

GATHERING HOME.

As we were about to start to Edenton, we found that the Lodge in Windsor had provided for our transportation and entertainment, and we were expected there. So we boarded the beautiful Berrie, glided up the rolling Roanoke to the "Thoroughfare," then crossed into the Cashie and were soon in Windsor. On Saturday night the Baptist church was full, and Rev. Mr. Gilliland prayed for the orphans. Rev. A. D. Cohen, the pastor, who had labored faithfully for one year in the orphan work at Oxford, gave us his cordial cooperation. The orphans found numerous friends in Windsor. Miss Mary Jordan and Mr. J. J. Freeman have charge of the children of the town, and they could not be in better hands.

On Monday we returned to Plymouth, met Messrs. Roane, Jackson and other kind friends, and soon on the charming Chowan crossed the bay and were met by friends in Edenton who cared for us during the night, and on the morrow sent us by land to Hertford. Here the committee of the Lodge soon divided us out and assigned us pleasant homes. We had a full house and eager attention. The Hertford people have just built an elegant academy, and are the wise and zealous friends of education. On Wednesday they carried us to Bethel Church where we met a good audience and gave an entertainment. A friend at Bethel sent us to Edenton, where we occupied the new and handsome house of the Baptist church. An increased interest was manifested in the orphan work, and Messrs. Pruden, Horner, Skinner, Berkeley and others showed us every needed attention. We leave the church, board the Chowan and glide up to Harrellsville. Our good brother Shaw is ready and takes us up to town and sees us safely housed away. On Thursday the Methodist church is full, and a liberal collection is proof of interest in our entertainment. Now we hastily eat our turkey and brother Shaw carries us to Winton and we are kindly entertained. The church holds the audience and several superfluous dogs take charge of the aisles. But in spite of the dogs the entertainment passed off pleasantly, and kind friends forward us to Murfreesboro. Here Mr. Beaman meets us on the street and assigns us to happy homes. The large and elegant Methodist church is packed. Prof. Taylor offers prayer, and after the exercises Dr. McDowell makes a moving appeal for the children, and a liberal collection follows. On Saturday land safes were sent to the Orphan House in Ox-

We have brought back some orphans, some funds, and very grateful hearts. We traveled three hundred and fifteen miles in private conveyances, the Lodges and the friends so meeting expenses that we paid out less than twelve dollars for transportation. We rode on five steamers free of charge. Three railroads carried us free. The Masters and the Committees of the Lodges gave us generous and zealous cooperation. We visited sixteen county seats and gave twenty-five entertainments. The collections will enable us to make many additions to the comforts and privileges enjoyed by the children and to re-

port to the Grand Lodge that both Orphan Houses are free from debt and have some money in hand. When we consider how other institutions are struggling with financial troubles, we have cause to be profoundly grateful for the never-ceasing kindness of our noble people.

J. H. MILLS.

LADIES AS TEACHERS.

We were asked by a friend of the orphan work, not long since, why there are no male teachers employed in the Asylum. In answer to his question we gave him reasons which appeared to satisfy him, but as the same question may have suggested itself to the minds of others, and as it is a subject of general interest connected with the education of children, we take occasion to give some of the reasons for the employment of females as teachers in the Asylum, in preference to males.

It will be remembered that the children in the Asylum are generally young—say under the age of twelve years. We believe that mothers are better fitted for teaching and training children of this age than fathers are. This is a generally admitted fact. But these children, many of them, have no mothers; others who have, are worse off than if they had none; and all, when they are brought to the Asylum, are removed from the care and influence of their mothers, if they have any, for the time being. The next best thing that can be done for them, then, is to place them under the care and training of teachers most nearly assimilated in feeling, sympathy and love to what a mother would have been to them.

Men, as a general thing, are apt to expect too much of young children. They expect them to exhibit an amount of patience, diligence, self-control and self-denial that they, themselves, are not capable of exhibiting, perhaps, even at their advanced age. The want of sympathy and a cordial understanding between a father and his own children is often painfully apparent; and how often do we see the sobbing, almost heart-broken, little one seeking sympathy and consolation on the bosom of its mother, aunt or other female relative, for the thoughtless and, often, harsh reproof of an otherwise kind and affectionate father.

