

Wednesday, July 7, 1875.

A REQUEST.

We want to double the subscription list of the "ORPHANS' FRIEND" between now and the first day of September. It is the simplest thing in the world to do it, provided every present subscriber will use the necessary exertion to procure and send one additional name. But as a good many, perhaps, may not be able to do this, and others will not try, let each present subscriber get all the new subscribers he or she can, so that the fullness of one may make up for the deficiency of another.

Up to a certain number of papers issued, the expense of publishing takes up the profits; on all beyond that, there is a small per centage for the benefit of the Asylum, and the larger the number the more the profit. We have already arrived at and passed the mere "paying point," so that every additional subscriber will add something to the means of supporting the institution. We hope, therefore, that every one of our present subscribers will endeavor to comply with the above request and enable us to accomplish the object of doubling the present subscription in the time mentioned.

A LITTLE MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

The object of the labors of all men is the attainment of happiness. Their success or failure depends upon the wisdom or folly of the means they adopt for the accomplishment of their aim.

Man's nature is three-fold—animal, intellectual and moral. Therefore to make him happy he must have the pleasures which belong to each of these three parts of his nature. He must have the pleasures of sense, the pleasures of knowledge and the pleasures of divine love. All these are his birth-right. God has willed them to him and has given him instruction in his word how they are to be acquired and limits within which they are to be enjoyed.

Man never can be happy in the possession of only a part of his birth-right—he must have all or his happiness is diminished in proportion to the deprivation. The pleasures of sense may render him happy momentarily; the possession of knowledge may, for a time, make him forget the cravings of his trine nature for the pleasures of sense and also of the "soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy," which can come alone from a consciousness of "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." But he will be not happy, more or less, as the legitimate means of gratifying any of the desires of his three-fold nature are wanting.

Give a man the means of gratifying his sensual appetites and deprive him of intellectual and moral culture, and he becomes a brute.

Cultivate only his intellectual nature and he becomes haughty and tyrannical; despises his kind, and usually settles down in some system of vain philosophy, totally incapable of bringing him the happiness he seeks.

Of course the full development of man's moral powers—the connection of man to God by the principles of divine love—brings happiness, but it is the happiness of satisfaction, and cannot be complete in this life without the addition of the other two.

Here lies the root of human woe. Parents do not consider this trine or three-fold nature of their children and provide for the development and cultivation of each, but mostly confine efforts to one part only, and that, too generally, the poorest part—their bodies. They work early and late, scrape and save, to acquire means for decorating the bodies of their sons and daughters; giving, perhaps, a secondary care to the cultivation of the intellect, but often, too often, alas! leaving their moral part to dwarf and shrivel for want of proper and well-directed effort for healthy development. Their motto seems to be, Get large estates, provide fine clothes and nice eating and drinking for the idolized offspring; give them an education sufficient to enable them to show off creditably in the world's estimation, but as for religion, why, that's unfashionable and too much attention to the subject might interfere with their prospects in life, and the moral, which is the higher and most important part of the girl's or boy's nature, is left to starve. Then, by-and-by, the father and mother are perfectly astonished, and cannot account for it "after all that has been done for them," to see their sons take to the dram shop, the card table and the race track, and their daughters mere parlor ornaments, if nothing worse, useless to themselves, to society and to their families if they should ever be so unfortunate as to have any.

Then, to recur to the idea with which we set out, the way of securing the greatest happiness to the greatest number, is to provide man the means and instruct him in their use, of gratifying his three-fold nature. Who is to do this? It is the work of parents, teachers, legislators, newspapers and preachers, and to them we commend the subject.

A NEWSPAPER.

Taken into a family to be read by the children, should never contain a word or sentence of doubtful morality or conveying a double-entendre.

It should never contain a quotation of Scripture in an irreverent connection nor to embellish the relation of a trivial event.

It should never contain a paragraph, however witty or philosophical, couched in the Josh Billings style of orthography.

