this world, is not the ballot,—that comes when the work is well nigh accomplished,—it is not voting, but it is talking, and acting, which change the moral sentiment of the age. It is by knowing the truth, that men are made free; and the man that disdains to be weighed, or measured, or counted, in opposition to men brutal, stupid, drunken, and bought with bribery, will find that by telling the truth, exposing iniquity, and bearing witness against wrong irrespective of party lines or party fealty, he will accomplish a hundred times as much by talking, as he possibly could by voting. Laws derive their vitality from the power which makes and enforces them, and the public sentiment which makes them operative. Lacking these they are a dead letter. The servant of God who would influence his fellow men, will best do it, not by mingling in their petty strifes and political jealousies, but by standing aloof, rebuking all iniquity, and bearing faithful testimony against all sin, and to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

LIVING IT DOWN.

It is easy to suspect a man of being a rascal, to charge him with being a rascal, and even to prove him a rascal, provided that he has good evidence, and he has no opportunity of contradicting or disproving them.

But suppose when you have proved that a man is a rascal, the man himself refuses to be a rascal. What can be done? Proving a man a rascal does not make him one,—it only shows the rascality of those who have tried to blacken and defame an honest man.

"A while ago an honest mechanic did a day's work in one of the houses of a Massachusetts town. That night the house was robbed. The workman was at once suspected, and his house searched. Though no evidence of his guilt could be found, he was put under the ban of the community; his friends shunned him, his employers gave him no work. A large family of children depended upon him for support, but his efforts could find nothing to do. He asked for a trial. No one would bring charge against him. He was advised to leave the town, and that course seemed the only means of relief. That, however, would be construed as a confession of guilt. He determined to remain and live down suspicion. Unlike many in similar situations, he never took to drink, lost his religion, became sour, nor blamed men for regarding him as they did, since he would have done likewise under similar circumstances. He just remained firm and kept hoping. After two years the real thief was found, and the persecuted man was vindicated."

The Day Kidney Pad cures kidney diseases, "bed wetting," and all diseases of the urinary system. \$2, by druggists or by mail.

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists.

Public education for the benefit of the State is one thing—public education for the benefit of the students is quite another.—*Advance.*

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