

St. John's Day.—Tuscorora Lodge, No. 122, of Oxford is agitating the question of a celebration of the anniversary of St. John on the approaching 24th of June, by a Masonic procession, oration and picnic, to come off in the beautiful grove of the Asylum. We suggest that all the Lodges of the county, of which there are about ten, join in and make a *huge* thing of it.

How OFTEN MAY WE EAT? asks an exchange, in the caption of an article on health. Some very good natured old fogies argue that twice a day is often enough, as being most conducive to health and convenience. We are inclined to differ from this opinion. We believe that people, children especially, should eat as often as they feel hunger, if it be a dozen times a day. We do not mean that they should eat every time they *imagine* they are hungry, but only when the "gnawing" sensation of the stomach demands food. The custom of two meals a day doubtless gave rise to half the witch riding stories that used to make the rinkles riiii to the tops of our heads in childhood, related by old time people who couldn't distinguish, (it their heavy sleep) between a stump-tailed black cat seated on the outside of the stomach and a gorge of indigestible cold potatoes, fat pork and "garden sass," inside.

The telegraph brings intelligence of the death of Gen. John C. Breckenridge, which occurred in Lexington, Ky., on the 18th inst. His disease was abscess of liver combined with consumption.

From a paragraph in the *Charlotte Democrat* we learn that the population of that city is about 9,000, being an increase of some 5,000 since the close of the war.

Shut the Eyes Tight.

Little Harry had been quite sick, and mother was obliged to be very careful of his diet. One of the orders was that he was to eat nothing but what she gave him.

One day, little Jennie came in eating a piece of cake. Oh! how nice it looked to the little hungry boy, who felt, as you do when you are getting better, that he wished to eat all the time. He knew, if he just asked his dear, obliging little sister, she would gladly give him 'the biggest half.' But he only said, 'Oh Jennie, you must run right out with that cake, and I'll keep my eyes shut tight, so I shan't want any.'

Now, that was a great triumph for a boy only seven years old. Some big boys of seventeen could not have done so well. They are far from shutting their eyes tight when temptation to taste wrong things is before them. They rather suffer their eyes to lead them straight into mischief.

'Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity,' is an excellent prayer.—'look not upon the wine when it is red,' and you will never be likely to fill a drunkard's grave.

So many boys think, 'What's the harm in looking?' but it is just here they are made prisoners by Satan.—The 'eye-gate' is one of the most important points he attacks. If he can pin your eye very intently on some charming but forbidden object, he gets a serpent's power over you.—You have heard how those dreadful snakes charm little birds and rabbits with their glittering eyes, un-

til at last they drop down powerless in their terrible coils.

Do not stop even to look at temptation, but turn your face like a flint the other way. Shut the mind's eye tight as well, and God will help those who bravely try to flee from temptation.

Reunion in Heaven.

Rev. Dr. Talmage entertains comforting notions in regard to eternity. He believes that in heaven old and true friends know each other and love each other the more, that christians say "good night" to friends on earth and say "good morning" to friends in heaven. He thinks that a friendship only for five or ten or thirty years is not worth much and that the arms of friendship are not so short that they cannot reach across the grave. Of course the Doctor must have reference to genuine friendship, for we submit that in heaven where the secrets of the heart are all made plain and read out from a book, many a man will hear on an "old friend" what it wouldn't be well for him to have known when here on earth. We merely put this with reference to the term as the word generally uses it of "old friend." The doctor continues and says it is well that death takes away nothing that is worth keeping. A mercenary and hard-hearted friendship cannot slide across the grave, but the unity of souls, the commingling of hearts, the bearing of mutual burdens are prophetic of our eternal intimacy. We may part here and our graves may cleave different portions of the earth, but the present scenes will be renewed under milder skies, and our friendship will bloom immortal.

Frightening Children.

Nothing can be worse for a child than to be frightened. The effect of the scare it is slow to recover from; it remains sometimes until maturity, as is shown by many instances of morbid sensitiveness and excessive nervousness. Not unfrequently, fear is employed as a means of discipline. Children are controlled by being made to believe that something terrible will happen to them and are punished by being shut up in dark rooms, or by being put in places they stand in dread of. No one, without vivid memory of his own childhood, can comprehend how entirely cruel such things are. We have often heard grown persons tell of the suffering they have endured as children, under like circumstances, and recount the irreparable injury which they are sure they then received. No parents, no nurse, capable of alarming the young, is fitted for her position. Children, as near a possible should be trained not to know the sense of fear, which above everything else, is to be feared in their education early and late.—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

The Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and above all, of musk. Her dressing-room at Malmaison was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Forty years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of the Malmaison has had the walls of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint have been sufficient to remove the smell of the good Empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.