We may occasionally find a man capable of understanding and entering into the feelings, the joys and griefs of children, but such men are scarce. Children seek the sympathy of woman intuitively because, it seems, they have an instinctive knowledge that they will find it with them more readily than with men. Hence women have more influence over them, in shaping and molding their moral character, developing their intellects and influencing them in all things.

A woman may give the child a kiss; a man give it a pleasing toy, and, for the time, the child is prouder of the toy and prizes it higher than the kiss; but if that child stubs its toe or cuts its finger, it will turn to the woman for help and sympathy every time. That these are facts is proved by daily observation; we shall not attempt to account for them, but think they are sufficient reasons for employing female instead of male teachers for young children.

PROGRESSING BACKWARDS.

In Chicago the Board of Education, sometime since, forbade the use of the Bible in the public schools, and a strong effort is being made in various other quarters to bring about a similar regulation. The obtaining of this point in Chicago has emboldened its originators and advocates to take another step in the same direction, and now, we learn from the papers, that public meetings are being held and petitions gotten up asking the Board of Education to forbid the singing of religious verses in the common schools.

We have nothing to do with the mere party or political questions of the day, but we think the people of this country will soon be called upon, to consider and determine a question of far more importance than that of inflation or contraction, or any of the other mere political schemes of the day, a question involving the civil and religious liberties of the nation. The mere fact that such a move as the one alluded to above should even be mooted in this country is a note of warning that ought not to be disregarded; but when we see the move actually successful in some places and urged with prospects of success in others, it is time for the friends of civil and religious liberty in this country to be on the alert.

For the Orphans' Friend.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Last week I heard my good Bishop Atkinson talk to you on truth, honesty, obedience and anger. Much to your praise you paid respectful attention, and I earnestly pray his burning words made a deep and lasting impression upon your plastic minds. We know that you are young, but not too young for God to see. He knows every thought that you have within. He cares for you by day and night, and grieves over every sin you may commit. Now, dear children, I feel that you would not willingly grieve any earthly friend that bestows good gifts for your comfort, and I entreat you to try and remember some of the good advice the Bishop so beautifully gave you, and that God is always near and in his presence surely you could never tell a lie, cheat a playmate or break the eighth commandment, or raise your hands to fight. Always bear in mind that you are not too young for God to see, and if you feel inclined to be peevish or passionate, uttering falsehoods or disobeying those in authority over you, raise your eyes to heaven and ask the good Lord to give you strength to overcome the temptations of the evil one, to keep your hands from picking and stealing, your tongue from evil speaking, lying and slandering, and as sure as you ask in faith he will send his good angels to protect and shield you from every harm. When your teachers are near are you not very careful what you do? Dear little ones, God is much nearer than they can ever be, and you must be far more careful of displeasing him than you would any earthly friend. Fear him and keep his commandments. S. A. E.

NEW EXCHANGE.—We have received a copy of the "Evening Review," published by James & Price, Wilmington, N. C., at \$5 a year. It is a lively, newsy little Daily, quite up to the requirement of the times, and we shall be glad to receive its daily visits in the future.

The Women who are Loved Most.

The women who have been the most loved from the time of Eve have been of great activity and industry.

Penelope, to whom the great heart of Ulysses turned faithfully in all his wanderings, wove by day and unwove by night for twenty years, the web that fascinated her impatient suitors.

The fair, unfortunate Roman, Lucretia, "spun among her maidens." And when King Harold came to take his last farewell of his affianced, the lovely Saxon, Edith—Edith of the swan neck—he found her at the loom.

The most precious and valued old laces were wrought, stitch by stitch and loop by loop, by the fingers of patient queens and royal ladies, and were often the product of a lifetime of labor.

They are not the idle women who have inspired, and been the heroine of song and story.

They are not the idle women whose children rise up and call them blessed, and to whom grateful husbands say, as said Brutus to Portia:

"You are my dear and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

What a Boy Did.

