

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, November 10, 1875.

THANKSGIVING.

Men ought always to be thankful to God for his mercies. Day by day we receive blessings from his hand, and day by day we ought to acknowledge them and offer him thanks. But this acknowledgment and thank-offering ought to be, and must be, manifested in the way he has pointed out in his word as being most acceptable; not in mere words, but in acts.

But while it is true that we are laid under obligation to God for constantly recurring manifestations for his goodness and mercy, there are times when, upon extraordinary displays of his goodness and mercy, especially to communities and nations, an extraordinary acknowledgment to him is right and proper. David so felt and acted upon several occasions when God had delivered him from his enemies, or from straits to which he was reduced. Other good men mentioned in the Scriptures instituted public rejoicings and thanksgiving after experiencing great deliverances from danger or trouble. The same custom has been observed by Christian rulers in all ages. From the same motive originated our annual thanksgivings.

But how should these occasions be observed? We could not give a more graphic description by writing on the subject a week than may be found in the last two verses of the twelfth chapter of first Chronicles, where the whole people of Israel came to rejoice with David, upon his accession to the throne of Saul:

"And there they were with David three days, eating and drinking: for their brethren had prepared for them. Moreover, they that were nigh them, even unto Issachar and Zebulun and Naphtali, brought bread on asses and camels and on mules and on oxen, and meat, meal, and cakes of figs, and bunches of raisins, and wine and oil, and oxen and sheep abundantly: for there was joy in Israel."

These Israelites, sinful and idolatrous as they sometimes proved to be, had a very practical way of testifying their joy and thanksgiving: they never came empty handed to the altar, but showed a readiness to make a sacrifice to attest their sincerity.

A NEW FEATURE.

We desire to introduce a new feature into the columns of the Orphans' Friend, one that we think will prove pleasing and instructive to our young readers. In order to do so, however, we must have the cooperation of a large number of boys and girls throughout the State, and the larger the number the more interesting will this new feature become. It is this:

We want the boys and girls to write us letters about the countries they live in, giving the rivers, mountains and other natural features that they contain, also the towns, prominent schools and as much of the history of their countries as they can. In order to assist them in writing with some system we will give a number of questions that will serve as a guide in writing:

In what county do you live?

Is it in the eastern, middle or western part of the State?

How is it bounded?

What rivers in your county? where do they rise and where

empty their waters? What kind of vessels (if any) run on them? What kind of fish are found in them?

What mountains in your county? To what range do they belong?

What are the principal farm products of your county? Do the people in your county raise fruit, if so, what kinds?

What are the towns in your county? Describe them as to location, population, trade, &c.

What prominent schools are there, male or female, in your county?

Are there any gold mines, copper mines, or other minerals in your county?

What railroads, if any, run through it?

Have the people of your county done anything to help support the orphans at Oxford or Mars Hill?

Now, if you cannot answer all these questions, answer as many of them as you can; and if you cannot answer them fully, come as near as you are able.

Write only on one side of your paper and write as plainly as possible; be particular especially in writing proper names.

If our young friends will enter heartily into this project they will improve themselves in many ways, mutually interest each other and add interest to the paper.

You can sign your name in full to your letters, put only the initials, or use a fictitious name as you like, but be sure to give us your real name, so that we may know who our young correspondents are.

Who will be the first to accede to our proposition?

MANUFACTURES IN THE SOUTH.

The Raleigh Sentinel had an able editorial last week, on the subject of manufactures in the South. Its arguments are conclusive. But, some how or other, it is not argument that our people lack. It has been so often and so conclusively shown that capital invested in manufactures in the midst of the material to be manufactured would certainly pay well, without producing a movement in that direction, that we are forced to the conclusion there is some other obstacle in the way than a conviction of the abstract fact that it would be profitable to make such investment. We think one of the hindrances lies in the fact that very few individuals have capital sufficient to go into such enterprises alone, while a want of confidence between man and man in the south, at the present time, and a disinclination to tie up capital in permanent enterprises of the kind, prevent the formation of stock companies.

Whatever may be the reason that prevents our people going into manufactures, we are confident they will never do it. Yet we shall have manufactures scattered all over the South not many years hence. A few of our people may be connected with them, but they will be mostly the work of outsiders who will see their advantages and avail themselves of them, while our own people will be shoved aside and find, when too late, what they have lost by their inactivity.

To know a man, observe how he wins his object, rather than how he loses it; for when we fall, our pride supports us; when we succeed, it betrays us.

THE WEATHER, &c.

We have been having some very cold and disagreeable weather for the last three or four days—rain with cold north-east winds—enough to make one shiver to look out upon.

We should not feel so bad about the weather, however, if our little orphans here were prepared to meet it; but when we see them shivering and shivering in the cold blasts, without clothing sufficient to screen them from its piercing violence, and their little cold feet limping over the pointed gravels, it makes us sad and sorry, and causes our hearts to almost bleed at the spectacle. They have no fathers to help them, no mothers that can help them. Their only hope is in the broad, enlightened, christian liberality of the people of the State. If that fails them, God help them!

Their hopes are turned in that direction. One would be moved to see the interest and anxiety of the little ones when a box of contributions arrives; each one hoping it may contain something that will suit him, and when the bottom is reached and nothing for him is found, a spectator would have a strong illustration of the fact that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

But we are not despondent. When the clouds break away the sun will shine out again.

GIRLS AND BOYS WANTED.

We continue to receive application for girls and boys, but for more girls than boys. Some of these applications will be filled soon, some are under advisement and will be decided on as soon as practicable. Many of them are unsatisfactory, because they simply ask for girls or boys without stating what they are going to do for them besides making servants of them. The orphans have been unfortunate in that they have lost their parents, but they still have the right to a fair chance in life, and if they become useful to others, others must be willing to do something for them in return.

