

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, September 15, 1875.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?

What is home without a mother? What are all the joys we meet...

Things we prize are first to vanish, Hours we love to pass away...

Older hearts may have their sorrows, Griefs that quickly die away...

TRAMP, TRAMP, THE GRANGE IS MARCHING.

We have toiled thro' snow and sleet, And the summer's fervent heat...

Cho.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Grange is marching, Cheer up, brothers, see, they come...

In the battles front we stand, Of a strife that shakes the land...

Till oppression's ranks arrayed, Shall be beaten back dismayed...

Cho.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

Firm of purpose, now we wait, For that day—and soon or late...

Cho.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

A Hospital Scene.

I saw at a glance that he had met long to live. In his pale, thin face, flashed with the last sign of struggling life...

"How are you to-day, my soldier friend?"

"Poorly, sir; very poorly. A few days more—only a few."

"You are already I trust?"

"I'm going; there is no help for it. If you call that 'ready,' I am ready."

"But I mean, are you prepared to die? Is this exchange of worlds going to be pleasant to you?"

"Pleasant! It is awful, sir; horrible beyond all account! But I have got to come to it!"

"No, my brother, there is no such 'got to' about it. You are in this world yet, and it is a world of mercy. This is the world where Christ died. Let me tell you what he says: 'Whoso cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

"I know it, I know it all; I have heard it a thousand times."

"Well, isn't it true?"

"It may be—but not for me."

"But he says, 'If you will come

had come,' nor 'if you would have come,' but, 'if you will come,' whoso cometh,—comes to-day—he will not cast out.' It's a great pity you haven't come already, but—"

"Pity! It's my ruin, sir. I cannot come now—I will not. See there, stranger, do you think I am going to give that withered, dried up heart to God, after I have given all its thoughts to the devil? Do you think I'm going to drink the devil's wine all my life up to this last day in hospital, and then offer the settlings to Jesus?"

"It was wrong, it was mean for you to refuse the best to your God; but see what you are doing now! Jesus has followed you all through, and to-day asks for this remnant of your life, these 'settlings,' as you call it. He really desires your affection and trust in him for the little while you lie on this bed."

"Is it honorable or decent to give it now?"

"If he can ask it, is it honorable or decent for you to refuse it now? You have refused everything; Jesus makes a last request; will you refuse that?"

"I see it—that's so—but—I am afraid I shall. You come a little too late! It's getting dark now."

I prayed at his bedside, but he was only partially conscious. As I sat watching him, he said in a whisper, scarcely audible:

"If I could get back again—back again!"

Supposing he was thinking of his friends, I asked about his home in Michigan. Rousing slightly, and with a shake of his head, he said:

"No, no—a boy again—a boy again."

Thinking that he might have fallen into a sleep from exhaustion, I left him for a while. But it was the sleep of death. The consistency of sin held him straight through his course. He could not break it. He must begin anew, if at all, he thought, with the beginning, of life; but alas! for the boyhood with its thousand invitations, it came back no more!—Morning.

SWALLOWING FIFTEEN COWS.

"Swallowed fifteen cows!" said Bertie in a tonishment, looking up from her play. Her ears had caught the words in a conversation that was going on in the room.

"Yes," answered her brother; "he drank them all up."

"Drank fifteen cows! I don't believe it," answered the little maiden firmly.

"He sold them, and bought whiskey and beer with the money," exclaimed her aunt Katy.

"Oh, oh, that was it. I see now. Well, it is funny."

"No not funny, dear, but sad," said aunt Katy. "The man had a wife and two little children, and he sold the milk from fifteen cows and bought them food and clothing. But now having swallowed the cows, as we were saying, his wife and children go hungry and cold, and he, a poor, miserable drunkard, is in the almshouse. Isn't it dreadful to think of?"

The children looked very sober. "You'll never catch me drinking up fifteen cows, nor one, either," said George, very positively.

