The Orphans' Friend.

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For the Orphans' Friend.

DEAR CHILDREN:—In the summer of 1863 I traveled through a portion of Virginia, over the Southside road from Petersburg to Lynchburg, then to Fincastle, where I hired a carriage to convey my friend and self through the grand mountainous country to the Natural Stone Bridge, Lexington and Rock Bridge Alum Springs. We arrived at Lexington the day Stonewall Jackson was buried; and you may be sure gloom overspread every hill and dale, for the lion of truth had been laid low.

Whilst sojourning at Fincastle I drove with a lady of equal courage, in a jersey wagon, down a deep, deep valley, to visit a pottery. Can you imagine what induced the drive? I will tell you. At that time crockery ware could not be procured for housekeeping purposes, and this lady informed me where I could have it made, and straightway we planned a day's journey to the foot of the mountain where a pottery was in full blast. It was a rough and perilous ride, yet I was amply repaid, not only in having my wants supplied, but in seeing numerous articles, we daily use, so quickly made. Like you, I had seen jugs, cups, &c., all my life, but never saw them made.

The person that makes them is called a potter. I found him very obliging. He picked up a lump of soft clay and placed in the middle of a round table, called a potter's wheel, and with his feet made it spin round very fast, then he thrust his fingers into the middle of the lump and, while turning it around, moulded it into the shape he wanted it. Then he put on a handle and a lip and put it aside to dry, saying, "Now, madam, this is to be placed in a kiln or furnace and baked hard, and I will take you to see yesterday's work in the baking process." I accompanied him and saw cups and sauces, jars, jugs, &c., all burning, and in the adjoining apartment a fluid called *glaze*, in which the articles were to be dipped and baked again to make the work smooth and glossy. (There many a confederate dollar bill was exchanged with the potter for articles that could not be purchased in Oxford.) I saw tiny pieces of clay put in a mould, then placed on the wheel, and out would come a nice plate or a jar in less time than I have taken to write you of it.

The potter had patterns printed on paper, and if he wanted a blue or red plate, he would put it on after the first baking, before it was glazed, with the figures on the plate, and then wash the paper off in water. The paint would stick, and the glazier would bake it the second time for some lord or lady to use when feasting on roast turkey, ham and cabbage, &c. You may have read of this, but I have seen it, and wish to impress on your minds the necessity of knowing something about every branch of industry, and when you use a cup to drink, or a plate to eat your dinner, you must remember that it was made out of a small lump of clay, probably like one you have just kicked under your foot, and that out of the earth there are many ways of gaining wealth, health and knowledge, if you will properly apply your minds to "small things that lead to weightier matters."

Since that time I visited a glass factory in Brooklyn, New York, and saw all kinds of glass made both blown and cut. I first visited the room where sand and soda were mixed and placed in a furnace until white hot; then I saw a man open the furnace and take out a tiny piece on the end of a long hollow rod, place the end of the rod in his mouth, blow through it, and make a wine glass, moulding it into the right shape with his hand, and cutting it under the foot with scissors as you would a piece of twine. Then he put a piece in a mould, blew the glass on the side of the mould, and made a bottle. It was then placed in a dark, long narrow box, and drawn slowly to cool before the air was blown upon it.

Small boys, like many of you, were blowing tumblers, cruets, bottles, &c. The Superintendent carried me on the third floor to see the pieces cut. The cutters sit in front of a wheel that is turned by machinery and cut the articles according to their fancy by holding it on the wheel.

Little boys and girls are fond of looking through the window at the snow birds or great sights passing through the streets, but few of them think or know how the glass is made for the window lights that add so much to their comfort in keeping out the cold air or letting in the beautiful sunshine. If they could see the man blow the bubble from the hot sand and soda, and then hand it to another to spin around, rod, glass and all until it becomes a round flat sheet, they would see it rolled into a flat pane of glass for the window. Plate glass does not come through a tube. After being melted it is poured out on a table and rolled while it is hot as you have seen dough rolled for biscuit, then it is put in an oven and baked. When it comes out the polisher uses fine sand to give it the right polish. Now if I have not given you any information worth having on this useful substance, I have whiled away a lonely hour in writing it. So good-night until you hear again from

Your friend,

S. A. E.

A curious fact connected with the grasshopper raid in Western Missouri is that, wherever pastures have been destroyed by the insects, new varieties of grass, which never before have been seen in the localities, have sprung up. The principal species is a green bunch grass of luxuriant growth, covering ground formerly yielding nothing but blue grass. Cattle eat the new species with avidity. It is conjectured that the seed was brought to the region and deposited by the grasshopper swarm which laid their eggs there last fall. Some definite explanation of the phenomenon would be very interesting, since it is not known where the grass originally grew or what may be expected of it, if its growth continues, in the future. Possibly the grasshoppers may prove a blessing yet.—*Exchange.*

If an influx of grass-hoppers should come upon our North Carolina "old fields" and eat off the broom sedge, leaving a new variety of good pasture grass, we think the pest might be tolerated.

"Does God Ever Scold?"

"Mother," said a little girl, "*does God ever scold?*" She had seen her mother, under circumstances of strong provocation, lose her temper, and give way to the impulse of passion; and pondering thoughtfully for a moment, she asked,

"*Mother, does God ever scold?*"

The question was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock; and she asked:

"Why, my child, what makes you ask that question?"

"Because, mother, you have always told me that God is good, and that we should try to be like him; and I should like to know if he ever scolds."