"Highland Mary's" Grave.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler, who is now traveling in Great Britain, gives this sketch of a jaunt in Scotland: One hour more brought us to the Tontine Hotel, at Greenock. This morning we sallied out through the rain to visit the one spot in Greenock which every man or woman who has a soul must visit—the tomb of Burns' Highland Mary. This poor dairy-maid—immortalized in the sweetest of all love-songs—came from Montgomery Castle to Greenock, died here, and was buried in the Presbyterian kirk yard, just out of Crawford Street.

We soon found the tomb, to which a well-trodden footpath leads. A graceful marble monument, twelve feet high, covers the gentle lassie's dust. It bears a sculptured medallion, which represents Burns and the young lady clasping hands and plighting their troth, he holding a Bible in his hands. Beneath is the inscription:—

"Erected over the grave of
HIGHLAND MARY
in 1843

"O Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

These lines are from the impassioned verses, "To Mary in Heaven," and have been read through tears by many an eye. Wonderful is the charm of genius, which could beat a pathway, trodden by thousands of feet, to the grave of an humble dairy-maid, who lived nearly a hundred years ago.

A Presidential Reception.

A writer in *Appleton's Journal* gives the amusing description of a presidential reception at Washington in the days of Polk's administration:

First came a group of men, embarrassed, large-handed, gloveless, who did not know what to do with themselves; then a couple of far-West humble pioneers, who had evidently scraped up enough money to bring them to Washington, and who were in the homespun and homely garments suited to their fortunes. They were on a broad grin. Then came formal, uninteresting people, without any salient peculiarity; then a man in a green baize jacket,—one of those republicans who love to show their independence by being a little below the standard of decency; then a group of glittering diplomatists, with their orders in their button-holes; then a party of the gay society of the District,—beautifully-dressed women (according to the standard of the day, which was far plainer than ours); and then four or five smoky-smelling Indians, in wampum and war-paint. One, I remember, having lost his nose-ring (he was a very "big chief," indeed,) had put a pink artificial rose-bud in his nose, the flower on one side, and the wire stem protruding on the other; the aboriginal dandy was evidently much pleased with this adornment. He was rather troublesome, for he insisted on taking hold of the earrings of the ladies, and I think Mrs. Knox Walker trembled for her solitaires. These savage guests were often at the White House, and always comported themselves with dignity, I believe; but once one of them got frightened at something, or perhaps had partaken too freely of fire-water before he came, and starting from the east room, he ran frantically across it and jumped through the window, scattering glass and sash on every side. After this they were more cautiously admitted.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ORPHAN ASYLUM FROM MAY 15th TO MAY 25th INCLUSIVE:

- IN CASH:
- Paid \$12.00, Davie Lodge, No 80.
 - " 9.35, Collection at Cobalt church through Rev A J Dunning.
 - " 5.00 each, Mrs Isaac Gittinger, New Lebanon Lodge, No 314. A Friend.
 - " 3.50, Mt Energy Lodge No 140.
 - " 2.50, Peony Collection of Columbus Co S S Institute.
 - " 1.00, Rev V A Sharpie.
- IN KIND:
- Alsop & Riddick, 5 bushels meal.
 - Graham & Parks, 1 bolt sheeting.
 - Shiloh Lodge, No 250, 3 bushel meal, 2 bushels corn 1 lb. flour, 2 bags flour.
 - J. H. Davis, 1 lb. flour.
 - J. R. H. Carter, 1 bushel onion seeds.
 - W. H. Ayers, 1 lb. flour.
 - Baptist Sabbath School, Edinburg, 1 box variety of dry goods.
 - C. A. Thomson, Halifax Co, 25 bus. corn.

The following persons have paid for THE ORPHANS' FRIEND for one year from this date: Addison Lowry, L. L. Polk, W. H. Murray, Charles Kilg, N. N. Hampton, Miss Martha J Hatchell.

Adventures of a Diamond.

