

We have sent out to the friends of the orphan work a number of sheets prepared for the names of subscribers to the ORPHANS' FRIEND. Some of these sheets are lying neglected, others are doing active service. Mr. W. H. Pace, of Raleigh, who always succeeds in what he undertakes, has returned his sheet with the cash for twenty-one subscribers. We commend his example to others.

We clip the following from the Raleigh Christian Advocate of last week:

To Every Reader of the Advocate.

DEAR READER:—When did you send anything to the Orphans at Oxford? They have to eat every day.

That is a timely reminder. A. D. B. is a steady friend of the Orphan Asylum, of which fact he has given tangible demonstration heretofore. We hope his inquiry will lead to reflection and reflection to action in favor of the orphans here, who never needed help more than at the present time.

Old Father Time.

Time waits for no man; it travels onward with an even, uninterrupted, inexorable step, without accommodating itself to the delays of mortals. The restless hours pursue their course, moments press after moments; day treads upon day; year rolls after year. Does man procrastinate? Is he listless or indolent? Behold the days and months, and years, un mindful of his delay and never sluggish, but march forward in silent and solemn procession. Our labors and toils; our ideas and feelings, may be suspended by sleep; darkness and silence and death may reign around us, but time is beyond the power of any human being besides Omnipotence. The clock may cease to strike, the sun to shine; but the busy hours pass on. The months and years must continue to move forward.

Beds.

King Henry VIII. of England, is said to have slept upon a straw bed, while his servants lay on rushes strewn on the floor of the royal kitchen. The king's bed was not what we should call luxurious; but so much ceremony was used in going to it that seven chamberlains were employed in undressing the royal personage, turning down the bed-clothes, &c., &c. One indispensable practice was to thrust a dagger into the straw, to see that no person was concealed in it.

When feather-beds came into use in England they were regarded as articles of great value, and it seems comical to us to find them so often mentioned in wills. The person to whom a feather-bed was bequeathed did not usually receive any thing else; his comfort by night was provided for, if not his welfare by day.

The Two Men and the Bear.

Two men had to go through a great wood. One of them was short and stout, and one was tall and slim.

"I could not run fast or climb well," said the short one; "if a foe, man or beast, came on me, I should have to stand my ground."

"Have no fear," said the slim man. "I can run fast and climb well; but still it is my rule to stand my ground—I would fight for you to the last. I fear no man or beast, not I. Hark! what is that noise?"

"I am sure," said the short man, "that is the growl of a bear;

I know there are bears in this wood."

The bear was soon in sight. The tall man ran a short way and hid in a tree. The short man fell flat on his face on the ground and held his breath. The bear came to him, smelt him, and thought he was dead. So he left him, and with a gruff growl or two went on his way.

When the bear was out of sight the short man rose from the ground, and the tall man came down from the tree.

"What did the beast say to you, my friend?" said the tall man to the short one. "I saw him put his mouth close to your ear."

"He told me," said the short man, "to put no trust in one who brags in the way you do, for those who boast so much are not brave!"

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—When Shakespeare originated this phrase, we wonder if he had any of following too familiar expressions in his mind, which the Church Union has gathered in one suggestive paragraph:

Stop your noise! Shut up this minute! I'll box your ears! Hold your tongue! Let me be! Get out! Behave yourself! I won't! You shall! Nevermind! You'll catch it! Put away those things! You'll kill yourself! Mind your own business! I'll tell ma! You mean thing! There, I told you so! I did! I will have it! O, look what you have done! 'Twas you! Won't you catch it, though! It's my house! Who's afraid of you? Get out of this room directly! Do you hear me? Dear me, I never did such a thing in all my born days!

We have all heard the old saying, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." As simple as it is, yet there is much truth in it; and some of our unsuccessful farmers who are in the habit of lying in bed till the sun is high up, will adopt the plan of rising early, they will be most agreeably surprised to find themselves more successful in farming.

Some farmers say they can't see why their neighbors meet with so much better success than themselves. It is because their neighbors are industrious, plan work well, and rise early and set about it. They often do a half day's work before our unsuccessful friends have even commenced. I have never known many successful farmers who are not early risers.

The Grenville Register says: We are not particularly partial to cats but the following is too good to go unnoticed. Some five weeks ago, Mr. W. D. Tucker, a citizen of this county, living two miles from town, was fishing in Tar River when he saw an old mink approaching him carrying a young member of the family in her mouth, he remained quite still until she came in a few steps, and then jumped and frightened her so much that she dropped the young one and made off for a place of refuge. Mr. Tucker took the little mink home and put it in a box with some young kittens, and strange to say the old cat has not noticed the addition to her family; or if she has, makes no objections, and allows minkie to share equally with the kittens, and now it is as gentle and playful as though to the manor born and is passionately fond of birds and mice.

