

CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.

It is right and proper for every boy in our country, under the advice and consent of his parents or other prudent friends, to select some occupation for life, by which to make an honest living and to secure to himself the greatest amount of happiness in this life and the best preparation for the life to come. Our country presents many inviting fields for enterprise, many of them honorable and offering assurance of success; some a little doubtful but very enticing, and some, though common, lacking the sanction of God's word. Law, physics, commerce, manufactures, agriculture, are among the more useful and honorable, and in each, with a good stock of common sense, mental culture and ordinary industry and perseverance, a young man may reasonably anticipate success in securing not only a competency, but even wealth.

In making choice among these and other pursuits, the advantages and disadvantages should be carefully considered, not only with reference to the personal good they promise in this life, but the opportunities they afford of cultivating those virtues and graces that shall prepare the possessor for a communion with higher intelligencies in the life to come.

To the young men of this country we cannot think of any pursuit presenting stronger claims than that of agriculture, to secure a competency, a pleasant, happy and useful life, and for opportunities of "studying the wondrous works of creation and adoring the divine Creator." We have millions of acres of land, untouched by the plough and "cheap as dirt," there are thousands of lovely maidens who would make excellent wives, with one of whom a young man beginning life, might settle down happily in some sweet rural retreat, beneath our mild skies, while all-bounteous nature would smile around him and to the touch of industry and frugality, administer to all his wants. The fields, under skillful cultivation, would yield him grain for food, while cotton, tobacco and a thousand other products would bring him in all the money he would need. The bubbling fountains pouring forth their health-giving streams; the meadows affording pasture for his cows and the hills sustaining his fleecy flocks; the orchards yielding luscious fruits and the vineyards the gushing grape;

"His trees in summer yielding him shade,  
In winter, fire."

all promise as much as a man ought to ask in this life.

With such possessions and with conscious independence and a calm inward peace, heightened by the smiles of a tender wife and the sweet prattle of promising children, a man might so happily pass away his three score years and ten, preparing for those still happier scenes "where life would scarcely be known to him except by name, or as he might witness them in others, whom it would be no small part of his happiness to console and relieve.

That men should turn away from scenes and pleasures like these, at once so pure and so completely within his reach, and go off to a crowded, sickly town in search of a precarious livelihood, is indeed passing strange. Yet

we see the youth of our country doing this daily. Some glittering prize is held out to the inexperienced eye, and the country bred youth forsakes the old homestead with its rural delights and innocent pleasures, to enter upon a life of speculation or course of ambition, the paths of which are frequently set with thorns of inquietude and end in disappointment if not utter ruin.

Then let our young men ponder well the chances of success and probable attainment of happiness, before making choice of their occupations in life; and the girls remember that the hard hands and honest hearts of our independent farmer boys are not to be despised in contrast with mere starch and broadcloth, which have nothing but the mere chances of fortune to back them.

The *Vidette* quotes an article which appeared in the *ORPHANS' FRIEND* some three or four weeks ago, in regard to two children in Nash county, whose mother has taken up with a negro, the children being under said negro's control, and comments on the same by saying, "To prosecute them is nonsense; take the children away and let them go."

Exactly. Why don't the friends of humanity and of good order in society, who are cognizant of the facts, take the children away? The Orphan Asylum is open to and ready to receive them. We suppose there is some hitch or obstacle in the way, or this would certainly have been done before now. We again suggest to the good people of that section to make a move in the matter. From all we can learn in regard to these children they are of that class intended to be benefited by the Orphan Asylum. If brought here they might at least be placed in a better home and under better auspices for their future than they enjoy in their present condition.

University of North Carolina.

We have carefully examined the scheme recently published for the reopening of the University. We note the following points:

The course of studies is what is called *elective*.

At the same time the curriculum is adopted for those who desire it.

There are four courses leading to degrees, and one called "optional," in which the student does not strive for a degree.

1. Those who wish to adopt the course in which the Ancient Languages and Mathematics form a chief part can adopt that analog to the old curriculum, leading in four years to the degree of A. B.

