

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, December 22, 1875.

SPECIAL BOYS' AND GIRLS' COLUMN.

CHRISTMAS OF '75.

When you draw the curtain's bright fold,
And shut out the fierce freezing cold;
When fires are warmest and brightest,
And hearts are gayest and lightest;
When soft carpets hush all the echoes,
And voices as sweet as the cuckoo's
Ring through the close bolted door,
Do you think of the poor?

In your favorite seat, at your ease,
While over the ivory keys
Your daughter's white fingers are straying—
How fair she is at her playing!
As pure as the sweet Madonna
That looks from the wall upon her—
When the song is finished and o'er,
Do you think of the poor?

Do you think with a sigh of pity,
Of the collars all over the city,
So dark, and dismal, and cold,
Where huddle the young and the old—
Huddle and freeze together
In the terrible winter weather—
As for you the happy hours wane,
Do you think of their pain?

Do you think of the beauty and sweetness,
Of womanhood's lovely completeness,
Sold for a morsel of bread,
And a place for a fair guilty head?—
Sold when temptation was dire,
Crushed like a rose in the mire—
With your pure, happy daughters and
mothers,
Do you think of those others?

To-day, the glad bells are ringing,
And choral voices are singing
His praises, who, born with the lowly,
Taught that love only makes holy;
Saying, oh, brother, to thee:
"What thou dost for these is for Me."
We may forget, but be sure,
He thinks of His poor.
—Mrs. M. F. Butts, In the *Aldine*.

THE DOER.

Her hands were not soft and waxen,
Of a pale and delicate hue;
They were brown and hard and rugged,
With always something to do.

Something to do when squanderers
Were wasting the time away;
Still doing, when dreamy idlers
Sat moping the livelong day.

She had not gold in her treasure,
In her veins no royal blood;
But her noble heart felt duty
Was the only path to good.

So to the faint and weary one,
Her hand was firm and strong;
Her smile was never so cheery
As when helping the weak along.

To the lone, the sad and sorrowing,
She came like a ray of light,
Gilding the darkest, dearest shores
That fell from the train of night.

She lived but the world scarce knew it,
She died—there was little to say:
The pulpit "just heard of the woman,"
Who for others toiled night and day.

But He of the many mansions
Had waited to take her in,
Well knowing that always faithful
To the Master she had been.

—Methodist Protestant.

MR. MILLS—Dear Sir:—We see that you want to hear from the children of the various counties in this State. We will try and do our best for our county, which is Chowan. It is bounded on the north by Gates Co., east by Perquimans, south by Albemarle Sound, and west by the Chowan River. In our county we have no mines of gold, silver or copper, as are found in many parts; but in our county grow corn, cotton and wheat, and in fact nearly everything planted by a farmer. In our woods are found whortleberries and blackberries in abundance, and in our sounds and ponds are found a variety of fish. With these great blessings in abundance, none, in good health, should go in want of something to eat and wear.

Edenton, with a name so ancient and familiar to nearly all in

the State, is the county-seat of Chowan. In Edenton there are five churches, namely: one Baptist, one Methodist, one Episcopal, one Roman Catholic and one colored. There are five white Baptist and two white Methodist churches in the county, one colored Baptist and two colored Methodist churches. We have four Baptist Sunday Schools and two Methodist in the county.

Our little hearts feel glad and proud to state to you that we belong to a good little Sunday School, and our Superintendent, well known to you, is one of the oldest Sunday School workers in the State, being 78 years old. We hear that they are going to send your little children something soon. We intend to send something soon. Our dear old grandma sent you something not long ago, and my pa takes your paper and has sent several subscribers. Our little prayers are that none of your little boys and girls will be cold this winter.

ANNIE AND MAMIE PEARCE.