It should not relate anecdotes in which children are represented as speaking of or treating their parents in a disrespectful manner.

It should not originate or copy paragraphs in which the marriage relation is alluded to as a subject of ridicule.

It should never represent a man as making light of his mother-in-law.

It is exceeding bad taste for a newspaper to attempt to cast odium upon a decent female who has arrived at thirty without parring, by alluding to her slightly as an old maid.

It panders to a depraved moral taste to report the details of such nasty affairs as that which has recently transpired in Brooklyn, and a newspaper ought not to do it.

These are simply our views, and we think they are correct; at the same time we do not think any paper ought to attempt to dictate to others what they should or should not do, as an infallible rule.

RICH BURNAL.—Senator Sharr, of Nebraska, whose wife died in Washington recently, had her buried in a solid silver coffin.

ONE SECRET OF A HAPPY HOME.

We were in company the other day with a gentleman, apparently fifty or sixty years of age, who used, in substance, the following language:

Were I to live my life over again, I should make it a point to do a kindness to a fellow-being whenever I had the opportunity. I regret very much that my habit has been so different, and that I have induced feelings so unlike those which would lead to such a course of life.

It has been too much my way to let others take care of themselves, while I take care of myself. If some little trespass was committed on my rights, or if I suffered some slight inconvenience from the thoughtlessness or selfishness of others, I was greatly annoyed, and sometimes used harsh, reproachful language towards the offender.

I am now satisfied that my own happiness was greatly impaired by this course, and that my conduct and example contributed to the irritation and unhappiness of others.

"It was but the other day," continued the gentleman, "that I was passing along the street, and a coachman was attempting to draw a light carriage into a coach house. He tried once or twice without success, and just as I came up, the carriage occupied the whole sidewalk, and prevented my passing. The fellow looked as though it ought not to be exactly so, and there was something like a faint apology in his smile. It was on my tongue to say, 'In with your wagon, man! and don't let it stand here blocking up the passage.' But an influence prevailed. I went to the rear of the carriage and said, 'Now, try again, my good fellow!' while, with the end of my umbrella, I gave it a little push, and in the carriage went, and out came the pleasant 'Thank ye, sir; much obliged.' I would not have taken a twenty dollar bank note for the streak of sunshine that this one little act of kindness threw over the rest of my walk, to say nothing of the lighting up of the coachman's countenance.

"And when I look back upon my intercourse with any fellow-man all the way along, I can confidently say, that I never did a kindness to any human being without being happier for it. So that, if I was governed by mere selfish motives, and wanted to live the happiest life I could, I would just simply obey the Bible precept, to do good to all men as I had opportunity."

Don't be too Critical.

Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any one any good, and it will do you harm—if you mind being called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manners don't please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste, recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner after it is swallowed cannot be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one and speech of that one, the dress of the other and the opinions of either, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun.

"Did You Swear Papa?"

Flora was at the window watching for papa. She was growing impatient for it was almost time for the stars to come out, and she wanted to give him a good night kiss. Presently Flora's quick ear caught the sound of a familiar footstep, and with a cry of joy she bounded away to meet her father. Before she reached the gate a gentleman stopped to speak with him.

Suddenly the sunny face became clouded, and slowly the child turned towards the house, where she sat down in her little chair and covered her face with her hands.

The mother seeing her, said, "Is Flora sick to-night?" "No mamma," and then the little head bowed again. The mother took her in her arms, and said, "Will not Flora tell me what troubles her?" "I know I must keep nothing from my mother," Flora answered. "I was watching for papa, and when he came I ran out to meet him; but some one called him, and while I waited for the man to go away, I heard some one swear. Do you think it was papa?"

The mother knew not what to answer. She knew that her husband frequently took the name of God in vain, but to her sorrowing little one she could not say this.