LETTER FROM A LITTLE BOY.

We received by mail, one day last week, the following letter, and publish it that our young readers may see what one little boy can do:

APEX, N. C. Nov. 5th 1875.

DEAR SIR:—I send you enclosed in this, one dollar and ten cents for the little orphans, which I made with my own hands.

LITTLE WILLE ELLINGTON.

We shall use the donation in the purchase of a pair of shoes for one of our little boys, and let him know, when he get them on, that he is indebted to little Willie for them.

A CHAPTER ON MANNERS.—It is a sign of bad manners to look over the shoulders of a person who is writing, to see what is written.

It is bad manners to occupy a seat while other people stand around without one.

It is bad manners to go into a person's house without taking off your hat.

It is bad manners to use profane language in the presence of decent company.

It is bad manners to use your own knife on the butter dish.

It is bad manners to go into any person's house with mud or dirt on your shoes.

It is bad manners to talk in company when others are talking, or to talk or whisper in church.

THE LITTLE BEGGERS.

A Story Illustrating Poverty Told by H. GARD.

A ragged, sad-eyed boy, aged nine or ten, stopped me on the street the other day and said:

"I haven't had anything to eat this whole day! Won't you please give me ten cents?"

I gave it to him. I'd have given him the money if it had been necessary to pawn my hat.

"Do you let imposters swindle you in that manner?" inquired an acquaintance, a journalist who has knocked around for a daily paper a dozen years, and has seen every phase of human life. Men, women and children have swindled him, or sought to; people have fled to him; his money has been given to whining, lying vagrants who told direful tales of distress, and he ought to be able to correctly read human nature.

"I'll bet that boy is a professional beggar," continued my friend, chuckling at the idea of my being swindled.

None of us care for the loss of a shinplaster on the street, while every one feels vexed and annoyed at the idea of being swindled out of a single penny. I could not say that the boy was not a swindler, and yet I would have divided my last shilling with him.

"Why?"

I told my friend why, and I will tell you.

"One day last year when the wild wind blew the snow over the house roofs and around the corners in blinding clouds, and when the forest air cuts one's face like a knife, a boy of ten came up to me as I waited for the car. He was thinly clad, his face betrayed hunger and suffering, and in a mournful voice he pleaded:

"I'm hungry and cold!"

"Why don't you go home?" I asked.

"I haven't any!"

"Haven't you any relatives?"

"Not one!"

"How long have you been here?"

"Three weeks."

The boy spoke in that drawl which professional beggars assume. I believed, too, that I had seen his face on the streets time and again. I hardened my heart and said:

"Boy! I know you and if I catch you asking any one for money again I'll have you arrested!"

He moved away quickly. I argued that this proved his guilt, forgetting that a homeless waif might evince fear when entirely innocent.

Five hours later, when night had come and the wind had grown to a fierce gale, the boy halted me again as I plunged through the snow drifts. I did not see him until he called out:

"Mister! I'm almost starved, and I'll freeze to death if I can't get some place to sleep!"

The same thin, ragged clothes, hardly comfortable enough for June weather—the same whine to his voice. I felt like giving him money, but the fear that he had been sent out by his parents to beg restrained and angered me. Catching him by the arm, I yelled out:

"See here, boy! if you don't own up that you are lying to me I'll take you to the station!"

Through the blinding storm I saw his white face grow paler, and he cried back:

"Don't take me—don't! Yes, I

was lying!"

I released him and he hurried away, while I walked on, flattering myself that I had played a sharp game and done the generous public a good turn.

An hour later when the night had grown still wilder and colder, some one knocked at my door. It was a timid knock, and I wondered who could have sent a child abroad on such a night. When I opened the door that same boy was on the step, his face blue with cold, his whole form shivering, and a look of desperation in his eyes.

"Please, mister!"—he began, but stopped when recognizing me.

I was puzzled to know why he should have followed me home—why he had selected me for a victim and trailed me so persistently. I might have argued that the storm had driven people off the streets, and that the freezing, starving boy had in his desperation called at the house, but I didn't. Had it been any other boy or any other person asking charity I would have given promptly and freely. But I was angry at his trailing me—angered that he thought he could swindle me, and I grabbed at him and inquired:

"Boy, what is your name?"

He leaped back, and standing where the furious storm almost buried him from sight, he answered:

"Gil!"

"I know you, sir!" I shouted, and he moved away without another word.

May the Lord forgive me for that night's work! but you might have acted the same. When morning came, after a night so bitter that the policemen were frozen on their beats, I opened the front door to find that boy dead on the steps, frozen to death! I knew as the dead, white face looked up at me through the snow, that I had wronged him with my suspicion, but it was too late then—the angels had opened to him a gate leading to a place where the human heart and its unworthy thoughts can never enter. Poor Gil! A warm meal of a shilling would have saved his life, and I drove him out to his death!

This is why I give when I am asked now. I know that I sometimes give to the unworthy, but it would be better to give all I possessed to an impostor than to have another homeless waif creep back to die on the spot where I had unjustly accused him.

Wonders of Chemistry.

The tomato wine, which furnishes food so palatable to almost every one, belongs to the same family of plants as the deadly nightshade which attains such a rank growth in the edge of swamps and by the shady roadside, and which all children are educated so cautiously to shun.

Aquafortis and the air we breathe are made of the same materials.

Linen, sugar, and spirits of wine are so much alike in their chemical composition that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar and the sugar into spirits of wine.

Wine is made of two substances, one of which is the cause of almost all combustion, and the other will burn with more rapidly than anything else in nature.

The famous Peruvian bark, so much used to strengthen weak stomachs, and the poisonous principle of opium, are found to be composed of the same materials.