2. Those wishing to omit Latin and Greek can pursue a shorter course, containing more modern languages, and what are called *practical studies*, and in three years attain the degree of B. S. (Bachelor of Science.)

3. Those wishing a course more immediately allied to Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, can in three years obtain the degree of Bachelor of Agriculture.

4. Those desiring a still higher course can do so, and standing an examination of great stringency, obtain the degree of A. M. The old practice of granting this as an honorary degree is abolished, and it is intended to be of real value, like that of the M. A. in the University of Virginia, and other first class Institutions.

5. But besides these, a course has been provided to meet the wants of those who desire only to

pursue certain studies, without obtaining a degree, which may be called the "optional course." Certificates of proficiency may be obtained in the branches studied. Of course the Faculty will see that the pupil does not waste his time.

It thus appears that the scheme is intended to combine the advantages of the curriculum, with those of what is known as the "University" or "select v. s." system.

It is understood that the names of the classes as in old times, viz: Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, Senior, will not be retained.

We learn that the Faculty will be at their posts in sufficient time before the 1st Monday in September to be ready to examine students and begin the regular recitations on that day. We are glad to learn that it is the intention of the Trustees to arrange that the students shall have good and substantial, but not costly board. Extravagance will be prevented in every possible way.—*Raleigh News*.

Little Faithful.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

The child's name was not Faithful at all.—Up at the "House Beautiful," where she came every day to carry away the refuse of the kitchen, they all called her *General Jackson*, and, for anything I know, that might have been her name. She was about ten years old, if one might guess from her size, though her little pinched face was so careworn and her eyes had such a tired look, that she might have passed for forty. Down the alley, just a little way from the garden, was the low, little hut, where they all lived—father, mother, and five children. I could see it from my window; see the sandy back yard, with its bunches of thim, scattered grass, and the barefooted children playing about it, or huddled in a group by the door, while little Faithful sang the baby to sleep, and kept them all quiet by the wonderful rhymes she sang over and over, with patience that seemed never weary.

The father and mother worked in a mill, and were away early and late; so all day long this child, Faithful, was the grave little housekeeper, who cared, as a mother might, for the household affairs and the poor little ones. There was no play for her, and small chance to be anything but thin, and pinched, and careworn. The first week I was at the "House Beautiful," I only smiled with the rest at the odd little figure. The second week I learned to call her "lassie," as the father and mother did at home; but the *third* week I could think of no name worthy enough for her but *Faithful*, and so I always called her from that time. You remember Faithful, don't you?—the Faithful of old John Bunyan's story. Even when I was a child, and lay under the peach trees in the west yard to read it, I liked Faithful better than Christian.

One weary day in August, when we drew the blinds close in the great, cool House Beautiful, and dressed ourselves in the daintiest of muslins for the heat, I peeped out at the little brown house on the alley, and saw how the fierce sun shone hotly in at the door, and how the weary little nurse toiled and sang, and waited for the evening shadows. The baby was crosser than ever that day, and over and over I heard the little shrill voice singing, to a monotonous tune, the

old Mother Goose, before the little tyrant would go to sleep. Just at evening, when I threw open my blinds to the night air, I saw little Faithful sitting for a moment in the door, with her head leaning wearily on her hands; but even then a chubby little fellow came toddling up with a broken comb, and Faithful was ready to mend it. Some time in the night, there came a messenger in great distress to the House Beautiful, to say that the "lassie" was very sick; and so two of us went down the alley, and stood by the bed where poor little Faithful lay, wild with a burning fever. The doctor came soon afterwards, but he only shook his head, and said it was too late. The fever must have attacked her brain hours before.