Flora slipped from her mother's arms into her little chair, and again buried her face in her hands, when her father came in. He had missed the bright face and light step of his little one, and when he went to his house, and she did not come to meet him, thought she must be ill.—Taking her in his arms, he asked tenderly, "Is my little Flora sick to-night?" "No papa." "What has troubled my darling then?" After a moment's hesitation, Flora said, "When I was waiting for you just now, I heard some one swear, and I think it was the man on this side of the fence. Was it you papa? Did you swear?"

It was hard to meet the gaze of those clear eyes. What would not the father at that moment have given could he have answered, "No, Flora, your father did not swear." From the silence and the averted gaze, Flora's quick intuition gathered the truth, and she would not be comforted.

Never before in the presence of his child had an oath escaped this father's lips, and he was grieved that his little daughter's faith in him should be so shaken. If before his child he stood condemned, how can he appear before the judge of all the earth?

SOUND ADVICE.—Let the winds and the waves of adversity blow and dash around you, if they will; but keep on the path of rectitude, and you will be as firm as a rock. Plant yourself upon principle, and bid defiance to misfortune. If gossip with her poisoned tongue meddles with your good name, heed her not. Carry yourself erect; let your course be straightforward, and by the serenity of your countenance and purity of life, give the lie to all who underrate and belittle you.

An old, rough clergyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, I said in my haste all men are liars. Looking up, apparently as if he saw the psalmist standing immediately before him, he said—"You said in your haste, David, did you? Well if you had been here you might have said it after mature reflection."

Story of a Mammoth's Bones.

When a person in misfortune is helped by the interference of an unexpected event in nature, or in the realm of "accidents," we call it "a providence,"—and it would be hard to find a better name. In a letter to *The Christianian*, a resident of West Windsor, Mich., who knew the fact, relates the following singular example:

"Many years ago there resided in Crawford County, O., an estimable gentleman, who was the owner of a large flouring mill, in the purchase of which he had become deeply involved in debt. What made his condition still worse was, the proceeds of the mill were not sufficient to liquidate the claim, and no other visible resource was open to him for its liquidation.

"As the time for the payment of the mortgage approached, no way appeared to be opened up, and as the mortgage and interest when due would amount to the sum of *seventeen hundred dollars*, it seemed almost utterly impossible that it could be paid.

"Still, with some hope in the providence of God, the proprietor labored not only in the mill, but made some additional improvements in connection therewith, and while employed in improving the "mill race," he discovered the complete remains of a Mastodon, which, being put in proper shape, he sold to a museum in Columbus, O., and, strange to relate, it netted him just seventeen hundred dollars. His mortgage was paid up and cancelled, and the good providence of God clearly made apparent."

It is seldom that the grave pages of geological science and history are enlivened by an episode so fine as this.

Wild People of Madras.

An East Indian surveyor, while at work in Madras, near Palani Hills, caught a couple of wild folk, who live in the hills and jungles of the Western Ghats. They are thus described:

These people sometimes bring honey, wax and sandal wood to exchange with the villagers for cloth, rice, tobacco and betel nut, but they are very shy. The man was four feet, six inches high; he had a round head, coarse, black, woolly hair, and a dark-brown skin. The forehead was low and slightly retreating; the lower part of the face projected like the muzzle of a monkey, and the mouth, which was small and oval, with thick lips, protruded about an inch beyond the nose; he had short, bony legs, a comparatively long body, and arms that extended almost to his knees.

The hands and fingers were dumpy and always contracted, so that they could not be made to stretch out quite straight and flat; the palms and fingers were covered with thick skin (more especially the tips of the fingers), the nails were small and imperfect, and the feet broad and thick-skinned all over.

The woman was the same height as the man, the color of the skin was of a yellow tint, the hair black, long and straight; and the features well formed. This quaint folk occasionally eat flesh, but feed chiefly upon roots and honey.

They have no fixed dwelling-places, but sleep on any convenient spot, generally between two rocks, or in caves near which they happen to be benighted. Worship is paid to certain local divinities of the forest.