The following story is told about the French writer, the late Jules Janin, and the famous Sancy diamond:

The old Princess Demidoff used to wear the Sancy diamond as a shawl-pin. One day she went with her husband and Jules Janini to visit the Louvre, and taking off her shawl because the gallery was very hot, gave it to Janini to carry, at the same time asking him to put the diamond pin in his pocket until she should ask him for it. Now you know that the Sancy is worth one million, five hundred thousand francs, and Janin put it in his vest pocket with the same *sang froid* as if it had been a few pieces of glass. On getting into her carriage, the princess asked for her shawl, but forgot to inquire for the diamond, and drove off. The next day she sent round to Janin for her precious stone.

But no diamond was to be found. The vest, a white one; had gone to wash, and with it the Sancy. Off went Janin in trepidation to the domicile of his washerwoman. In order to avoid suspicious, he asked her quietly if she had found any thing in the pocket of his vest.

"No," said she. "Quite sure?" asked he again, becoming lividly pale.

"Ah, yes, I did by the way; a big piece of glass. My little boy has it now; he is playing with it in the yard."

And Janin rushed out to recover the gem, the brilliant colors of which were delighting a batch of dirty urchins, who were even then discussing the propriety of shattering the jewel into a thousand sparkling fragments.

NOT A PAYING BUSINESS.—You do not look as if you had prospered by your wickedness, said a gentleman to a vagabond one day.

"I haven't prospered by it!" cried the man. "It's a business that doesn't pay. If I had given half the time to some honest calling which I have spent in trying to get a living without work I might be a man of property and character, instead of the homeless wretch I am."

He then told his history, and ended by saying:

"I have been twice in prison, and I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries in my life; but I will tell you, my worst punishment is in being what I am!"

Men can steal our money, and rob us of our reputation, but no man can defraud us of what we are.

From the contributor: LITTLE HANDS I HOLD IN MINE:

Little hands I hold in mine,
Rosy with love's warm caress;
Fingers clinging like a vine,
How they thrill me as they press!
O little hands I hold in mine!

Rejoice with sunlight when my heart's
Set to music every chord;
Till the soul's diether part
Seems to perfect bliss restored.
O little hands I hold in mine!

Little hands, life's work is thine;
Hills rising, loam to do thy will,
And those lips close pressed to mine;
With the choicest blessings fill.
O little hands I hold in mine!

Dear little hands that part from mine!
GEOBGE BANCROFT GILFERRIN.

How God Provides.—Mr Spurgeon says: "My grandfather was a very poor minister, and kept a bow, which was a very great help in the support of his children; he had ten of them—and the bow took the 'stingers' and died."

"What will you do now?" said my grandfather.

"I cannot tell what we shall do now," said he; "but I know what God will do; God will provide for us. We must have faith for the children."

The next morning there came £20 to him. He had never made application to the fund for the relief of ministers; but on that day there were £5 left when they divided the money; and one said, "There is poor Mr. Spurgeon down in Essex; suppose we send it to him?" The chairman—a Mr. Motley of his day—said, "We had better make £10, and I'll give £5." Another £5 was offered by another minister, if a like amount could be raised, to make it up to £20; which was done. They knew nothing about the grandfather's bow; but God did, and there was the new coin for him. And those gentlemen in London were not aware of the importance of the service which they had rendered."

When a girl crops her front hair, and pulls it down over her forehead like a Mexican Mustang, and then ties a piece of red velvet around her neck, who can wonder at the number of pale-faced young men that throw away their ambition, and pass sleepless nights in trying to raise down on their upper lips!—*Kansas City Times.*

Golden Pavements.

This little story is not without a pointed moral for those who are over fond of riches.

At a convention of clergymen recently held in Syracuse, and after the evening's meal, it was proposed that each in turn should entertain the company with such remarks as might be deemed appropriate. When it came to the turn of Mr. Waterhouse, he related a dream, which he said he had had a few nights before. In his dream he went to heaven, and his picture of golden streets, the rivers of shining water, the seraphic choirs, and so forth, was interestingly vivid. When he concluded, a man notorious for his money grabbing and pettish habits approached and asked, in a tone of coarse jocularly,—

"Well, Bro. Waterhouse, did you see any of us in your dream?"

"Yes, Bro. G., I saw you?"

"Ah, and what was I doing?"

"You were on your knees."

"Of course—praying."

"You were trying to dig up the golden pavements of the New Jerusalem!"

The Indians out West have a regular meeting season in the spring when they call the wooling, or fling such foolishness during the remainder of the year.