CASTALIA, Nash Co., N. C., }
November 27th, 1875. }

Mr. Editor:—Thinking that you would like to hear from this section of the country, I will now relate to you how W. P. Matthews, of this place, caught a rabbit and a cat both in the same rabbit gum and at the same time. He says that he set his gum a few evenings ago, just before night, and baited the rabbits with some greens, and left it for next morning. Next morning, however, he went to his gum soon, and found that the door was down, and as he was very anxious for his rabbit, he very readily lifted the door, and to his astonishment he saw a half-grown cat, and thought that he had missed the hare; but to be sure, he pulled out the cat and ran his hand up in the gum as fast as he could, he felt a rabbit, and on getting the hare by one foot he pulled him out. He says they were both alive. He says he cannot imagine how they both got in the gum at the same time unless the cat was trying to catch the hare. If anything else happens in this county of any importance you will hear from me again.

Yours truly,

JUNIOR.

DECEMBER.

The old year is fast drawing to a close, and December, the first month of winter, and the last of the year, is now here. The frost-bitten leaves have left their lofty summit, and now lay withered and moulding on the frozen ground. The trees thus shorn of their glory, stretch forth their bare branches, showing their crooked and rugged form, thus giving the forest, once clothed in beautiful array, an aspect of gloom and desolation. The earth will soon be covered with snow, and the first blast of winter will dash the cold biting rain in our face, and we know that winter is at hand. The approach of winter causes a shiver to run through our frame, and brings a thought of sorrow to the heart, for along with ice, and snow, and hail, and rain comes the thought that the year is hastening to its close, and time once lost is never regained. But joy and grief are mingled together, and if our hearts are saddened by the closing year, we know that the season of mirth and festivity is also at hand. December brings Christmas, and our hearts are gladdened and made to rejoice at its near approach.

Peace and harmony will abound, and feelings of kindness will prevail. Welcome Christmas, though clothed in snowy garments and bound in icy chains, we welcome thee among us as the most joyous season of the year—the mingling together of absent friends and relatives, and union of hearts throughout the length and breadth of our land. And numerous, indeed, are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families, whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide in the restless struggles of life, are then reunited and meet once again in that state of companionship and mutual goodwill which is a source of love and unalloyed delight! Thus our hearts will be made glad, and sorrow will be turned to joy. To one and all we wish a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

E. M. W.

WHAT IS A KINDERGARTEN?

"We must begin at the beginning," said Froebel, after having devoted nearly a life-time to the education of scholars beyond childhood. "Too much has to be undone in later years, that has been done wrong from the outset." He, therefore, addressed himself to mothers, to the whole female sex, to whom the care of infancy is committed. In his book of "Mother's Cossetting Songs" Frederick Froebel laid down his views on Infant Education.

For the age from three to seven he devises his 'Kindergarten,' as an intermediate step and connecting link between the child's home life and the school, which brings the child into contact with children of his own age, enhances his pleasures in following the same pursuits with them, and plants the seeds of sociable virtues. During his life-time Froebel was understood and appreciated only by a few superior minds. In order to make his ideas more widely known, this unselfish man practiced much self-denial, and traveled many miles, frequently resting on the green sward 'with an umbrella for his bedroom and a knapsack for his pillow.' Toward the close of his life his labors were rewarded with success, for he lived to see many 'Kindergartens' (Child-Gardens,) as he called them, established in Germany.

What, then, is a Kindergarten? It is an institution providing employments and exercises for the healthful and harmonious development of all the faculties of children of from 3 to 7 years of age. Froebel's motto is: "Play is the work of the child." The toys used, Froebel termed "gifts." The first and second gifts are used for the child in the nursery—and mothers and nurses who know their use and value, readily commend them to others. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth gifts belong to the 'Kindergarten.' These gifts consist of boxes of cubes, variously divided, which are used to give pleasant lessons in numbers, or the elements of arithmetic, in form and invention. They develop the constructive faculty, and with the aid of stories, anecdotes, and useful information, according to the teacher's tact, are made to convey much simple instruction concerning the laws of nature and common things. Little children cannot, in accordance with their nature, sit still for any length of time, even to look and

listen—their constant anxiety is to have something to do, and hence the many employments for the fingers and feet, as well as for the eyes and ears, which Froebel suggested, meet in an admiral manner the child's wants.