"I don't know as to that," replied Aunt Katy. "The man we were talking about was once a little boy like you, with a healthy taste for food, and clear, cool

a cow, much more fifteen cows, such a thing never entered his head. But you see what he came to at last. How was it?—He began by taking a glass of ale or beer, or a little wine at parties now and then. This corrupted his pure taste, and gave him an unnatural thirst which only strong drink could satisfy. After ale and beer came whisky, rum and brandy; and the more and oftener he drank, the more his thirst increased, until he became a poor miserable drunkard. So you see, George, that no man can tell what he may come to. May be, instead of swallowing fifteen cows, you will get down, one of these days after you become a man, forty or fifty cows, and a house into the bargain."

"Now, aunty, this is too bad! exclaimed George. "You know I will not."

"So hundreds and thousands of little boys might once have said who, now that they are grown to be men, are drunkards. There is only one way of safety."

"What is that, aunty?" asked the boy, looking up with serious eyes.

"It is the way of total abstinence, as we call it—the only way of safety for boys and men. If you never drink a drop of intoxicating liquor, you will never be a drunkard. If you depart from this rule, no man can say to how low a depth of wretchedness and degradation you may fall. The worst drunkard in the land was once a pure and innocent boy."

"I'll never swallow even a calf!" exclaimed George, starting up, and speaking with great earnestness.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing," said Aunt Kate, "and all will be well with you. But indulge over so little in drinking, as you grow to manhood, and none can tell into what a great depth of hopeless ruin you may fall."—Morning Star.

Neighbor's Thistles.

I was once walking with a farmer through a beautiful field, when he happened to see a tall thistle on the other side of the fence. In a second over the fence he jumped, and cut it off close to the ground. "Is that your field?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said the farmer; "bad weeds do not care much for fences, and if I should leave that thistle to blossom in my neighbor's field, I should soon have a plenty in my own."

Evil weeds in your neighbor's field will scatter seeds of evil in your own; therefore every weed pulled up in your neighbor's field is a dangerous enemy driven off from your own.

GOD GEOMETRIZING.

A pleasant writer tells us of a Texas gentleman who has the misfortune to be an unbeliever. One day he was walking in the woods reading the writing of Plato. He came to where the great writer uses the great phrase, "geometrizing." He thought to himself:—"If I could only see plan and order in God's works, I could be a believer." Just then he saw a little "Texas star" at his feet. He picked it up, and thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens, and there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower, there were five of

plying these three fives to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having it in these three fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that was very strange. He examined another flower, and found it the same.

He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers, each having these exact relations is of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-one. But all around him there were multitudes of these little flowers; they had been growing and blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind ordained it, was God.—And so he shut up his book, and picked up the little flower, and kissed it and exclaimed:—"Bloom on, little flowers; sing on, little birds; you have a God, and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers made me."—Bright Side.

Winter Evenings.

Tell me where a boy spends his evenings, and I will tell you what kind of a man he will make.

"I spend mine, part in study, then I talk with father," said James, a boy whom I knew.

"That is a good way. 'I wish my father would let us talk with him,'" said Fred; "but he gets the newspaper after tea, and then it is nothing but 'Keep still, boys.' So we steal off."

"Where?"

"Ah, that's telling," said Fred. "This stealing off is generally bad business, for there is nobody so busy in the night-time as Satan, who always contrives to find 'some mischief still for idle hands to do.'"

All kinds of evil which slink and hide away in the day, and cannot bear the light of the bright, cheerful, wholesome sun, creep out under cover of night, catching and injuring boys and girls who are foolish enough to leave good homes, or so badly off as to have none.

See to it, these long winter evenings, that you are where your time and your company will tell for good and not for evil.

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Published at the Orphan Asylum, OXFORD, N. C.

Price, \$1.00 a year, cash, postage prepaid here.

Advertisements inserted at 10 cents a line for first insertion and 5 cents a line for each continuance. About eight words make a line.

The paper is edited by the officers of the institution without extra compensation; and such of the work of printing it is done by the Orphans.

All the nett profits go to the benefit of the Asylum.

We ask every present subscriber to get us at least one additional name before the meeting of the Grand Lodge, but one need not be considered the limit.

August 25th, 1875.

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