A New York merchant died the other day, whose early life has a good lesson for young men to copy.

He went as a boy into the "swamp," and took the rough work connected with the leather business. At his mother's request he joined a Sunday school. From that he joined the church. He was not only peculiar for his readiness to work, but his readiness to give. There was hardly anything started that he did not help along in an humble way with his humble means. His church was in a tight place, as churches in New York are apt to be. The members were assessed generally, and he was put down for twenty-five dollars. He couldn't have raised that sum if he had sold all his clothes and trinkets. One day a man came into the yard and showed him the skins of a muskrat, and told him how he caught the animal and cured the skin. He said nothing, but that night, after work was done, he went down to the dock and captured a few rats. He kept the work up for a month. He cured the skins and found a ready sale for them. Before the subscription became due he had twenty-five dollars and a handsome balance over. He was sensible enough to see in this handsome business open to him. He turned out to be a first-class business man, and died, leaving a fortune of half a million.

A poor little street-sweeper one day found a purse in the gutter. A lady had just crossed, and he saw something fall in the heap of dry leaves. He picked it up, slipped it quickly in his pocket, then looked around to see if he was watched. "O!" thought he, "my four words." He looked up to the sky; then he started running until he overtook the lady, when he returned it. The Spirit brought to his remembrance the only verse of the Bible he ever knew. Just one Sunday before he had been taken to a mission-school, and his teacher told him about God, and His watching eye, and His love. Then she said, "I will give you four words to carry with you every day, 'Thou, God, seest me.'"

Too Many Flowers.

The story of the man who ordered two hundred dozen *hose*, and received a consignment of two hundred dozen *hoses*, finds a parallel in the following:

A Philadelphia gentleman, who happened to be in New York on a visit one very gay winter, one evening at a ball was led to extol the produce of the Philadelphia greenhouses over those of the same establishments in New York. Being challenged to bring forward tangible evidence in support of his assertions, he telegraphed to one of the leading florists of Philadelphia for two hand bouquets. This order the telegraph transformed into two hand bouquets. The florist denuded his own greenhouse of every bud and blossom that it contained, and sent far and wide for others. In a day or two, thereafter, the young gentleman receive one hundred and eighty superb bouquets beautifully packed in moss. A letter from the florist accompanied the case, informing him that remaining twenty should be forwarded as soon as the necessary flowers could be procured. Naturally, the gentleman refused to pay for the one hundred and eighty bouquets which he had neither ordered nor wanted. Naturally, also, the florist sued him, but lost the suit. A second suit was then instituted against the telegraph company. This the jury decided in favor of the florist; so the mistake of one letter cost the telegraph company a heavy sum.

A Brooklyn Shoeblack.

No doubt there are many brave little fellows, in other places than Brooklyn, whose industry and tireless support parents and friends. The Brooklyn *Eagle* relates the following:

"How much can you earn a day?" a reporter asked a little clean-faced, tidily-dressed bootblack, as he plied his brush. "About a dollar and a half, sir." "What do you do with it?" "Give it to my mother, sir. She is sick at home with the rheumatism, and I support her and my little brother. I clean the room, cook the meals, and do the washing." "Where do you live?" "At 66 Pacific Street, sir." "What is your name?" "Patrick McMallon, sir; and I'm eleven years old." "What church does your mother belong to?" "St. Peter's sir." "Does the church help your mother in her sickness? I suppose there are rich people in it?" "Yes, sir, plenty of them; but there's a lot of poor people around worse than we are, sir." "And so you are the head of the family?" "Yes, sir; I do everything for 'em sir. The rent's hardest; it's five dollars a month, but I pay a dollar at a time, and keep things a-going." "Despite his pale face and slim, delicate form, there was the pluck of a man in the boy. He shouldered his box, and sailed off into the district attorney's office, where he added another ten-cent stamp to his morning's gains.

What word is that in the English language, the first two letters of which signify a man, the first three a woman, the first four a great man, and the whole a great woman?