"No, my child, of course not."

"Well, I'm glad he don't, for scolding always hurts me, even if I feel I have done wrong, and it don't seem to me that I could love God very much if he scolds."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never before had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words the child sank deep into her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered to her eyes. Children are quick observers; and the child, seeing the effect of her words, eagerly inquired:

"Why do you cry, mother: was it naughty for me to say what I said?"

"No, my love; it was all right. I was only thinking I might have spoken more kindly, and not have hurt your feelings by speaking so hastily and in anger as I did."

"Oh, mother, you are good and kind; only I wish there were not so many bad things to makes you fret and talk as you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, as if I could not come near to you, as I do when you speak kindly; and oh, sometimes I fear I shall be put off so far I can never get back again."

"No, my child, don't say that," said the mother, unable to keep back her tears, as she felt how her tones had replied her little one from her heart; and the child, wondering what so affected her parent, but intuitively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, reached up and throwing her arms about her mother's neck, whispered:

"Mother, dear mother, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"Oh yes! I love you more than I can tell," said the parent; clasping the little one to her bosom, "and I will try never to *scold* again, but if I have to reprove my child, I will try to do it, not in anger, but kindly, deeply as I may be grievd that she has done wrong."

"Oh, I am so glad; I can get so near to you, if you dont scold; and do you know, mother, I want to love you so much, and I will try always to be good."

The lesson was one that sank deep into that mother's heart; and has been an aid to her for many a year. It impressed the great principle of reproving in kindness, not in anger, if we would gain the great end of reproof—the great end of winning the child, at the same time, to what is right and to the parent's heart.—*Exchange.*

Rum.

A gentleman took his son to a drunken row in a tavern, where the inmates were fighting and swearing, and said he:

'Do you know what caused all this?'

'No, sir.'

His father pointing to the decanters, said:

'That's the cause. Will you take a drink?'

The boy started back with horror and exclaimed:

'No!'

Then he took the child to the cage of a man with delirium tremens. The boy gazed upon him affrightened as the drunkard raved and tore and thinking the demons were after him, cried, 'Leave me alone! leave me alone! I see 'em! they're coming!'

'Do you know the cause of this, my boy?'

'No, sir.'

'This is caused by drink, will you have some?' and the boy shrank back with a shudder as he refused the cup.

Next they called at the miserable hovel of a drunkard, where was squalid poverty, and, with oaths, knocking down his children.

'What has caused this?' said the father.

Then son was silent.

When he told that it was rum, he declared that he would never touch a drop in his life.

But suppose that lad should be invitited to a wedding feast, where, with fruit and cake, the wine cup is passed amid scenes of cheerfulness and gayety where all the friends are respectable, beloved, and kind to each other, and he should be asked to drink, would he refuse? Or suppose him walking out with his father on a New Year's Day to call on his young lady friends, to enjoy the festivity of ushering in the new year. With other things, wine is handed to him by a smiling girl. His noble-hearted father, whom he loves, presses the wine-glass to his lips, and complements the young lady on the excellence of its quality; what wonder if the son follow his example?

Navigating African Lakes.

Mr. Stanley, the famous discoverer of Dr. Livingstone, is determined to carry on the work which Dr. Livingstone left incomplete. He has facilities for doing it which no other African traveler has possessed. Among other equipments, he took with him a boat forty feet in length, made up in different compartments, capable of being joined together easily and strongly. With this boat he has reached the great Lake Victoria Nyanza, and has launched it upon the strange African waters.

Dr. Livingstone was obliged to traverse the shores of this lake on foot, and very slowly, on account of the marshy nature of the ground, and he saw, therefore, only a small part of it, and conjectured what the rest might be. But Mr Stanley will find it a much easier task to make a circuit of the shores of the entire lake, and learn its connections with other lakes, and settle finally the question whether from it the Nile takes its rise. He may also be able to transport his boat to the Congo, and reach its head waters, almost as unknown and mysterious as those of the Nile. It will be curious if an American should be the first to penetrate the secrets of a continent which England has been trying in vain for a century to solve.

The Hon. Lyman Tremaine, writing from Carlsbad, Germany, relates the following: "On Sunday before last quite an interesting little incident occurred at the conclusion of the services in the English church. As there was no regular organist, the rector had requested that if any lady present was willing to play on the melodeon next Sunday, he would be obliged if she would inform him. At the close a lady, who was a stranger to him, volunteered her services. Discovering that she spoke in broken English, he said: "Do you think you are competent to play upon the melodeon?" Said she: "I think I am. Perhaps you may not doubt it when I tell you my name. It is Jenny Lind Goldschmidt." He cheerfully acquiesced, and propounded no more questions as to her capacity. She appeared to be a woman of fifty or upwards, with nothing about her to attract attention, and was dressed with great plainness and simplicity, without ornament of any kind. Her countenance, no longer beautiful, seemed to me plainly marked by sorrow, sadness, and care."

The Poor Boy.

Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions, and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance say nothing, my lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once like you. Indeed, most of those who are ranked as benefactors of their race were born among the poor, and many of them have been compelled to to struggle with poverty all their life. Do not blush for your poverty, but rather for the false pride which tempts you to be ashamed of it.

Some one estimates that all the prayers recorded in the Bible could be repeated in thirty-five minutes. Most of them are from one minute to two minutes long. The prayer of Solomon is less than ten minutes. Is there not a lesson and a warning in these facts, which should be noted by Christians? Let us not imagine that we are to be heard for much speaking.