Colored paper for plaiting, clay for modeling, sticks for laying figures on the table, and a slate ruled in squares for the elements of drawing, folding of paper, by means of which the elements of geometry are taught, afford a variety of employment which must be seen to be rightly understood and appreciated.

Active games, with songs of the most innocent and instructive kind, form a part of the daily exercises of the "Kindergarten," all of which are best conducted in connection with a large garden and country scenery, that noble impressions may be derived from nature, and space afforded for the little folks to see and occupy themselves with gardening.

It will be evident that the principle of the "Kindergarten" system, which so admirably combines thinking and working, is not limited to infant education—the structure reared must rest upon, and accord with, the foundation laid; as the child advances from seven to twelve years of age and upwards, the teacher has but to supply the means of progress in knowledge suited to the requirements of the pupils; books are then used by them with intelligence and interest, and, in the development of their growing capabilities, they will be successfully taught to teach themselves.

In this brief sketch of the 'Kindergarten' and its origin, it is not intended to describe minutely its several and carefully graded processes, how the tasks to be accomplished advance from the easier to the more difficult, nor how the law of contrasts and their connections, which underlies all the occupations, is applied. Yet from this outline it will be seen that Froebel devised plans to meet the wants of the child under seven or eight years of age, and the favor which Kindergarten finds with children, shows that he struck the right vein, and that he understood the nature of the child.

The Stone in the Road.

There was a duke once who disguised himself and placed a great rock in the middle of the road near his place. Next day a peasant came that way with his ox-cart. "Oh, these lazy people!" said he, "there is this stone lying right in the middle of the road, and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way." And so Hans went on, scolding about the laziness of the people. Next came a gay soldier along. His head was held so far back that he didn't notice the stone, and so he stumbled over it. He began to storm the country people around there for leaving a huge rock in the road. Then he went on. Next came a company of merchants. When they came to the stone the road was so narrow that they had to go off in single file on the other side. One of them cried out; "Did anybody ever see the like of that big stone lying here the whole of the morning, and not a single person stopping to take it away?"

It lay there for three weeks, and no one tried to move it. Then the duke sent around to all the people on his lands to meet where this stone lay, as he had something to tell them.

The day came and a great crowd gathered. Old Hans, the farmer, was there, and so were the merchants. A horn was heard, and a splendid cavalcade came galloping up. The duke got down from his horse, and began to speak to the people gathered there.

"My friends, it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it is, and scolded his neighbor for not taking it out of the way."

He stooped down and lifted up the stone. Directly underneath it was a round hollow, and in the hollow was a small leather bag. He held it up, that all might see what was written on it: "For him who lifts up the stone." He untied the bag, turned it upside down, and out upon the stone fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty large, bright coins.

So they all lost the prize because they had not learned the lesson, or formed the habit, of diligence.

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND,

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 much of the work of printing it is done by the Orphans.

All the net 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.

T. B. LYON, JR. E. DALBY. R. M. LYON
(Late of "Dalby Puff.")

LYON, DALBY & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE "AROMA"
DURHAM PUFF,
SHO- KING
TOBACCO.

Durham, N. C.

Orders solicited—Agents wanted—Tobacco guaranteed—March 17th—11-2m.

H. A. REAMS & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF



REAMS' DURHAM BOOT AND SHOE POLISH,

Warranted to excel all others, or money Refunded.

The only Blacking that will polish on oiled surface. It is guaranteed to preserve leather and make it pliant, requiring less quantity and time to produce a perfect gloss than any other, the brush to be applied immediately after putting on the Blacking. A perfect gloss from this will not soil even white clothes. We guarantee it as represented, and as for pat-
warrantage, strictly on its merits.

H. A. REAMS & CO., Manufacturers, Durham, N. C.

This Blacking is recommended in the highest terms, after trial, by Geo. F. Brown, J. Howard Warner, New York; the President and Professors of Wake Forest College; and a large number of gentlemen in and around Durham, whose certificates have been furnished the Manufacturers.

Orders solicited and promptly filled. March 3rd, 1875. 9-4f