What a pitiful place it was—so bare, so poor, so pinched; yet as neat as the tired little hands could make it, before they dropped their work. The baby lay in the bed, with his great, white head nestled in his sister's pillow. He stirred uneasily, and they took him away; but at the first sound of his voice, little Faithful took up the old song and tried to hush him to sleep. From that moment she seemed to begin her work again, soothing the children, singing them to sleep, and making the house tidy for mother. How it made my heart ache to hear her sing, over and over, the same foolish old rhyme, in a voice that grew all the time weaker and more broken—

If you want any more you must sing it yourself  
Sing it yourself, sing it yourself.

until at last the voice died away in a whisper, and little Faithful lay there white and wan, with a fever all burned out of her thin cheeks, and the children sobbing around her. Oh, faithful little heart! does any one smile at the foolish old rhyme which was last upon her lips? To me it has infinite pathos. It is the last despairing cry of hundreds of weary, struggling souls that keep the battle up bravely, till heart and flesh fail, and then go down crying,

If you want any more you must sing it yourself.

"Poor lassie," said the mother, as she closed her eyes with her own hard hands, she's got her wish at last. She was always fearful of living to be a burden to us, because the doctor told us some day that she'd be a cripple with her back. I mistrust she worked beyond her strength, but how can folks choose that must work or starve?

How, indeed! And in my heart I rejoiced over the blessed little Faithful, whose trials and burdens had been so cheerfully endured, and whose last song of weariness had been sung. The angels sung to her, I doubt not, and one, in shining raiment, welcomed her to the home where they who have been faithful in a few things are made rulers over much.

At one of our schools, recently, in answer to the question, "What's the difference between an island and a continent, and upon which do we live?" a bright little slaver replied: "The difference is, that a continent is much larger than an island, and we live on bread and meat and other things."

READING LESSON FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.—"May I B I of the lovers of U?" as the Miss of Gteen said 2 a 10der leg of mutton before she 8 a piece of it.

OLD MAC.

A Bargain With the Pump.

It is a queer place to make a bargain, truly; but there's many a harder customer for a thirsty man to deal with than our honest friend the pump, as the following story will show:

A hard-working weaver had saved a guinea for the express purpose of having what he called a week's fuddle. He began on Monday, spending three shillings per day for seven days. On the morning of the eighth day, he was burning with thirst, but his money was gone. He went to the back-door of the beer-shop where he had spent every farthing of his guinea, to buy a pint on trust. The landlady was mopping the passage; he stood looking at her, with his cracked lips, pained tongue and bloodshot eye, expecting her to ask him to take just a drop; but she did not, and he requested her to trust him for only one pint.

With an indignant look, she replied: "Trust you! Set a step in this house, and I will dash this mop in your face."

The poor man hung down his head in shame. He was leaning against the pump, and after a little study, began to talk to it.

"Well, Pump," he said, "I have not spent a guinea with thee; wilt thou trust me for a drop?"

He lifted up the handle, put his burning mouth to the spout, and drank; this done, he again said to the pump:

"Thank thee, Pump; and now hear me, Pump. By God's help, I will not enter a public-house again for the next seven years; and, Pump, thou art a witness."

The bargain was kept, and this man afterwards became a respectable manufacturer, and often said it was a grand thing for him that the landlady threatened to dash the mop in his face.

Are there not many poor fellows who would do well to stop trading at the bar and try a bargain with the pump?—*The Morning*.

DIME NOVEL READING.—The *Baltimore Sun*, alluding to the effort that is being made in Boston to have the sentence of the boy-murderer Pomeroy changed to imprisonment for life in the Penitentiary, says:

"Some of the fantastical advocates of this interesting youth allege that his brain has been turned by reading dime novels and yellow-covered literature. When a crime is committed under the influence of strong drink the law does not mitigate the offense, although not mitigatory insanity is often produced by that cause. Neither should getting insane on the weak decoction of dime novels be regarded as much of an extenuation. Indeed, in view of the deleterious influences of such trash, it might be as well to hang such of the dime novel victims as are led by them to lawless acts, as a warning against yellow-covered literature."

A rattlesnake, with thirty-one rattles was killed, a fortnight ago on Keweenaw River, in Tulare county, California. It measured thirteen feet in length, and is said to have been the largest rattlesnake ever killed on the California coast.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

Thackeray must have read some of Dio Lewis' books. He said one day: "The intimacy begotten over a wine bottle has no heart. I never knew a good feeling to come from it, or any honest friendship made by it. It only entices men and ruins them."