NAKED TRUTH.—A eminent and eccentric lawyer (says the Banner of the Cross), in one his addresses to the jury, explained the meaning of this phrase by relating the following fable, worthy of old Esop himself:

"Truth and Falseness, traveling one warm day, met at the river, and both went to bathe at the same place. Falseness coming first out of the water, took his companion's clothes, leaving his own vile raiment and went on his way.—Truth, coming out of the water, sought in vain for his proper dress, disdain to wear the garb of Falseness. Truth started, all naked, in pursuit of the thief; but, not being so swift on foot, has never overtaken the fugitive, and has ever since been known as 'Naked Truth.'"

Miscellaneous Paragraphs.

POETRY.—Poetry is the breath of beauty, flowing around the spiritual world, as the winds that wake up the flowers do about the material. The love of moral beauty, and the retention of the spirit of youth, which is implied in the indulgence of a poetical state, are evidences of a good disposition in any man, and argue well for the largeness of his mind in other respects. For this is the boast of poetry above all other arts: that, sympathizing with every thing, it leaves no corner of wisdom or knowledge unrecognized, which is a universality that cannot be predicated of any science, however great.—Leigh Hunt

Never live in a house which has not windows or doors on both sides, through which you can, if desirable, cause a complete and thorough draught.

It is more difficult to forgive an injury from a friend than from an enemy. Your favorite dog flying at you pains you a great deal more than a similar assault from a strange dog.

It is not knowledge alone which makes us happy; it is the quality of the knowledge. Perfect knowledge is conviction; and it is conviction which makes us happy, which absolutely satisfies us, and which changes dead knowledge into living.—Novalis.

An Irishman being recently on trial for some offense, pleaded "not guilty," and the jury being in the box, the State Solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence Patrick turned his face to the court, and said:

"Do I understand, yer honor, that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness against me again?"

The Judge said daily, "It seems so."

"Well, thin her honor, I plade guilty, sure, an' yer honor please, not because I am guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer honor's suckling babe, but just on account of saving Mister Furkisson's soul!"

The following whimsical circumstance, and peculiar coincidence, it is said, actually took place some time since. A boat ascending the Ohio River was hailed by another boat, when the following conversation ensued:

"What boat is that?"
 "The Cherrystone."
 "Whence came you?"
 "From Redstone."
 "Where are you bound to?"
 "Lincolnton."
 "Who is your captain?"
 "Thomas Stone."
 "What are you loaded with?"
 "Millstones."
 "You are a very hard set altogether; take care you don't go to the bottom." Farewell!
 The above is something akin to an answer we once heard given to an inquiry, as to who a certain minister was, that preached in a church in Halifax county.
 "Who was the minister that preached this morning?" was the inquiry.
 "That is Mr. Whitfield, who was born in Edgefield, married Miss Coffield, and has lately settled in Edgefield."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ORPHAN ASYLUM FROM JUNE 1st TO JUNE 15th INCLUSIVE.

- IN CASH.
 Paid \$32.50, Orphans' Friend.
 " 11.65, Collection at Hester's Church.
 " 5.00, Farmington Lodge No 265.
 " 4.00 each, J A Simpson, (a blind man) and collection at Union Church, through G W Pittard.
 " 3.40, E R Partridge.
 " 3.20, Mt Energy Lodge, No 140.
 " 2.50, J H Garvey.
 " 2.00 each, Mrs S P Maynard, D W Allen, Lincoln Baptist Church.
 " 1.80 Hall Lodge, No 53.
 " 1.00, Miss Caroline Wilson.
 " 50 cents, George Parker.
 " 35 cent., Philad L. Church.

- IN KIND.
 Day & Meadows, 4 doz thimbles.
 A Holly, 1 Bbl Shad, 1 Bbl Herrings.
 T D Crawford & Co Cakes.
 Rev L K Wiley, sewing cotton.
 A Landis Jr 6 Belts.
 E Taylor 6 Belts.
 W T Grandy, 6 Belts.
 A Friend, 6 Belts.

The following persons have paid for THE ORPHANS' FRIEND for one year from this date:

- J H Oveby, E N Wilkerson, J R Haskler, J H Chandler, Robert Holoway, E P Tuck, T W S Tuck, K P Battle, W N Shelton, J H Tarpley, A S McDowell, W H Pace, J W Cole, A H Temple, Willie H Lancaster, L A Hart, Norris & Myatt, Dr R B Ellis, Leach Bros, Parker, Barbee & Latta, Paul & Moring, Dr Graham, Geo H Snow, Len H Adams, J B Hill, R F Jones & Co, H L Watson, J M White, J D Whitaker, I J Young, J Kreth, Rufus Knott.
 For six Months, James H Henderson.

Sunday Schools.

The International Sabbath School Convention recently met in Baltimore, and the statistics published are of startling magnitude. The number of Sabbath schools in the country is sixty-eight thousand, two hundred and nine; of teachers and officers, seven hundred and forty thousand, nine hundred and seventy-nine; and of scholars, five million, six hundred and thirty-seven thousand, three hundred and sixty-seven. The whole Sabbath school force, therefore, is six million, three hundred and seventy-three thousand, four hundred and thirty-six, or about one-sixth of the entire population of the land.

These figures have an important bearing on social and religious questions often discussed at the fireside and in the public journals. They suggest the power inherent in the Sabbath school organization.

Nearly six million members of this powerful league are children, and it is well known that the impressions received in childhood have a permanent force. The ideas that rule the inner lives of men and women commonly take shape by the age of sixteen, and the majority of Sabbath school scholars are under that age.

This immense Sabbath school army awakens doubts of the truth of the remark, so often heard, that our age is noted for unbelief, and has fallen away from the old faith. The remark is not a novel one. It has been repeated in every age of which history preserves the record, in pagan no less than in Christian times.

But how can unbelief create such a mighty organization as the Sunday schools of the land? If men were given over to skepticism they would not send their children to Sabbath schools, nor contribute the large sums needed to make the institution so well organized and effective. The host of workers in Sabbath schools, and the larger host of supporters, must be believers in the Bible. And the fact that a large majority of the children of the United States are found in the schools, proves that belief is common, and the interests in the Bible general.

It is worthy of note that Sabbath schools, on the grand scale they now occupy, are the birth of our age. Religious instruction of children is as old as Christianity, and has taken on various forms in eighteen centuries. But Sunday schools, in their present form, have grown up within the memory of living men. Their existence may be said to run side by side with that of steam,—the chief force in modern industry. It is interesting to trace the rise and development of these two great forces, the one, material and scientific, the other, moral and spiritual. They are, perhaps, allied, and may be regarded as mutual helpers towards a state of perfection which man is ever struggling to attain.

The subject is one of great interests, for the life of the next generation must be molded by the Sabbath schools to a large degree. All religious proceedings are important in view of the power which religion has over the minds of men. But of all religious matters in this country, since the Revolution, the foundation and growth of Sabbath schools take precedence, for these schools have become the chief federators of the church.

A Little Advice to Farmers.

Help your wives in every way you can, trivial though it may seem to you. For instance, keep an extra pair of shoes or slippers in the hall or entry, and always remember to change your dirty boots before entering her clean rooms. Then you may be sure of a smile of welcome, as no dirt will be left after you for her to clean up. In the evening comb your hair as carefully as you ever did in your courting days. Put on a clean coat or dressing-gown, and when you take your paper to read, do not read to yourself and leave her to lonesome thoughts while sewing and mending, but remember that she, too, has been working hard all day, and is still working. Read to her whatever interests you, so that her interests and opinions may grow with yours, and that she may comprehend something besides love stories, which too many have read more than they should. You will both be happier, and being a farmer's or merchant's wife will not be such a dreadful tiresome life as many girls have every reason to think it is.

"Johnnie," said a man winking slyly to a clerk of his acquaintance in a dry goods store, you must give me extra measure. Your master is not in."

Johnnie looked up in the man's face very seriously, and said, "My Master is always in."

Johnnie's master was the all-seeing God. Let us all when we are tempted to do wrong, adopt Johnnie's motto—"My Master is always in." It will save us from many a sin, and so from much sorrow.—S. S. World.

TOO MUCH GRAMMAR.—Dr. F— was the president of a Southern college, who professed to be very grammatical in the use of his language, and therefore expected his pupils to be likewise. Playing cards was forbidden on the premises; but, as is always the case, this law is often violated by the students without being detected. A number of freshmen collected together in one of the member's rooms, and were enjoying a good game of euchre, when a knock was heard at the door.

"Who's there?" exclaimed one.
 "Me!" was the laconic reply.
 "Who's me?"
 "Professor F!"
 "You lie! Ha, ha, ha! Professor F. wouldn't say, 'It's me.' he'd say, 'It is I, sir.'"

The old professor turned on his heel and went off, knowing they had him there.

A MINISTER NONPLUSED.—The Rev. Matthew Wilkes was once passing through one of the crowded streets of London, when he heard a carman—who found great difficulty in getting his vehicle along, owing to the numerous obstructions he met with—ursing and swearing at a tremendous rate. He quietly went up to the offender, and, tapping him gently on the shoulder, said to him:

"Ah! for that cursing and swearing of which you have been guilty, I will appear a witness against you at the great day of judgment!"

"Oh, yes," said the carman to his clerical rebuker, "the biggest rogue always turns king's evidence!"

The minister, in relating this anecdote to his friends, owned that this answer so completely nonplussed him, that he was obliged to walk off without saying a word in reply.